Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/catholicworld42pauluoft

70174

THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

A

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

GENERAL LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

Legislative Library Ontario

VOL. XLII.
OCTOBER, 1885, TO MARCH, 1886.

NEW YORK:
THE CATHOLIC PUBLICATION SOCIETY CO.,
9 Barclay Street.

1886.

Copyright, 1885, by
I. T. HECKER.

AP
2
C3
V.42

H. J. HEWITT, PRINTER, 27 ROSE STREET, NEW YORK.

CONTENTS.

American Catholic University, The.—*Rev. A. F. Hewit*, ... 223
American Congress of Churches, The.—* * *. 409
American Philosophy.—*R. M. Johnston*, . 91
Answered at Last.—*A. M. Clarke*, . . 765
Apology for John Brown, The.—*J. R. G. Hassard*, ... 515

Baron of Cherubusco, The.—*Rev. J. Talbot Smith*, ... 35
Bergamo, The Fair of.—*John Augustus O'Shea*, ... 756

Cablegram, A, and what came of It.—*Nugent Robinson*, ... 458
Cardinal McCloskey, Archbishop of New York.—*Rev. A. F. Hewit*, . . . 367
Celebrated and Common Friendships.—*R. M. Johnston*, ... 783
Chat by the Way, A.—*Condé B. Pallen*, . 270
Churchman, The.—* * * 831
Correction, A, ... 570

Dicky Doyle's Diary.—*Helen Atteridge*, . 825
Divine Authority of the Church, The.—*Rev. A. F. Hewit*, ... 158
Doctor's Fee, The.—*Christian Reid*, . 608, 732
Domenico's New Year.—*Thomas F. Galwey*, 528
"Dude" Metaphysics.—*Rev. Henry A. Brann, D.D.*, ... 635

Eleven General Elections of the Reign of Queen Victoria, The.—*A. F. Marshall*, . 666
Emperor Julian the Apostate, the Great Spiritist of the Fourth Century.—*Rev. John Gmeiner*, ... 721
Emperor Maximilian I.—*Rev. William Stang*, ... 658
"English Hobbes!"—"Irish Dogges!"—*Charles de Kay*, ... 794
English Voices on the French Revolution.—*Agnes Repplier*, ... 116
Extremity of Satire, The.—*R. M. Johnston*, 685

Fair of Bergamo, The.—*John Augustus O'Shea*, ... 756
Fault of Minneola, The.—*William Seton*, . 488
Francis of Guise, The Death of.—*J. C. B.*, . 254
French Problem, The.—*P. F. de Gournay*, . 416
French Radicals, The, and the Concordat, . 135
French Reformatory, A.—*Louis B. Binsse*, . 169

Hawthorne's Attitude toward Catholicism.—*Rev. A. F. Hewit*, ... 21
Human Authority in the Church.—*Rev. A. F. Hewit*, ... 324

In the Adirondacks with Rod and Rifle.—*Martin Burke*, ... 10
Ireland, The Prospect for.—*T. M. Healy, M.P.*, ... 302
Irish Names, The Metamorphoses of.—*Thos. F. Galwey*, ... 674
Irish Schoolmaster before Emancipation, The.—*C. M. O'Keefe*, ... 243

Joost van den Vondel.—*Agnes Repplier*, . 595

Katherine.—*E. G. Martin*, ... 103
Knickerbocker Ghost, The.—*E. L. Dorsey*, 555

Light of Asia, The, and the Light of the World.—*Rev. John Gmeiner*, . . 1

Maximilian I., Emperor.—*Rev. William Stang*, ... 658
McCloskey, Cardinal, Archbishop of New York.—*Rev. A. F. Hewit*, . . . 367
Metamorphoses of Irish Names, The.—*Thomas F. Galwey*, ... 674
Much Ado about Sonnets.—*Appleton Morgan*, ... 212

Negro, The—How Can we Help Him?—*Rev. C. A. Oliver*, ... 85
Normans on the Banks of the Mississippi, The.—*C. Gayarré*, ... 808
Novel-Writing as a Science.—*R. P.*, . . 274

Old Galway.—*J. B. Killen, M.A.*, . . 546

Plea for the Indian, A.—*H. V. R.*, . . 848
Priest at Castle Garden, The.—*Rev. John J. Riordan*, ... 563
Prospect for Ireland, The.—*T. M. Healy, M.P.*, ... 302
Protectory for Prodigal Sons, A.—*Louis B. Binsse*, ... 577

Reign of Queen Victoria, The Eleven General Elections of.—*A. F. Marshall*, . . 666
Relations between the English and Scotch Pirates and the "Reformation Movement."—*Sarsfield Hubert Burke*, . 124

"Saint Thomas of Canterbury" and "Becket."—*Maurice F. Egan*, . . 382
Satire, The Extremity of.—*R. M. Johnston*, 685
Slaughter of the First-Born, The, . . . 589
Solitary Island.—*Rev. J. Talbot Smith*, 63, 185, 340, 496, 645
Some Recent Italian Novels.—*Maurice F. Egan*, ... 52
Stamp of the Guinea, The.—*Charles de Kay*, 395
Still Christmas, A.—*Agnes Repplier*, . . 434

Tour in Catholic Teutonia, A.—*St. George Mivart*, ... 443, 695
Trinity in Simple English, The.—*Rev. C. A. Walworth*, ... 289
Twins, The: A War Story.—*Thomas F. Galwey*, ... 227

Venerable Mary of Agreda and Philip IV., King of Spain, The.—*M. P. Thompson*, 836

POETRY.

A Dewdrop on a Cobweb.—*Marian S. La Puy*, ... 381
A Legend of Judea.—*M. H. L.*, . . . 554

By Summer Seas.—*Wm. D. Kelley*, . . 763

Islam.—*Rev. M. W. M.*, ... 710

Rose of the Sacred Heart.—*Mary C. Crowley*, 20

Sonnets.—*J. B. K.*, ... 62
Sonnet—To St. Cecilia.—*Louis Mallory*, . 588
St. Winifred's Well.—*Agnes Repplier*, . . 184

The Days of Genesis.—*Rev. Clarence A. Walworth*, ... 641
The Christmas Rose.—*M. F. E.*, ... 433
The Legend of St. Alexis.—*Aubrey de Vere*, 145, 313, 474
The Satyrs.—*Edward McIntyre*, ... 339
To-Morrow.—*P.*, ... 242
Translations.—*Rev. J. Costello*, . . . 364
The Waltz, from the German of J. G. Seidl—Childhood, from the French of Victor Hugo—Immortality, from the Italian of G. Prati—A Fable, from the Spanish of Samaniego.

What Earth's Traveller said to his Heart.—*Edith W. Cook*, ... 9

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Age of Lead, The, ... 283
Almanach des Familles Chrétiennes pour l'année 1886, ... 425
America, and other Poems, ... 428
Art McMorrough O'Cavanagh, Prince of Leinster, ... 575

Boy Travellers in South America, The, . 431

Carols for a Merry Christmas and a Joyous Easter, ... 713
Catholic Directory, Ecclesiastical Register, and Almanac for the Year of Our Lord 1886, The, ... 718
Catholic Home Almanac for 1886, The, . 424
Catholic Family Annual for 1886, The, . . 423
Catholic Life and Letters of Cardinal Newman, ... 423
Chair of Peter, The, ... 714
Charles A. Gillig's New Guide to London, . 860
Child of Mary, A, ... 856
Cleopatra, ... 858
Clotilde, ... 720
Cremore: A Village Idyl, ... 857

Dæmon of Darwin, The, ... 282
Decreta Quatuor Conciliorum Provincialium Westmonasteriorum, 1852–1873, . . 716
De Deo Disputationes Metaphysicæ, . . 281
Defender of the Faith, The, ... 715
Der Hausfreund, ... 717

Effects of the Abuse of Alcohol on the Circulatory and Respiratory Organs, The, . 144
Elizabeth; or, The Exiles of Siberia, . . 576
Examination of Conscience, for the use of Priests who are making a Retreat, . . 288
Exiled from Erin, ... 575

Fabiola, ... 717
Facts of Faith, ... 432
Father Hand, Founder of All-Hallows, . . 143

Geschichtslügen, ... 286

Histoire des Persécutions pendant la Première Moieté du Première Siècle, . . . 571
Historical Notes on Adare, ... 572
History of the Catholic Church, etc., . . 281

Italian Popular Tales, ... 573

Keys of the Kingdom, The, ... 854

Life of Anne Catherine Emmerich, . . 286
Life and Letters of John Brown, Liberator of Kansas and Martyr of Virginia, The, . 282
Life of Father Isaac Jogues, The, . . . 432
Life of Jean-Jacques Olier, Founder of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, The, . . . 285
Life of Father Luke Wadding, The, . . 283
Life of St. Philip Benizi, of the Order of the Servants of Mary, 1233–1285, . . . 714
Life of the Very Rev. Thomas N. Burke, O.P., The, ... 854
Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe, The, 859
Literary and Biographical History, A; or, A Bibliographical Dictionary of the English Catholics from the breach with Rome in 1534 to the present time (Vols. I.-II.) 142, 856
Little Dick's Christmas Carols, ... 720
Little Month of the Souls in Purgatory, . 432
Lives of the Irish Saints, The, ... 144
Lives of the Saints and Blessed of the Three Orders of St. Francis, ... 718
Lost, ... 720

Mad Penitent of Todi, The, ... 716
Mary Burton, and other Stories, . . . 720
Matilda, Princess of England, ... 859
Meditations on the Mysteries of the Holy Rosary, ... 432

Narratives of Scottish Catholics under Mary Stuart and James VI., ... 283
Nativity Play, The, ... 716
Nine Months, The, ... 571

Odile: A Tale of the Commune, ... 720
On the Study of Languages, considered in their bearing on the Pastoral Office, and the establishing of Graded Catholic Schools, . 715

One Angel more in Heaven, ... 287

Poets of America, ... 425
Practical Instruction for New Confessors, . 288
Principles of Expression in Pianoforte-Playing, ... 430
Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains, The, 426

Sadliers' Catholic Directory, Almanac, and Ordo for the year of our Lord 1886, . . 719
Secret of Plato's Atlantis, The, . . . 144
Sixth Centenary of St. Philip Benizi, . . 717
Stories of Duty, ... 576
Summa Philosophica juxta Scholasticorum Principia, ... 280

Thirty Years, The. Our Lord's Infancy and Hidden Life, ... 853
Thought for Each Day of the Year, A, . 425, 288
Troubled Heart, A, and How it was Comforted at Last, ... 287
Truth about John Wyclif, The, ... 425

Under the Pine, ... 576

Waifs of a Christmas Morning, and other Stories, ... 859

THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. XLII. OCTOBER, 1885. NO. 247.

THE LIGHT OF ASIA AND THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

IN more than one respect Buddhism deserves our attention; probably more so than any other now existing pagan religious system, the Mohammedan not excepted. In the first place, probably about 500,000,000 * people—that is, at least one-third of all living mankind—are claimed to be followers of Buddha. Secondly, that branch of Buddhism which is called Lamaism has a hierarchical organization and religious institutions remarkably similar to those of the Catholic Church.† The Grand Lama, or Dalai-Lama, is the supreme head of the hierarchy of the greater portion of the adherents of Lamaism. Next in rank, *Chambers' Encyclopædia* states, are the Khutuktus, who may be compared to the Roman Catholic cardinals and archbishops. The next, resem-

* John Caird, S.T.D. (*Oriental Religions*, chap. ii.), says: "Buddhism is, nominally at least, the religion of 500,000,000 of the human race."

It is impossible to give exact statistics on this point. Dr. Hettinger (*Apologie des Christenthums*, 3d edition, vol. ii., 3d division, p. 350) estimates the number of Buddhists at more than 300,000,000; *Chambers' Encyclopædia*, published at Philadelphia, 1883 (see article on "Religion"), assumes that there are about 483,000,000 Buddhists. F. Max Müller, in 1869 (*Lecture on Buddhist Nihilism*), even asserted that "Buddhism in its numerous varieties continues still the religion of the majority of mankind."

† Edward Clodd, F.R.A.S. (*The Childhood of Religions*, chap. ix.), observes: "When the Roman Catholic missionaries first met the Buddhist monks they were shocked when they saw that their heads were shaven, that they knelt before images, that they worshipped relics, wore strings of beads, used bells and holy water, and had confession of sin. . . . The Tibetans, on the death of the Grand Lama, who is their high-priest and regarded as infallible, like the pope, elect his successor. . . . Monasteries for men and nunneries for women still exist, and, especially in Tibet, vast numbers of monks are found."

Copyright. Rev. I. T. HECKER. 1885.

bling somewhat Catholic bishops, are called Khubilghans, whose number is very large. Besides these higher orders Lamaism possesses also a numerous lower clergy. All these make the vow of celibacy, and by far the greater number of them are said to live in convents. At the head of every convent is an abbot, who is chosen by the chapter of the respective convent, and appointed either by the Dalai-Lama or by the proper provincial Khubilghan. There also exist numerous convents for nuns among the adherents of Lamaism.

No doubt the resemblance these Buddhist institutions bear to some of the Catholic Church is both striking and of interest to us.*

Still more we are surprised on learning that the followers of Buddha relate of him facts strikingly similar to those related in the Gospels of Christ, the Saviour.† Besides, it must be remembered, Buddha lived about six centuries *before* Christ.‡

Edwin Arnold is said to have given in *The Light of Asia* an essentially correct account of what the followers of Buddha relate of him.§ The following quotations from the poem will show how strikingly similar some facts related of Buddha are to facts related in the Gospels of Christ.

The Gospels relate the Son of God descended from heaven to assume human nature. His followers relate of Buddha:

> "Thus came he to be born again for men.
> . . . . . .
> . . . On Lord Buddha, waiting in that sky,
> Came for our sakes the five sure signs of birth
> So that the Devas knew the signs, and said,
> 'Buddha will go again to help the World.'"

The Gospels relate that the Saviour was of the royal house

* Mr. Clodd (l. c.) observes that monastic institutions, "which had been thought to belong to Christianity only, had formed part of Buddhism two thousand years ago." And Dr. John Wm. Draper (*History of the Intellectual Development of Europe*, revised edition, vol. i. p. 68), commenting on Buddhism, remarks: "The singular efficacy of monastic institutions was rediscovered in Europe many centuries subsequently."

† Bishop Bigaudet, Vicar-Apostolic of Ava and Pegu, quoted by F. Max Müller in the lecture mentioned, observes in his life of Buddha: "In reading the particulars of the life of the last Buddha Gaudama, it is impossible not to feel reminded of many circumstances relating to our Saviour's life, such as it has been sketched out by the Evangelists."

‡ "All religions, like the suns, have arisen from the East," is a sweeping remark of Mr. Müller's—perhaps intended to convey the idea that also Christianity is but a stream from the great fountain of religions near the Himalaya Mountains.

§ Rev. George C. Lorimer, of Chicago (*Isms Old and New*, 2d edition, p. 170), who has given this subject a careful study, says: "The account . . . given by Mr. Arnold is, in all of its essential features, verified by recognized authorities, and may be accepted as substantially correct."

of David and conceived by the overshadowing power of the Most High. Of Buddha is related:

"'Yea!' spake he, 'now I go to help the World.
. . . . . .
I will go down among the Sâkyas,
Under the southward snows of Himalay,
Where pious people live and a just King.'
That night the wife of King Suddhôdana,
Maÿa,* the Queen, asleep, . . .
Dreamed a strange dream: dreamed that a star from heaven—
Splendid, six-rayed, in color rosy-pearl, . . .
Shot through the void, and, shining into her,
Entered her womb upon the right. Awaked,
Bliss beyond mortal mother's filled her breast."

We read in the Gospel of St. Luke that angels rejoiced at the birth of Christ, and that the aged Simeon, enlightened by a divine revelation, came to worship the Infant Saviour. It is related that many came to worship the new-born Buddha:

"'Mongst the strangers came
A gray-haired saint, Asita, one whose ears,
Long closed to earthly things, caught heavenly sounds,
And heard at prayer beneath his peepul-tree
The Devas singing songs at Buddha's birth.
Wondrous in lore he was by age and fasts;
Him, drawing nigh, seeming so reverend,
The King saluted, and Queen Maÿa made
To lay her Babe before such holy feet;
But when he saw the Prince the old man cried,
'Ah, Queen, not so!' and thereupon he touched
Eight times the dust, laid his waste visage there,
Saying, O Babe! I worship. Thou art He!
. . . Thou art Buddh,
And thou wilt preach the Law and save all flesh
Who learn the Law, though I shall never hear,
Dying too soon, who lately longed to die;
Howbeit I have seen Thee. Know, O King!
This is that Blossom on our human tree
Which opens once in many myriad years.
. . . Ah, happy House!
Yet not all happy, for a sword must pierce
Thy bowels for this boy."

Whoever will compare these lines with what we read in the

* Maÿa, the name attributed to the mother of Buddha, is evidently very similar to the name of the Blessed Virgin and Mother of Christ, the only difference being that there is an *r* in the name of the latter. Omitting this *r* in the Greek or Latin name of the Blessed Virgin—Maria—we have Maia, or Maÿa, as spelled by Mr. Arnold. Dr. Draper (l. c. p. 73) calls the mother of Buddha "Mahamia"; but, as on many other points, Dr. Draper is no great authority on this.

Gospel of St. Luke, ii. 25–35, cannot fail to find a striking resemblance between the two narratives.

Yet other passages could be quoted to show how the worshippers of Buddha relate of him similar facts to those we find recorded in the life of Christ; I will quote only one passage more.

We read in the Gospel of St. Luke, ii. 46–48, of the wisdom the Child Jesus showed before the doctors of the law in the Temple.

Of Buddha it is related that his teacher fell prostrate on his face before the Boy.

> "'For thou,' he cried,
> 'Art Teacher of thy teachers—thou, not I,
> Art Gûrû. Oh! I worship thee, sweet Prince!
> That comest to my school only to show
> Thou knowest all without the books, and know'st
> Fair reverence besides.'"

These passages will suffice to show that the Buddhists claim several important facts for their Buddha which bear a striking resemblance to what we find related of the Saviour in the Gospels.

Whence these strange resemblances between some institutions of Lamaism and of the Catholic Church, and between the narratives of the life of Buddha and of Christ? Did the Catholic Church model some of her institutions after those of Lamaism? Is perhaps the history of the life of Christ, to a great extent, but an imitation of what was centuries before related of Buddha along the slopes of the Himalaya Mountains?

At first sight this might seem quite plausible, as Buddha lived about six centuries *before* Christ; and the enemies of Christianity and the church are not slow in taking advantage of such seemingly significant facts.

II.

The first missionaries who, in the seventeenth century, penetrated into Buddhist countries were, as Father Huc relates,* "not a little surprised to discover in the centre of Asia numerous mon-

* *Christianity in China, Tartary, and Thibet*, vol. ii. p. 13. Father Évariste Régis Huc is no doubt one of the most reliable authorities on Buddhism. For three years he labored as missionary in northern China; he studied the Tartar dialects, remained for some months in a Buddhist monastery, and, after having learned to some degree the Thibetan language, he made his way even to Lassa, the capital of Thibet and the residence of the Grand Lama. Besides, he most carefully studied the history of Christianity in Buddhist countries, as the learned work mentioned above amply testifies. (See *Chambers' Encyclopædia*, vol. v. pp. 445–6.)

asteries, solemn processions, religious *fêtes*, a pontifical court, colleges of superior Lamas electing their ecclesiastical sovereign and the spiritual father of Thibet and Tartary—in a word, an organization closely resembling that of the Catholic Church."

The antichristian philosophers Voltaire, Volney, Bailly, and others seized upon these striking resemblances with eagerness, to show that the religious beliefs and institutions of Europe had originated in the neighborhood of the Himalaya Mountains, whence they were gradually introduced into India and Egypt, from Egypt into Judea, and from Judea throughout the Catholic Church. According to this view, Christ was but an ideal Jewish fac-simile of Buddha, and the Catholic Church an occidental copy of Eastern Lamaism.

No doubt there are still enemies of Christianity and the church who endeavor to propagate such views; hence the matter deserves to be examined more closely.

Cardinal Wiseman, in his famous lectures on *Science and Revealed Religion* (lecture xi.), has shown that Lamaism was unknown in Thibet before the thirteenth century after Christ.*

But how was it introduced? It is well known that Nestorian missionaries had penetrated early into central or eastern Asia.† About the beginning of the eleventh century they even succeeded in converting a Tartar prince and his people living north of China.‡ From this time Christianity seems to have retained some hold on eastern Asia. Pope Clement V. in 1307 appointed John of Monte Corvino Archbishop of Kambula, the present Peking, or capital of the Chinese Empire.§ Thus we see that

* Wetzer and Welte's *Kirchenlexikon*, latest edition, 1883, vol. ii. p. 1431, states: "The Grand Lama institution of Thibet is of comparatively recent date, and by no means an essential institution of Buddhism. The use of mitres, dalmatics, incense, and bells, as also genuflections and the reciting of prayers, as Catholic monks do, are certainly late innovations and imitations. That Christianity has exercised a powerful influence on the external development of the present religious system of Lamaism is historically established. Public confession and the practice of continency confirm the former existence of Christian institutions."

† Father Huc (l. c. vol. i.) calls attention to the following facts: The Jews were dispersed throughout Asia before the coming of Christ. They were not only scattered throughout the Assyrian and Babylonian empires, but also proceeded in numerous caravans to Persia, India, Thibet, and even to China. Everywhere the Jews retained their religious traditions, and could thus disseminate throughout Asia the doctrine of a coming Redeemer. After the foundation of Christianity the Apostle St. Thomas preached in India. Again, Pantenus of Alexandria went to India in 189 to propagate Christianity there. A Hindoo bishop was present at the Council of Nice in 325, and put his signature to its acts. Another Hindoo bishop was present at the General Council of Constantinople in 381. Between 714 and 728 the metropolitan sees of Samarcand and of China were founded.

‡ This Tartar prince and his successors became well known in Europe under the common, mysterious name of Priest John (Presbyter Joannes). See Dr. Johannes Alzog, *Universalgeschichte der christlichenkirche*, 7th edition, p. 640; and Father Huc, l. c. vol. i. pp. 91–104.

§ Dr. Alzog, l. c. p. 641.

Christian and Catholic institutions were well known in eastern Asia about the fourteenth century. As to the origin of the institutions of Lamaism, Father Huc, who has carefully investigated this subject, states that the office of Grand Lama did not exist in the days of Tchinguiz Khan, or Genghis Khan, who died August 24, 1227. Kublai Khan * adopted Buddhist doctrines which had made considerable progress among the Tartars, and in the year 1261 he raised a Buddhist priest named Mati to the dignity of head of the faith in the empire.

Such was the origin of the Grand Lamas of Thibet. It is quite likely that the Tartar emperor, who no doubt had frequent communications † with Christians, or Catholics, wished to organize the religious system of his empire after the model of the Catholic Church, which then predominated over all western Europe, and had there organized the Christian nations into one great brotherhood in their struggle against the threatening hordes of Islam. No doubt the Tartar emperor could find no more perfect religious organization which might serve him as a model in organizing the religious system of his empire.

To establish his dominion more firmly Kublai Khan divided it into provinces, which were to be ruled by an ecclesiastic, who was again subject to the Grand Lama appointed by the emperor.

A hundred years later ‡ Buddhism underwent other important changes, and then the forms of worship were introduced which present such a striking resemblance to Catholic liturgy. The conquests of the Mohammedans, especially in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, gradually interrupted the communications between eastern Asia and western Europe, and Lamaism

* Although Kublai Khan favored Buddhism, perhaps for political reasons, he was probably at heart as much a Christian as a Buddhist. "On the days of Christian festivals he . . . devoutly kissed the book of the Gospels, after having perfumed it with incense. He said that there were four great prophets revered by all nations—Jesus Christ, Mohammed, Moses, Chakia-Mouni (Buddha)—and that he held them all in equal honor, and equally invoked their celestial assistance" (Father Huc, l. c. vol. i. p. 283).

Kublai Khan evidently tried to select what he considered best in all religious systems; as to organization, he could certainly find no more perfect model than that of the Catholic Church.

† The famous Venetian brothers, Nicolo and Matteo Polo, visited Kublai Khan in Khanbalik, or Kambula—according to Dr. Alzog the present Peking. Among other things Kublai Khan "questioned them about the pope, the general arrangements of the Roman Church, and the customs of the Latins" (Father Huc, l. c. vol. i. p. 284).

The fact deserves to be especially mentioned that soon or immediately after this interview with the Venetian travellers, in 1261, Kublai Khan raised the Buddhist priest Mati to the dignity of head of the faith (Buddhist pope) in his empire (Father Huc, l. c. vol. ii. p. 14). Father Huc adds (p. 15): "Such was the origin of the Grand Lamas of Thibet, and it is not impossible that the Tartar emperor, who had frequent communications with the Christian missionaries, may have wished to create a religious organization after the model of the Roman hierarchy, with which he was well acquainted."

‡ Father Huc, l. c. vol. ii. p. 15.

was for a while forgotten in Europe. The first missionaries who again became acquainted with it in the seventeenth century were, of course, greatly surprised "to discover in the centre of Asia a hierarchy and religious institutions so strikingly similar to those of the Catholic Church."

III.

Having seen that Lamaism is but an imitation of the hierarchy and institutions of the Catholic Church, we may expect that the story of the life of Buddha also was gradually adorned with legends copied from the real life of Christ and adapted to Oriental taste.

As far as reliable history reaches, little is known of Buddha personally. There is even still a great variety of opinion regarding the exact time of Buddha's life.* Mr. Arnold observes in the preface to his poem: "The Buddha of this poem—if, as need not to be doubted, he really existed—was born on the borders of Nepaul about 620 B.C., and died about 543 B.C. at Kusinagara, in Oudh." Mr. Arnold also intimates that "extravagances . . . disfigure the record and practice of Buddhism." From all this we see that the author of the poem believes that Buddha really existed; but as to the record of Buddha's life, probably even he will admit that it has been "disfigured" by "extravagances," and adorned with legends taken from the history of the life of Christ. †

It seems probable, and perhaps certain, that there was a widely-honored Hindoo sage, called Buddha, living about six centuries before Christ. Gradually, after the history of the life of Christ became known in India, such portions of it as especially struck the Oriental fancy were incorporated in the legends concerning Buddha; and thus finally emerged from a chaos of legends that life of Buddha which Mr. Arnold has so poetically de-

* Dr. John Wm. Draper (*History of the Intellectual Development of Europe*, revised edition, vol. i. p. 66) remarks: "Buddhism arose about the tenth century before Christ." Although there exists some diversity of opinion as to the exact time of Buddha's life, yet no well-known authority at present claims that Buddha lived about a thousand years before Christ. On this point also Mr. Arnold is a by far better authority than Dr. Draper.

† It will be seen from Cardinal Wiseman's seventh lecture on the *Connection between Science and Religion* that the Hindoos relate similar legends, taken from the real life of Christ, of their Krishna, or eighth incarnation of the Hindoo god Vishnu. (See *Chambers' Encyclopædia*, vol. v. p. 822, and vol. ix. p. 468.) Dr. David Haneberg, the German translator of Cardinal Wiseman's works, observes that Mr. Weber, in his *Indische Studien*, vol. i. p. 400, etc., has proved that already at the time of the first propagation of Christianity legends taken from the life of Christ were attributed to Krishna. Mr. Weber is inclined to consider the whole Hindoo Avatara, or Incarnation, system as an imitation of the Christian dogma of the Incarnation.

scribed more than 1,850 years after the appearance of the real Christ. But no one, before the coming of this real Christ, ever thought of writing a life of Buddha similar to that depicted by Mr. Arnold.

IV.

What will be the future of Buddhism? Who knows whether the remarkable Lama hierarchy, and its monastic and liturgic institutions, as also the narratives taken from the life of Christ and incorporated in the legends concerning Buddha, may not be means in the hands of Providence to facilitate the victory of Christ and his church over Buddhism?

The following may be a dream, but it is a dream that may some day be realized: The Russians are yearly gaining greater influence over countries in which Buddhism prevails. If they continue to do so for the next fifty years as they have done during the past fifty, they may then control the greater portion of the followers of Buddha. Moreover, the Russian Church could easily be reunited with the Catholic Church, for the differences which separate both are comparatively slight and could easily be settled by the czar, the so-called Holy Synod of Russia, and the pope. The pope is certainly always most willing to make all reasonable concessions possible to reunite Russia with the Catholic Church. The so-called Holy Synod, being but one of the departments of government, would no doubt obey the czar. The czar, finally, might some day be compelled or induced by political or other circumstances to reunite Russia with the Catholic Church.

Stranger things have happened in the past: after Diocletian came Constantine; and the northern barbarians who destroyed the Catholic Roman Empire, and as Arians at first bitterly persecuted the Catholics, became zealous Catholics afterwards. Besides, the Russian people have been separated from the Catholic Church without fault of their own. We have, therefore, good reason for hoping that Providence may grant them the grace of reunion.

Both Russia and the Catholic Church would gain immensely by such an event.* The Russians could then more easily reunite

* I do not claim originality for these ideas. They will be found substantially in *La Russie Sera-t-elle Catholique*, a work published in Paris, 1856, by the Jesuit Father J. Gagarin, who was a descendant of the noble Russian family of Prince Gagarin, already well known in the days of Peter the Great. Father Gagarin, no doubt, understood the relations between Russia and the Catholic Church eminently well, being both of Russian descent and a learned Catholic priest. Hence these ideas are well worth reflecting on.

all Slav nations—an object they most earnestly desire. The czar would, like the Roman-German emperor of the middle ages, at once stand at the head of all Catholic nations and gain the sympathy of the whole Catholic world. And St. Petersburg might indeed become what its—perhaps prophetic—name implies.

The effects of such a reunion of Russia and the Catholic Church would not only be powerfully felt throughout all Christian nations, but they might also greatly accelerate the triumph of Christ over Buddha, and the victory of God's one true church over that caricature—Lamaism.

WHAT EARTH'S TRAVELLER SAID TO HIS HEART.

DOST lose thy courage, heart? The way is long,
The tangle deep:
Ere on the mountain height thou canst breathe free,
The path most steep.

Behind thee lies the music of sweet birds
That sing in spring?
Above thee soon shall cleave the unshadowed air
The eagle's wing.

With each step fainter grows the voice of streams—
Art thou athirst?
By the clear springs that shine on Alpine slope
Their life is nursed.

Seem unto thee the great woods sadly filled
With loneliness?
Above the tree-line shall their silence deep
No more oppress.

Art tired, poor heart? and find'st it hard to breathe
The rare, strong air?
It feeds the frailest flowers of the heights
And keeps them fair.

Do the gray mists that sweep the barren peaks
Thy warm blood chill?
In heaven the sun, above the wind-blown wrack,
Is shining still.

Beat softly, heart: not swiftly to the east
The shadows creep;
Patience, not less than strong desire, shall win
What great heights keep.

Take courage, heart: the night will come at last
And thou canst rest—
Soft is the pillow of the moss that lies
On high hill's breast.

And when morn comes it shall be earth no more:
Softly shall shine
The Paradise thy tears so long have dimmed—
Its glory thine.

IN THE ADIRONDACKS WITH ROD AND RIFLE.

We were four—General Criss, Fred Baller, a stock-broker, Bulger, a Danish chemist, and myself. We met at the New York Central Depot at 6.30 P.M., and, taking train, we were to be at Port Kent, upon Lake Champlain, next morning. From this point we were to ride fifty miles and plunge into the wilderness at Martin's, upon the Lower Saranac. Bulger was the hunter, and he carried his new repeating-rifle with a military air. Fred B. was the Walton of the party, loaded with rods and landing-nets, and learned in flies and leaders and subtle ways to lure the fish.

General Criss and I were to be instructed in woodcraft. We bundle into our seats, the gong sounds, and we are moving up the Hudson in the twilight. At the Highlands our game of whist is interrupted by a most sublime thunder-storm. The clouds, big, black, and swiftly tumbling in mid-air, seemed, as they rushed down the river, to crush the everlasting hills; but, passing, they left but a pale moon and a breeze rich with fragrance of new-mown hay and wild flowers.

Five A.M.—We awake to find the train two hours late; but we are compensated by the noble view of Lake Champlain, along the shore of which the train is swiftly winding. We sat upon the back platform and silently drank in the cool, beautiful landscape. It was to us a period of intense delight. To all it was calm and rest after toil, and never did men enjoy it more.

We reach at last Port Kent, where the misty further shore of the lake seems like a cloud-bank miles away. It is a lovely spot, but scarce had we time to look around us when we were crowded into a primitive stage and rolled away through a barren country to Keeseville, five miles beyond. We passed Ausable Chasm, but so intent were we on going forward at once that we refused to stop and view closely this wonderful gorge. We took, however, a flying view from a bridge above the chasm, and wonderfully beautiful must the scene appear from below. At Keeseville we are served with a good breakfast, and then off again. The road winds along the Saranac River, now, alas! a mere stream compared to what it once was. The scenery is bleak and the soil is not very productive, but the mountains in the distance seemed to compensate for the immediate poverty of the landscape.

At Mountain Fall we dine, and in a pelting rain we onward drive, winding deeper and deeper into the mountains. The country as we advance becomes more picturesque, but we all look with disgust at the frequent barren hillsides, either covered with blackened stumps or else so denuded of timber that the dry brush made poor compensation for the loss of these primitive forests. Talk as some writers may, the loss of forest must tell in time; and as I looked at the brawling river beside me, whose broad bed was dry on each side for twenty feet, I felt that the loss of trees was the sole cause of the withering of this stream.

We smoke, we chat, we sing, we try to make the time pass easily; but driving in a narrow, ill-swung vehicle in a furious rain for forty miles is no pleasure. As we drew up at Miller's the clouds were dissipated for a moment's sun, and we descended from our perches pretty stiff, but hungry as hawks and ready for any sport. Miller's is finely situated upon the Lower Saranac, and is a lovely place to idle away a few weeks. The genial proprietor met us on the broad piazza, and after a hearty supper of trout and venison, the first we had eaten, we met our guides, who were awaiting our arrival.

Simple, kindly men are the guides, always ready to oblige, never surly, and as keen for the sport which you enjoy as if they themselves shot or threw the fly. Stores are collected, guns are handled, fly-rods looked over, and after these important affairs are settled we go to an early bed.

A cold, gray morning. Four picturesque-looking travellers are standing in group upon the boat-house steps while the guides

pack the boats. Rough we look: old hats and coats have been resurrected, and our boots come above the knee and are most fearfully oiled. Four whimpering hounds are secured to the boat-house, and when loosed make a rush for the boats. We are in—we are off—and abreast we head up the lovely lake. There is a feeling of rest and happiness in being swiftly pulled through the Adirondack waters which I have felt in no other place. It may be the high altitude of these lakes or the peculiar buoyant feeling of the boat in which you ride, and which so readily yields to every motion of your body; the cause I cannot explain, but the sensation is delightful and never tiresome. It is a morning of alternate showers and sunshine, and this gives us an opportunity of viewing the changing landscape in all its varied beauties. The forests sweep away from these rocky shores until lost in the distance. To me the hush of the noble woods was more majestic than the lonely murmur of the ocean upon a barren sand-hill. The variety of nature in a forest is infinite, and the different shades of green to my wearied eyes seemed like a glimpse of paradise. In the distance dim, high mountains, ever changing from deep black to light green as the clouds obscured the sun; beside me the rolling waters, over which the light boat floats like a sea-bird. We pass through a brawling rapid, and after winding through a narrow river, fringed with alder-bushes and lined by lofty hemlocks and pine-trees, we reach a broad sheet of water called Round Lake. Here the wind has rolled the lake into great billows, and a driving rain prevents us from seeing shore; but on we toil, and when we had reached the upper waters the sun burst forth again. We fall in line, and in a moment the boats strike the beach.

The first portage, or carry, is about a half-mile in length, and while we walk along the river-bank our boats are carried over upon a huge wagon. On we go again across another lake, and at a primitive lakeside inn we are served with a good dinner. And although a misty rain is falling, we can enjoy the distant view of mountain and forest that stretches away from our very feet. An hour's row has brought us to another three-mile carry; and after a muddy walk, at which even the general complains, old campaigner that he is, we come to the Racquette River. You all remember a scene in Gustave Doré's *Wandering Jew* where the wretched wanderer is passing through a forest of dead trees, and one could scarcely imagine such a spectacle of desolation. Yet the Racquette River is lined for miles with such a forest, and of all the depressing scenes I ever viewed this is the most

gloomy. A dam which has been built miles away to float timber is the cause of this ruin. The overflowing waters covered the roots of the trees lining the river-banks, and for miles you see nothing but mud and dead trees. I could scarcely believe that in years gone by the Racquette River was the pride of the Adirondacks. While I am speaking here of the destruction of trees, let me remark that the whole Adirondack region is a vast bed of mountainous rock, covered with a thin superstratum of soil which is held in place by the forests. To denude the rocky mountain-sides of these forests is practically to have this soil washed down into the valleys by spring rains, where, mixed with stone and gravel, it is unfit for cultivation. The outskirts of the Adirondack region prove this. The desolation of the cut-timber tract on the edge of the wilderness is something to lament. A twelve-mile row brings us out of this river and into Big Trout Lake, and at a sporting inn some few miles up the lake we halt for the night. We have come thirty miles and we feel both hungry and tired. A good supper puts us in good-humor, and then to dreamless slumber.

Big Trout Lake contains no brook-trout; the savage pickerel or equally relentless bass have driven poor *salmo fontinalis* from these lovely waters. Lake-trout, however, are caught weighing as much as twenty pounds; but with the departure of the speckled trout all interest in the lake is lost to me.

A long morning row brings us to another carry five miles long. The general and I now push ahead, leaving Bulger and Fred Baller to have some lunch at a wayside sporting-house. We have reached the last carry—and what a carry! The general loses his temper for the first and only time, for his dog wishes to go under trees when the general has to climb over them, and the conflict of opinion is slightly energetic.

Another long row and we pass from a winding river into a lovely little pond, near the mouth of which was killed the last moose ever seen in the Adirondacks.

Beside a little rapid our camp is made, and soon the woods, the silent woods, resound to the axeman's blows. The day is almost spent, and as the shadows deepen Frank, my guide, rows me out on to the silent pond. Where a small brook runs into the lake, by a quick stroke of his paddle the boat is held, and from my rod is flung the artificial lure. The flies gently strike the water and are pulled towards us with a trembling hand, leaving a long wake behind. A splash ahead! A trout has jumped, and the boat, like a thing of life, moves slowly forward. I cast across the bub-

ble on the water and draw it in. A tug—I strike—and away glides my line.

"Play him gently," said Frank, who has skilfully kept the boat away from the lily-pads. Soon the fish, slowly reeled to air, rises gasping to the surface, when, with a sure sweep of the landing-net, he is secured. How brilliant his coat, how firm his flesh, his bold eyes how staring! We take five more, when, night coming on, the trout refuse to rise. Home to camp. The general comes down to see my catch. Fred B. calls from the bank to Bulger, who is walking around the camp, proud in the possession of his new gun. Suddenly, while we are laughing, comes the sharp, sudden bark of a deer from across the pond. Listening, we hear it again, once, twice, thrice, and it is lost in the distance. "He was coming to feed," said Ernest, Bulger's guide, "but the noise scared him." This sound of wild animal life electrifies me. I go down in the darkness to a point running out into the lake, and look out upon the black waters. The stars twinkle over me, and the great trees lift themselves aloft until they seem to reach out of sight; behind me the camp with its glare of burning logs shining through the spectral trees. Bulger is going out to shoot a deer, and the boat with its headlight, under which he sits, gun in hand, is balanced in the stern by the guide who paddles him. The canoe moves out until nothing but the great eye of the jack-light comes to the view. It turns, and all is dark again. We sit and smoke and pile on more logs; loath are we to leave the enchantment of the fire. The general tells tales of army life and "fights his battles o'er again." Finally we all retire. The tent-flap is closed. I see the fire-light flare up and sink. Shadows come and go, and then I sleep.

Morning, six A.M.—Bulger has returned with a yearling deer. He tells us wondrous tales, but we see but one small deer—a poor thing with not much meat upon its little body.

Baller and I are paddled out to the spring-hole. The sun is overcast and the morning fog still hangs over the woods. Baller has begun casting, and his split-bamboo rod is sending the flies hither and thither. Light as eider-down do they alight and with a gentle motion are drawn across the dark water. A slight breeze fans the lake. It is enough. A fish jumps, and with an oily gurgle down goes the leader. Fly-fishing is the poetry of motion. He who has fished with artificial flies prefers it to all other kinds of fishing, and he who has never swung a fly-rod knows not the highest type of angling. We take a few more fish, and then back to camp. Our menu is varied—venison, trout,

potatoes roasted in their jackets, and cakes with maple-syrup. We eat like "low churchmen," and then to smoke and loaf.

"We loaf and invite our soul," as sings Walt Whitman. We all sit idly around and drink in the lovely breeze. I must not say all, for the general is busily engaged in catching frogs. A stout pole and line armed with a hook is all the general demands. A worm is the bait. From having a weakness for frogs' legs I encourage the general, and my larder is always supplied.

To-night I am to seek a deer, and my guide is busy arranging his jack-light. A jack-light is simply a reflector, in front of which a lamp burns. It is secured in the bow of the boat to a stout pole, and under and in front of this reflector the hunter sits. He is in darkness, but the lamp throws a lane of light in front of the canoe and enables him to shoot a deer—that is, if the deer stands until he is near enough to shoot.

It is considered by hunters that jack-shooting is unsportsmanlike; but, to one who knows, jack-shooting, where the deer are wild—and they soon become so—is as exacting as deer-stalking, and gives the animals as much chance for their lives as they can ever have if you hope to secure one. Deer, where they are much hunted, will not stand until the light comes to them. Sometimes they hunt "dark," and this requires not only coolness upon the part of the hunter, but extraordinary skill upon that of the guide.

To hunt "dark" is to cover the jack-light, and, merely by the guide's sense of hearing, depend upon coming close to a feeding deer, and then, turning down the lantern-slide, to shoot at once before the deer can jump into the alders.

To paddle down a dark river without a light requires great knowledge of the course of the stream, and not one guide in five can do it successfully.

I am a novice in hunting, and so take a shot-gun. It is ten o'clock and raining a soft, misty spray. The wind is blowing in the tall pine-tops. I cannot see the lake from the camp-fire, but, guided by Frank, I reach the boat. The boys wish me luck, and we are off. Darkness, stillness, and rapid motion. Not a sound from the guide. I cannot hear the paddle-stroke. The falling rain ahead seems like snow. The weird sense of unreality about it all is almost painful. I long to cry out. We are in a little lake and carefully skirt the shore. The reeds about us are as of silver, and outside of the light thrown by the lantern is a darkness such as I never knew before. A splash in front makes me start, so that the light boat rocks. A dark head swims away in the track

of light. "What's the matter?" whispers Frank—"only a rat; sit still!" I obey, but that rat made me quiver. "I hear a deer," again whispers the voice. The boat stops. I listen, and faintly in the distance I hear, or think I hear, a splashing. I tremble as if in a chill. The boat flies through the water. It halts, turns, and the broad light revolves; but though the lily-pads are bruised and the reeds are broken, we see no deer. He may be watching now from the bank; but useless it would be to remain, and without a sound the boat moves on.

A slow, trembling, rocking movement has the boat; it fairly quivers under the paddle. We have left the lake and are bearing down the river amid the many voices of the night, the waving trees calling from the high banks and the rustling reeds answering from the river. Sometimes a winged shadow falls across the streaming light, like the wild bird with human soul that Renan says he will be, seeking the church-door and finding it not. The rain is now falling heavier, yet still it is not much worse than mist. The river bends and we come to a broad, shallow bay.

"A deer! a deer!" whispers the guide. I feel my heart beating like a trip-hammer, yet my head is cool and I know that my hands will obey my will. I strain my sight, and surely ahead a gray mass is moving through the water. It springs forward, then turns, rushing quickly, and moves noiselessly yet rapidly for the shore. I cover my quarry steadily; the boat is held fast; I pull the trigger—a flash, a report, and something is struggling in the water, but only for a moment, for as we reach the deer he is dead. The wild stag will speed no more, and in spite of my triumph I can feel a sorrow for the death of this noble deer. We lift him in the boat and then to camp. No longer expectant, I sit dreamily in bow and listen to wind rushing down the river; for the rain has ceased falling, and the wind has risen and is roaring through the black trees. A dull gleam breaks out of the darkness as we cross the lake. The camp is hushed, yet back of the fire the gleaming eyes of the awakened dogs gleam out at us. Not a whimper escapes them as we drag the dead deer past them into the forest. I pile more wood upon the fire, and then to a dreamless sleep. So pass the days. Now a float is built and we plunge into the lake, and again we take long rows upon the beautiful river. At night we sit around the camp-fire and hear the guides tell of deer and wolves and panthers. The guide loves to tell of the discomforts of men who come into the woods knowing everything, and who leave it more ignorant than when they entered. For without a good guide a man might be a month in the woods

and never see a deer or catch a trout. To-day Frank and I go up the river. We carry the light canoe around the rapids at whose outlet we are encamped, and are soon miles away. Pool after pool I fish, sometimes with success and again catching nothing. How cool the morning! How lovely the dark green forest-trees, rising from the river-banks and almost meeting above your head! At places the lilies, white and yellow, almost fill the stream, the beautiful white lilies looking like stars and filling the air with their fragrance. Here is the place for contemplation. This is the true spot to read *De Imitatione Christi* and feel the spirit of the book. Thus dreaming I do not perceive that we have left the river and have entered a little lake heavily wooded, and are drawing near to a deserted camp. More in idleness than sport I cast my flies even as the boat has almost reached the camp. A splash, and before I can change hands the line is out forty feet. A large fish and a strong one; but, alas! my leader is frayed, and after a gallant struggle the gut parts and I lose my prey. I have killed thirty fish, however, and I am satisfied. 'Tis the selfish desire to kill more than enough that betrays the false sportsman. To kill fish or shoot game merely for the pleasure of doing so I have always refrained from, and, like other things in life, the sooner one can become *contentus parvo* the happier he will be for this resolve. The fire is kindling, and, having nothing to do, I sit and watch a merry squirrel who sits chattering above my head. The day is warm, but under the pines I feel it but little. A shout below, and Fred B. mounts the bank, rod in hand, and hungry as a hawk. Soon the trout, on green and slender branches, are broiling over the red embers. We had finished lunch and are enjoying a smoke when a noise in a deserted hut caused me to look in. A little animal, which I recognized at once as a hedgehog, is trying to crawl beneath some logs. The guides, at my alarm, rush in to kill the creature, but in the confusion it escapes. The hedgehog is the pest of the woods, as they eat anything containing the least suspicion of salt or grease. After a happy day the sun is sinking, and, as old Virgil sings, "the lengthening shadows fall from the high mountains."

So down the quiet river float the boats. We drink in the beauty of the red sunset behind the tall tree-tops. The quiet waters are black beneath the shelving banks, and a bird who only sings at nightfall is piping from the forest. The stream flows smoothly, save where it strikes a rock, and there it gurgles a soft music sweeter in its gentle murmur than any other sound in nature. We are met upon the bank by the general and Bulger,

who have spent a quiet day. Then to the mess-tent, where a steaming pot of venison-tea exhales a fragrant smell. Two cups apiece and we are content. The general and Bulger bid us adieu, and, as the night has grown cold, we brew a milk-punch beside the roaring fire. A storm is gathering, and the flames of the great pine logs are flung hither and thither in the growing breeze. A pipe, a chat, and, exclaiming with Sancho Panza, "Blessed be the man who invented sleep," we leave the night-fire just as the rain-drops commence to fall. Two hours later the general and B., drenched, come in, and, after making lament for a lost deer, are soon at rest. There is whispered among the guides a rumor of a magic lake in woods where the trout grow to a monstrous size. Fred B. is fired with enthusiasm, and he and I are to seek it. So in the early gray of the morning we set out. The lake is only five miles away, but the difficulties of that trip make me ache still on thinking of them. This is the picture we present: Frank, a guide, leading, carries a canoe upon his shoulders; I follow with shot-gun, landing-nets, and rods. Fred B. has an axe and fly-rod; Robbins, his guide, with an eighty-pound pack on his back and rifle in hand. I think, as we tear through the brush, of Strain's march across the Isthmus of Panama, and can imagine how men can be lost in trackless woods until they sink from exhaustion and die. A five-mile trip that takes almost an entire day. What pulling and hauling! What hills we climb, what swamps to wade! We cross two lakes and have to cut down many trees that prevent the boat from passing. Poor Fred is tired, and I, who am accustomed to walking, feel like resting. We are nearing the famous lake, when suddenly the first guide stops, holds up his hand, and whispers, "Partridges." I rush forward, dropping rods and nets, and get a fine double shot at some quiet, tame birds who go too slowly to avoid their fate. At last the lake—a noble sheet, and the scenery, of course, very wild. As we cross the water to the spot selected for our camp some wild duck fly across the boat. One in particular circles with painful anxiety around the canoe until her little brood are beyond our reach, when she quickly rejoins them, and then the cries of delight are laughable. The camp is made beside a cool brook, the ground being almost clear of brush, and with huge old trees rising grandly about us. Here, while the guides were busy building a shelter, Fred B. and I sat and smoked, and watched the gleaming waters of the silent lake not twenty feet away. The stillness was delightful; not even a bird sang in the woods. Surely I can imagine now the stillness of African forests of

which Du Chaillu speaks. There is an enchantment in these woods, and all kinds of quaint fancies seem born in this solitude. The guides' task is done, and, evening coming on apace, we take our rods and are paddled out upon the lake. Around us the fish are rising. We have taken three, each averaging a pound, when poor Fred breaks his rod, and so we are confined to one rod. The fish here fight much better than the trout below, and we enjoy the taking of fifteen fine fish, none weighing under three-quarters of a pound. Having resigned my rod to Baller, I cannot fish, but am content to look at lake and sky and winding shore. What can be more lovely than the silence of evening? The smoke of our camp-fire is the only sign of life, save where the rising fish sometimes breaks from the lake. The shadows deepen, and now the faint reflection of the western sky alone illumines the lake. Quietly we glide past the solemn rocks, crested with tall pines. How weirdly outlined against the evening sky! No rustling wind comes from the shores. Nature is at rest, save that mass of yellow that moves like some unreal thing from the dark woods down to the silent lake. Breathless and expectant we watch until the slow-moving boat draws near enough to see the motions of the deer. How queerly it moves among the rocks! So silent does the guide paddle that we are coming close to it, and still it gives no sign of alarm. Fred has taken the rifle and holds it across his knees. Nearer we drift. "Thy end has come, poor thing!" I think. But no; for as it lifts its pretty head and the watchful Baller is raising his rifle a duck starts from the lake and with a doleful cry flies right at the deer. That wild creature takes the hint, and with a few graceful bounds the dark-green alders close about it and all is still again. Poor Fred smiles dolefully at me and sighs. Frank, the guide, neither smiles nor speaks; he has resumed his paddle, and, with that quiet, slow movement of his head peculiar to guides, and which we cannot imitate, he is scanning the shore, dimly lit by the twilight. The silver moon has now come out, and the air is cooler, but yet no breeze ruffles the dark surface of the lake. The western sky, in which the moon has risen, is streaked with a few purple clouds, whose old-gold setting is the last sign of the dying day. A moment, and the moon alone shines in the sky, save where a dim star commences to twinkle in the east. Back to camp again, where around the camp-fire we huddle; for the night is cold, and warm tea is in great demand. Then I go out night-shooting on this great lake, with the vapor rising from the waters in misty wreaths; the solemn stars shining above me, and the

great blackness of the lake are things to be remembered and treasured for ever. Too soon had the days sped by, when, early one morning, Fred Baller and Bulger stood upon the bank and watched the general and myself pass from their view. Thus did the trip end, but the memory is still recalled. To those who love nature the Adirondacks seem delightful; but let no one go who cannot endure fatigue, for the toil and rough life would suit but poorly the delicate or weak. The cost of this trip is another consideration, not to mention the long journey before you reach a suitable camp. However, I was satisfied, and I even think, with a few weeks and a good guide, I would venture into the wilderness alone and there seek a summer's rest.

ROSE OF THE SACRED HEART.

THUS the sweet legend saith—
As Jesus hung in death
Upon the holy rood,
By crimson drops bedewed
The briers of Calvary's height
Did blossom in man's sight.
O peerless, priceless bud,
Dyed in the Precious Blood!
Thy ruby fires do shine
Like to the Heart Divine!
Love's symbol true thou art,
Rose of the Sacred Heart.

The briers of sin and care
O'ergrow the mount of prayer
Contrite 'mid suffering,
If to the Cross we cling,
As clung the thorny vine,
Round it our lives entwine;
Bathed in the blessèd flood
Of Jesus' Precious Blood,
All human joys and woes
Shall blossom as the rose.
Love's symbol true thou art,
Rose of the Sacred Heart.

HAWTHORNE'S ATTITUDE TOWARD CATHOLICISM.

EMINENT literary men whose works are morally pure are deserving of great honor, and much gratitude is due to them. The mischief of that stream of literature made turbid, nauseous, and noxious by the moral filth mingled with its better elements is more directly and efficaciously counteracted by wholesome literature than by any other natural and ordinary influence. Besides the very great innocent pleasure which such writers furnish to a multitude of persons, they do a great deal of positive good to the readers of their works, in ways which it is needless to speak about, they are so plain to the sight of everybody who has any taste for letters.

We Americans may congratulate ourselves that writers of the first rank in our literature, those who may be called its authors and chiefs, have been so refined in their imagination and pure in their moral sentiments. In the walk of the lighter prose composition, it is enough to mention the names of Washington Irving and James Fenimore Cooper, and then to fix our attention exclusively upon their worthy successor, the subject of our present remarks, Nathaniel Hawthorne. Hawthorne has been a growing favorite, as a writer, both in America and in England, for the last forty years. His personal character, and the way in which his own individual, domestic and social reminiscences delightfully blend with the texture of his writings, have made him likewise a favorite and a common friend, as a man. Even the members of his family have shared in this, and now that Mr. Julian Hawthorne, whom everybody had known as a boy, his father's constant companion, and who in his manhood had earned fame by his own writings, has given us the charming biography of Nathaniel Hawthorne and his wife, the universal regard for the great writer and all his family with him, has been re-awakened and increased.

For the first time, we have presented, in this biography, a true and authentic picture of this illustrious literary man as he was in himself, an authentic history of his life from childhood to old age. Romantic but incorrect legends have been heretofore current about his early life and its events. We are glad to have the truth about all these things, in place of distorted facts or fictions. It is not only more satisfactory as being the truth, but

also much more interesting. Admiration of the genius which is shown forth in excellent works, pleasure in contemplating beautiful ideals set before the imagination in their pages, complacency in the artist as an artist, and in his productions, are much enhanced when we learn to know the artist as a man, and find in his personal character, in his moral conduct, in his whole life, a counterpart of his works. In the case of Hawthorne there is a daily beauty in the character and life of the man from his youth up, an idyllic charm about his household with its domestic relations, filial, fraternal, conjugal, and parental, which, in the opinion of the writer of these lines, surpasses, in a poetic as well as in a moral aspect, any one of his romances taken as a whole, and presents individual characters and events equal, perhaps even superior, to the best of their imaginary scenes and persons.

Hawthorne's life and writings have one particular aspect which makes them especially interesting to Catholics, and also to those Protestants who sympathize more or less with him, but most of all to those among these classes of his admirers who are of New-England origin. It is the aspect of the religious, moral, and æsthetic ideal in his mind toward the human side of Catholicism. Turning away from Puritanism, yet not turning his back on Christianity, he was during his residence and travels in Europe brought face to face with Catholicism, having his mind freed to a considerable extent from Protestant prejudices. He is a good representative of a large class, and it is an interesting study to examine his attitude as he stands midway between his ancestral religion and the ancient religion of Christendom, to make an estimate of that which attracted him and that which repelled him in Catholicism, as he viewed it, chiefly in its moral and æsthetic human side. The strictly religious idea is not excluded from his theory of the natural and spiritual fitness and order, symmetry, harmony, and splendor which are the elements of the physically, intellectually, and morally beautiful. It lies in the background, and veiled in obscurity, yet it appears in the history of Hawthorne's life, and in his works, as a belief and a predominant sentiment, even to a certain extent distinctively Christian. Here is one passage which may serve as an illustration and a proof of what has just been said:

"In her present need and hunger for a spiritual revelation, Hilda felt a vast and weary longing to see this last-mentioned picture once again. It is inexpressibly touching. So weary is the Saviour, and utterly worn out with agony, that his lips have fallen apart from mere exhaustion; his eyes seem to be set; he tries to lean his head against the pillar, but is kept

from sinking down upon the ground only by the cords that bind him. One of the most striking effects produced is the sense of loneliness. You behold Christ deserted both in heaven and earth; that despair is in him which wrung forth the saddest utterance man ever made: 'Why hast Thou forsaken me?' Even in this extremity, however, he is still divine. The great and reverent painter has not suffered the Son of God to be merely an object of pity, though depicting him in a state so profoundly pitiful. He is rescued from it, we know not how—by nothing less than miracle—by a celestial majesty and beauty, and some quality of which these are the outward garniture. He is as much, and as visibly, our Redeemer, there bound, there fainting and bleeding from the scourge, with the cross in view, as if he sat on his throne of glory in the heavens! Sodoma, in this matchless picture, has done more towards reconciling the incongruity of Divine Omnipotence and outraged, suffering humanity, combined in one person, than the theologians ever did. This hallowed work of genius shows what pictorial art, devoutly exercised, might effect in behalf of religious truth; involving, as it does, deeper mysteries of revelation, and bringing them closer to man's heart, and making him tenderer to be impressed by them, than the most eloquent words of preacher or prophet."*

In another place, describing a Martyrdom of St. Sebastian, by Domenichino, he writes:

"I was a good deal impressed by this picture—the dying saint, amid the sorrow of those who loved him, and the fury of his enemies, looking upward, where a company of angels, and Jesus with them, are waiting to welcome him and crown him; and I felt what an influence pictures might have upon the devotional part of our nature. The nail-marks in the hands and feet of Jesus, ineffaceable even after he had passed into bliss and glory, touched my heart with a sense of his love for us. I think this is really a great picture."†

There are some similar remarks in his notice of the impressions he received from Raphael's Transfiguration:

"The face of Jesus, being so high aloft and so small in the distance, I could not well see; but I am impressed with the idea that it looks too much like human flesh and blood to be in keeping with the celestial aspect of the figure, or of the probabilities of the scene, when the divinity and immortality of the Saviour beamed from within him through the earthly features that ordinarily shaded him. As regards the composition of the picture, I am not convinced of the propriety of its being in two so distinctly separated parts—the upper portion not thinking of the lower, and the lower portion not being aware of the higher. It symbolizes, however, the spiritual shortsightedness of mankind that, amid the trouble and grief of the lower picture, not a single individual, either of those who seek help or those who would willingly afford it, lifts his eyes to that region, one glimpse of which would set everything right. One or two of the disciples point upward, but without really knowing what abundance of help is to be had there."‡

* *The Marble Faun*, vol. ii. c. 12. † Passages from *Note Books in Italy*, Feb. 15, 1858.
‡ Ibid. Notes on April 25.

Again he writes:

"Occasionally to-day I was sensible of a certain degree of emotion in looking at an old picture; as, for example, by a large, dark, ugly picture of Christ bearing the cross and sinking beneath it, when, somehow or other, a sense of his agony and the fearful wrong that mankind did (and does) its Redeemer, and the scorn of his enemies, and the sorrow of those who loved him, came knocking at my heart and got entrance there. Once more I deem it a pity that Protestantism should have entirely laid aside this mode of appealing to the religious sentiment."*

Hawthorne belongs to that class of whom Kenelm H. Digby says:

> "Ethereal subjects they would not reject,
> As if theology did not reflect
> The one thing needed by the poet's song—
> That type for which he, too, on earth must long—
> Of beauty absolute, the poesy
> Of that which still invisible must be."†

Hawthorne's natural temperament and his early education led his thoughts and imaginations toward the region of the preternatural. At the beginning of his literary career Puritan ideas and associations furnished the theme to his musing, contemplative spirit, which his imagination wrought into those weird, fascinating forms which crowd his earlier fictitious works. His æsthetic sense is not earthly, sensuous, and immersed in the material, physical embodiment of the ideal of beauty. It is a vehicle of thought and speculation, and all Hawthorne's imaginative works which have themes taken from New-England life and history are essentially in their inmost character and meaning a presentment of the old Puritan religious idea of the visible and the invisible world, of the present world and the world to come. This is a common characteristic of modern New-England literature. Puritan theology has been judged and condemned in the literature produced by the children of the Puritans. They have been, however, generally unwilling to abandon rational and Christian theology and to plunge into the abyss. After leaving the worst dogmas of Puritanism, most have been desirous of seeking for a more reasonable, a brighter, a better Christianity. It seems to us that this was the case with Hawthorne, and that the beautiful passages quoted above from his writings show how the Christian belief which he had retained was brightened, his religious views and sentiments made more vivid and elevated, by the influence

* Ibid. Notes on June 8.

†*The Supernatural, in Last Year's Leaves.* London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1873. P. 15.

of Catholic art, and by the pervading atmosphere of faith, in Italy and Rome.

These impressions were not limited to that part of the Catholic religion which has been imperfectly retained in the theology of New England, but they came also with considerable power upon his mind from the general system of Catholicism and those parts of it which are wholly unlike and opposed to Protestantism, particularly in the naked and gaunt form of Puritanism. This ugly counterfeit presentment of the lovely religion of Christ appears especially unlovely and repulsive in Hawthorne's delineations, and he everywhere shows his natural repugnance to those features in it which are distorted. The symmetry, beauty, harmony, and reasonableness of Catholicism, its adaptation to the wants of the human heart, the superhuman quality of its ideal, and the conformity to nature of its outward environment, though only dimly discernible to him through a mist, found something in his mind akin and responsive, awoke an echo in his heart, charmed to a certain degree his imagination.

This comes out very distinctly in that beautiful romance *The Marble Faun.* Hilda is the most charming of all Hawthorne's creations. Correggio is said to have taken his wife and child as models for his pictures. We cannot help thinking that some features of Sophia Peabody and Una Hawthorne, of whom Mr. Julian Hawthorne has given such a loving and attractive delineation, reappear in the young artist from New England, surrounded by doves and trimming the lamp of the Blessed Virgin in her high tower. That fine type of New-England girlhood and womanhood of which Longfellow's Priscilla is an early specimen is represented as it has become modified by the lapse and the changes of time, under another sky, amid different surroundings, in Hilda. The religious reverence, the fidelity to conscience, the moral purity, the feminine loveliness inherited from the olden time have doffed the garb of gloomy color and homespun texture in which they were formerly clothed for brighter and more costly raiment. The repressed æsthetic faculty has awoke. Old prejudices have passed away. Instead of Priscilla spinning on week-days and walking demurely to meeting on Sunday with her Bible and hymn-book wrapped in a white pocket-handkerchief in one hand and a bunch of fennel, sole solace of the senses during the dismal service, in the other, we see Hilda copying the old masters in Roman galleries, and hanging wistfully about the Catholic confessional when her conscience is perplexed and her heart heavy.

One extract from *The Marble Faun* has been already given. Short extracts cannot, however, suffice, after the manner of proof-texts, as the basis of a comment which shall be a satisfactory exposition of the ideas embodied in this unique product of Hawthorne's genius. Only one who remembers distinctly or will read attentively *The Romance of Monte Beni* can fully appreciate the view we are taking of Hawthorne's attitude toward Catholicism. The paragraph which comes nearest to a summing up of his estimate of the Catholic religion is the following passage, extracted from *The Marble Faun:*

"Hilda was anew impressed with the infinite convenience—if we may use so poor a phrase—of the Catholic religion to its devout believers.

"Who, in truth, that considers the matter, can resist a similar impression? In the hottest fever-fit of life, they can always find, ready for their need, a cool, quiet, beautiful place of worship. They may enter its sacred precincts at any hour, leaving the fret and trouble of the world behind them, and purifying themselves with a touch of holy water at the threshold. In the calm interior, fragrant of rich and soothing incense, they may hold converse with some saint, their awful, kindly friend. And most precious privilege of all, whatever perplexity, sorrow, guilt, may weigh upon their souls, they can fling down the dark burden at the foot of the cross, and go forth—to sin no more, nor be any longer disquieted; but to live again in the freshness and elasticity of innocence.

"Do not these inestimable advantages, thought Hilda, or some of them, at least, belong to Christianity itself? Are they not a part of the blessings which the system was meant to bestow upon mankind? Can the faith in which I was born and bred be perfect, if it leave a weak girl like me to wander, desolate, with this great trouble crushing me down?"*

Taking Hilda as a representative of a class of persons which we have already sufficiently described, we ask why she does not answer these questions with a decided affirmation for the first two and a negation for the third. What is the repulsive force counteracting the attraction of the Catholic religion?

In so far as the attraction is æsthetic, it is an æsthetic repulsion which resists its influence. This is expressed in a very singular manner by Hawthorne when he is describing Hilda's vacillating moods of feeling while she was visiting the shrines and lingering before the images of the Blessed Virgin. "Here, perhaps," he writes, "strange as it may seem, her delicate appreciation of art stood her in good stead, and lost Catholicism a convert." Her ideal was not fully satisfied, she looked for something more than she found. We find the same factitious discontent and craving after an ideal of perfection in the outward

*Vol. ii. c. 14.

environment of religion everywhere in those writings of Hawthorne in which he gives his impressions from what he saw in Catholic countries. Wherever he finds that which corresponds to his high and refined sense of the fitness of things, and gratifies his love of beauty and order, he is profuse and eloquent in the expression of delight and approbation, and his pages glow with prismatic colors. But he cannot abide shortcomings, he is disgusted with the obtrusion of the commonplace, shocked and disappointed by the juxtaposition of vulgar, mean, and sordid objects to things which are pleasing to the æsthetic sense.

"The second observation is not quite so favorable to the cleanly character of the modern Romans; indeed, it is so very unfavorable, that I hardly know how to express it. . . . They spit upon the glorious pavement of St. Peter's, and wherever else they like; they place paltry-looking wooden confessionals beneath its sublime arches, and ornament them with cheap little colored prints of the crucifixion; they hang tin hearts and other tinsel and trumpery at the gorgeous shrines of the saints, in chapels that are encrusted with gems, or marbles almost as precious; they put pasteboard statues of saints beneath the dome of the Pantheon; in short, they let the sublime and the ridiculous come close together, and are not in the least troubled by the proximity."

Mr. Hawthorne expresses here quite mildly the sentiment common to Englishmen and Americans in which the writer of these lines shares fully. Yet he makes an excuse for all the disorder and incongruity which disgust him in a tolerant and philosophical spirit which is very uncommon:

"After a while the visitant finds himself getting accustomed to this horrible state of things; and the associations of moral sublimity and beauty seem to throw a veil over the physical meannesses to which I allude. Perhaps there is something in the mind of the people of these countries that enables them quite to dissever small ugliness from great sublimity and beauty. . . . It must be that their sense of the beautiful is stronger than in the Anglo-Saxon mind, and that it observes only what is fit to gratify it." *

In the notes of his visit to the cathedral of Amiens the temper of mind we are speaking of comes out quite in a characteristic manner:

"While we were in the cathedral we saw several persons kneeling at their devotions on the steps of the chancel and elsewhere. One dipped his fingers in the holy water at the entrance; by the by, I looked into the stone basin that held it, and saw it full of ice; could not all that sanctity at least keep it thawed? [Certainly, by all means!] Priests—jolly, fat, mean-looking fellows, in white robes—went hither and thither, but did not interrupt or accost us."

* *Italian Note-Books*, Feb. 15, 1858.

This provokes a smile, and is not very good manners. Persons walking about in a cathedral in cassock and surplice are not always priests, but may be sacristans. Some priests, however, in France and elsewhere, are fat and jolly, which, it appears, is bad form. They should be tall, thin, grave-looking men to suit the New-England taste.

However, Mr. Hawthorne was open to more favorable impressions, and when he went in to see a solemn requiem Mass celebrated at the Madeleine of Paris he was quite well satisfied:

"Glorious and gorgeous is the Madeleine. . . . The organ was rumbling forth a deep, lugubrious bass, accompanied with heavy chanting of priests, out of which sometimes rose the clear, young voices of choristers, like light flashing out of the gloom. . . . All the priests had their sacred vestments covered with black. They looked exceedingly well; I never saw anything half so well got up on the stage. Some of these ecclesiastical figures were very stately and noble, and knelt and bowed, and bore aloft the cross, and swung the censers in a way that I liked to see. The ceremonies of the Catholic Church were a superb work of art, or perhaps a true growth of man's religious nature; and so long as men felt their original meaning, they must have been full of awe and glory." *

Stately and noble-looking ecclesiastics satisfied his ideal of sacerdotal dignity. And in the priest to whom Hilda opened her griefs in the confessional Hawthorne has given a picture of a spiritual father with "a mild, calm voice, somewhat mellowed by age, . . . a venerable figure with hair white as snow, and a face strikingly characterized by benevolence. It bore marks of thought, however, and penetrative insight; although the keen glances of the eyes were now somewhat bedimmed by tears, which the aged shed, or almost shed, in lighter stress of emotion than would elicit them from younger men." Hilda went into the confessional without knowing what the visage or figure of her ghostly adviser might be. What would have been her disappointment if he had been fat, or unprepossessing in countenance? Probably she would have bidden him a civil good morning, but not, as she actually did, "with a sweet, tearful smile"; nor would she have "knelt down and received the blessing with as devout a simplicity as any Catholic of them all."

Yet Hilda was not a merely artistic soul, having nothing deeper than æsthetic sensibility. She had a conscience also, and a moral sense, a religious belief in which the bent it had received from Puritan education was strong enough to resist the gentle pressure of the venerable priest's persuasion. When he asked,

* *French Note-Books*, Jan. 9, 1858.

"On what ground, my daughter, have you sought to avail yourself of those blessed privileges, confined exclusively to members of the one, true church, of confession and absolution?" Hilda replied: "Absolution, father? Oh! no, no. I never dreamed of that! Only our heavenly Father can forgive my sins; and it is only by sincere repentance of whatever wrong I may have done, and by my own best efforts towards a higher life, that I can hope for his forgiveness. God forbid that I should ask forgiveness from mortal man!" Yet this did not hinder her from saying also: "Surely, father, it was the hand of Providence that led me hither and made me feel that this vast temple of Christianity, this great house of religion, must needs contain some cure, some ease at least, for my unutterable anguish. And it has proved so. I have told the hideous secret; told it under the sacred seal of the confessional; and now it will burden my poor heart no more!"

Hilda stood at the threshold of the church looking in wistfully, but there she stopped, and, "Father," she exclaimed, moved but resolute, "I dare not come a step farther than Providence shall guide me. Do not let it grieve you, therefore, if I never return to the confessional, never dip my fingers in holy water, never sign my bosom with the cross. I am a daughter of the Puritans. But, in spite of my heresy, you may one day see the poor girl, to whom you have done this great Christian kindness, coming to remind you of it, and thank you for it, in the Better Land."

Hilda's reasons for resisting the persuasions of the good father to step over the threshold into the church are extremely weak and founded in ignorance. Any one of her intelligence and sincerity could be easily convinced of their futility by an instruction of half an hour from a competent teacher. And Mr. Hawthorne appears to be aware of this. For he says that, "had the Jesuits known the situation of this troubled heart (*i.e.*, before she found relief by telling her secret), her inheritance of New England Puritanism would hardly have protected the poor girl from the pious strategy of the good fathers. Knowing, as they do, how to work each proper engine, it would have been ultimately impossible for Hilda to resist the attractions of a faith which so marvellously adapts itself to every human need."

We must not, however, identify Mr. Hawthorne with Hilda. His language, when speaking in his own proper person, proves that, although he appreciated the attraction of the Catholic religion for such a person as Hilda was, he thought he had reason to deny that it can "satisfy the soul's cravings" and vindicate its claim to a divine origin and authority. Searching for this reason

below the æsthetic surface of Mr. Hawthorne's mind, we still find it in that idealism of which we have before spoken. It is, namely, his moral and spiritual ideal which he does not find satisfied by a corresponding actual realization in existing Catholicism as he sees it. There are a few passages in his writings where this sentiment finds explicit expression, and these give the clue to an understanding of the attitude of his mind toward the Catholic Church.

"To do it justice, Catholicism is such a miracle of fitness for its own ends, many of which might seem to be admirable ones, that it is difficult to imagine it a contrivance of mere man. Its mighty machinery was forged and put together, not on middle earth, but either above or below. *If there were but angels to work it, instead of the very different class of engineers who now manage its cranks and safety-valves*, the system would soon vindicate the dignity and holiness of its origin." *

The words we have italicized are the most significant ones, and they let us see that the one paramount argument against the Catholic Church, in Mr. Hawthorne's mind, was just what has been designated in a former paragraph.

He says the same thing in simpler terms in his account of a visit to Siena:

"I heartily wish the priests were better men, and that human nature, divinely influenced, could be depended upon for a constant supply of good and pure ministers, their religion has so many admirable points. And then it is a sad pity that this noble and beautiful cathedral should be a mere fossil shell, out of which the life has died long ago." †

We are not going to make a plea against Mr. Hawthorne's view. Something which his biographer has said about his disappointment in respect to art can be applied to the matter of religion as well:

"He looked for the achievement of the impossible, and, not finding it, failed to give due credit to what was actually accomplished." ‡

Mr. Hawthorne's judgment of the character of the Roman and Italian clergy and of the Papal system has not much weight. On the same page of his biography from which the last quotation has been taken we are told that

"On the Continent he had neither felt nor known anything of the national social life. Always inclined even in his own country to be rather a spectator of society than an active participant in it, he had been more so than ever in England, while in Italy his estrangement had been absolute; and consequently he had been forced to confine himself almost exclusively to the companionship of art and archæology."

* *Marble Faun*, vol. ii. c. 13. † *Italian Note-Books*, October 10, 1858.
‡ *Biography*, vol. ii. p. 220.

His residence and travels on the Continent were limited to eighteen months. As he was leaving Rome he says:

"I looked at everything as if for the last time; nor do I wish ever to see any of these objects again, though no place ever took so strong a hold of my being as Rome, nor ever seemed so close to me and so strangely familiar. I seem to know it better than my birthplace, and to have known it longer; and though I have been very miserable there, and languid with the effects of the atmosphere, and disgusted with a thousand things in its daily life, still I cannot say I hate it, perhaps might fairly own a love for it. But life being too short for such questionable and troublesome enjoyments, I desire never to set eyes on it again." *

Hawthorne was, and remained to the end, the child of his New-England, Puritan ancestry, a genuine, thoroughgoing son of the soil of Massachusetts, and he was at home nowhere else on this earth, which was much less his real dwelling-place than the ideal, ethereal realm of his own imagination. And, although "the superb incarnation of religious faith which St. Peter's presented powerfully fascinated him," † there is no sign of his having attained a perception of the historical and theological evidence that the Catholic Church is the one only church of Christ and way of salvation for all men.

He says, in one place:

"Generally, I suspect, when people throw off the faith they were born in, the best soil of their hearts is apt to cling to its roots." ‡

He had no doubt that the Catholic religion was one form of Christianity, good, and even the best for many who believe in it and practise its precepts. But, in his own case, although he was a member of no church, he appears to have clung to the roots of his own hereditary belief as a descendant of New-England Puritans, and to have remained to the last what is called a Liberal Christian, although his language does not indicate that he was a Unitarian.

In Una Hawthorne the effect and fruit of the education she received from her father and mother appeared in the manner of her religious and practical life during the last few years preceding her death. After a period of doubt, questioning, and investigation her brother tells us that "the lofty religious bias of her nature triumphed over all doubts, and she was confirmed in the Church of England." *

After her mother's death in 1871, she devoted herself to works of active charity in London, until her own death in 1877,

* *Italian Note Books*, May 29, 1859.
† Julian Hawthorne, *Biog.* vol. ii. p. 178.
‡ *Italian Note-Books*, October 10, 1858.
§ *Biog.*, vol. ii. p. 378.

which occurred in a Protestant convent at Clewer. The inscription on Mrs. Hawthorne's tombstone shows whither her mind and heart were turned: "I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord." Hawthorne had died, away from home, and alone, thirteen years before the death of his daughter, the last of this trio of rare and choice souls.

Nathaniel Hawthorne, with his wife and daughter beside him, presents a specimen in some respects, indeed, unique and uncommon in its beauty, but still typical and representative of a great number of his immediate countrymen in New England, of other Americans and of their English kindred. This is true of the one particular aspect we have been considering, his attitude toward Catholicism. For ten who have been converted to the Catholic faith there are a hundred who have come near enough to it to exchange the old-fashioned notions and sentiments, once almost universal among Protestants, for a certain respect, admiration, and sympathy, varying indefinitely from the liberal views of Unitarians to those of that considerable class of high-churchmen or ritualists who are free from the anti-Roman venom with which some are infected. Yet, they go no further than a certain point, where they stop, and frequently it cannot be perceived that they ever seriously deliberate on the question of becoming members of the Catholic Church. Those who have been bred up Catholics from childhood seldom understand what keeps such people standing aloof. They ask in surprise why they do not at once believe and obey the teaching of the church. In order to know how wide and deep the chasm is which separates them, it is almost necessary to have been on the other side and to have crossed over. The prejudice which had its origin in the violent passions of the English and Scottish schism and the polemics of heresy during the disastrous period of the sixteenth century, combining with and intensifying the spirit of nationalism, has isolated the Protestant people of the British isles and their offspring in the colonies which they founded from the great commonwealth of Christendom. Elizabeth Hawthorne says of the English people, that for them "there is no right or wrong, only English and un-English." * There is a measure of justice in this severe judgment. The people of New England and their kin in other parts of our republic have inherited a full share of English pride and all the prejudices of Anglicanism. Separated from the mediæval Christendom by a local tradition centuries old, isolated from modern Catholic peoples by prejudices of race and reli-

* *Biog.*, vol. ii. p. 325.

gion, nurtured in the belief that pure Christianity, morality, enlightenment, principles of good government, reasonable liberty both intellectual and political, all the motive forces of genuine progress and improvement in all directions toward the general well-being of mankind, have their second fountain-head and source in the Protestant Reformation—the Catholic Church and religion appear to them as antiquated and foreign. This is their view, after being freed from their darker and more extreme prejudices. People are always more blind and insensible to evils prevalent in their own country, to which they are habituated, than they are to those of foreign countries. They have also partly an artificial standard of measurement which is national and peculiar, and, in the case of Protestants, sectarian. Thus, even after their eyes are opened to some of the external beauties, which are, so to speak, in the periphery of the Catholic religion, they are still repelled from it as something alien, they fail to make a correct estimate of its concrete reality, and their ideal is unsatisfied.

A deeper cause of alienation lies in the fundamental alteration which the original, genuine idea of Christianity has undergone in the minds of Protestants. The idea of the church as the primary and immediate recipient of the doctrine, law, and grace of Jesus Christ, the medium of their transmission to individuals, has been changed into that of a mere auxiliary to the subjective faith and piety by which the individual Christian, in his own private capacity, comes into an immediate relation to God. All questions about the constitution of the church are therefore relegated to a secondary place. The true notion of the unity of the church is obscured, altered, or entirely lost. It is no more a question of primary and practical importance, Which is the one, true church established by Jesus Christ? because it is not perceived that in this church one must find the faith, the law, the sacraments of Jesus Christ, and thus the way of everlasting salvation. That one *may* find them, that many have found and do find them there, even that some cannot practically find them anywhere else; the admission, even, that the Catholic Church is the best and most perfect form of Christianity, and that it were desirable to have all Christians reunited under the pastoral presidency of the Pope, does not of necessity and always bring a person to the conclusion that one *must* walk in the road of the Catholic Church. Some who were far more learned in history and theology than Mr. Hawthorne, whose convictions and sympathies were to a greater degree, in respect to a greater num-

ber of subjects, in harmony with Catholic doctrine, than his half-formed, imaginative perceptions, have finally stopped short of the conclusion which was necessary to clinch and complete their intellectual conversion. Besides recent instances of English and American Protestants of this sort, there are the signal examples in Germany of Leo in the present century and Leibnitz in the eighteenth. There have been and are numbers among the Greeks and Orientals who would wish to see the schism healed which has cut them off from the body of the church, but who have remained in the state of separation. All these, in proportion as they recede from the true Catholic idea of the unity of the faith, the law, and the church of Christ into subjectivism and individualism, are affected by that alteration of the genuine idea of Christianity just now defined—some more, others less. The individual, it is supposed, may work out his salvation for himself, or by the aid of any one among several churches. All are looked upon as being included in a kind of universal Christianity. But if one, catholic and apostolic church is acknowledged, it is one which tolerates great variations in faith, and can subsist in separated parts. Holding such inadequate notions of the nature and office of the Church, persons who have quite enlarged and enlightened opinions respecting Catholicism, and warm, generous sympathies with all in it which they can appreciate, may continue to live apart from any church communion, or within the communion of any church they have been bred up in or may select, never acknowledging any obligation in conscience to become members of the Catholic Church. It is this conviction and sense of obligation which alone furnishes the adequate and victorious motive for surmounting obstacles and repugnances lying in the way of conversion. Experience proves that the generating and maturing of this conviction is, in the case of the majority, no easy process. The reconciliation of the whole body of professing Christians to the true church, so that all become one flock, in one fold, under one shepherd, is a great work, a divine work, which must be gradual, and requires time. We may hope for its ultimate accomplishment, and, in the meanwhile, even remote and indirect and slow movements tending in that direction are to be welcomed. We feel grateful and friendly toward Mr. Hawthorne, and take pleasure in expressing our high esteem of his character and works, and our appreciation of the biography which his son has made a worthy memorial of parents who deserve the best tribute which could be rendered to them by filial piety.

THE BARON OF CHERUBUSCO.

BY THE TOWN-CLERK.

IN some doubtful, untraced way history has left upon me the impression that a baron of the early ages when barons began to be was a hard, tyrannical, ignorant man, who drank great quantities of spirit, beat his wife and his daughters, was envious of his growing sons, had a few streaks of generosity in him, and, above all things, hated and oppressed the poor. Whether the ancient average of barons justified this impression I have not yet had time to discover. So much that was history twenty years ago has since become fable that he would be an imprudent man who would venture to defend the historical impressions of his youth before examining the latest authorities; but I always acted on the impression when speaking or thinking of Mr. Turnham, of Cherubusco, the principal citizen of our village, and the gracious friend who had appointed me, a struggling lawyer and a pugnacious Catholic, to the position of town-clerk. It was not a very high distinction, to be sure, to be principal citizen of Cherubusco —a hybrid, nondescript village on Lake Champlain—but to the people who dwelt there it was a deeply interesting position, and had a considerable deal to do with their personal comfort, occasionally also with their material prosperity; and it was one reason why I looked upon my patron as a modern type of ancient baron that he made the common people of the town as miserable as possible when the fit seized him, and sold them comfort at the price of a degrading vassalage. It would not be charitable to detail all the enormities, private and public, personal and distributive, which he practised in a year. He was not such a monster as I considered an old-time baron. He drank spirits in quantity and enjoyed an occasional "toot," as my neighbors name a period of intoxication, but it was not a matter of scandal for any one; he swore in his office, among his cronies, and promiscuously in the absence of children and clergymen; he had no religious belief of any definite character—in his own expressive language being "a free nigger"; and his morality was of a pattern with his religion—clouded, uncertain, wavering, leaving him no better than he should be; but he *was* the kindest, most indulgent house-

holder that ever lived, was deservedly loved by the members of his family, and had an amiable wife and rather handsome children in spite of a discouraging personal appearance. For Turnham, briefly, had a stiff leg and a face all hair and spectacles. So much of his skin as was visible above the tide of glass and hair was either muddily pale or fiery with an erysipelas affection, always shaded by the wide brim of a homely felt hat. A more malignant-appearing face I had never seen; a fiercer expression no piratical pirate ever wore. As he walked the street, dragging his stiff leg after him like an evil genius or a familiar spirit, and bowed to the passing villagers, I interpreted the looks he gave them to mean, "Be careful, now; you know me: at any minute I might cut the earth from under you"; and the same look seemed to say to strangers, "*You* don't know me; but I'm a terror, and I might cut the solid earth from under you if you said a cross word." He had cut happiness out of so many persons' lives that my interpretation was reasonable, and the title of baron, so far as it represented my idea, was clearly applicable to him.

Still, barons are men in spite of their odd characteristics and noble title, and are as apt to cry when pinched as better men. Mr. Turnham had his good points. One of his best was the fancy he took for me; for this fancy, while not doing me much good, brought him much annoyance from his brother-barons. It was urged against my appointment that I was a Catholic, that I was too young, that I could not be trusted to keep business secrets from the priest, that better men wanted the position of town-clerk; to which objections he replied, with his malignant grin, that he loved Catholics more than hypocritical Protestants, that he hated old men, that no secrets were entrusted by him to any one, and that he didn't care a button if Bishop Potter was after the office of town-clerk—no one should get it that year but me. By this declaration he unflinchingly stood. Furthermore, he made me his confidant in most matters of business and politics—a position which I, being a very young fool and having fifteen years before me in which to make up for present blunders, accepted with confidence and courage. Behold me, then, on a fine morning in the month of June, seated in confidential discourse with my patron, our heels elevated in a fashion plainly intended to keep our brains from scattering, and he fairly glaring upon me for the opposition which I offered to his plans concerning the coming village election.

"So you don't believe in buying votes," said he. "On principle? Or are you one of these Young Men's Christian Associa-

tions, that shout for C. S. Reform in chorus, and in side-street, dark-night solos buy up all the votes they can git?"

I omit the baron's profanity.

"On principle," I answered benignantly. "It's wrong. It's against the constitution and the law. It's un-American. It's an injury to the poor fellows who are tempted. George Washington wouldn't approve of it. Neither will I."

After sending the venerable Washington to a part of the other world in which the baron seemed to have a vested interest, judging from the authoritative way in which he assigned lots there, and glaring at me several moments, he said:

"Do you mean to hold that principle all your life?"

"I hope I shall," I replied, with the proper humility of manner and an interior conviction that hope was utterly crushed by certainty. I was only twenty-one.

"Then let me tell you," said he viciously, "you'll never git a bigger office than town-clerk. You might as well git out now as wait till yer kicked out to make way for men that have purer principles."

"That's good!" said I. "I'll wait till I'm kicked out, and it won't be the men with purer principles that'll do all the kicking."

"And what *do* you propose to do at the election?" irritably. "Sit 'round, an' talk, an' stare, an' have old Whiting an' Stacy an' the rest of 'em askin' what you're doin', and all the rest of it?"

"Don't mind me," I said. "Let me have my own way, and I'll do as much work as the best man among 'em, in my own fashion. If they find any fault after election, I'll resign."

"Well, it's a satisfaction that all Catholics are not so strict in their way of thinkin'."

"If they aren't they ought to be. They're not Catholics. It must be a satisfaction to you to see most Protestants acting as you do. I suppose you will have the usual whiskey-barrel on tap in this room for the poor Frenchmen and the thirsty gentry of the town. I can read the future of America in election whiskey."

He glared for a few minutes and closed the conversation with a laugh, muttering some indistinct thunders concerning papists and flinging his books and papers through the room savagely. I lost myself presently in a sad meditation on vote-buying as a means of political promotion. There was little doubt of my inability to hold even so inferior a position as that of town-clerk long while my principles remained at variance with the uni-

versal practice of Cherubusco politicians. If Catholic morality were not quite so stern on that and some other points of political and business life, how rapid would be the rise of ambitious Catholic lawyers with a good stock of principle and little cash on hand!

"I think," said Turnham after a time, "you had better hint to Joe Miron—he's a papist, you know—that I don't like his talk around town. He's restive. It looks as if he wanted to bolt the straight ticket."

"He has a right to bolt."

"And if he does," continued the baron, "let him understand that he'll get no more work in this town, if I can help it."

"He has a big family," I said—"a good wife and five children. They are not the kind to be left to starve on account of a vote."

"Just let him know how it will be," he replied indifferently. "They won't starve, you kin bet, but they'll suffer some trouble. That's good for papists. It's the only thing keeps the critters down."

Two persons entered the office in succession, transacted some business, and departed. One was a feeble, sickly woman in rags pathetically clean, the other a nervous, well-dressed business man.

"Well, Henriette! Good-morning, Sol Dotler! Come to pay the rent, Henriette?"—he knew very well the day would never come when the poor woman would be able to pay it. "Six months due to date—eighteen dollars. I'll let you off for ten, seein' it's a hard time for the poor."

Henriette looked at the spectacles and whiskers, fumbled nervously with her rags, and began to tremble.

"The same old story," he said after she had made a few vain efforts to speak. "No money, not able to work! Well, let it go for this time, Henriette! I'll make it up out o' Sol Dotler."

The woman went out shedding grateful tears. The nervous business man cursed the baron in a friendly fashion, and was cursed in turn, as he asked for the note which he intended to take up that morning. It was a small sum, one hundred dollars, for the use of which one month the baron received the sum of thirty-five dollars.

"Not a bad job," he said to me a moment later. "A little business o' that sort would help you along, my boy, if you have a few hundreds to loan."

"Thus runs the world away," and a heavy heart carries the young Catholic who tries to run after it in our time, and I suppose in any time. He must strip himself of every principle of

his faith, if he wishes to keep up with it, of love of his neighbor, love of his country, and love of religion, carrying only in his grip-sack the shirt of convenience and expediency, and the trunks and hose of pharisaical morality. So the baron had often told me; nor could I doubt his word after a thorough examination of his and the wardrobes of all the other barons of the county! The items mentioned were not always to be found in their entirety among these nobles, but I observed that when their destruction left them morally naked public opinion drove them either into retirement or into business in the city on a large scale. The baron, being a family man, still held his scanty wardrobe together by dint of much patching and darning, and with the help also of a class of clients whose leader and mouthpiece was just entering the office on the heels of the reflections which had passed through my mind after the last remark of Mr. Turnham.

He was a small man in working-clothes, wrinkled, rudely jointed, and old. His thick gray hair was cut straight across his neck by the domestic scissors. His whole appearance had the home like finish peculiar to old brooms and well-used furniture; so that the natural dignity of his manner was the more remarkable by contrast, and left an agreeable impression. His wrinkled face was weighted with an expression of sorrow. He bowed to us both in a grave way, and, turning to the baron, opened his mouth to speak, but the under-lip trembled so much that he sat down suddenly and covered his eyes with his hand to hide the tears that fairly spurted through his fingers. The baron's face grew a shade paler at this sight.

"Dupuy," said he, "your boy's dead."

"An' little gell, too," moaned Dupuy. "Bot' die las' night."

The baron started up with a groan, and hopped up and down a few times in real distress. He, too, was the father of boys and girls.

"It's too bad, too bad!" he said. "This diphtheria is the worst thing in creation. How did it happen, Cyriac? I thought they were gittin' well yesterday. I could swear the girl was all right."

He came to the Frenchman's side and sat down to listen to a father's details of his children's death-struggle.

"M' ole 'oman," said Cyriac, with a visible effort, "watch Leah; I tek care o' Joe, me. I clean de t'roat one, two, tree, much taime. She git bettair, poor Joe; *mais* lit'le gell he no git bettair. Vary weak all de taime—choke. O seigneur, c'est ter-

rible!" as the memory of her suffering came back to him. "I mek him to dhrink de wine et de bif-tea, you see. All de sem ma little gell no git vary sthrong—weaker, weaker, 'n' I tink, me, his bre't' stop, raight up. Two o'clock d' ole 'oman cry loud, 'O mon Dieu! Leah die.' I run to him. It is so. Leah die, easy, easy, easy, laike go to sleep—no pain, no scream, no not'-ing," finishing the description with a gesture of falling easily to sleep. "Poor Joe hear her moder say he die, 'n' git frightened, you see, 'n' call me raight off. 'Wot's de madder wid you, Joe? You 'fraid?' 'No, p'pa, no 'fraid me. Mek de pr'ers fo' de soul. I go after Leah.' 'You go after Leah, *petit fou?* Leah no die. Moder 'fraid laike you, 'n' scream. You stay wid Leah, Joe.' *Mais* no fool Joe. She say all de taime, 'Mek de pr'ers, p'pa, mek de pr'ers.' Purt' soon she go after Leah—easy, easy, too, comme de raison. Ah! seigneur, tout est perdu."

He spoke in broken tones, and with the last words burst into a fit of sobbing. The baron pressed his hand and turned his face away to hide the tears that moistened his fierce eyes. When his eyes were dry again he turned to me.

"Mighty hard, isn't it?" said he. "An' they were alone, too; no one with children 'ud go near 'em. It's the black diphtheria. Did you git any one to lay the children out, Cyriac?"

"I fix 'em tout seul," said Cyriac briefly, with an expressive shrug of the shoulders.

"Well, I suppose it can't be helped, Cyriac. I'm sorry for you—very sorry. It's hard to lose your children after bringin' 'em to that age; but it's the way things are done in this world, an' we can't help ourselves."

"Mes enfants se reposent dans les bras du bon Dieu," said Cyriac, clasping his hands tightly with a sincere but painful effort at resignation. I translated the sentence for the baron, and was rewarded with the usual glare. He could not presume to dispute the existence of Heaven at that moment, and raged to have me find him temporarily muzzled. Old Dupuy informed us that the children would be buried that evening at sundown, and was made happy at Mr. Turnham's promise to attend, as, owing to the malignity of the disease, the ceremony would be private and no services held in the church until the next morning. The baron here saw fit to mention a little matter of business. It would have been in better taste to leave poor Cyriac to his heavy misfortunes, only that Mr. Turnham was not to be held back from any measure by the mere dictum of good taste. And, to tell the truth, the matter was not calculated to interfere with Cyriac's sorrow. It

was as if one had said to him, Your hat is awry, or, Button your coat and it will sit better, while he was wiping away his tears.

"To-morrow, Cyriac, if you don't mind," said the baron casually, "we'll talk over that bolt of the Duquette boys. It looks as if they mean to hold off till the other party buys 'em."

A deeper shade settled on Dupuy's face, and I saw that he looked at his horny fingers, as if a new and startling difficulty had sprung suddenly from the deformed brown joints.

"I t'ink, me, it is de pries'," he said slowly, with a long-drawn sigh. The baron stared at him with his mouth open, and Cyriac met the stare with a cringing smile.

"Purt' bad boy dem Duquettes, M'sieu' Tu'n'am," he said gravely, seeing that the baron did not or would not understand the smile, whose meaning was perfectly clear to me. "Bad Cat'-lique, no go t' churc', all taime drunk, no spik French—French no nice f'r dem. Las' mont' big change. Dey mek de confession, tek pew in de churc', no drink no more—big change. I think, me, it is de pries'."

Now the baron understood, and his face showed some such expression as must have rested on the face of the first Roman emperor who discovered the presence and the power of the pope in Rome.

"That's the new priest," he said briefly. Cyriac nodded. "Has he said anything to you?"

Cyriac shrugged his shoulders doubtfully.

"Tell me," shouted the baron, bringing down his fist with a crash on the desk, "did he speak to you?"

"Turnham," I suggested gently, "let me remind you—"

"You—" But it will not do to record his answer. Had I said simply, Remember his dead children, and left myself out of the suggestion, its effect would have cooled him instantly. Cyriac was frightened, but calm and polite.

"She say some word," he replied, "an' I t'ink, me, she no say word. 'Cyriac Dupuy'"—imitating the tone and manner of the priest—"'f you see de mans to buy 'n' sell de vote, tell me, *tell* me all taime.'"

"That's all?" said the baron, holding his wrath in check until he was bursting like a boy in smothered laughter.

"All," replied Cyriac briefly, standing up to make his low, old-fashioned bow, with his hat describing a circle in his hand.

"It's just as well, Cyriac," drawing a paper from his open safe and shaking it at him with a most baronial air. "When the priest comes foolin' around you an' talkin' o' the wickedness o'

buyin' votes, just think o' that an' you're safe." An extra shade of humility lodged in Cyriac's wrinkles. "I won't stand no curé's nonsense. He may keep you from voting as I want you to, but he can't stave off a mortgage. I'll squeeze you, my boy—I'll squeeze you."

"Turnham," I said, disgusted, "remember his children." The baron blushed. No one unacquainted with him would have noticed the purple current stealing behind his hat, whiskers, and spectacles. He hopped over to Cyriac, going out of the door, and slipped a bill into his hand while gently patting his back.

"It's all right," he said gently; "we'll settle this another time, and I'll surely be at the funeral."

My youth alone excused the antics in which I indulged after the door closed on the Canadian. I gravely jumped over several chairs, walked around them, stood on my head, and turned a boyish cartwheel to the musical accompaniment of the baron's profanity. On this occasion he swore more like an emperor than a baron, if we suppose that felicity and fluency follow a person's rank. If verbal electricity could be stored in a material atmosphere, the office would have exploded on the spot.

"That accounts," said he, "for the Duquettes"—the only words which were not pure exclamation in a five minutes' discourse.

"I'm glad of it," said I; "I rejoice in it. I don't know much about Father O'Shaughnessy—"

"What!" cried he, "is that his name?"

"What's in a name?" said I. "Wait till you see the man. He's so small that it seems ridiculous he should have so powerful a name. I'll tell you what he did in Buckeye County two years ago." The baron, who had been stupefied at the name, looked interested. "A Democratic judge, who lived across the way from him, had a sewer which emptied into the priest's garden, and because it was cut off brought the matter into court, meanly preferring that his neighbor should die of typhoid than to dig a way for his sewerage. The judge was the county head of his party. An election was near; the priest went into it, and the county, for the first time in sixteen years, went Republican. I'm glad he's here. You won't buy any more Frenchmen. You won't shake mortgages at them when they talk of voting as they please. You won't see them running like chickens at the cluck of a hen whenever you crook your finger. Best of all, you will now need me and my methods to hold these people on your side. Influence now is more than money. I can coax where you can't

bribe or threaten. Do you see? Do you understand your position? Father O'Shaughnessy will skewer you like a fly on a pin, and I say again I'm glad of it."

"Oh! you *air*," snapped he, with his most intense nasal drawl. "You *air* glad of it, you son of a wild Irishman, you ignorant papist, you — —! Well, I'll show you just what that priest amounts to! I'll buy more Frenchmen than I ever did. I'll buy your Irishmen; I'll buy the hull town, if I need it. And the barrel of whiskey 'll stand jest where *you*'re standin'; and I'll set every p'isonous Kanuck 's drunk as Noah, and I'll march 'em up to the polls jest as usual, an' have 'em vote under my eye; an' if they don't, the niggers!—if they cut and run, the sinners!—I'll cut the earth from under 'em; I'll fling 'em out of the town into Canada as poor as they came into it. An' as for you an' your notions, if you want to stand by Father O'Shaughnessy—"

"That's my name, sir," said a thin, precise voice at the door. The baron had been hopping about the office, and, being close to the door when it opened, fairly bawled the name into the visitor's face. The little man was not as much surprised as the baron, and his keen gray eyes studied the stupid expression on Turnham's face as calmly as though it were a brass door-knocker.

"Come in," said Turnham feebly, as he hopped to his desk and mechanically struck a business attitude. "Won't you sit down?"

"Thank you," said the precise voice. "I want a ton of coal sent up to the house this afternoon, if possible."

"I'll send it up," said the baron briskly. At this point I ventured to introduce the two magnates.

"You have a good work to do here," said Turnham roughly, as a salve to his recent confusion, "in sendin' the children to school. They don't go, the half of 'em."

"Pay their fathers decent wages," said the priest, "and the children will attend. Can a dollar a day eight months of the year support five persons decently? If the school is all they say it is, I don't blame them for remaining away."

"How is that?" said the baron angrily, for the school was his pet device and chief diversion.

"Another time I'll explain, sir. Briefly, do you believe in teaching Latin and physiology in a town whose people are born to labor hard all their lives? I wonder you never asked yourself the question before. Excuse me now, as I am in a hurry. I'll give you a chance to answer in a day or two."

He bade us good-morning and went out hurriedly, leaving the baron to chew his pen-holder and to confide to me his impression that the priest was a vain busybody and needed a good fright in order to settle him in his proper position.

"Does he think," said he, "that priests only should study Latin?"

"Between you and his reverence," I replied, "Cyriac Dupuy will be torn to shreds at election-time."

Poor Cyriac! As he stood looking into the double grave which held the two bodies dearest to him in this world, the fabled America of his childhood seemed as desolate and bleak as Anticosti, and he sighed in his quiet and polite way over the peace enjoyed in his native Canadian village, where death was never so violent and unkind, where great disasters by land and sea were heard of but once in a lifetime, where mortgages were practically unknown, and where votes, voting, bribery, and barons were institutions that concerned only the rich and had little concern with the sorrows and joys of the poor. The peace that Cyriac dreamed of, although he thought it a Canadian possession, was really the natural peace of careless childhood; but because he had left Canada a child, to begin his apprenticeship to labor and sorrow in the States, it seemed to him happiness was a growth of his native soil—as it seems to all of us, indeed, whether success or sorrow meets us in the last days. And Cyriac, had he been compelled to return to Canada, would have looked for it as naturally as for the roses which grew in the front yard and the delicious peas that covered the paternal acre. Candidly, America, in the person of the baron, had been kind, and yet unjust, to him. He had reached Cherubusco in his fifteenth year, when the baron was a baby almost; but the baron's father had given him work and encouragement and favor, and had urged him to learn English well and to become a citizen of the country. He did not succeed with the English, and, because party spirit was not very warm in earlier days, was not hurried to the other. As a matter of business, Turnham, junior, on succeeding his father, pointed out to him that were he naturalized he might make a few dollars on his vote at each election; whereupon Cyriac went through the usual formalities, and, on receiving a certain sum for depositing a bit of paper in a box one election-day, began to think that the American Constitution was a great thing. He spread the news among his fellows, and immediately after it became the French fashion to haggle on election-day with politicians, and to return home in the cool midnight a

few dollars ahead of the world or full to the brim with bad whiskey. You can fancy the astonishment with which I first heard an honest and virtuous Canadian openly grumble on receiving for his vote a dollar less than his neighbor, and the deeper astonishment with which I listened to a committee of barons bemoaning the treacherous designs of Catholics on the bulwarks of American freedom. Yet this moral turpitude really existed, and the defenders of the aforementioned bulwarks were deepening it daily, adding to it, in fact, and were bound to hold the ignorant, innocent Canadians to their attack on the bulwarks, if they had to send half their forces to the enemy's rear and bayonet them into battle.

How it happened that Cyriac became the scapegoat of his countrymen amid his bitter misfortunes is accounted for by two circumstances: that he marshalled the hosts of bought voters for the baron, and that he one day brought out the goose-pimples of patriotic honor on Father O'Shaughnessy by artlessly mentioning how much he sold his vote for each year. From that unguarded admission dated Cyriac's woes. He had the duties of citizenship sharply explained to him, and was made acquainted with the criminality of his acts. The priest and the baron both threatened him, the one with the terrors of the law, the other with the mortgage; and as he looked at the steady alternatives he thought, with the poet, "In truth, how am I straitened!" However, the mortgage was such a fixed, dread certainty, and Father O'Shaughnessy's temper being a still unknown quantity, Cyriac determined to appeal to the priest for a milder interpretation of the law. He spoke to him after the funeral service was over.

"M'sieu' le Curé," said he with grave politeness, "I laike to spik de few word wid you, m'sieu', 'bout de vote."

Monsieur le Curé bowed with a very cold face—so cold, in fact, that Cyriac hastened to say:

"I know, me, you spik thrue, m'sieu'. I mek mysel' vary sorry dat I sell de vote, *mais* I know nottin' f'r de counthry, 'n' M'sieu' Tu'n'am say, 'All raight, all raight, Cyriac; you mak' some monay, I git some vote—all raight, *all* raight, ALL raight.' I no t'ink, me, all wrong. M'sieu' Tu'n'am big man f'r de counthry, m'sieu', vary big man. Mek de work f'r poor pipple, mek de house, len' de monay, git de job—vary good neighbor, oh! *vary* good neighbor."

After this prologue Cyriac twisted his hat and waited for a reply which might give him a chance to declare the object of his

visit. Monsieur le Curé O'Shaughnessy, however, was as dumb as if he were born so. Cyriac came to the point then desperately.

"Purt' soon, m'sieu', dey mek de vote f'r 'lection. Some buy, some sell. No mattair f'r de raight or de wrong; buy, sell all same. I t'ink, me, no harm"—he hesitated for the right words to express a delicate and embarrassing thought, and then said in tumultuous patois: "If all others can buy and sell, why not I, for this one time—only for this one time?" It was his last chance, his last hope, and Monsieur le Curé knew it and laughed rather heartlessly in his face. Not for that—oh! no—but at his reasoning. He caught the emphasis on the last words and their piteous eagerness.

"Why for this one time, Cyriac Dupuy?" he asked, and saw at once by the expression on the man's face that it was the proper question to put. "Why for this one time, Mr. Dupuy?"

More hat-twisting and hesitation! It was so dead a certainty, that mortgage, why need the priest be made acquainted with its existence? Cyriac looked out sadly on the green lawn where to his mournful fancy the document which the baron had menaced him with stalked like a sheriff outside Congress awaiting his noble prey; and as his gaze wandered up to the new-made graves, and he compared the grief of that day with the new griefs that priest and baron were making for him, a few resistless tears streamed over his face. He was a man, and therefore ashamed of them; and because Father O'Shaughnessy took his emotion coolly, being used to tears, he sat down and in mingled English and patois explained his straitened position.

"It is too bad," said the priest when he had finished, "and I consider Turnham a cruel man. But if worse were to happen you, Cyriac, if you were to be thrown out naked, you could not engage in this detestable traffic in votes. You must let your fellows alone. You can vote as you please. But to sell your vote, to buy others, to do this dirty work—no! no! no! Let your house be sold, let everything go; but be honest, Cyriac, and true to the teachings of your church."

Cyriac knew somewhat of those teachings, but saw no connection between religion and voting, and was minded to tell the priest that the catechism said nothing about it. Yet why dispute? The priest had pointed out the law and the right, and he was bound to follow both at any cost. If there were no mortgage the cost would be trifling; *now* it included his little possessions, the savings of a lifetime. He rose to depart in silence, with his despair and his resolution written on his seamed face.

"You will do as I have advised?" said the priest kindly.

"Purt' hard, m'sieu'; mais," shrugging the shoulders, "I must."

"And if you suffer for it," added the priest, "never fear but that I will do all I can for you."

Which was small consolation to Cyriac, whose business eye saw the immense disproportion between his poverty and the baron's wealth.

"I lose de house," he said briefly, and his reverence felt the implied reproach without anger.

"Better to lose that than your honest name, Mr. Dupuy. Better to be poor and to lose your dear earnings than to be a shame to Canada and a danger to this country. Better to have no house than to own one at the price you are to pay for yours."

His tone impressed the poor man, if his words did not. Cyriac could not see the relation of vote-buying to shame and danger and dishonesty, and felt no emotion on hearing these stately sentences; but he knew "f'r sure" that the priest and the church regarded it as a great crime and was therefore tied to the necessity of avoiding it for ever. What a dull pain beat against his heart all that day! He thought with mournful satisfaction that, while himself and his old wife would lose their home, the children were never again to be in danger of losing theirs. Who held a mortgage on a graveyard, or who would throw the dead from their shelter? Cyriac had never read the annals of the Gironde.

The baron had been present at the funeral, and had noted sourly the interview with the priest. Was it that circumstance which tightened his nervous, vicious grasp on Cyriac's arm at their next meeting? He dared not look in the baron's face, and would have given much to be able to forget the many favors father and son had heaped on him. They weighted him heavier than the mortgage. Turnham was breathing hard, and the beads of sweat started out on his forehead, as he came face to face with his henchman and with a terrible thought which Cyriac's sad face suggested.

"Cyriac"—his voice shook like a leaf—"my two boys have the diphtheria. What if they should die?"

"Mon Dieu!" cried Cyriac as the remembrance of his own suffering rushed upon him, "c'est effrayante. Git de bes' doctor. Clean the t'roat vary much, 'n' pray on de bon Dieu."

Pray to the good God! It was the very last remedy which would enter the baronial mind; but in his excited state, recalling

the number of faith-cures which had taken place in certain parts of the country, and knowing the depth and strength of Cyriac's faith, he said, and to this day denies that he said:

"Dupuy, *you* pray for 'em. If faith an' pra'er kin save, you're the man for that business."

And his voice broke into a wail pathetic enough to veil the ridiculousness of the remark from the humorous eye.

Cyriac volunteered his services in nursing the boys, and was brought to the house by the grateful baron. In a village which had suffered much from the ravages of diphtheria it was difficult to secure the steady services of a neighbor. The baron, indeed, would not have asked so great a favor. He was rather anxious than otherwise that friends with children in their family should remain away, and never opened his door to a knock until the visitor was made acquainted with the fatal presence within. His haggard face would then be thrust through the barely-opened door and business transacted briefly. In four days he did not once come to the office. Day and night he and Cyriac haunted the sick-rooms of the children, sleeping fitfully, talking mournfully of life's chances, working with might and main to fight off the disease. In the critical moments when man and medicine could do no more, and nature had hard work to assert itself, he stood in silent agony, squeezing the old man's rough hand and muttering:

"I know *now* what you suffered," with his hard eyes fixed on the young faces. Meanwhile Cyriac was praying "on de bon Dieu," and the baron was solicitous to know if he prayed still.

Occasionally pressing business of an unusual nature made it necessary for me to intrude on his grief. I was struck with the intensity of anguish and anxiety expressed in his face, never having credited him with a human feeling so deep and sincere. He heard my account listlessly, and in like fashion gave me my directions.

"How are the boys?" I asked when about to go.

"Would you like to see them?" he said, with a gesture of hopelessness. It was the fourth day—the day of the crisis. "But I forgot. You have brothers and sisters. It is not the place for you."

And although I protested, he would not permit me to enter the sick-room.

"I don't want any human being to suffer this way," said he, unconsciously laying his hand on his heart, while his eyes wandered drearily towards the inner chambers. He was suffering in all truth, and I thought it best to defer some information concerning the election until another time. Such tenderness! such

affection! I could not believe it. And yet in how many instances of his life had I seen the baron as charitable and human-hearted as he was often hard and cruel! Ten minutes after I left his house four day-laborers presented themselves before him to protest against a wage of ninety cents a day.

"How much do you pay for your board?" said he.

"Three dollars a week," said the laborers.

"That leaves you a hundred dollars a year, boys, to dress on and spend. If you had any more you'd drink it. You're all single, an' it's quite enough for you. If you had women an' children to look after I might raise you twenty cents."

Vainly they pleaded, argued, threatened. After cursing him heartily for a stingy devil, and being cursed uproariously in turn, they departed. It was my good-fortune to encounter him later in the day. The information I held could not be longer kept from him, humiliating as it was to my pride. The electioneering processes were all disordered. Father O'Shaughnessy, in a quiet way, had sat on vote-buying among the Canadians, and there was a general break along the line. Nor could I, with all my persuasiveness, after all my boasting, induce even a handful to promise their votes for the baron. I humbly explained the situation to him. Cyriac happened to be in the room looking for a medicine-bottle.

"Do you hear that?" said the baron. The old man shrugged his shoulders and smilingly shook his head. He was out of politics this year.

"You've got to straighten things out," said the baron boldly. "I'll let you off duty. Go an' see the boys. Promise 'em anything they ask. Git 'em all into line, an' after they vote we'll settle with 'em."

Cyriac listened to these directions, given with old-time freedom and directness, as the condemned listens to the sheriff's legal reasons for taking away his life; then he shook his head and continued his search for the bottle.

"Cyriac, sit down here," shoving a chair towards him. Cyriac sat down seriously. "What nonsense has the priest been stuffin' ye with now? You an't goin' back on us at the last minnit without warnin', be you? If you were goin' to do that, why didn't you let us know days back when we could have filled yer place? Oh! no; you've got to come to time this onct, an' next year, if you say so, we'll count you out."

"Counting-in is the fashion this year," said I, referring to a recent political event.

"Just so." And a smile glimmered for a moment on the waste of beard. "You've got to count me into office this year, Cyriac," patting his knee kindly, "and after that stay at home. Your priest is foolin' you. Everybody buys and sells votes. It's the custom of the country. It may be wrong where the priest comes from; it is *not* wrong here. I won't ask you to buy a vote. Go an' talk to the boys. Square 'em up; straighten 'em out. Git 'em to promise their votes; see that they vote right, an' I'll do the rest. An't that fair?"

It looked fair, but, as we all knew, the looks did not here indicate the disposition.

"No use," said Cyriac nervously. "I no more buy de vote, me."

"Well, well," said the baron, with a patient sigh and a curious inspection of the wrinkled face whose owner so stubbornly defied him. "You don't see what I mean. You needn't buy. Talk to the boys. Why won't you do that?"

"To talk is to buy," answered Cyriac, with shrewdness and dignity.

"It's the last time I'll ask you to do it, Cyriac. We can't do without your influence now, an' if you go back on me I'm fixed for this year. You won't be able to stand this town if I lose an' the boys know I lost through you. The place 'll git too hot for you."

Cyriac felt the force of this statement, which the baron proceeded to amplify, and his distress and anguish were evident. He brushed his hair and fidgeted wofully, and once or twice I thought he was about to surrender, for this year at least. So did the baron, who, when he had worked up the old man's feelings to a proper pitch, pushed him gently towards the door, saying, as if the matter were settled:

"Do your best with the boys, Cyriac, an' the hull thing 'll be forgotten to-morrow."

Houseless, childless, friendless, driven from the town which had given him a home for forty years! A more violent temptation was never thrust upon any man, and Cyriac was not to be blamed for the momentary yielding before these terrible consequences. He walked to the door in a dream, seeing on one side his poverty and exile, his defiance of Monsieur le Curé on the other. The thought of crime did not occur to him, for he could see no crime in vote-buying. Nor did he know how wildly consequences had been exaggerated by the baron, and how determined a friend he had in Monsieur O'Shaughnessy. His temptation was real, if its circumstances were not, and so he turned

submissively away, put on his hat, turned the knob, and hesitated. It was a flash of baronial genius which prompted Turnham to supplement that hesitation as he did. He drew from his pocket the mortgage on Cyriac's house, showed it to him silently, and tore it into bits so small that no art could ever make it again a legal instrument. The old man shook as if with an ague, stretched out his hand to protest, while the unwilling tears streamed over his pallid face.

"M'sieu' Tu'n'am," said he brokenly, "your fader vary good, you bettair. Me go back on Kennedy [Canada]. You 'ave de house raight off, but no more buy de vote."

With these words he left the room, and the baron stood gazing now at the door, now at the litter of torn paper on the carpet, while the clock ticking on the shelf seemed hammering the dead stillness into the very furniture.

"Beaten by a damned Frenchman!" hissed my patron as he threw himself and his leg out of the room.

Beaten! Yes, the baron was beaten, routed horse, foot, and artillery, by the same power which had beaten imperial Cæsar; and he felt very sore over it. Being a shrewd politician, however, he was determined to make the most of altered circumstances, and my mock regrets at being compelled to rank him with the judge of Buckeye County were received with equanimity. His children were getting well, and when the election came off matters went so very smoothly and prosperously that he could afford to be chaffed about sacerdotal influence. Cyriac came to the polls, deposited a vote for his some-time master, and returned home to finish the packing of his household goods. Quite enough votes for any purpose were still to be purchased in Cherubusco, and the baron was elected by a reduced but still handsome majority. Father O'Shaughnessy voted for him on my recommendation—a fact which made his first visit of ceremony to the baron's office an agreeable occasion. He talked cordially on the questions of the day, read the baron a lecture on bribery with a general application, and asked him to prevent gentlemen who held mortgages on the property of the poor from using said mortgages improperly; which my patron promised to do, and consequently Cyriac did not go to Canada. He resumed in time the old affectionate relations with Turnham, but no word was ever spoken to him of vote-buying. The baron was content with legitimate service from him, and to this day falls into a deep melancholy when reminded of the occasion of his henchman's victory over him.

SOME RECENT ITALIAN NOVELS.

In a recent article in the *North American Review* "Ouida"—the most popular and meretricious of living English novelists—brings the charge against English fiction that it does not describe what she calls "life." It is realistic, she admits, but its realism is merely the faithfully-depicted interiors of the country hall, the vicarage, or the doctor's house. "Ouida" thirsts for something more. She wants the intrigues and the shameless double-meanings of a certain portion of English high society put into print. She has tried to do this herself. But she labors under the disadvantage of writing in a language in which thought, according to her opinion, is hypocritically and habitually concealed; therefore she points to the modern French literature of fiction as the realization of her ideal. She points with admiration to the fact that the modern French novelist does not write for young girls. It is evident that he writes for a class of females of whose existence young girls are expected to be ignorant. M. Renan, however, regards French fiction in somewhat the same spirit in which "Ouida" looks on English fiction. He sums it up in the words, "endless stories of middle-class life."

The realism which "Ouida" finds refreshing does not satisfy M. Renan. Nevertheless realism is the order of the day—so much the order of the day that an appearance of reaction towards the romantic and preternatural has become visible of late.

The fashionable realism is not the realism of fine art, but the realism of photography. Here, Mr. Howells has achieved it in *A Modern Instance* and *The Rise of Silas Lapham* without bringing a blush to the cheek of any young person. Anthony Trollope achieved it in most of his novels. In *The Warden* and *Barchester Towers* he went above the limits of this soulless art. But in all his photographs of life—many of them are more like faded daguerreotypes now—we find none that would satisfy "Ouida's" demand for the mention of the unmentionable.

English daily life, according to Trollope, is a stupidly materialistic life, in which to be "nice" and rich are the best rewards for the living of it. The soul is as utterly left out of it as it is out of De Goncourt and Zola's photographs. It is the boast of modern realists that they do not recognize the soul. Our American realists do not make this boast; they simply leave out the soul altogether. Mr. Henry James' people have no souls.

They have nerves—plenty of quivering and sensitive nerves, always ready to respond to petty emotions; but as our novelists have never seen the soul, they leave it out of their work.

English-writing novelists give us very good photographs of life, choosing, according to "Ouida's" standard, only discreetly-draped figures in their landscapes, though their photographs are shadows of truth. From the advanced realistic point of view they are ridiculously pure. It must be admitted that, whatever be the ethical faults of the modern American novel, it hardly ever contains an allusion which may be construed, even by the most evil-minded, to be licentious. The English novel sometimes touches the line over which the impatient "Ouida" urges it to step. But decency is very seldom outraged. This reticence is due to the fact that the great army of readers of English novels is made up of young girls. The free language of dissolute men in gambling clubs is not reproduced; the coarseness of vice is delicately touched up by the photographer with water-colors; and so, among English-speaking people, the novel lies near the prayer-book or Thomas à Kempis on the sitting-room table, and when young girls take it up it is not torn from them and thrown into the fire.

We hope that the judicious Spanish or Italian parent makes bonfires frequently of the popular light literature which finds its way into his house. The works of Señores Galdos and Valera are favorites in Spain. It is a sad commentary on Spanish literary progress that the religious school of great writers, like Fernan Caballero, Zorrilla, and Antonio de Trueba, should be followed by imitators of Sand and the De Goncourts and apologists for sensuality and heresy.

If novels have come to be what comedies used to be—the mirrors of society—Italian society, as reflected by Italian novelists, is in the last stage of decadence and corruption. The novelists themselves have brooded so much over various "isms," psychical, physiological, and physical, and over the novels of Zola, that their morbid indecency and immoral audacity might please "Ouida" herself.

A search for popular novels written in Italian—for Manzoni first made it possible to write in Tuscan and not in dialects, and there are now novels written by Genoese and Venetians in a language understood of all Italy—brought to light the books of a woman. She is as well known to novel-readers in Italy as "Ouida" is to novel-readers in America; and, in proportion, her works are read by as many. She has been named "the little Ital-

ian George Sand." She is the leader of the Neapolitan school of realists, which, by the way, has the characteristics of our own Milwaukee school of poetry. It is sensuous, sensual, emotional, and morbid.

Circumstances rule the heroes and heroines of this novelist—Matilda Serao; they know only a blind fate which takes the place of God. God and the devil and the soul went out with the old order of things, and the deification of human passions and the new dogma that no human being can resist sin, if it tempts him alluringly, came in. Matilda Serao tries to teach that what the old-fashioned believers in Christianity call virtue is a mere lack of opportunity or the result of a combination of circumstances. Her people do not ask, with one of William Black's heroines, What is the use of temptation, if one doesn't yield to it? They emphatically assert it in their lives. She analyzes every little feeling of her characters with tedious minuteness. Mr. Henry James himself could not divide the results of a suppressed sneeze on one of his hero's nerves more fractionally than Matilda Serao—presumably Signora—does. The mania for microscopic analysis of character and emotion is found in modern writers of fiction side by side with the cynical and pessimistic philosophy of unbelief; in the works of the Italian writers there is evident an affectation of scientific physical knowledge by which all phenomena are explained. The editor who first brought Matilda Serao before the Italian reading public was De Zerbi, a journalist whose novels are elaborately "scientific." Matilda Serao, like most of her school, has not escaped the influence of Darwin, softened by De Zerbi. The moral tone of this writer, of whom foreign critics say Italy ought to be proud, is below that of any English female novelist—even of Rhoda Broughton. One of her most widely-circulated stories is called *The Virtue of Checchina.*

Checchina is intended to be a study of the modern, emancipated Italian woman. She has no scruple about vice, except the slight fear—which the members of a more scientific and progressive society will soon laugh away—that she may be found out. Following the effete traditions that enslaved Italy before Garibaldi *et al.* liberated it, Checchina had foolishly bound herself in marriage to a poor Roman doctor. A certain Marchese d'Aragona dines with her husband. Pleased with her, and knowing the character of the scientific and liberated Italian women, he hints that he is a much richer man than her husband, and that it would be to her advantage to change her abode. She thinks

about it. She weighs the *pros* and *cons* in a "scientific" way. None of the scruples which the novelists of the past, believing in Christianity, would have put into his heroine's mind trouble this enlightened woman. Finally, assisted by an invitation in writing from the marchese, she concludes to change. But she finds a porter in the door of the marchese's house. She feels the awkwardness of the position, for the porter may have the prejudice in favor of virtue formerly entertained by society and still held by ultramontanes. Checchina does not like to go in. She passes the door twice. The porter is still there. She is ashamed to enter and she goes home. Thus "virtue" conquers!

The writer tries hard to be natural, but she succeeds in what the æsthetes in *Punch* used to call "intensity." She is often coarse and sometimes clever. She has talent, which she misuses in the interest of that handmaid of the devil—modern realism. She is fond of what her admirers call physiological studies. One of these is called *Fantasia*. It has had a great success. It is the story of a woman called Lucia, who is worthy of the most scrofulous of the French realists. The only substitute for religion in this novel is a kind of spiritistic superstition; and this, next to the morbid sensuality of it, is saddening and disheartening. What hope is there for readers of books like *Fantasia*, who turn from the pure model of Manzoni to plunge into the fetid air of dissecting-rooms and the enjoyment of "realism" which might be the dream of a morphine drunkard? The literary father of Matilda Serao seems to have been Flaubert. Not having read his *Madame Bovary*, we take the statement of an Italian critic, Giovanni Boglietti, that *Fantasia* is an imitation of that French novel. It is one of the worst examples of that progressive Italian school which some critics are hailing as the happy first-fruit of "regenerated Italy."

Lucia and Catarina are pupils in a Neapolitan convent-school. Lucia is a thoroughly "progressive" creature. She longs to find all the harmonies of the universe most congenial to her nature. She is all nerves—one of the heartless, soulless, feverish worshippers of Venus taken from the French stage and transplanted to Italian soil; a creature whose idea of heaven is partly the Mohammedan idea and partly that of the victim of opium, whose idea of hell is the absence of excitement. No doubt such women exist like gorgeously-colored fungi on the rotting trunk of an irreligious civilization, but they are probably more often met with in the literature of fiction than in real life.

Catarina is represented as a simple and confiding girl. She

adores her friend's mock-heroics, and when the latter tries to commit suicide she interferes to save her. Lucia then breaks her rosary of lapis-lazuli and gives part of it to her friend. Catarina and she promise to be faithful unto death. The adroit Signora Serao makes a great deal out of this school-girl promise. The fantastical Lucia leaves school, and later we find her and her friend again together. Catarina has married Andrea, a healthy, genial, honest man, with no sympathy with Lucia's egotistical ranting. He jeers privately at her affectation of peculiar mysticism. Catarina resolves to make her husband and her friend like each other. She succeeds only too well. Lucia fascinates Andrea, deceives his wife, and writes this charming paragraph to her friend of the lapis-lazuli:

"My father would not consent to my becoming a nun, although I desired it. I prayed to God, and one day, like St. Paul upon the road to Damascus, a light dazzled me. The voice of the Lord spoke to me: 'There is close by thee a sacrifice to be made, a work for thee to accomplish. Thy cousin, Alberto Sanna, loves thee. He is half-dead of consumption. Marry him; you will be his sister of charity."

Lucia, after her sacrifice to this exalted duty, takes her husband to visit her friends, Andrea and Catarina. Catarina, who is very domestic, devotes herself entirely to the comfort of Alberto, who is an invalid wrapped up in himself. The "slave of duty," Lucia devotes herself to Andrea, and suddenly elopes with him. She leaves a note for Catarina. What could she do? she asks; how could she resist her fate? She takes off with her an image of the Madonna, which she holds fast to under all circumstances, and which she regards without any religious feeling.

Catarina, so good, so devoted, so confiding, sees Alberto die comfortably, and, crushed by circumstances, does not resist *her* fate. She recalls her vow to Lucia. She promised to die for her happiness, if necessary. There is no religion in the world that Signora Serao creates. As an example of what the world would be in a time of "perfect progress" Signora Serao's *Fantasia* is as horrible as it is instructive. Catarina arranges her household affairs. She shuts herself into a room with a pan of charcoal, and, clasping the lapis-lazuli rosary, she dies, suffocated, true to her school-girl friendship. Nobody could help it all. "In my time," says one of the personages in a play of Augier—"in my time we had God!"

In Signora Serao's time they do not have God. They have fate, which is one word for the flesh and the devil. English critics have treated Signora Serao's *Fantasia* very leniently. A writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* recently said of it: "The whole

book is written with great care, fine psychological perception and poetic intuition, and is faithful to nature even in those portions in which the writer brings a morbid complacency to bear upon the descriptions of sensual gratifications."

This is a damning verdict from a complacent critic. It might be used to show that the Italian *femme-auteur* does not differ from the French *femme-auteur*, and that the English *femme-auteur* of the "Ouida" and Broughton kind is prevented only by the "hypocrisy" of the English language from going as deep into the morbid imaginings of corrupt minds as either of her sisters. Another "great" novel of Signora Serao is *Cuore Infermo.* It is unhealthy, noisome, intense, and physiological—above all, physiological. The heroine is the Duchessa di Sangiorgio, who, of course, does not love her husband. If there were no connection "between the physical and moral heart" she would love; but, as she has inherited heart-disease from her mother, she hesitates to put her life in danger by unduly exciting her heart. She discovers, to her horror, that, after having made a marriage of reason, her husband actually adores her. Signora Serao excites the sympathy of her readers for the afflicted woman. The duchessa tells her husband that she must not be agitated. Since he loves her, they must live apart. Marcello, her husband, still insists on loving her. Beatrice—her name is Beatrice—has no understanding of any duty to her husband. Her duty is to her heart. She naturally feels that her husband has behaved very badly in marrying the woman he loves. In the society depicted by the author of *Cuore Infermo* this is really the only unpardonable sin. Marcello, however, makes her love him. In the olden times, before Italian progress was glorified, Beatrice's confessor would have had something to say about the duty of a wife. But that has been changed; Beatrice astonishes Marcello, who has found consolation in the society of other ladies less careful of their hearts, by appearing to him in her wedding-dress. "I am thy wife," she says; "I have on my white dress; I love thee." But she is punished for loving her husband and breaking the rules of realistic life in this school of fiction. Her heart avenges itself. "The physical and psychic heart fought a battle," to use Signora Serao's words, and the psychic heart triumphed. Beatrice died, and the reader is expected to curse fate and weep over a maudlin and sentimental episode which could only have occurred because of selfishness and disregard of duty on the part of the heroine.

Another naturalistic novelist who counts many readers is the Sicilian, Verga. Verga has a theory, like most of these novelists of "progress," who do not tell a story for the love of it, but who

are propagandists and preachers of materialism. Verga holds that materialism is at the root of modern civilization. Art, he says, is the luxury of the rich and of the idle. The idle in Italy are not necessarily rich. There are several thousand titled young men in Italy who are too proud to beg and too honest to steal. The prevalence of *baccarat* at the clubs under the rule of the Quirinal opens new pitfalls; when the popes ruled Rome games of chance were forbidden in the resorts of the young nobility. Verga writes for the new Italian society, for the rich or the idle, for the new men of commerce who work that they may enjoy animal pleasures. These pleasures, Verga teaches, are the Alpha and Omega of civilization. He does not say that this ought to be so, but he insists that it is so, and draws his pictures accordingly. Like Matilda Serao, his novels are hopeless and pessimistic.

Signora Serao is about thirty-five years of age; Verga, who was born in Catania, is about six years older. It would be hard to find more trash, and vicious trash, than in his *Tigre Reale* and other stories like it. His Sicilian novels have been declared equal to Bret Harte's in some qualities; the critic who ventured this assertion did not deign to mention the qualities. He is a lineal descendant of Theocritus, and has the love of that exquisite singer of idyls for the life of herdsmen and tillers of the soil. *Malaria* and *Nedda* are well-known stories in his pastoral manner.

In *Libertà* he gives a picture of the wretchedness of the Italian peasants under the new rule which Mazzini and Garibaldi claimed for the people. The peasants, in *Libertà*, fought for the boon promised by the Revolutionists; but it did not bring them meat, wine, or bread. Verga's *I Malavoglia*, a social study of provincial life, has been compared with the great *I Promessi Sposi*. *I Malavoglia*—the name of a family—is an analysis of the restless discontent, born of doubt and materialism, which makes "progress." Verga tells us that "progress," as a whole, is a magnificent thing. But there are some who are crushed in the race for it. He describes the brutality of the conquerors, the wretchedness of those who have failed. The heroes of the book have been infected by the prevalent diseases—the wish to become rich without exertion, and the feverish desire to rise above their fathers that they may eat the fruits of luxury. The rich have fine wines, white bread, and flesh-meat every day, says Verga's young fisherman; life is not worth living unless I can have these things. Verga announces that he does not point a moral or even adorn a tale. He observes and depicts; he says that he has no right to judge or to criticise the spectacle before him. He pretends to

be a dispassionate observer, but his bias is always towards the materialistic side.

De Zerbi, a Neapolitan, like Matilda Serao, and a fashionable novelist, is highly thought of by the Italians who delight in superficial science. A late novel of his is *L'Avvelenatrice. The Poisoner* is a Darwinian romance. This phrase seems like a paradox; it is not: romance and hypothesis are not really so far apart. *Tout passe, tout lasse, tout casse,* is De Zerbi's motto. People are made up of atoms; given certain conditions, and the atoms will certainly take certain positions, which the scientific and Darwinian observer can infallibly forecast. If people are bad—although De Zerbi, strictly speaking, does not acknowledge the existence of goodness or badness—it is because nature wills it. Human nature is a kaleidoscope. Circumstances—or fate—holds it. It is turned, and behold! you have a combination, which may be good or bad according to the law of change. Evolution is immutable; evolution obliges human nature, under certain conditions, to sin—as the Clericals call a certain unhelpable combination. This is the philosophy of De Zerbi. Fuchsia, in *L'Avvelenatrice,* has chemical germs in her nature which her husband, who is "scientific," wants to develop. He does so by letting her participate in all the excitements of gay society.

Giovanni Boglietti, an Italian critic not blinded by the sickly glare of the sensualists who cover their corruption with the rhetoric of "science," says of *L'Avvelenatrice:* "The truth is that, so far from being a scientific work at all, it is the merest work of imagination. Its people are nothing but vapor, fleshless, bloodless, bodiless."

Boglietti is inclined to consider De Zerbi brilliant. It is hard to look at this novelist from his point of view, and therefore we are unable to discover why he is held to be brilliant. He possesses all the nastiness of Matilda Serao and more, without her talent or anything approaching the talent of Verga.

A master of sensuous word-painting is Gabriele d'Annunzio—a Neapolitan and a painter of animals, like Matilda Serao, Verga, and De Zerbi. He makes the fourth of the novelists most widely read in Italy. He resembles Zola. He delights in showing how brutal men may seem when their souls are forgotten. He wallows in filth. He reduces his characters to sensuous idiocy and surrounds them with nightingales whose marvellous notes float afar over azure seas and beneath skies of lapis-lazuli gilded with a softly-glowing sun. He is a dangerous apostle of voluptuous animalism.

Naples is unfortunate in having produced writers whose self-

imposed mission is to make their countrymen hopeless, sensual, morbid. The "progressive" world considers her fortunate because they are read and praised.

It is pleasant to turn to Salvatore Farina, the chronicler of domestic life, whose name is making itself known abroad. His short stories, delicate, humorous, artistic, and natural, but not naturalistic, are charming. *Il Signor Io*, a delightful study, will one day make him famous. It recalls Mr. Marion Crawford's *Roman Singer*, although the latter is an excellent imitation of the Roman dialect, while the former is Tuscan speech in a Sardinian mouth.

Farina was born at Sorso, in Sardinia, in 1846. He married happily. He at first attempted to imitate the worst class of highly-wrought French romances, but happily, through his wife, he found his *métier*. His *Tesoro di Donnina* was brought out in 1873. It was a promise of better things which has been steadily kept until the latest, *Corporal Silvestro*, appeared. Farina is neither naturalistic nor sensational; he does not paint hideous things; he is in love with beauty, the serene beauty of peaceful life. On this he likes to dwell. His material, taken from real life, gets the color of his mind. And a joyous, pleasant mind it is, if one may judge of it by the delicious and naïve *Mio Figlio*.

Corporal Silvestro is not read by Italians who adore the Anteros of the Neapolitan school. It is too fresh and pure for them—too much like the every-day life of honest people in the open air. They want the scent of noxious drugs and the gleam of absinthe. Farina does not give these. His husbands and wives are always true, although in one of his novels, *Amore Bendato*, a tempter is introduced, but the reader is not led to suppose that Ernesta, the wife, although her husband neglects her for his clubs, will for a moment forget her duty or be led away by the cynical and infidel talk of Agenore. Agenore in the hands of De Zerbi would probably have committed suicide under the most repulsive circumstances that the novelist could evolve from his scientific inner consciousness. Ernesta, too, who has longed for the attention which her husband pays to his bachelor suppers, and listened with amusement and curiosity to Agenore's platitudes of "progress," would have been killed by remorse for having been virtuous. Altogether Italian literature would have been enriched by one of those studies like the *Fidelia* of Colantti, another naturalistic star. Of this book a friend whose literary duty as critic compelled him to read it said: "You notice I always smoke a great many cigars when I have to read such books as these? It is to kill the stench of the dissecting-room."

Farina's art is healthy. His books would not please "Ouida"; they are without violence or sensuality. He is poetical, with, at the same time, a gentle irony. One turns in delight from the horrible pessimism of Verga to the delicious humor and the careful and artistic strength of Farina, who recognizes duty.

Farina, like the Venetian Castelnuovo, protests against the "sensuous quarter of an hour" that the mockers of God enjoy. These two are not religious novelists; but their very faults seem like virtues in comparison with the bestialities of their successful rivals—the "animalists." Signor Boglietti, in a recent article, gives a graphic sketch of Farina's delightful Corporal Silvestro. Here it is:

"Corporal Silvestro is a retired fencing-master. He and his wife Lucia have a little house on the coast near Genoa, and they sell it to a certain Dr. Massimo for a fixed pension of a few pounds per month—which, to them, means ease, not to say opulence. Apart from the many charming pictures, delightfully fresh and vivid, which embellish the book, the interest of the story lies in the contrast between the feelings and interests of the doctor, who, though not a bad fellow at bottom, naturally does not expect his pensioners to live unnecessarily long, and those of the lively and cheerful old couple, now quit of all care and able to live on a more liberal scale than heretofore, who go on growing haler and heartier than ever, and bid fair to last out a good many prosperous years. It is even worse than this, for as they grow better the doctor grows worse; and as the two parties live in close proximity, the state of the case becomes absolutely obtrusive. The good old people get positively uncomfortable at being so well; they would be glad to disappoint the doctor's just expectations a little less roundly, to look just a little infirm; while the sickly doctor, considerably younger than themselves, feels something like a personal taunt in the irrepressibly buoyant health of his pensioners. The intrinsic whimsicality of the situation—the irony of fate in thus upsetting the well-founded calculations of the doctor—is brought out by the author in the most natural and amusing way. Nevertheless, the story is not simply humorous. It has an element of pathos."

There are other novelists in Italy, good, bad, and indifferent. We have tried to give a sketch of the tendency of the novels most in vogue. For the present in Italy, as in other countries once Christian, the literature of hopelessness, of unbelief, of materialism has its day. It is almost a misnomer to speak of "Italian" novels. There is nothing Italian in Italy. There is yet no Italian language, in spite of Manzoni. There is Tuscan and Genoese and a dozen dialects. These the novelist, each according to his own, strives to weave into Italian with the help of the dictionary of Fanfani. A writer in *Blackwood's Magazine*, who is rather too complacent to the pseudo-realistic school of

fiction in Italy, says of Farina that he may be regarded as the lineal descendant in Apollo of Manzoni.

It is too true that in Italy the devil seems to have possessed the cleverest writers. But there is hope that the taste fostered by Farina may lead to a reaction—perhaps a Catholic reaction—in literature after the "sensuous quarter of an hour" has passed.

SONNETS.

I.

WHY should we fear that Death whose kingly power
Will make us brethren with those great of old
Whose thoughts and deeds are time's most valued dower,
Whose names are with Eternity enroll'd?
Him, Wisdom's prince, who made his dying hour
God-like by his great virtue; him, of mould
More than heroic, who in th' immortal Pass
Gave his high soul to Heaven; him who was
The last, the brightest, purest star of all
That o'er their falling country shone divine,
And made its ruin splendid—Hannibal;
And many more whose names it is not mine
To tell aright, whose noble virtues died
In unknown graves, or live to be belied.

II.

Why should we fear thee, Death? Yet though I long,
With rev'rent yearning, to behold their face
Whose names the world's philosophy and song
Have turn'd to holiest altars for their race,
Yet rather should I see the face of Him
Who o'er Judæa's plains with feet unshod,
Veiling a light that awed the cherubim,
For man's dear sake 'mid thorns and thistles trod;
And rather than the hero's battle-cry,
Grand though it be, I'd hear the voice that gave
Mercy to her who wept so lovingly
At His bruisèd feet, and from out the grave
Call'd forth the four days' dead, that He might prove
The power and grace of God's redeeming love.

SOLITARY ISLAND.

PART THIRD.

CHAPTER XIII.

FATHER AND SON.

NOWHERE as in quiet Clayburg did the coming election excite such interest that fall. In the various parts of the State the Democracy was considered to have it pretty much its own way, and such doubts of Florian's success as were expressed were of a shady and disreputable kind and rarely took an injurious form. Clayburg, however, was enthusiastic. Florian's anti-Catholic utterances had been extensively circulated by the squire, much to the candidate's advantage. Mr. Buck was used as a living illustration of his liberal ideas on the subject of religion, and the fact of his being a Clayburg boy was strenuously insisted on.

"I tell you," said the squire to Ruth, "ten years make a big change in a man. You ought to see Père Rougevin grin when he read Florian's letters, and snort as he took in the meaning. 'That man,' says he, 'would sell his soul for a big place.' 'All talk, père,' says I; 'he's got sense and liberality now, which he hadn't before. The boy is sharp for the main chance, and he's just as good a Catholic as you are.' 'Oh!' says the père, 'no one should be afraid to vote for him on account of his religion. He's a Catholic, of course, but he is a greater thorn in our side than if he were an out-and-out Protestant.' Do you know, Ruth, I was prouder to hear him say that, under the very noses of Hubbard and Simmons and those fellows, than if I was governor myself. It just floored them. And the père was so worked up against him that it was as good as an argument."

"The père was right," Ruth said, flushing. "Florian is a Catholic at heart, but he would sell his soul for place. He will not be a Catholic much longer."

"Of course you must side with Père Rougevin. That's natural. You belong to his church, and his word is law. I've seen the day, Ruth, when it would take a good deal to make you turn on Florian."

"That was at a time," said Ruth slyly, "when it would have

taken more to make Florian turn on his own as he did in that last open letter. As you say, ten years make a great change in a man."

"And just as much in a woman. You've swung round considerably, Ruth—gone back completely on your training."

"There isn't as much expected of a woman, papa. Men say we are naturally fickle. Miss Standage said the other day she hadn't a doubt but I'd swing another way in ten years more."

"Miss Standage be hanged! If I was her papa I'd padlock her tongue. Anyhow, *she'll* not live to see you change, and I'll tell her so the next time I meet her."

The squire was assorting the morning mail, and he came across a New York postmark.

"Now, who can that be from?" he said. "I don't know that I ever saw that handwriting before."

Ruth suggested that he should open it. He did, and read the name subscribed with a shout.

"Carter, by all that's amiable! Wants another invitation, I suppose." And he tossed the letter aside, while Ruth blushed furiously. The squire looked at her, puzzled. "That reminds me, Ruth. Did that young fellow ever turn up that you were looking for? I kept a sharp lookout for him, but never heard of any strangers in the vicinity."

"I have heard nothing of him," said Ruth faintly.

"Now, this letter," said the squire, taking up Peter's epistle, "might have something about him. It's pretty short for a spouter like him to write: 'Dear Squire' (just so; we're deeply in love with each other), 'I have the honor to announce my success in breaking off the match between Florian and Frances.' Ha! ha! he's at that business yet."

Ruth trembled with apprehension.

"'It's a clean break,'" the squire continued to read, "'and I'm proud of it; but I'm sorry, too, for I let the blackguard off too easily. The divine Barbara had a hand in the game. But for her I don't think it would have been such a success. She wanted him pretty bad, and I hear they are going to make a match of it. She has tight hold of him, anyhow, and a worse pair never walked. So the thing is done at last, and I've kept my word almost to the letter. Of course he will not marry your daughter, but since he marries a Clayburg girl it's the next best thing. What do you think?'"

The squire said "um" two or three times after reading this remarkable bit of news, looked it over once or twice in a dazed

sort of way, and then walked around the house to the stable, where he could indulge in such liberty of expression as was consistent with his feelings. He found Billy there, and sat down in front of him with a face of such awe and astonishment that the old gentleman trembled involuntarily.

"Do you remember," said the squire slowly and in an impressive tone, "Harry Spelman's daughter—old Harry, who always forgot a story before he got to the end of it, and earned his living by—"

"Pshaw, man!" Billy interrupted, "I can go back further than that. He never earned an honest penny, the divil! It was cheat from night till morn with him. Why, I mind—"

"Just so," the squire said. "You mind his girl—a bold, pretty piece that married a fellow from Brooklyn?"

"Pretty! There wasn't any prettiness about her."

"Not then, but afterwards she got to be the prettiest woman in Brooklyn. Billy, you're her father-in-law; you've got the whole Spelman tribe into your family. She's nabbed Florian, and they are to be married, let us say to-morrow."

But Billy would not believe this misfortune until he was taken to the veranda and shown the letter, which Ruth, with moistened eyes, was studying. As usual, he tore his hair until occurred to him the consoling thought that Florian was not his son.

"Let him go on," said Billy; "I don't care."

"I can't get over it," said the squire, still dazed. "It's worse than sunstroke. She was always so smart, I know, and so deep; but I had an idea Flory was deeper and smarter. We mustn't let this get round the town; it would ruin the boy's chances in this county. O that smiling, darned Barbara! She turned Catholic just to snare him, and she's got him, she's got him! I tell you, Billy, she's got him body and soul, for that's her way."

Ruth had slipped away sick at heart and ran out into the open air. She saw very clearly the meaning of Florian's new alliance and his reason for rejecting Frances, and her heart was filled with a sort of loathing for the man who could play so poor and shabby a part. Against Barbara her soul rose up in horror. She dared not think of her at all, and turned her thoughts upon the sweet, gentle, and pious woman who had been made the victim of this unscrupulous pair. The day, though cold, was clear and beautiful. There was a soft murmur from the long beach where she stood, and the shores all about were aflame with the colors of autumn. A single canoe was visible on the bay,

and she recognized as its occupant Scott, the solitary. She waved her hand to him, and he came ashore.

"I have news for you, Scott. Florian is to be married to Barbara Merrion."

The hermit looked unusually old and worn as he stood beside her in his averted, slouching manner, and there were deep lines of care or age on his brown face which had escaped her observation. He received her information with his ordinary indifference.

"Poor fellow!" said he quietly, and waited silently for her to speak again.

"You are looking old," she ventured to say in sympathy.

"I *am* old," he replied curtly, and started when a swallow flew close to his face with a sudden whirr of its wings.

"Have you lost all interest in Florian?" she said, nettled by his manner.

"He has lost so much interest in that part of him which I best liked," he answered gently, "that I can see no use in thinking or talking about him. I suppose this woman is no honor to him."

"Not much. He threw up one that would have been."

"So, so—every step is down. God help him, and us!" he added, with a long, weary sigh that surprised and touched her. It was plain to see that he was suffering, and less stoically than usual. A closer look at his red curls showed that they were thickly twined with gray; there were circles around his keen eyes, and the bearded mouth was tremulous from hidden feeling. She longed to comfort him, and knew not how to begin. It was a new and astonishing phase in his character to see in him such evidences of the weaker man.

"I thought perhaps," she said hesitatingly, "that you might do something for him. He always thought so much of you, was ever so willing to do as you recommended. I would dare to say that in the beginning you might have saved him."

"I hope you don't mean that," he said. "I'm sure you don't. I wouldn't think for a fortune I hadn't done my share in keepin' a man from evil. I knew him well. I saw there was no use. Don't you think I would have tried hard if there was? You know I would."

He was so vehement that the astonished Ruth could hardly believe it was Scott who talked to her, but she dissembled her amazement.

"I suppose you would have helped him if you knew, Scott.

But people see farther than you know—simple people, I mean. And he talked so much of you that we saw, Linda and I—poor Linda!—that you had great influence over him. You did not use it—at least we thought you did not. He spoke with pain of your indifference. Now he is almost lost; this last act has completed his fall. I do not think you could benefit him any, yet it might do to try."

"We are all fools," said Scott, with self-bitterness. "I thought I did my best; you had better eyes. No, there is no use now; but if you think it would do any good I will see him when he comes again."

"Thank you, Scott. He needs friends now, if he ever did, and he has but you and me and Frances."

"And one other—never mind who. But he is driving his best friends from him."

He fell into a reverie, and they both stood silent, with the plash of the water mingling with their thoughts. The hermit was excited more than ordinary, and had permitted it to be seen; but, as if regretful for his mistake, the old reserve began to settle over him again. He picked up his paddle suddenly and entered the boat without a word.

"I shall see you again?" she said, knowing he could not be detained.

"I s'pose—I dunno," he answered absently, and pushed off from the shore.

With a sigh Ruth returned to the house, where Billy and the squire still wrangled over Barbara Merrion and Peter's letter. Père Rougevin was now one of the disputants, and rapped squire and politician over the knuckles with indiscriminate zeal.

"His career from first to last," said the père, "reminds me—"

"Just so," the squire interrupted; "you are always reminded of a story by any ridiculous trifle that a man mentions. But you won't tell that story on this verandah nor in my presence if you lived for forty years."

The père laughed softly and called Ruth to his assistance.

"I saw you talking with Scott a moment ago. How is he?"

"There is something strange about him," Ruth said. "He seemed worried or disturbed, and acted queerly for him."

"He's probably just learned the alphabet," said the squire. "Talk about women learning nothing from experience—I don't believe it. But that man, dull, placid, stupid as a pine-tree, hasn't learned anything in twenty years. If he's getting worked

up now it must be because he's found out that he's alive, or that Florian is running for governor, or some other new fact."

"Oh! he knew about Florian," said the père; "and, moreover, he foretells his utter defeat."

"Oh! he does, does he?" snorted the squire in leonine mockery. "Do you hear that, Billy? This muskrat of the islands, this wild squash, this unhatched egg, stands up and tells me and all the men who know anything about politics in this State that the old ticket will go down because he knows it will."

"Papa," suggested Ruth, "Scott was a good friend of yours at a time when you needed one."

"And I've paid him back all I owed him, my girl, long ago. I let him live. I never said anything about his foolishness to strangers. I upheld him in his idea of living alone when he ought to have been married. But let him keep his place. I can't stand ignorance, and when he shows it before me I'm going to stamp it out every time."

"He has a right to his opinion," said the père, "and I rather think you wouldn't dare to wager a very large sum on yours."

"I'll put my best horse against your ancient cob," said the squire, "that Florian is governor of this State on the 5th of November. Come, now. You're pretty obstinate on your own side; let's see you stand up for it."

Père Rougevin laughed and said nothing.

"I know what you are thinking," continued the squire. "You are ready to swear that these Methodists and their kind will scratch his name on the ticket. I don't believe it. Our people have religion enough, but they're not so mean as to do that. What do you say, Ruth? You've known both parties, for you belonged to 'em."

But Ruth shook her head dismally, and he appealed to Billy.

"I'm afraid," said Billy, who rarely deserted his friend in an argument, "there'll be some of it done, but not enough, of course, to beat him—oh! no, not enough for that."

"Precisely; that's what I mean. Of course there will be some mean enough to do it. I believe Buck will, and I mean to watch him. He's awfully disappointed to think Sara wasn't the prince's daughter as well as Linda, so that he might come in for a share of the money."

"Florian, I suppose," said the priest, "has said nothing about paying you a visit after the election."

"I mean to invite him. He hinted it in his last letter, and the fatigue of a campaign will drive him here to rest."

"I wish he would think it worth his while to call on me when he does come, or shall I meet him, at your invitation, here?"

"You can come with the crowd, I suppose," the squire replied jokingly, "and make what you can out of him. He's away beyond you, père, now. My! but he's a smart lad."

"Too smart," murmured Billy, in spite of Pendleton's frown.

"Lemme see," said the squire, "this is the 27th and Wednesday is the 30th. Yes, exactly. Now, père, you come over Wednesday evening, and I'll see you through a little game of checkers or block until four o'clock in the morning, if you want to. I'm not going to sleep from now till after election."

Père Rougevin accepted and was going down the steps when an after-thought stopped him. The père always had an after-thought of this kind, and it was usually as important as Padgift's postscript in *Armadale*.

"By the way, Pendleton," he said, "you have not seen or heard anything of that Russian lately—the fellow, you remember, who—"

"Oh! I remember him," said the squire, "and he'll remember me should I lay hands or eyes on him. What would he be doing in this town, I'd like to know?"

"It's hard to say," the père replied lightly as he started off; "but he has been seen as late as yesterday in this vicinity, and means mischief."

The squire swore a little at this information, but Père Rougevin was beyond hearing.

Wednesday night was boisterous and stormy and had a wintry odor when the three old gentlemen, under Ruth's superintendence, sat down in the cosey parlor to a game of dominoes. "The wind was howling in turret and tree," and there was a mighty roar from the waves on the beach, while the distant lighthouses twinkled weakly through the thick darkness. But these evidences of an ugly night without made the scene within only the more delightful, and the party prepared to pass a merry evening.

"It would be just like some old grandmother to take ill," said the squire, "and call you away. There's one thing, though—no mortal man can cross the bay to-night, and you're safe from that direction. It puzzles me"—and he looked at Père Rougevin's round, cheerful outline humorously—"to know what there is in you that sends people rushing after you, at all hours and under all circumstances, to doctor their sick souls. Can't a man die comfortably and quietly without you, and is it necessary that

you must shout him into heaven or pray him in, or—what do you do, anyway?"

"Why, papa—" Ruth began deprecatingly.

"Just so, girl. It's a fair question, and he's going to answer it; and you needn't look daggers at me for asking it."

"He reminds me—" said the père, smiling.

"No, I don't!" the squire roared. "Keep clear of your anecdotes. You don't spin any more yarns on me. Why, Ruth, he has me posted all over the county at the tail-end of forty stories."

Père Rougevin was silent for the moment, fairly weighed down by the force of Pendleton's lungs, and before he could speak there was a knock at the outside door.

"There it is," said Billy—"the sick-call."

The servant brought Père Rougevin a card with a few pencil-marks upon it. He jumped up without much ceremony after reading it, and ran out into the hall. They heard a few hurried remarks from him and the stranger, and immediately he returned, bringing his visitor with him. His face was quite pale, but no one save Ruth noticed it, for all eyes were turned on the newcomer. The latter bore a curious resemblance to Scott, the hermit. He was dressed in the hermit's manner, had much of his silent, stern reserve, and wore his light beard in the same fashion; but over his eyes the peaked cap threw such a shade as to leave his face a mystery. He stood quietly at the door and neither removed his hat nor took a chair.

"Pendleton," said the père in some excitement, "I have a bit of bad news for you. Scott has disappeared. This man lives near him and says he has not been home since Friday. That Russian has been in the neighborhood, and foul play is feared."

Only Ruth saw the revelation that lay behind the père's words and manner, and she burst suddenly into a fit of uncontrollable sobbing. A thousand insignificant incidents of the past ten years rushed before her mind.

"Oh!" she cried, "I see it all now. It is terrible!"

Her father stared.

"If any harm has come to Scott," said he, "that's enough. We'll avenge him. But what's the use of being frightened? If a man stays from home three or four days there's no harm in it. So dry your tears."

"O papa! don't you see? Scott is Florian's father."

"Yes," said Père Rougevin with emotion, "he is the lost prince, and we fear this Russian has been hired to injure him, and may have done it."

The silence which transfixed the squire for a half-minute was so deep that the ticking of the clock sounded like the strokes of a hammer. The roar of the storm beat up against the house. He sat there with his heavy face void of expression, his eyes turned on the priest in a vacant stare, while he tried to realize all that those astonishing words meant.

"Good God!" were his first hushed words. Billy could say nothing, and Ruth was still sobbing. Père Rougevin and the stranger grew impatient for practical suggestions.

"I'm beat," said the squire; "but I've got my breath again. I suppose it's so, and I don't doubt but that if we had our eyes open we might have known it before. And now when he's most wanted he's gone, and that sneak is after him and means him harm. Well," said the squire ponderously, rising, "we'll look for 'em both, and deal with 'em according to law. Young man, what have you to say about it?"

"The islands ought to be searched," said the stranger, "and a watch set on the waters, so that if foul play has done away with him his body may be found."

"And word should be sent immediately to Florian," said Ruth.

"I don't know about that," Pendleton remarked. "To-morrow will be a busy day for him, and he can't do any more than we can do."

"Not the slightest need of sending for him," Père Rougevin said hastily. "It will be time enough to notify him when we have found Scott or what has happened to him."

Ruth said no more on the matter, but when the squire had put on his great-coat she was in the hall ready to go with them and prepared to put in action some ideas of her own. They raised no objections to her company, and all rode up together to the village, where the squire began his search for a boat able to stand the fury of a southwest wind. Ruth in the meantime had sent to Florian the following telegram: "Come at once, if you would save your father's life." By the time she reached the pier again Pendleton had engaged a tug for the search, and the vessel was getting up steam. A crowd stood about, curious to know the reasons of a water-journey on so tempestuous a night; but the squire sailed away with his party in lofty silence, giving only a hint to his hungry neighbors that it was concerned with the coming election. Once on the water he called a council in the small cabin.

"We're going this thing rather blind," said he, "and I would

like to hear your opinions and get a little more reason and certainty into it. I suppose we can search all the small islands to-night by ourselves with lanterns; but if we don't find him we must get help to-morrow, if we mean to do the business thoroughly."

"There are certain places," said the stranger, "which Scott frequented, and it might be worth the trouble to examine them. I know them all. But it is more likely that he avoided them when pursued by the Russian. You must know that Scott expected his identity to be some day discovered, and had provided hiding-places among the islands. The principal of these was under his own house; but its secret the Russian discovered a few days ago, and he abandoned it. If he fancies that the others are known he will not go near them."

"Ah!" said the squire, "now you have given us a fair start, young man. We must begin with his own house and island first, then take the others in succession."

He went out to the pilot-house and the père followed him, leaving Ruth and the stranger alone in the cabin. The boat rocked and plunged uncomfortably in the heavy sea and the great waves dashed against the windows. Nothing was visible outside save the twinkling lights on the shore.

"You will pardon me, Mr. Rossiter," she said, giving to the stranger her hand after a moment's awkward silence, "that I did not recognize you until you spoke this evening. I am very glad to meet you and to see that you are well."

"Thank you," said Paul nervously, and was silent. Not a word was uttered concerning his long and mysterious absence from the world, and both were glad of it, for the greatness of the calamity which seemed to threaten them overshadowed minor things completely. A sudden quieting of the waves and the rushing of wind through tree-tops signified that they had entered the tortuous channel leading into Eel Bay, and in a half-hour more they were sailing opposite the hermit's cabin. All went ashore save Ruth, who felt that she would be a hindrance in the search, and she remained leaning against the deck-rail, watching the movements of their lanterns as they walked over the small island. They returned to the boat unsuccessful and steamed to another spot, which was searched with the same result; and so through the whole stormy night they continued their vain pursuit of the lost prince, returning to Clayburg by sunrise for breakfast and additional help.

By this time a great portion of male Clayburg had begun to

take a deep interest in the squire's mysterious proceedings. The crowd which had gathered the preceding evening on the wharf to see him depart re-collected itself in the morning to see him return, and was swollen to treble size by new recruits from the curious of the town. As they could get no information from the party, the pilot and the engineer were assailed by a shower of questions as numerous and irritating as mosquitoes; but here, too, curiosity was baffled, for these knew no more than that their employers had sought among the islands for somebody or something they knew not what and did not care. When the squire and his friends had breakfasted and made ready for another start by bringing loads of provisions to the boat and fitting it out for as long a stay as possible on the water, a mob of men and women were standing on the dock in the cold November morning, fairly eaten by curiosity. From among them the squire made a selection of ten good fellows to aid him in the search. They went on board indifferent to the direct and indirect questions fired at them, and sailed away mysteriously, to the utter disgust of the crowd. Ruth did not accompany them. She had been overcome with weariness, she said, and did not feel equal to the fatigue of a twelve hours' journey—which was strictly true, but her real reason for remaining was the telegram which Florian sent her that morning announcing his arrival in Clayburg for that evening.

It was a dull, stolid day. The winds had died away, and the sun was buried in thick clouds before he had been two hours shining, and such a bitter suspicion of snow was in the cold, heavy air! At ten it began to rain, and the thick mists shut out the river and brought a deeper chill to the atmosphere. Time hung the heavier on her hands. She could not read, and thought was distressing. A few old gossips came in to hear the news of the day and discover the cause of so much mysterious running about in the quiet town, and she replied in dark and secret language, with many hints of greater surprises yet in store for them, and sent them away satisfied and yet unsatisfied. In the stores and saloons and kitchens that day the squire's movements were thoroughly canvassed. A mystery so important as to require a tug and fifteen men to carry it out was a delightful morsel in dull November, and the peaceful citizens enjoyed it; but when the telegraph messenger passed the word that a special train was due in Clayburg at four o'clock that afternoon, nearly three hours ahead of the regular train, the excitement spread to the highest grades of town society, and even the ministers trotted

down to the depot under the same umbrella to examine into this second wonder of the day. But Florian knew his native village well. Half a mile from the depot Ruth met him with the carriage, and the train moved into the station without a soul save the employees on board. So with every disappointment the mystery grew.

A more wretched man than Florian Ruth had never seen. His proud bearing was gone, his proud self-possession had melted from him like snow, and his pale, drawn face and listless manner showed what he had suffered since receiving her telegram and what he was suffering. He took her hand gratefully as he entered the carriage. She tried to speak, but her own sobs were too powerful.

"You need not tell me," he said. "We are too late. I know that, and I might have saved him; I might have known long ago."

He repeated the last words over and over like one in delirium. When she had grown calmer she told him all the circumstances of the last few days, beginning with her last talk with the hermit, and he sat with his head bowed, listening, nor made any comment for a time.

"Where were our eyes," she said, crying, "that we did not see through this loving imposture long since? A spy could discover him, and we could not."

"The spy had exceptional resources," he answered; "and yet it would have been so easy to have reasoned. You remember the interest he took in me, and I recall the dreams I had of him kissing me, poor father! in my sleep; and how in the graveyard here one night he held me in his arms with his cheek against my own; and the time he came to New York, risking so much for love of me. Then his behavior towards Linda on her death-bed. I believe she knew it, for she looked from him to me so strangely—I see it now; I could not see it then. And my mother's behavior when he was present or spoken of. What a life!" and he added after a pause, with a shudder of horror and grief, "and what a death, after so much self-denial and love!"

"Oh, be patient!" said she, attempting cheerfulness. "They are searching for him bravely, and he is so cunning and active that it will take an expert woodman to overmatch him."

"His pursuer," said Florian gloomily, "is by profession an assassin. He has but one instinct, that of death, and he will follow, follow, follow like a hound, never wearying, never stopping, cunning as a devil, pitiless as hell, until his victim is dead. I can

see him now crawling through some lonely patch of timber in the rain with that white face of his shining in the gloom."

She had to admit that the picture was not overdrawn, and they came to the house in silence.

"I will not go in," he said; "I must get a boat and join in the search. I am going mad, I think."

"But there is no wind, Florian, and you can get no tug, for there is none here. Better wait until the rain stops; there will be a wind then strong enough to make the boat of use."

He held up his hand in the air.

"There is wind enough," said he. "I could not stay; I must go."

She went into the house and brought out some oil-cloths for him to put on as a protection against the rain. With a servant to manage the boat they started, taking a course straight down the river in order to meet the tug; but the wind soon died away almost entirely when they were opposite the well-known channel leading into Eel Bay, and Ruth proposed, seeing how impatient he grew, that they would go to the hermit's cabin and wait there for a favorable wind. It was done, and for the first time in years he entered his father's house.

"What a palace for a prince!" he said, and a great bitterness filled his heart as memory after memory connected with the old cabin rose before him.

Darkness came on, and the servant lighted the old candle, and the fire was started in the fire-place. He sat reading Izaak Walton or wandering uneasily to the shore, while Ruth, wearied, lay down to sleep in the inner room. The night passed in a dead calm. At four o'clock in the morning the clouds parted in the northwest and the first suspicion of a wind stirred the water. He waked her, saying gently: "We must be going."

It was cold and unpleasant in the damp morning air, but a few stars shone faintly overhead. As before, they went straight down the river, taking the wider channels in order to intercept the tug if she should be returning. At daylight they had reached Alexandria Bay, and in the distance later on, as the sun was rising, they saw the tug steaming farther down the river.

"They have not found any trace of him yet," said Ruth. "They are searching still, or they would be returning."

"Why do they take the islands below instead of those above?" he asked.

"I believe they have a guide on board who lived for some time with your father," she replied, "and he thinks he must have

fled in that direction. When I last saw him he was going down the river."

They sailed on, the wind still cold and feeble as before, and in two hours had reached the island. Florian would not go near the tug or make himself known to any one, but went ashore in his oil-cloths and silently joined in the search, while Ruth sailed to the tug for information. No success yet and no clue! When she returned Florian was waiting for her on the shore.

"They will never make anything of this," he said. "It is too wild and they will have to cover too much ground. Let us go back and search the islands above."

To Ruth this seemed even a more hopeless task, but she did not feel it necessary to tell him so. The wind was freshening from the northwest, and with frequent tacking—for the channel in places was narrow—they arrived at Solitary Island a little after noon. On the Canadian shore stood a farm-house, where they ate dinner, and afterwards they landed at Grindstone and began preparations to search that island through its entire length of seven miles or more. Florian seemed unwearied, but Ruth was half-dead from fatigue. Obstacles of every sort began to fall in their way. They had endeavored to secure horses from an island resident and help, which he was disposed to give only for enormous pay, and his petty delays wasted the precious time until half past three. When at last they were almost ready Ruth, with beating heart, pointed out to Florian a canoe with a single occupant making for Solitary Island; and he, pale as death, watched it for a moment, and then, seizing her hand, ran down to the boat and bade the servant hoist the sail. His eyes did not for an instant leave the figure in the canoe, and a flush of deep excitement and tender feeling spread over his face as Scott stepped leisurely from his boat and walked slowly to his cabin. He had taken the pains to pull up his canoe on the beach, and after entering the house closed the door. Evidently no harm had happened to him, and the noise which had been made over his accidental disappearance was premature. It was a few minutes past four when their boat touched the shore. Four o'clock in the afternoon of the 1st of November was a moment which had scarred Ruth's memory years back so badly that the hour never struck without bringing the tears to her eyes. At that hour on that day Linda died. She wept now with a violence that surprised Florian as he handed her from the boat and led her joyfully to the cabin. He pushed open the door with some difficulty because of a heavy movable obstacle on the other side.

When he saw and recognized the object he stood quite still for a moment, then pushed Ruth gently back and, calmly as might be, knelt beside the fallen form of his father and put his hand over the heart. It was for ever stilled. The pallid face and half-closed eyes were evidence enough without the bullet-wound and the blood-stains on his garments. Scott was dead. In his hand he held a small crucifix, and the tears which he had shed in his last moment still lay on his cheek.

PART FOURTH.

CHAPTER I.

THE GRAVE ON SOLITARY ISLAND.

IT was a rare day in Clayburg—rare for November. The air had a golden, fine-spun clearness, and the blue river was bluer than ever, although the islands, no longer green, showed their gray sides over the sparkling waters like faded tombstones in a spruce forest. The village, busied with its usual routine of labor, was not one whit less dull than usual. Villagers shook their heads over the burst of unexpected sunshine. It was like a gold-miner's dream and foreboded a bitter awakening. The late tragedy which had taken place in their midst, and now lent a dark and melancholy interest to the romantic islands, had ruffled for a few hours the placid stream of existence. The affair was nobody's business in particular. There was no widow, no children, no property, no relatives. Scott had lived and died a lonely man, and the violence of his taking-off concerned only society in general and the officers of the law. Had he been a popular, sociable fellow there might have been great excitement; but it being a case of nobody's funeral, nobody minded it after the shock was over and all had been said about it that could possibly be said. Clayburg had a public calamity to grieve about without troubling itself with small misfortunes. Florian's defeat had hurt it to the quick. It could not understand the counties lying to the south and southwest. Were they or were they not dreadfully ignorant of the merits of the candidate, or had they been practised upon by designing rivals or office-seeking Whigs? The Democrats had deserted their candidate by hundreds. The rest of the ticket had been elected. Florian alone, the pride of Clayburg, had been "scratched" by his supposed friends and

left a total ruin upon the battle-field. What was the murder of a solitary, sour fisherman to such a crime!

However, the villagers did not, in their deep grief for their candidate, forget neighborly duties to the dead. On the second day after Scott's death a fair number of the fathers, in blue swallow-tails, black chokers, and white felt hats, stood on the dock awaiting the vessel which was to carry them to Solitary Island. A few roughly-dressed fishermen and a scattering of young folks and idlers made up the crowd. The conversation was evenly divided between the late murder and the late election.

"Not but whut I edmit Flory wuz a Ketholic," an ancient supporter of the defeated candidate was saying with mournful slowness and resignation; "but I swow ef *ril*ligion is to take the fust place in a country made on pu'pose for all on us, it's abeout time we wuz emigratin'. Whut say, Sam?"

"Ruther tew late fer us to think o' movin'," Sam replied; "but gosh be derned ef I don't feel like p'ison every time that 'lection 's mentioned. I've cussed more 'n the last two days then I hev in my hull life. Them fellers whut cut an' run over to t'other side ken't hev many lookin'-glasses this mornin'."

"How's that, Sam?" said a curious one.

"'Cos no decent lookin'-glass 'ud stand the sight o' ther derned faces more 'n once 'thout bustin'; thet's heow," said Sam, with some heat. "'Twouldn't be a bad spe*cu*lation, Israel, fer you to trot daown thar with forty thousand glasses, more or less—more, I reckon, fer thet must hev been the number of the derned crew. I'd like to hev the buryin' on 'em. I'd put 'em daown so deep thet none o' ther idees 'd ever sprout on this side o' the globe."

"They say Flory's goin' to be et the funeral," said one of the fathers.

"Ya-as," drawled Sam; "he an't got nawthin' else to do, an' he allus hed a likin' fer Scott, though whut enny one saw in the red-headed curmudgeon I never could find out."

"Hev we all got to wait fer you to find somethin' in us—"

"No," said Sam, turning sharply on the speaker; "*you* an't. You've been found out, an' sold out, an' shut up long ago."

"Mighty queer, the shootin' o' Scott. He wasn't one to hev many enemies, fer he hed so few friends," said the first speaker.

"Who knows what he was 'fore he got this far?" said Sam, about whom the group had gradually clustered. "This may be the doin' o' some feller thet's been a-follerin' an' a-follerin' him fer years like a spy, waitin' for a square chance to git even with

him. Some folks wuz mighty frightened fust an' took to loadin' guns an' double-barrin' doors. All nonsense. S'long's ther an't no odd strangers abeout town ther won't be a murder here in the next fifty years."

"She's comin' round th' island," yelled a small boy suddenly.

"It's the *Juanita*," said an observant one; "but she won't git here for a quarter of an hour. 'N' so you think, Sam, ez how this shootin' might be an old matter?"

"Thet's my idee," said Sam. "Scott was an odd critter. I took to him, an' I didn't take to him. One o' thet kind hez allus a page in his diary thet nobody reads, but *we'd* like to read it."

"The squire hez the charge o' the funeral," said a white hat shrewdly. "Mebbe he found papers 'n' things."

"Ef he hez," said Sam dogmatically, "it 'll all come out in time. Squire Pen'l'ton can't keep a secret no more 'n he kin keep from eatin'."

"It jest depends o' what size the secret is," said the white hat. "I mind when Minister Buck wuz married, 'n' Billy Wallace wuz a-tellin' us all how he went for the minister on his own stoop, 'n' nobody could believe it, 'n' we all went fer the squire on the p'int, we couldn't git a word from him. Nor he an't spoken to this day nuther."

Sam defended his expressed opinion of the squire until the *Juanita* was steaming up to her moorings, with Pendleton himself seated in majestic prominence and funereal gloom on her single deck. Billy's wrinkled features were visible in the cabin.

"Good-morning, neighbors," said the squire solemnly. "Just make haste in gettin' aboard, for the folks are waiting on the island to proceed with the ceremony."

"Whut folks?" said Sam, taking a seat beside him.

"Neighbors," said the squire indifferently.

"Is there to be services 'n' a minister?"

"We don't bury people nowadays without both."

"Who's the offish-e-a-*ting* parson?" said persistent Sam.

"There's no parson present."

"No parson present? Then whar air your services?"

"Wait till you get there and you'll see."

"Jes' so, squire. Thank you for remindin' me of it," said Sam, with an irony intended to smoothen the sense of his own humiliation; but, in spite of the satisfaction it gave him, he felt some doubts as to the strength of his late remarks on the squire.

The passengers of the *Juanita* made the pleasant journey across the river and through the islands with a deep sense of the

favor they were conferring on the dead man in taking so much trouble to pay him funeral honors. They were severely taken aback on finding, when the boat landed them on Solitary Island, that they formed a very respectable minority of the people there assembled. Boats of all kinds lay along the shore. Their owners were scattered about the island in holiday clothes as fresh and stylish as those which came from Clayburg. The old white hats walked up to the cabin with muttered "I-had-no-idees," and paid their respects to the man whom living they had rarely presumed to address. He lay in the little kitchen which for twenty years had been his living room. The brown habit of the scapular was his shroud and was the source of much speculation to the Protestants and of some wonderment to the Catholics. For no one had been precisely aware that Scott had held any religious opinions. The serene, meditative face had a new expression which few had ever before seen. The close-fitting cap was gone and the bushy whiskers trimmed neatly. Was this really the face of the common fisherman? Around a reverential forehead, white as snow, clustered the yellow locks. The regular and sweet features were Florian's own, but less stern, more exalted, more refined in their expression. The people looked at this unexpected countenance in astonishment and awe, feeling obscurely that there was more in this man than they had fathomed.

Izaak Walton was in his place on the table. Candles burned there around a crucifix. An altar stood beside the bed-room door, and on it lay the black vestments for the Mass. Scott was, after all, a Catholic; and while the neighbors owned to a sense of disappointment at this discovery, they also acknowledged a deeper respect for the character of the dead. Beside the coffin sat Ruth weeping, her veil down, her hands clasped in prayer, her eyes rarely turning from the face of Linda's father. Thus had she sat since with her own hands she had prepared him for his rest. Linda's father! Oh! the wasted years which had been spent in ignorance of this rich treasure. Now she knew why her heart had gone out to him, and she wept again and again as every old incident of memory showed the father's love for his children and his children's friend. She could not understand it! How could any one have been so blind? How could love have felt no thrill from this magnetic presence, when hate discovered and destroyed it? A rough costume, a tight-fitting cap, a silent manner had hidden him from his own and not from his enemies. She wrung her hands and wept anew as this sharp reflection pierced her heart. But what need to trouble the mind now with

conflicting thoughts? It was all over. In a strange land, among a strange people, the exile had died! In a poor hut the Russian prince, dead and cold, received from the hands of plain citizens those rites which kings would have been proud to give! In a free country he had fallen as helplessly as in the land of the czars! Its laws had been no protection to him. Little he cared now, indeed, for what had been or for all his wrongs; what he asked was a grave and a prayer for his soul!

In the closed bed-room reclined the lately defeated candidate for the chief magistracy of the State. His costume was not one of mourning, but such as he had been accustomed to wear, correct and gentlemanly, with a smack of over-polish. His face was a trifle pale and wearied. No evidence of any deep disappointment for his defeat or of any shock at the violent taking-off of his father was visible. For a man in his unique position he bore himself very well. His philosophical disposition was nearly perfect in its stoicism. He had not exempted himself from the chances of defeat, and had long since prepared himself to meet it in such a way that he would not lose more than a week's sleep. He had lost more owing to the sudden discovery and death of his father, and was likely to suffer still longer; but the facts themselves were too recent to make much impression on him. Looking at the dead hermit, and saluting him as his father after they had followed him to his cabin, Florian accepted the hard conditions which Providence had placed upon him, as he had taught himself to accept all well-established, unchangeable facts. He did not suffer uneasy thoughts or tumultuous feelings to rack his brain, nor did he repel them, holding himself as a sort of neutral ground where they might wander free from any restraint. Had he the power he would have that day despatched his dinner and slept at nine o'clock; but the control of those natural appetites was beyond him, and he was fain to be content with broken sleep, capricious appetite, and absent-mindedness. Yet people said how well he bore his defeat, admiring his pluck and prophesying great things for him in the next election, while those who knew the secret of his life—the squire, Ruth, Paul, and Billy—inwardly wondered at his manner. No tears, no excitement, no curious questions, but a complete acceptance of the state of affairs that was marvellous. There was a show of irritation occasionally against two persons, Paul and Père Rougevin—so faint that only the latter perceived it because he suspected its existence. These two men had been favored with the hermit's intimacy. They had, as it were, supplanted the heir in his father's

affections, being, as Florian well knew, better conformed to his father's ideas of what men should be. Almost mechanically the irritation showed itself. Père Rougevin kept himself and the unconscious Paul out of the great man's way. For this reason they were rarely seen in the dead-room, whither Florian often came to gaze quietly on the prince's face.

Paul was an object of curiosity to the neighbors. His resemblance to Scott was not so marked as to attract attention, and his city costume lessened it to nothing. He had been heard of as a young man staying with the hermit. In the hope that he knew something about the hermit many plied him with questions, which he answered very indifferently. The sharper ones thought he might be arrested as the murderer of Scott, with a good chance of proving the charge against him. He was very silent and moody on many accounts. The longing eyes which he often cast at the dead man showed that Scott's death had wounded him. With Père Rougevin and the squire he had charge of the funeral arrangements; but the latter left him nothing to do, save to stand at the cabin-door and see that order was kept in the death-room. Occasionally there was a consultation. There had been a series of them in the last two days. It had been decided to bury Scott on the island, as he had often desired to be buried, and that all concerned would show no signs of mourning which would lead the neighbors to suspect anything like the real state of affairs. The grave was dug among the pines on the highest point of land on the island, and Père Rougevin had brought over the requisites for the Mass of requiem. Ruth had gently hinted the propriety of laying the prince beside Linda, but prudence forbade. It was never to be known save to the few who this poor lonely fisherman had been.

Near noon the crowd assembled in the room and about the door at a signal from the squire. The singers from the Clayburg choir were intoning the first notes of the "Kyrie Eleison," and those at the window looking in could see Florian sitting beside Ruth at the coffin. Their proximity looked suggestive.

"That match 'll be a go yet," said one unguardedly.

The squire turned an awful look on the offenders, and there was silence for an indefinite while. The singing rose and fell on the clear air in that beautiful solitude like the sound of weeping. The incense floated through the door, the holy water was sprinkled, and the tones of the père were heard delivering the sermon. Then came the shuffling of feet and the outpouring of the people. The squire gathered them all before him in order to select

the bearers, but in reality to give the mourners time for an unobserved parting with their dead. It was done very quickly. The père and Paul and Billy looked for the last time on the handsome face. Ruth kissed the forehead with an involuntary moan. For a moment as the son pressed his cheek to his father's his features were twisted by an internal anguish more intense than physical pain. It was a premonition of what was to come! They screwed down the coffin-lid, and, the bearers entering, a procession was formed. Florian offered his arm to Ruth. To the singing of the psalms they moved down the slope in front of the house and up the opposite hill. Here was the grave. All around were the islands, with no human habitation in view. Below were the placid waters. The voice of the priest blessing the tomb arose: "Lord, in the bosom of whose mercy rest the souls of the faithful dead, bless this grave and give it into thy angels' charge. Loosen the bonds of sin which press the soul of him whose body is here buried, that for evermore with thy saints he may rejoice in the possession of thee, through Christ our Lord. Amen." The clods rattled on the coffin with a sound familiar both to Ruth and Florian. Ten years ago that very day they had buried Linda; sooner or later the world would listen to the same sound on *their* coffins! The crowd broke up respectfully and yet with relief, and were not down to the shore when the laugh followed the joke and the healthy concerns of life banished the mists of death. Thank God, the world on this gloomy day was not all gloom! The white hats and blue coats boarded the *Juanita* with hilarity, a fleet of skiffs and sail-boats fluttered out into the bay, and very soon the island was left to the squire and his party.

An awkward restraint was in the air. The squire had no one to praise him for the glorious manner in which he had carried out the programme, and, warned by the preoccupation of the others, dared not sound his own trumpet.

"I think we had better be going," he said to Ruth.

"Wait until Père Rougevin speaks," said Ruth. "He is to return with us."

Thus rebuked, the squire turned to Florian.

"You'll stop around for a few days, Flory? You can have the run of the house, and I'll take it upon my shoulders to keep off the crowd, unless you go to Buck's."

"I shall stay here for a time," said Florian. They all looked at him, and a glance from Ruth kept the squire silent. "My lawyer can attend to whatever business there is in New York.

Let me thank you all for your kindness during these few days. I am deeply grateful."

The priest came in from the bed-room with a serious face and eyes that rested anywhere but on Florian. Neither did the latter turn towards him when he spoke.

"I presume," said the priest rather hurriedly, "you prefer to remain here until you return to New York?" Florian nodded. "There are some matters which you would probably like to be acquainted with before your departure. When you find it convenient I am ready to tell you all that I know concerning your father. Mr. Rossiter can furnish you with some facts, perhaps—"

"I am the bearer of a message from the prince to his son," said Paul. "It is best to defer its delivery for a few days, however. Whatever I know about him I am most willing to tell."

The faintest irritation showed itself in Florian's manner, and his eyes blazed with some hidden feeling which the père alone observed.

"I thank you both," said Florian. "In a few days I shall hear you; not now, if you please—not now."

"Mr. Rossiter, you are my guest for the present," said the père, "and you will accompany us to the village. There is no need to delay longer."

The squire went out to get ready the yacht in a dazed way, for he could make nothing of all these arrangements. They were not down in the programme, and he could not see what would keep Florian alone on the island.

"The boy has less nonsense about him than the common," he said to Billy, "and it's no sickly sentiment that keeps him here. Who'd think, to see him, that he was defeated in a 'lection two days ago, and lost his father before he found him?"

"I'm glad he's not my son," said Billy, with a snuffle. "I'd rather have nobody at my grave, nobody, than such a stick. He's worse than Sara."

This assertion led to an argument, during which the whole party came down to the boat.

"It seems like the old times," Ruth said, smiling sadly. "Are you going on another retreat?"

"I don't know," Florian answered absently. "See that my letters are sent over by a safe messenger."

The yacht sailed out of his sight and left him sitting on the boulder over the spot where Linda had received the fatal wetting. He thought of that and of many other incidents of the time. He felt on his hot cheek the cool breezes of that first night on

the island, when his dreams awoke him and sent him rambling along the shore. Those dreams of his had been a wonderful reality. His father had really kissed him in his sleep. It was pleasant to recall those kisses. He was first in his father's heart in spite of his sternness and secrecy. Then there was the night in the graveyard, when for a moment he lay in his arms and felt his cheek lovingly against his own. Accident then, now the purpose was visible. And Linda knew it before she died. Happy Linda, whose innocence merited such a reward, and to whom it was not given to know him first when death had claimed him, and to suspect that— Again that spasm of mental agony twisted his features shapeless for an instant, but passed away beneath his wonderful self-poise. "That way madness lies," was the thought which shaped itself in his mind. He sat there all the afternoon, and when night came, heedless of the change, he walked up the hill and sat down on the grave—the first grave on Solitary Island!

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE NEGRO—HOW CAN WE HELP HIM?

THE negro question, already an important one before the election of Mr. Cleveland, has been unprecedentedly agitated since the triumph of the Democratic party. Whether this be due to the growing interest of the question itself, or to a kindly spirit of warning on the part of those who feared that party might be unjust to the negro, we are not able to answer. We would not be greatly mistaken, we think, were we to assign it to both causes at once; and perhaps less mistaken should we assign it primarily to the Democratic triumph, and secondarily to the question's continued growth. Undoubtedly among the negroes themselves the fear was strong and wide-spread that a Democratic victory meant their re-enslavement. We have heard instances, from unquestionable sources, of former slaves approaching their one-time masters and begging, if slaves they must be, a renewal of the old ownership. The greater part of this impression was due, no doubt, to the efforts of political demagogues; yet, in a certain measure, it must be ascribed to the negro's long-standing, deeply-rooted mistrust of his former master whensoever there is ques-

tion of his freedom. Let the white man—I mean the former slave-holder—inveigh with howsoever much of sincerity against the institution of slavery, his most vehement protestations will be received by the negro with only an incredulous smile. More intelligent friends of the negro knew perfectly well the absurdity of such fears, yet were they none the less apprehensive, not so much for the rights as for the untrammelled, free exercise thereof, and the full enjoyment of whatsoever social privileges the negro might thence acquire.

But whatever line of policy may be wisest to nurture and perpetuate amicable feelings between the two races in the South, there still remains a question of much greater importance—one in which Catholics bear a tremendous responsibility. It is the question of religion, and particularly of the negro's religion. Shall the negro ever come to the light of the true religion, or shall he continue for ever in the night of error? Protestantism, a kingdom divided in itself and never commissioned to preach the Gospel of Christ, has signally failed, from its very cradle, in the conversion of peoples. By the great perversion of the sixteenth century nations did not gain but lost the true faith, until the continued centrifugal force of schism and heresy to our day has left them little beyond scattered and shattered remnants of the integral faith. What they have not they cannot reasonably be expected to give. Since the first importation of the negro into the United States, wealth, position, power, and education, as an overwhelming majority, have been favorable to Protestantism. With such resources and the most reasonable amount of zeal every slave in the land at the close of the war might have been, we will not say a literary public-school graduate, but at least a Christian, well informed in the articles of his faith and the obligations of his duty towards God, his neighbor, and himself. Yet what has Protestantism actually done for them? To-day, according to Father Slattery's computation, there are six and a half million negroes in the United States, of whom, in round numbers, six million are in the Southern States. How many are there who make even no profession of religion? About three million. Excepting a small percentage, what kind of religion have the other three million? Let the reader remember these are professed members of the Baptist, Methodist, or some other Protestant sects. Father Slattery tells us, and from actual observation we know it to be true:

"They have but the vaguest notions of the most fundamental truths, such as the Trinity and Redemption. Not seldom we meet them with

scarcely any idea of God at all, and ignorance of even the Ten Commandments may in many districts almost be called general." *

In a recent number of the *Century* the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Kentucky, Right Rev. Dr. Dudley, uses much stronger language:

"Their religion is a superstition, their sacraments are fetiches, their worship a wild frenzy, and their morality a shame."

This, we hold, is a sad showing for Protestantism. We do not contend that Protestants are now doing nothing for the negro: we give all praise to their latter-day zeal displayed in his behalf. But this we do maintain: that, considering the length of time and number of opportunities it has had, Protestantism in evangelizing the negro, if weighed, would be found wanting. True, it has built numerous churches for the negro since the war; but to give him a church, and afterwards to leave him to practise therein a species of Voodooism miscalled Christianity, would seem to us like offering him a stone, whereas he asked for the bread of life. And for our public-school system to enlighten his intellect whilst allowing his moral nature to drivel in a nutshell we cannot but consider criminal. These are the two greatest evils with which the negro is threatened—godless education and such a knowledge of Christianity as to make enlightened Christians blush.

But, it may be asked, what have Catholics of the South done for the negro? We reply that before the war, in Maryland, Louisiana, Kentucky, wherever they had Catholic masters, full spiritual care was bestowed upon them. In those States were then to be found numerous well-instructed negroes, and their falling away from the church since has been the effect, not of dislike to their holy mother, but of the political antagonism between white and black developed since the war. This, of course, should not have been so, yet such is the fact. They were estranged from the church and from Mass on Sundays by what was then an extraordinary temptation to the negro—politics as expounded on Sundays by recently-liberated preachers of his own race and color. Negligence on the part of the parents left to their children the bane of ignorance and indifference in regard to matters religious, and the Catholics of the South and the Catholic Church in the South had now become too much impov-

* Rev. J. R. Slattery, The Catholic World for April, 1885, "Facts and Suggestions about the Colored People."

erished to supply the defect. Even for the whites many missions would have been abandoned but for the charitable donations of the Propagation of the Faith. Yet we would not create the impression that the church in the South is doing nothing for the negro at present. Let us see. The various Protestant denominations, holding the wealth, numbers, and influence of the South, aided entirely and powerfully by well-organized bodies at the North, were educating, in 1880, fourteen thousand colored students; whereas Catholics, having as a body neither wealth nor influence, with a membership of only one-tenth of that of their separated brethren, receiving scarcely any aid from the North, were then educating about one-fifth that number. This, we contend, is comparatively a commendable showing for the church in our States. We do not mention the fact as a matter of self-complacency, or as if we are satisfied with what has been thus far done or is now doing, but that our brother of the North may judge it is not zeal but means we lack in evangelizing the negro. Besides, an assurance of this fact may prompt generous friends to be more liberal in their donations.

Compared with the entire negro population, it cannot be denied that this result is lamentably small. The church in the South has been censured for this. Yet in the conversion and education of the negro we must contend with difficulties of which our critics can have little idea. We have already spoken of those arising from our impoverished state; on the part of the negro there are also serious difficulties. Thrown in contact with a superior race and holding no social status, morality in the female, as a rule, is not so much as expected. And even more rigorously must this be said of all those who have congregated in the towns and cities. At least in this respect we have found the influence of the white for worse, not for the better. Besides —whether it be the effect of his former condition or long neglect since, we are unable to say—the negro seems lacking in stability of character, and is consequently more easily influenced by bad example. And then, too, by association, by early prejudice and ignorance, he is strongly inclined to Protestantism, and, unfortunately, to that lower type which places the essence of religion in mere animal emotionalism. And again must we repeat the utter inability of the church in the South, unaided, to do any considerable work among the negroes.

We shall, therefore, in suggesting what appears to us the best method of evangelizing the negro, advance two propositions by way of axiomata:

First, that we must commence with the young in the school-room.

Second, that for this end a large amount of money is necessary, which we expect from the charity of the North.

Let teachers well trained be distributed here and there, principally in the country, where morality is at a higher ebb; both school and teachers to be under the supervision of a priest, who should visit them regularly. On such occasions the school-room could serve as chapel. Few negroes would object to their children learning catechism, and thus, by thoroughly instructing the children, both they and, through them, their parents might with the grace of God be prepared to receive baptism. In order to cope with the public-schools such schools should be free, the teacher drawing his salary from a general fund collected for this purpose.

Now, very naturally it may be asked, Whence are the teachers to come? We reply, From the colored people themselves. If we wish to do something permanent for the negro we must commence with a permanent foundation. We must not look upon the negroes as wards of the nation, as mere children ever to be treated as such, but as a self-existing, independent race, understanding its own value, and with laudable aspirations to all the higher positions of education and religion. In the beginning it will be difficult to have such teachers, yet daily experience shows that the public-schools of the South are in a very great and increasing measure taught by colored men and women. Religious orders are strongly in demand for white congregations, and consequently could not (we doubt whether all of them would be willing to) devote themselves to the service of colored schools. The nature of the work, as well as its magnitude, preclude the hope of our getting a sufficient number of white teachers, religious or secular, for the undertaking. Certainly, by the ties of association and race-kinship, negro teachers may be well presumed to understand better than the white the characteristics of their own race, its qualities good or bad; or at least such work would be more congenial to them. Such teachers (we assume that they are good, well-instructed Catholics) should be well remunerated. By thus creating a new, ennobling, and lucrative field for the rising colored Catholic youth we feel they would not be long in availing themselves of the opportunity.

Should an immediate call for such teachers be made we are unable to say how many might apply, and still less how many upon examination might be found competent. Still, presuming

the necessary fund to have been established, a sufficient number might be found to make a beginning. And this leads us to the most important and vital suggestion we beg leave to submit—the founding of a normal institute for the training of Catholic colored teachers (and why not priests?) to aid us in this work. It will be at least ten years before a colored seminarist could be ordained to the priesthood. In the twenty years since the war many race-prejudices have disappeared. This diminution will certainly continue. Negro and slave are ceasing to be synonymous terms. In ten more years a generation will have sprung up which never knew the negro as a slave, and to which, therefore, this association of ideas will be unknown. If well educated and grounded in piety (who can deny the reasonable hope of this?) he may do more good among his own race for the very fact that he is of their own kith and kin.

Maryland seems to us the most propitious field for such an institution. Nurtured in faith and morality for generations, the Maryland negro offers better hope of perseverance and devotion to duty. Not unfrequently have we been edified at the stanchness of his faith and the purity of his morals, even where for years he had been far from church and priest.

Such, then, according to our idea, is the best practical manner of aiding the negro—a normal school to train the Catholic African youth as teachers and catechists for the negro; such teachers to be located within a circuit not too vast for supervision of missionary priest, and both priest and teachers to derive support from a uniform, regular, and voluntary fund coming principally (for reasons already assigned) from the Catholics in the North.

The elevation, moral and intellectual, of the negro is so plainly demanded by every argument of reason, patriotism, and religion as to make their repetition useless. An intelligent being no less than we, his very nature pleads for the cultivation of his nobler faculties; unlike the Indian, who has disappeared before the onward tread of the white man, the negro is already a citizen, will remain a citizen, and consequently must the national progress be indissolubly linked with his; and, lastly, our Blessed Lord died alike for all men, wishing all to come to the knowledge of truth and share the blessings of divine grace, without distinction of Jew or Gentile, Greek or Roman. The negro has been freed from the shackles of temporal slavery, but those of ignorance and sin are as fast as ever.

AMERICAN PHILOSOPHY.

America has been in the possession of civilized man for three hundred years. Among its numerous varied products is one philosopher. His influence upon the generation that was contemporary with him and with some that succeeded was very great. Of his life, private and public, the world knows more than of those of any of his predecessors. His public belongs to the history of his times; his private has been recorded by himself with a circumstantiality that shows how important he regarded it that the world should see to what vast heights a man can rise from lowest beginnings with no other helps than his own energy, thrift, and sagacity. When, not long ago, we read over again his *Autobiography*, we would have thought that we should regard this curious work as a record of confessions but for the evidence of the pride that he took in inditing it.

In the article named "Pre-American Philosophy" we referred to the modesty, the earnestness, and the sometimes sadness that for the most part characterized the wise men of old. We saw that, however various were their speculations upon human happiness, they believed it to be made mainly of intellectual and moral elements that were noble and pure. Some of them went to the length of despising the pleasures that result from the possession of material benefits; others, not despising, disregarded them; while others yet pursued them with moderate quest and indulged only in their temperate use. Even the gay Horace, favorite at the greatest court of the world, wrote to the opulent Pompeius Grosphus:

> "He who enjoys nor covets more
> Than lands his father held before
> Is of true bliss possessed:
> Let but his mind unfettered tread
> Far as the paths of knowledge lead,
> And wise as well as blessed."

The acrimonies among the various sects were often pronounced. By the Stoics the garden of Epicurus was called a *pig-sty*, while by many Diogenes and his associates were saluted *Cynics*. Nevertheless all of them had aims and counsel for the noble and pure, and not one of them taught that the way to happiness lay through prosperity that comes from the mere possession of

wealth. This precept had been reserved for the philosopher of the New World.

It was said of Diogenes that while but a youth, having been suspected of complicity in the crime of his father, a banker of Sinope, who had been convicted of debasing the coin, he fled to Athens, where Antisthenes was teaching the virtue of poverty, and thereupon became his disciple. Franklin began his philosophic career much younger, even at the age of ten years. The question was argued between himself and his father whether the utility of a "wharff" which had been constructed by himself, at the head of a band of urchins, on the edge of a quagmire at the margin of a mill-pond in which they were wont to angle for minnows, was greater or less than the crime of stealing the stones for its construction. The old gentleman got the best of the argument with the help of a rod of sufficient firmness. The concession then made, that "nothing was useful which was not honest," had to be deviated from some time afterwards in the case of what he admitted to be one of the *errata* of his life—his availing himself of a fraudulent change in the indentures by which he had been bound to a brutal elder brother, and running away from him.

One of Franklin's ancestors had been a poet, a specimen of whose verse here follows (written in behalf of liberty of conscience):

"I am for peace and not for war,
And that's the reason why
I write more plain than some men do
That used to daub and lie.
But I shall cease, and set my name
To what I here insert,
Because to be a libeller
I hate it with my heart.
From Sherburne town, where now I dwell,
My name I do put here;
Without offence your real friend,
It is Peter Folgier."

While apprenticed to his brother, who was a printer, he bestowed temporary attention to the cultivation of the hereditary vein, at the instance of his brother, who sent him around hawking (in Boston, their native place) his *Lighthouse Tragedy* and a sailor's song on the capture of Teach, the pirate. But his father again diverted him by telling him that "verse-makers were generally beggars."

It is curious to follow the youthful philosopher along his

career of endeavors after what were the best things; his eagerness for the knowledge to be gotten from books; his debating with himself about whether or not he ought to spare the time he had for reading on Sundays by going to church, and deciding for the negative; his adopting a vegetable diet in order to save both time and money, and other employments judged likely to be useful after a while. Let us hear some of his comments on disputation:

"There was another bookish lad in the town, John Collins by name, with whom I was intimately acquainted. We sometimes disputed, and very fond we were of argument, and very desirous of confuting one another, which disputatious turn, by the way, is apt to become a very bad habit, making people often extreamly disagreeable in company by the contradiction that is necessary to bring it into practice; and thence, besides souring and spoiling the conversation, is productive of disgusts, and perhaps enmities where you may have occasion for friendship. I had caught it by reading my father's books of dispute about religion. Persons of good sense, I have since observ[d], seldom fall into it, except lawyers, university men, and men of all sorts that have been bred at Edinborough."

The harm of disputatious reasoning appeared to him quite early, as we notice in the following:

"And being then" (after studying Greenwood s English Grammar and Xenophon's *Memorable Things of Socrates*), "from reading Shaftesbury and Collins, become a real doubter in many points of our religious doctrine, I found this method safest for myself and very embarrassing to those against whom I used it; therefore I took a delight in it, practis[d] it continually, and grew very artful and expert in drawing people, even of superior knowledge, into concessions the consequences of which they did not foresee, entangling them in difficulties out of which they could not extricate themselves, and so obtaining victories that neither myself nor my cause always deserv[d]. I continu[d] this method some few years, but gradually left it, retaining only the habit of expressing myself in terms of modest diffidence, never using, when I advanc[d] anything that may be possibly disputed, the words *certainly, undoubtedly*, or any others that give the air of positiveness to an opinion; but rather say, I conceive or apprehend a thing to be so and so; It appears to me, or *I imagine it to be so, if I am not mistaken.* This habit, I believe, has been of great advantage to me when I have had occasion to inculcate my opinions and persuade men into measures that I have been, from time to time, engag[d] in promoting," etc.

The escape from his brother by means of the false indentures troubled him little to remember, especially since that brother, by his representations concerning the fraud, hindered him from getting other business in that community:

"It was not fair for me to take this advantage, and this I therefore reckon one of the first errata of my life; but the unfairness of it weigh[d]

little with me, when under impressions of resentment for the blows his passion too often urg[d] him to bestow upon me, though he was otherwise not an ill-natur[d] man; perhaps I was too saucy and provoking."

The fugitive, now a boy of seventeen, was landed in Philadelphia with a cash capital of a Dutch dollar and about a shilling in copper. The philosopher develops. "The shilling," he says, "I gave the people of the boat for my passage, who at first refus[d] it on account of my rowing; but I insisted on their taking it. A man being sometimes more generous when he has but a little money than when he has plenty, perhaps thro' fear of being thought to have but little."

We cannot but feel much of some sort of respect for a philosopher of seventeen years who, with his Dutch dollar—less three pennyworth spent for bread—confident and cool, strolled along Market Street, gnawing away at one of the huge loaves, while the other two were tucked beneath his arms, looking about him leisurely for the living that he was sure would come, not minding the while the smiles of Miss Read at his awkward and ridiculous appearance, who is to think so much better of him ere long. Employment with one Keimer, one of the pretended prophets from the Cevennes who "could act their enthusiastic agitations," but was very ignorant of the world, gave opportunities to the thrift and cunning he possessed. That was an eventful day when Governor Keith called at the printing-office, and, instead of stopping with the French prophet, who ran down to meet the distinguished visitor, asked for the workman, whose master "star[d] like a pig poisoned"; and it was a day of triumph of its kind when, six months afterwards, full of promises from the governor, whose letter he bore to his father bespeaking the latter's help to set up his son in business so that he could realize these promises, "having a genteel new suit from head to foot, a watch, and my pockets lin[d] with near five pounds in silver," the brother from whom he had run away "receiv[d] me not very frankly, look[d] me all over, and turn[d] to his work again." It did seem hard, however, when, the brother "still grum and sullen," he spread a handful of silver before the wondering eyes of the printing boys, and, going to the length of giving them "a piece of eight to drink," thereby "insulted him in such a manner before his people that he could never forget or forgive it." Yet from the fond parent he could get nothing but a promise to help him when he should reach the age of twenty-one years, and advice to "endeavor to obtain the general esteem, and avoid lam-

pooning and libelling, to which he thought I had too much inclination."

It reads like a moderately good novel when the philosopher tells of how, on the voyage back to Philadelphia, he soothed the qualms of conscience for the "unprovoked murder of taking fish," when a cod came "hot out of the frying-pan, smelling admirably well"; of how he rose in Keimer's estimation by his adroit use of the Socratic method, and

"Trepann[d] him so often by questions apparently so distant from any point we had in hand, and yet by degrees lead to the point and brought him into difficulties and contradictions, that at last he grew ridiculously cautious, and would hardly answer me the most common question without asking first, '*What do you intend to infer from that?*" However, it gave him so high an opinion of my abilities in the confuting way that he seriously propos[d] my being his colleague in a project he had of setting up a new sect. He was to preach the doctrines, and I was to confound all opponents. When he came to explain with me upon the doctrines I found several conundrums which I objected to, unless I might have my way a little too, and introduce some of mine."

It is proper to note here that the philosopher was not yet fully prepared to originate and propound theological doctrines. They must remain in abeyance until those more important for the government of this mere mortal existence were sufficiently ascertained and settled. For the present he would content himself with a temporary quasi-coalescence with the prophet from the Cevennes, destined to be snapped suddenly by the latter's violation of one article of their creed (the abstaining from animal food) by eating the whole of a roast pig at his own table before the time of dinner, to which his colleague and "two women-friends" had been invited. Yet he admits to have unsettled the faith of Charles Osborne and James Ralph,* two young men of his acquaintance, "for which they both made me suffer"—in his pocket. As for Ralph, who was destined to be kept from oblivion by the *Dunciad* of Pope, the philosopher's advice to him reminds one of the chiding of Xenophanes upon Homer, and Plato's exclusion of poets from his Republic: "I approv[d] the amusing one's self with poetry now and then, so far as to improve one's language, but no farther." The recollection of his father's criticism upon the *Lighthouse Tragedy*, and his name for the followers of the *gai science*, doubtless assured him of the wholesomeness of this counsel.

* Ralph went back to England and became somewhat noted as a political pamphleteer. Pope silenced him as a poet with the following in the *Dunciad:*

"And see! the very Gazetteers give o'er,
Ev'n Ralph repents, and Henley writes no more."

All varieties of philosophers, excepting probably the Cynics, and certainly those bound by celibate obligations, have not been insensible to the goods, real and imaginary, of married life. Even Socrates must have a wife, selecting, as some said, the most shrewish he could find, not with the hope of taming her, like Petrucchio, but of subjecting his patience and endurance to perennial tests. But for the printed words from his own manuscript it would be incredible that Franklin, then old, rich, and renowned, should have written with such shocking indelicacy regarding the woman whom he was to marry, and some of the incentives that drove him thereto. Some love-passages had been between him and the Miss Read before mentioned, with whose parents he took his first board, but on his sailing for England these (though he was confident of her reciprocation of his feeling) were suspended. Stung by her lover's long neglect, she had married a potter, whom, having found him to be a worthless fellow and reputed to have another wife, she had forsaken. He confesses to the shame he felt, upon his return from England, on meeting the forlorn woman, his treatment of whom he names another of his *errata*—one, however, which several conditions (some not to be repeated by us) rendered capable of correction. We can afford to give the following specimen:

"I pitiᵈ poor Miss Read's unfortunate situation, who was generally dejected, seldom cheerful, and avoided company. I considerᵈ my giddiness and inconstancy when in London as in a great degree the cause of her unhappiness, tho' the mother was good enough to think the fault more her own than mine, as she had prevented our marrying before I went thither, and persuaded the other match in my absence. Our mutual affection was revived, but there were now great objections to our union. The match was indeed lookᵈ upon as invalid, a preceding wife being said to be still living in England; but this could not easily be provᵈ, because of the distance; and tho' there was a report of his death, it was not certain. Then, tho' it should be true, he had left many debts, which his successor might be callᵈ upon to pay. We venturᵈ, however, over all these difficulties, and I took her to wife September 1st, 1730. None of the inconveniences happenᵈ that we had apprehended; she proved a good and faithful helpmate assisted me much by attending the shop; we throve together, and have ever mutually endeavorᵈ to make each other happy. Thus I corrected that great *erratum* as well as I could."

The principal element in the being of Franklin as a man and as a philosopher was selfishness. It was the magnitude, it was the scope, it was the cool imperturbability, it was the never-sleeping watchfulness towards what would gratify this selfishness that carried him to such a height. His great doctrine was that the

road to human virtue and happiness was wealth. This doctrine was already in his mind when he was a child in his father's house, grown stronger when he went about the streets of Boston hawking his own ballads, and living upon vegetables in order to have money with which to purchase books. Whatever came within view of that spirit, the most watchful and persistent of mankind, was appropriated or rejected according as it was found or believed to be a help or a hindrance in the way of the kind of happiness that he sought. The disputes he had had with his father about the need of the wharf, that he held with himself a little later upon the question of attending religious services or staying home with his books on Sundays, were prophetic. It was utility, personal utility, that he was to study and to take wherever he could. The consequences of the wharf business convinced him that dishonesty was not useful. Therefore he will practise it no more, at least after just such a style as pilfering another's goods. But the world must not expect from him delicate balancings along the border-line between the questionable and the unquestionable things in human conduct. Some of the things that he tells us exhibit an audacity of vanity that none except a very great man could feel or dare to avow. One has learned to rather pity the poor crazy prophet, so unthrifty, so friendless, so unapt in hiding his poverty and his numerous infirmities—in fine, so much of a child, an orphan-child at that. Yet for years the employee has been foreseeing the end of a sure decline and silently counting upon rising upon his fall. It was at the time of beginning the famous *The Universal Instructor in all Arts and Sciences, and Pennsylvania Gazette*, the intention of whose establishment, long concealed, was made known to Keimer by another workman, one Webb, that the failing printer tried to improve his own sheet so that it might compete with the one now projected. The friends Franklin had made had assured him often that it was only a question of time, ever rapidly diminishing, when the thriftless creature must get out of his way. Now, this last spasmodic effort was too much for the man who had been waiting "long, too long already." Let us listen to what he says:

"I resented this, and to counteract them, as I could not yet begin our paper, I wrote several pieces of entertainment for Bradford's paper, under the title of Busy Body, which Breintnal continu[d] some months. By this means the attention of the publick was fix[d] on that paper, and Keimer's proposals, which were burlesqu[d] and ridicul[d], were disregarded. He began his paper, however, and, after carrying it on three-quarters of a year, he offer[d] it to me for a trifle; and I, having been ready some time to go

on with it, took it in hand directly, and it prov[d] in a few years 'extreamly' profitable to me."

The poor insolvent got away somehow and emigrated to the Barbadoes. Now Franklin, taught by the results of the quagmire "wharff" and other experiences, doubtless would have regarded it very unwise to have practised on the "novice," as he sometimes named him, actions bold as the stealing of a builder's stones; for such conduct had been proven at least not useful. We may not reach forth and pluck with our hands the fruit, though overripe, that hangs upon another's tree; but we may eagerly watch the bough upon which it hangs leaning over our side of the wall, and receive it when fallen into thankful laps. The useful, the useful is that for which we must seek in order for the obtainment of the happiness we desire. Dishonesty is bad, honesty is good policy. Let us consider how the argument was carried into religion. After telling of how he once became a deist he thus proceeds:

"My arguments perverted some others, particularly Collins and Ralph; but each of them having afterwards wrong[d] me greatly without the least compunction, and recollecting Keith's conduct towards me * (who was another free-thinker) and my own towards Vernon † and Miss Read, which at times gave me great trouble, I began to suspect that this doctrine, tho' it might be true, was not very useful."

That conclusion must settle the business with deism. Deism had to go out of his creed, and it went.

But a religion of some sort was necessary to man in the long run, and in emergencies it must even be pronounced and clamorous, and sometimes, for a desired purpose of utility, put on sackcloth and sit amid ashes! There is an undertone of humor in his account of the fast—"the first ever thought of in the province"—whose proclamation he had advised. As no precedent could be found, the mover had to draw up the document.

"My education in New England, where a fast is proclaim[d] every year, was here of some advantage. I drew it in the accustom[d] stile; it was translated into German, printed in both languages, and divulg[d] thro' the province. This gave the clergy of the different sects an opportunity of influencing their congregations to join in the association, and it would probably have been general among all but Quakers if the peace had not soon interven[d]."

* Keith had broken his promise of letters of introduction to persons in London.

† He had collected some money for Vernon, used it, and been tardy in its payment. "Mr. Vernon about this time put me in mind of the debt I ow[d] him, but did not press me. I wrote him an ingenuous letter of acknowledgment, crav[d] his forbearance a little longer, which he allow[d] me, and as soon as I was able I paid the principal with interest and many thanks; so that erratum was in some degree corrected."

But the vanity of Franklin becomes gigantic when we see him, after become illustrious throughout the world, meditating the foundation of a new sect. In his old age he indulges in charitable regret that his other engagements kept putting off and finally hindered so benign an intention. In the history of mankind we believe that there is nothing to be found in its kind equal to the following:

"My ideas at that time were that the sect should be begun and spread at first among young and single men only; that each person to be initiated should not only declare his assent to such creed, but should have exercis[d] himself with the thirteen weeks' examination and practice of the virtues, as in the foremention[d] model; that the existence of such a society should be kept secret till it was become considerable, to prevent solicitations for the admission of improper persons, but that the members should each of them search among his acquaintance for ingenuous, well-dispos[d] youths, to whom, with prudent caution, the scheme should be gradually communicated; that the members should engage to afford their advice, assistance, and support to each other in promoting one another's interests, business, and advancement in life; that for distinction we should be call[d] *The Society of the Free and Easy*," etc., etc.

Herein have we put down a few things in the career of the one philosopher whom the New World has produced thus far. They are taken from his own writing, recorded when he had become old and the world was filled with his fame. Other things are in this curious book which could not be reproduced without offending others as well as ourselves, and others yet were decently suppressed by the editor from the author's manuscript. That Franklin was, in some respects, what is usually known in the name of a great man is undeniable. His confidence in his own powers, his patient biding of his times, his sagacity in the pursuit and compassing of the ends which he proposed, his ready perception and self-satisfactory corrections of the mistakes he had made from time to time, his steady endeavors for the possible, his keeping his eyes away from the visionary, his calm lead of mankind, his freedom from temptation for the quest or indulgence of whatever would injure his health or his name, or would retard the projects he had extended—all these show him to have been what is generally understood in the name of a great man. But remembering of what sort of men were the wise of ancient Greece, can we justly style *a philosopher* such a man as Franklin? The wise men of ancient Greece, heathen though they were, made their aim for the highest good that was possible to human nature. That highest good was virtue. Whatever else that word might include within its meaning, neither wealth nor

mere utility was among them, but the fear of God and kindness to mankind were, and were chiefest constituents. Some despised, many disregarded, but none ever sought riches as the means of leading to happiness, and especially to virtue. The wisest among them did not withhold becoming respect for those who had become rich by industry or inheritance, whenever these did not magnify the importance of their possessions in the sum of human existence. Industry, frugality, temperance they counselled, because they were promoters, to the extent of their importance, of virtue by the health of body and the peace of mind which they induced, not by the mere accumulation of lands and goods. Franklin was the first to exalt Plutus among the superior gods—indeed, to put his throne at the summit. With him wealth was both virtue *and* happiness. In the pursuit of wealth a man's constant aim must be to search for the things that will be useful for his purpose, and evade everything that will not. He must not steal, nor lie (that is, on a very great scale), nor be debauched, nor gluttonous, nor intemperate, nor be a deist. Why? Because these and their likes will be found useless in the matter he has in hand. For the first time in lexicography *honesty* is defined or made synonymous with *policy;* rather, *good policy*. As for religion, that is a harmless thing in general, of which a leader of men, on occasions of great perturbation of the public mind, may avail for the end of inducing the clergy of all sects (except Quakers, who are comparatively weak) to incite their congregations to co-operation in action necessary to the common weal. But a distinct, definite, reasonable, true, unerring creed the philosopher, in the multifold engrossments with public and private business, could never obtain leisure to propound. In the retirement of age he kindly, yet without pain, regrets that a scheme so generously conceived was hindered in its execution because of so many matters of more importance having devolved upon him. It would have been curious to see the poor, the weary, and the heavy-laden knocking at that church from which were specially to be denied admittance all who owed money. Such as these could not be expected to keep themselves in view of that standard of virtue which in the "*Almanac by Richard Saunders, Philomat*, printed and sold by B. Franklin," was exalted as high as, even above, the Labarum of Constantine.

"I therefore filled," he says in the fulness of the sweetness of remembering Richard's prodigious success in his venture—"I therefore filled all the little spaces that occurr[d] between the remarkable days in the calendar with proverbial sentences, chiefly such as inculcated industry and fru-

gality as the means of procuring wealth, and thereby securing virtue; it being more difficult for a man in want to act always honestly, as, to use here one of those proverbs, *it is hard for an empty sack to stand upright.*"

It would have been curious, we repeat, to see the result of a poor man's application for membership in a church whose founder had assembled and formed such proverbs "as the harangue of a wise old man to the people attending an auction." We imagine the applicant to be dismissed with some such words as Iago employed with the rejected Roderigo:

"Put money in thy purse: . . . I say, put money in thy purse. Defeat thy favor with a usurped beard. Put but money in thy purse. . . . Fill thy purse with money. . . . Traverse! go; provide thy money."

How fallen such a creed below not only the behests of Christianity, but of the very ancientest and crudest philosophies! To say nothing of what Franklin thought of Christ, how he must have imagined himself to compassionate all others who had preceded him in quest of the true paths of wisdom! How useless to him must have seemed their solemn meditations on God and the best good of mankind, their yearnings for immortality, their despondent searchings for truth, destined never certainly to be known not to be a phantom until her hiding-place should be discovered by the great philosopher of the West! That a man with such views and maxims, with extraordinary powers for their enforcement, should have exerted an immense influence upon a heterogeneous people in their formation of a government in a country so new and so vast, may not be wondered at, but only deplored. No other philosopher ever had so numerous a following. With *Poor Richard's Almanac* in his hand, and with his own persistent, tireless, endless commentings, he made himself an apostle to the multitudes whose minds he led away from concern for spiritual things and directed to the pursuit of the one important material. The dullest understanding comprehended his doctrine as well as the brightest. Reduced to logical form it would read thus:

All virtuous men are happy;
But, none but the rich are virtuous;
Therefore, none but the rich are happy.

In such a discipline how many thousands upon thousands in our country have spent lives of varying lengths in that search for happiness! What contrivances have been invented for that end! What simulations of justifiable means that were often but the "index and obscure prologue to the history of foul thoughts"!

Alas! how many have been led away from Christianity, and even from the development of manhood! How many have been destroyed whilst endeavoring to reconcile those two proverbs so vastly apart, *Honesty is the best policy* and *It is hard for an empty sack to stand upright.*

Of all teachers whom the world has yet produced, Franklin, to us, seems least like Christ and most disrespectful to him. Christ ennobled poverty by being born into its estate. In it he chose his mother, his brethren, his friends. In it he lived and died. He had said, "Blessed are the poor." Franklin, rejecting this, elected some others of his precepts, and cunningly diverted them from the chiefest purposes for which they had been propounded by the Great Teacher. Yet he hesitated not to advise the weaker in his school and those outside to call upon Christ on occasions of public emergency, in order to obtain universal cooperation in endeavors of pressing public importance. In his old age, while retrospecting his long career, the full gratification of his mind must express itself in the words of that *Autobiography*, a thing unique in its kind. Too wise to lament in vain the dwindling of strength and desires, he yet professed his willingness, if such could be, to live over his life, even including the *errata*, all of which he had moderately regretted, and of some of which he had been ashamed.

Had Franklin been a Christian, or had he not sought to meddle with and pervert Christian ethics, and kept his speculations within the fields of legitimate philosophical inquiry, the greatness of his career would have been far more excellent. We would not subtract from his renown in these fields, wherein we endorse the praise of Jeffrey: "He was the most rational, perhaps, of all philosophers. No individual perhaps ever possessed a juster understanding, or was so seldom obstructed in the use of it by indolence, enthusiasm, and authority.'

KATHARINE.

CHAPTER XLIII.

LOUIS GIDDINGS went slowly up the stairs after his friend's departure, and entered a private sitting-room, beyond which lay the nursery. The door between the two was slightly ajar, and he could see the crucifix hanging on the wall and hear the splashing of water, the crowing of baby in his bath, the voices of Katharine and the nurse, and the childish laughter of Lilly Kitchener, who had begun to divide her allegiance between the father and the son, and was the latter's most devoted subject. At any other time he would himself have passed on into the farther room, as Katharine doubtless anticipated now; for though she heard his step she neither spoke nor rose to go and meet him. But to-day the familiar scene was more than he could bear. He stood a moment near an open window, and then dropped into an easy-chair beside the table and buried his face on his folded arms. The night had been a bitter one, and the thought of what yet lay before him taxed his strength almost beyond endurance.

Katharine, approaching the open door a moment later and seeing his unusual attitude, shut it behind her, and, coming close, knelt down beside him. She slipped her arm beneath his, and kissed the hand which was nearest her and then the cheek against which she nestled her own. He neither moved nor spoke, and presently she began half-whispering in his ear.

"It is hard, Louis, but I think God will be good to us. It will not be for very long."

"No," he answered, with a sigh that was almost a groan; "at worst life is not endless."

"We did well to ask for fortitude this morning," she went on after a little, seeing that she had failed to rouse him from his despondent mood; "but why did you tell me to beg the fear of the Lord as well?"

He turned at that and took her in his arms. "I did you an injustice, dear. It has penetrated all your bones, and I know it."

Then for a while they looked into each other's eyes without more words; a vague dread slowly rising in hers to meet the anguish and tenderness and exceeding pity that were in his.

"You stayed up too late with Richard," she said at last, trying to shake off her new anxiety, yet going straight to its occasion by an unerring instinct. "I was glad to see him, but I wish he had not come just now."

But he could not force himself to take the opening she gave him.

"Do you remember, love," he said, closing her eyes with a caress, "the day we saw each other first? Such a little time to count up by years, and yet it seems to stretch back into eternity and go forward to it. Do you know what you have been to me since then?"

"Yes," she whispered, "for I know what you have been to me."

"The life of my life," he went on, "the heart of my heart, even before you became all to me that you are now. If we were to be torn utterly apart it seems to me that my soul, too, would languish and die within me. Come what may, that can never be, I think?"

"No," she answered softly; "could we let each other go even for a little, if we did not know that for us there is no such thing as parting? As it is I can hardly bear it. What shall I do without you? When I know you are in danger I shall die daily."

"And yet death would be so easy, and I am so great a coward that I am tempted to pray for it on the first battle-field. Don't look at me like that! You unman me, and I need all my courage."

Presently he began again, seeing that she kept silence.

"Think how much I need it when I say that, seeing what lies before us, I could find it in my heart to be sorry that we ever met or loved each other. Do you know what I have done to you, poor motherless little mother, whom I must leave to bear her burdens and her sorrows all alone?"

She burst out then, speaking with a quick, vehement passion, and drawing back from his encircling arms.

"Yes," she cried, "you have made life sweet to me and holy! You opened the way to God for me! You gave me your child! You have given me infinite happiness and but one single pain, and that you give me now when for any reason you can say you regret that it has ever been! What have I done to deserve a stab like that?"

"Good God!" he said, "I don't regret it—not one hour of it, not one minute! I can give you up, and know you suffer, and

live to feel the sharpest sting of every pain that you will have to bear, but I can't be sorry that you have been mine! I shall rejoice in it till the day I die."

Then he told her. The blood surged up to her temples as she began to comprehend, and then sank back again. He saw the life going out in her eyes and on her lips; she grew cold, and for the first and last time she fainted outright and lay in his arms like one dead. He rose and laid her down upon a sofa, and for a little while made no effort to revive her. The thrust of a pain which was half-pleasure smote him.

"My God!" he said beneath his breath, "how sweet it would be to kill her with a blow like that, and die myself in giving it!"

Once afterwards in the course of the interrupted day, broken by the pressure of so many imperative duties, he told her that for months he had been dimly conscious that some heavy grief awaited them.

"Not this one," he said. "As God sees me, the possibility of it has never once crossed my mind in all these years. What I feared I did not know, but the dread followed me like my shadow. That is what lay at the bottom of my enlistment. There were other reasons, sound enough, plausible enough to offer even to you, and yet I have wondered many times how you could accept them as sufficient. Did you think me made of stone that I could leave you, suffering still from your mother's death, with the child still hanging at your breast, to assume a duty not absolutely laid upon me? I must have been trying, with a vain instinct, to avert one evil by going to seek another."

"It is better as it is," she said, lifting her sad eyes to his. "I can be more reconciled to lose you this way. The other cut me deeper than I could ever bear to show you. I am glad you thought to tell me that."

He made a movement as if to take her in his arms, but stopped again, looking at her in silence.

"Good God!" he groaned, "how close you are, and yet how far away!"

"We never can be far away from each other now," she answered. "Don't you feel how this blow which has sundered us outwardly has welded our souls together once for all? It seems to me that I have passed out of myself and become you."

"You are an angel," he said. "The dross is burned clean out of you, but the leaven of humanity works still in me."

The baby was sleeping in its mother's arms, and he took up the little hand which lay, relaxed and with limp fingers, at its side.

"See here," he said, "one chief ingredient in my bitterness. What will you tell him on the day when he asks why he has no father?"

"Poor little lad!" she said, looking down at him with infinite tenderness. "I think he feels it, too. He has not been like himself since I nursed him after his bath. There is no bitterness in him for me. He is the one treasure which has no alloy. I shall never tell him he has no father. He is yours, and he is mine. Do you think he will not be proud of his lineage the day he comes to know and understand it?"

"You put me to the blush," he said. "I might have known —I did know—that there is no room in you for pride, or shame, or anything but pure and perfect love. You are not sorry to have known it?"

"Ah! no," she said, with a smile that filled his eyes with tears. "I am glad—I am glad from my heart!"

"Tell me, then, if you know—and yet I know so well myself that I need not ask you but for the bitter pleasure of hearing it from your lips—would anything but the one Cause which parts us have sufficed to do it?"

"No," she answered, "there was no need to ask that question. What but God could have lifted us to the height where we can see nothing but him beyond us, and feel nothing but that all sweetness comes from him and can be fulfilled in him only?"

"It is worth while to lose you, love," he said. "I never should have known you wholly but for that."

CHAPTER XLIV.

DOUBTLESS the least to be envied of these three was Richard Norton. He had been unable to resist the gibe with which he parted from his friend, but no one could be more sensible than he of the self-regarding irony of such a taunt issuing from his lips. Sympathy gave him understanding concerning the inaction and silence of Giddings in the past; there were already moments when he had no regret more intense than that arising from the fact that circumstances forbade his thorough imitation of them. For more than one substantial reason he would have been glad never to see again the woman who had duped him, and to content himself with dismissing her from his life with a warning which he felt sure she would not disregard. As he turned the matter over in his mind, recoiling alike from every aspect it presented, he reflected often that the facts proba-

bly tallied with his friend's understanding of them; that, at least, he was not imperatively called upon to doubt it, and that there was, therefore, no necessity for his further interference. Nothing could be more simple than the case would become, so far as he was concerned, if Giddings not only persisted in his incomprehensible determination to sacrifice himself and Katharine, but showed no intention of bringing the woman to justice. If they, who were the chief sufferers, chose to remain passive, why should he also not wash his hands of it and disclaim all responsibility?

Motives are very mixed, even with the least selfish, the least complex of us, and Richard Norton belonged to neither category. If his first emotion had been the horror excited by his friend's position, his second, lasting, and more natural feeling had been that of relief concerning his own. Nothing disturbed it but the uneasy suspicion that Giddings lay under a mistake, which, having once entered his mind, stubbornly resisted every attempt he made to dislodge it. But, having suggested it, was it obligatory on him to go further, in the face of his friend's well-reasoned incredulity? He knew that he would be willing to extricate him in that way, and even more than willing, since it would untangle complications which did not exist in his own case. But he knew also that he had good reason to shrink from further personal investigation. He knew it by the very strength of the impulse which urged him to make it—an impulse which he sometimes looked at obliquely and called quixotic, and half-persuaded himself to be proud of, but which at others he examined coolly and put down at its just value. His knowledge of the woman he had married, incomplete before, yet rounding to completion, seemed to have suddenly expanded into fulness under the light just thrown upon it. He felt persuaded that he knew what she would do if pushed to an extremity, and the thought excited him much as the prospect of a skilful vivisection might have done. Were he in a position like that of Giddings, he was certain he would be unable to resist the temptation, since it attracted him so almost irresistibly already. And yet it had an undeniably ugly look. He cursed his friend's passivity, which in a manner challenged his own sense of justice to undertake the task. Why should not Giddings share, at least, in the responsibility by facing the whole situation?

He passed the day in solitude, torn by a violent internal conflict from which he emerged at last a conscious victor. He assured himself that his questionable impulse, having matched its full strength against a better prompting, had given way. There

remained, of course, the possibility that Giddings had found his self-imposed burden too heavy for him, and in that case he would still be ready to assist him in the way he first proposed; but if not, he would simply notify the woman by letter that her game was up and drop out of the affair entirely. Some further steps it might be necessary to take hereafter; he would be obliged to give his parents some inkling of the real facts when he returned after the fighting was over, but even that unpleasantness time and circumstances might possibly smooth away unaided. It was a dismal episode in his life, but one that would be quickly ended. He should doubtless look back upon it in future as the source of some not otherwise attainable and extremely useful experience.

At the station he met Louis Giddings and found opportunity for a few words with him. He saw at a glance that his friend had adhered to his determination, but could not refrain from putting the direct question and following it with another which regarded Katharine.

"Don't speak of her!" Giddings answered. "She is alive, and so am I. There is not much more to be said about either of us."

"You are suffering frightfully and are not fit to start. Can I do nothing to relieve you?"

"I am well enough physically," Giddings answered, with a rather dreary smile. "You don't look over-cheerful yourself. I know of nothing you can do, unless you will undertake either to verify, or to put me in a position to dismiss entirely, the suggestion you made this morning. It persists in recurring to me within the last hour or two in spite of my better judgment. I can't help hoping for a reprieve, you see, even after the drop has fallen. If I live to come back I shall look it up myself, unless you have previously done so. You seem to be in a better position than any one else to undertake it. It is not necessary to question her, or, at all events, to rely upon her testimony. There must be a record of her marriage with Lloyd, and you have all the particulars in reference to mine."

"Have you mentioned it to Kitty?"

"No; the chance is too slender to build a hope on. To speak the truth, it never took even the slightest consistency in my mind until after I left her."

"Very well. In case the result is unsatisfactory to you, will you empower me to act for you in the manner I proposed?"

"No; all I can do in either event is to instruct you to have criminal proceedings instituted against her on my behalf. Under

the circumstances that would be a necessary preliminary even to a civil action for divorce. The latter I will not take, but the former I cannot in conscience dispense myself from taking."

"My own predicament, if I have to assume the other horn of the dilemma, is a pleasant one to consider," said Norton grimly, and yet with a look of relief which his friend saw and misinterpreted. "If you are not her husband, I am. Have you no suggestion to make with regard to that contingency?"

"You are a good fellow!" Giddings said, taking the other's hand. "No; I have none, except the one I made just now. It is as applicable to your case as to my own. Neither of us wishes to punish the woman, of course, but I am not quite so oblivious of my duties to society as your rebuke this morning showed you to suppose me."

"I was a fraud this morning," the doctor answered as he returned the pressure. "You ought not to need telling that I recoil from the whole thing with an utter loathing, and would be only too glad to turn my back upon it without more words. I have been considering the possibility of doing so ever since I left you. You are very sure it will not answer?"

Giddings shook his head.

"There are some crimes and some criminals," he said, "that one may safely leave to go scot-free of human justice, or may, at least, absolve one's self from denouncing to it. This is not one of them."

"All right! I had been halting between several inclinations, but I see my way at present. When I have anything definite to say I will let you know."

Dr. Norton started for Montreal that night and arrived there an hour or two after noon the following day. Entering a carriage at the station, he drove to Mr. Rector's office, where he passed some time in consultation, and then went on to the bureau of registration. He found some little trouble in getting at the marriage records of nine years back, but they were finally produced on the payment of double fees, and a certified copy of the one he wanted made out and given him. He forwarded this at once by mail to Giddings at Washington, and preceded it by a telegram. One other business call he made, and then went into a hotel and ordered a dinner, for which he had small appetite, and during which he drank more wine than was his custom. Then he set forth to interview his wife. He was conscious of a certain trepidation of the heart which made his gait somewhat less brisk than usual, but he assured himself that his brain was cool and his determination like a rock.

Mrs. Norton was within, the clerk informed him, and, refusing to be announced, he passed up the stairs. The thought crossed his mind that he would have preferred to enter in her absence and let her find him unexpectedly on her return. That, however, was a mere detail; he even reflected further that the presence of the young man in the office below would naturally have taken off the edge of her surprise in that case. Then he hesitated whether or not to rap at her door before entering, and finally concluded to try the handle first. It yielded to his pressure and he went in. The room was a long one, connecting, at the end furthest from the door, with a chamber which also stood open. She was in the latter, sitting with her back to him before a mirror, apparently about to fasten up her hair. It hung to the floor beside her, a dark auburn mass, rippling in loose waves from the crown to the extremities, and shining like burnished copper against her white peignoir where the afternoon sun fell on it.

He closed the door softly and turned the key. The carpet was thick, and the sound of his steps did not attract her attention, though he made no special effort to tread lightly. But before he reached the entrance of the room where she was sitting she caught sight of his reflection in the mirror, and for a moment they looked at each other before she turned. He said to himself that if fear were unmistakably written in her dilated eyes and on her parted lips, it yielded almost instantaneously to another emotion not less genuine. On one point at least she had not duped him. So much the worse for both of them!

As for her, her heart stood still an instant. Her thoughts, which for days had been concentrated on the same subject as his, scattered suddenly and left nothing but a blank. She was conscious only of the present. What it held for her was a mystery to which Richard's impenetrable face gave her no clue. Whatever it was, he was there to administer it in person. She rose and came toward him, seeing that he made no movement to approach her, and offered a kiss, which he accepted.

"How you startled me!" she said. "Is anything the matter? Is your father worse? Is he dead?"

"No," he answered, "he is much the same as when we left him. I came back to make some inquiries which I had stupidly forgotten, and which require exact answers before I can make the necessary legal arrangements for you. I might have written, I suppose, but I still had a little time at my disposal and preferred to come."

"That is pleasant," she said, dimpling into a smile of relief and satisfaction. "You don't need to put them right away, do you? Sit down and ask your questions at your leisure. Why are you so stiff and cool?"

"Suppose we get our business over first. I want simply the date of your first marriage. Have you got a certificate?"

"I think it is in my desk there by the window. Do you want to see it, or will it be sufficient to tell you the day?"

She named it as she ended. It was that which he had learned already.

"The certificate will be the proper thing, I fancy. Shall I look for it?"

"Yes, unless you want me to save you the trouble. The key is in the lock."

He went over to the desk and sat down in front of it, and presently she followed and stood, half-fronting him, between the window and the chimney-piece. The desk, which stood on a small table, had little in it: a tiny bundle of notes he had written her in London before their marriage, packets of envelopes and paper, a large photograph of himself—apparently nothing more.

"It is not here," he said, looking up at her.

"There is a false bottom," she answered, showing him the trick of it. Like the upper part, it was nearly empty. The paper he sought lay there, folded into small compass, and beside it was that she had received in London. There was a small dagger also, in a sheath, with a fine, thin blade, which he pulled out and looked at with a curious smile, and did not replace. He picked up a tiny vial, too, with a tightly-fitting stopper, which being opened gave out a pungent, familiar odor. He laid it back again without a comment and without refitting the false bottom, and bent his head over the certificate. Then he took up the other and read it over. She was still nearly fronting him, and, finding he did not speak, she asked him after a little interval:

"Well, is that all right?"

"Not quite," he answered, speaking slowly and as if considering, his eyes bent upon the papers in his hands; "your collection does not seem to be complete." He lifted his head now and looked straight at her. "Did you not get one the day you went over into New York with Louis Giddings? It ought to come between these two, I think."

She turned deathly white and sick, and would have fallen if he had not caught her. He saw, nevertheless, that she was not fainting, and took no further pains than to put her in an arm-

chair that stood nearly in the middle of the room, before the mantel, against which he placed himself and stood looking at her in silence.

"Before God," she said at last, speaking in a thick, agitated voice, "I have been trying to get my courage up to tell you. If you do not believe me you may look in my portfolio for the letter which I began writing you last night."

"I don't think I care to see it. Your repentance comes a little late. The fact is that you mistook your line in life, my dear. You put too high a value on your charms. The market rate is lower than that represented by these papers." He had them still dangling between the fingers of his right hand as he stood with both elbows resting on the low chimney-piece. She turned scarlet, but said nothing.

"What I don't quite understand," he went on again after a pause, "is your motive for exacting one from Giddings also. You were quite aware, doubtless, that you had no right to do it. Wouldn't he take you otherwise?"

"I was not certain I had no right," she said, speaking in the same smothered voice. "I married Burton Lloyd the very day his ship sailed, and news came that it was lost and nearly all on board with it. I thought he might be one of them—I hoped he was."

"Yes? You must have been a comfort to him. You seem to have a genius for confession, if I may take your word about the letter yonder. Did you ever tell Lloyd about your little escapade in his absence?"

She made no answer.

"The trouble with your confessions," he went on, "seems to be that they are not sufficiently complete. When you owned up to Giddings, why did you not tell him the whole truth?"

"So I did, and more than really was true. I have been sorry for it ever since, but I thought—" She stopped again.

Dr. Norton gave a bitter little laugh.

"More than the truth is less than the truth. You might at least have put him out of the torture of supposing that he had first been swindled into marriage and then deserted. Do you know what an honest man does in such a case? If he cannot find the woman and wring her neck, he waits for her death to release him in some less satisfactory way. You ruined five years of his life for him, and now your lie has well-nigh broken it again, and with it the heart of a woman whom your ears are not fit to hear named. Why did you not have the honesty to tell him you were not his wife? Why did you pretend to marry him at all?"

"Because—for the same reason that I married you. You know very well what that was."

"You flatter me immensely," he said, mocking. "I think I do. What I don't know, and should like to hear, is your motive for not releasing him. Why did you not tell him you had never been his wife?"

"I thought I did. I don't know what I said to him—more than was true, as far as Lloyd was concerned. I meant to go away and say nothing at all, and then the thought of him came over me just at the last, and what misery he would be in, and I could not bear to. I did tell him he was entirely free. How could he be if he were married to me? I should think he would have known that any way."

She was speaking the truth, and Norton knew it.

"God!" he said, "it is a pity that your lying is not as clumsy as your truthtelling. Do you mean that the thought never crossed your mind, then or afterwards, that your little addition to the truth—a sweet, fragrant invention it was to occur to the mind of a young girl!—would have the effect of shutting his mouth, and that it might be just as well that he should consider himself bound?"

She was silent.

"Come!" he said roughly, "I want an answer and a straight one."

"Yes," she said, hardly above her breath, "it did, but not then."

"But after you learned the fact from me it did? What calculations did you base upon it? You thought, perhaps, that you might ring him into your present little game and blindfold me completely?" He laughed unpleasantly. "Jove! it was a profound, deep-witted scheme that does credit to your knowledge of human nature! I should like to have been by and overheard you broach the subject to him!"

"I did not mean to," she said, flashing into resentment at his scoff. "I meant to throw myself upon his mercy, if I appealed to him at all; and I wish to Heaven I had done so! He is not like you! He is a man, at all events, and would have put me out of my misery without taunting me into desperation first!"

"Yes," he said, watching her with a cool, scientific interest, as if taking note of how many nerves were writhing beneath his scalpel, "he is a man—you are quite right—and a singularly upright one into the bargain. I am grateful, for my own part, that you fell into the hands of such a one as he, and not of a wiser

one who would have taken you at his own valuation and not at yours."

"As you did?"

The veins stood out like cords on her tormentor's temples and along the sides of his neck.

"You are a wise woman!" he said in a voice that betrayed, in despite of him, some heat of passion. "Just as I did, if you like! Nothing could be better, so far as we are concerned, since it places us in the only position where we could put a stop to your career. Do you know what I came here for to-day? To determine which one of us should have the satisfaction of sending you to pick oakum for the next ten years. Your merciful, high-minded man, who stands so much above me in your estimation, was the first one to suggest it, and I am merely carrying out his instructions."

She rose from her chair, her eyes dilated, and made a step toward him.

"What do you mean?" she gasped.

"What I say. He proposes to indict you for bigamy, and I intend to aid him. When you come out into free air again there will be no fear of your betraying more men into the trap where you put him and me. You will have been branded dangerous."

He had relapsed again into apparent composure, although the flush had not yet quite faded from his face. She came nearer to him, her eyes wild, like those of a hunted animal, her clasped hands raised, her voice thick and half-suffocated with the panting of her heart.

"For God's sake, Richard, don't do that! Take a man's revenge on me, at least. Kill me and be done with it. God knows I am tired enough of living!"

"I thought it would come to that," he said in a cutting, deliberate voice. "You think, then, that it would be worth an honest man's while to get his neck stretched for you?"

He drew out his watch and looked at it.

"If I were you," he said, his eyes running over her carelessly from head to foot, "I would put up all that hair and change my dress. I have had a warrant made out, and left word at the police station as I came up to have an escort sent to attend you to your temporary quarters until permanent ones can be found for you. It can't be long now before they are here."

She came close up to him and put both hands upon his shoulders. He stood immovable.

"Have pity on me!" she begged. "If not on me, take pity on your child! Will you let it be born in prison?"

His face underwent a sudden change, and she saw it and took hope again. His lips trembled and he hesitated. She dared not risk another word, so evenly poised did she feel the balances to be in which her fate was hanging. She only turned again and looked in his eyes with an appealing gaze under which his own sank for a moment. There came along the long corridor at the end of which the apartment was situated the tread of heavy feet, and the voice of an attendant giving directions about the number on their door. Norton bit his lip and then sighed heavily.

"Poor little wretch!" he said in a voice penetrated with a bitter, unavailing anguish, "it must bear the penalty."

At that moment he had forgotten alike his purpose and his premonition. Nothing spoke in him but the instinct of paternity. He saw himself in the near future rescuing what was his from this wreck of humanity, and perhaps finding in it hereafter some compensation for the broken dreams of his young manhood. He looked at her with eyes full of compassion, but she read in them that his resolution was unshaken.

He left her standing near the chimney-piece and went to the door, which had resounded twice already under the knuckles of the officers. She retreated further toward the window with the cowering gesture of a creature which feels itself at bay and seeks hopelessly for a refuge or some instant of delay. Her eyes fell on the open desk, and she put her hand out toward it. Her husband had his back to her. He stood at the half-open door, beyond whose aperture she saw the faces of the men, and she heard with distinctness the words in which he instructed them as to their duty. Suddenly one of the officers made a quick movement forward, as if to rush past him into the room; but the doctor, whose right hand was already resting on the jamb, tightened his hold upon it and resisted the impetuous pressure.

"No violence!" he said. "There is no occasion for it. You will remain here at the door while she changes her dress, and then she will go with you quietly."

There was a fall behind him, and at the same instant the man's efforts ceased. He seemed to grow suddenly flaccid.

"She won't go at all, sir," he said in a low, horror-stricken voice. "You shouldn't have stopped me. I saw she was going to do for herself."

THE END.

ENGLISH VOICES ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

IF the capricious Muse of History wears as many colors as a chameleon and as many shapes as Nereus, it is, perhaps, because we are so seldom able to view her from a proper distance. Either we stand too far off and find her vague and misty of outline, or we venture too close and her vast proportions looming up before us refuse to be contracted into the necessary *coup d'œil.* During the onward rush of events there are few visions large enough to embrace the whole area of action, and fewer minds serene enough to record an impartial verdict for the benefit of posterity; and when the struggle is over and the combatants vanished the field of their exploits becomes a wrangling-ground for ever. Cæsar, indeed, could both make history and write it; but the force by which he bound the world in fetters was no rarer than the skill with which he tells us how he did it. Generally speaking, we who look back with a certain degree of equity are amazed, not so much by the character of events as by their influence over those who lived and wrote during the tangle we are seeking to unravel.

Especially is this the case when we read the records of those Englishmen who from 1789 to 1794 watched with intentness the storm that gathered and broke over dissolute and profligate France. We who judge the French Revolution by the light of its wanton cruelties, its savage blunders, and its pitiful failure can hardly realize the superb promise with which it sprang into its career. It seemed to those who looked and listened, as well as to those who bore a helping hand, that the time had come at last when humanity would raise itself from the dust and upon the grave of a dead tyranny would lay the strong and sure foundations of freedom and fraternal love. When the Bastile fell there rang throughout all Europe a cry of joy and exultation, and good men drew a long sigh of relief that this monument of shame was wiped from the face of God's earth. Wordsworth, then young and impetuous, crossed over to France and gathered from its ruins a fragment of fallen stone as a precious relic of liberty; Blake walked the streets of London wearing the bonnet rouge, and Godwin and the coterie of younger men who listened to him as to an oracle lent their voices with one accord to swell the pæan of applause.

Then followed in quick succession those acts that proved too plainly what manner of power this was that, born of violence and oppression, avenged the past by drenching a land with blood. Historians like Taine have stripped from the Revolution every shred of glamour and have laid it bare before our eyes in all its moral hideousness; but at that time, when the devotion of the Gironde and the undaunted courage of the Republican army could not fail to awaken some responsive enthusiasm in the breasts of Englishmen, the guillotine's grim work was apt to be forgotten. When the September massacres thrilled the world with horror Blake, in despairing fury, tore from his head the emblem of liberty; but Wordsworth, agitated and a trifle dismayed, yet conceived the visionary plan of uniting himself with the Girondists and working hand-in-hand with them for the regeneration of France. He even appears to have imagined, this young enthu siast of twenty-two, that they would receive him in some sort as a leader—a fancy which reminds one irresistibly of Maggie Tulliver's youthful ambition to figure as queen of the gipsies. With this purpose in view he went to Paris, and remained there, a witness of its daily terrors,until his relatives in England, not sharing either in his sympathies or his hopes, concluded very wisely to stop his allowance, and so compelled him to reluctantly return home.

Dowden explains this curious phase in Wordsworth's career by assuring us that while

> "As a concrete historical movement the Revolution could not justify itself in his eyes, it was through a haughty ideality of youth, to which mere pain and blood-shedding seemed worthy of slight regard, that he—Wordsworth—for a time sustained his courage in presence of the dark facts of contemporary history. . . . Coleridge," he adds, "was in possession of a philosophical doctrine which enabled him to accept the same facts with a certain equanimity."

This "haughty ideality" is aptly manifested in the *Apology for the French Revolution*, where we find Wordsworth singularly unmoved either by the king's execution or by the humbler tragedies that preceded it.

> "It is to be lamented," he says, "that any combination of circumstances should have rendered it necessary or advisable to veil for a moment the statues of the laws, and that by such emergency the cause of twenty-five millions of people, I may say of the whole human race, should have been so materially injured. Any other sorrow for the death of Louis is irrational and weak."

When England took up the gauntlet thrown by France to the

world, and declared war in 1793, Wordsworth regarded his country's action with horror and humiliation:

> "No shock
> Given to my moral nature had I known
> Down to that very moment."

It was, in his eyes, a deed which tore away

> "By violence at one decisive rent
> From the best youth in England their dear pride,
> Their joy in England."

And though it may seem to most of us that the events which had transpired in France during the past three years might have afforded a series of shocks to any tolerably sensitive nature, yet we cannot overlook the fact that the Revolution furnished Wordsworth with the one passionate outbreak in his evenly-regulated life, the one overmastering impulse to join hand and heart with his struggling fellow-men. That his sympathy was in a great measure speculative, and the result of study and meditation rather than of enforced conviction, made the inevitable reaction less painful in his case than with many others who had flung themselves into the cause of liberty, only to recoil from the excesses committed in her name. It was his calm common sense more than his love for justice or humanity that finally opened his eyes and weaned his heart away from its early enthusiasms. He looked to France for the new laws which should enfranchise mankind and usher in the reign of universal equity; and all that he saw was

> "Perpetual emptiness! unceasing change!
> No single volume paramount, no code,
> No master-spirit, no determined road;
> But equally a want of books and men."

So he settled down without much trouble into a tranquil, healthy English life, and Nature took him to her heart and comforted him. Instead of dying on the guillotine with Danton and Hérault de Séchelles, he wisely lived to enrich the world with "The Excursion" and the "Ode on Immortality." Yet there is a regretful pathos in the lingering look he casts back on those days, when even his cool blood was fired with heroic and unselfish aspirations:

> "Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
> But to be young was very heaven! O times
> In which the meagre, stale, forbidding ways

Of custom, law, and statute took at once
The attraction of a country in romance!
When Reason seemed the most to assert her rights,
When most intent on making of herself
A prime enchantress, to assist the work
Which then was going forward in her name."

Coleridge, the happy possessor of that serene philosophy which enabled him to look unmoved on violence and bloodshed, took the revolutionary fever after a fashion befitting his character—that is, with very alarming symptoms, but no great depth of disorder. He truly says of himself:

"My feelings and imagination did not remain unchanged in this general conflagration; and I confess I should be more inclined to be ashamed than proud of myself if they had. I was a sharer in the general vortex, though my little world described the path of its revolution in an orbit of its own."

He, too, when war was declared,

"Hung my head, and wept at Britain's name,"

and he, too, reacted suddenly and violently, without much of Wordsworth's real sorrow, not being in the habit of feeling anything with great strength or persistence. With him it was happily but a matter of "feelings and imagination"; deep-rooted convictions of any sort were foreign to his loosely-strung moral nature. Robespierre, the "arch-chemist of liberty," presently became Robespierre the arch-enemy of mankind; a growing hatred of Bonaparte swept from his soul every vestige of sympathy with France, and Coleridge, always ready for fresh emotions, turned his thoughts to love and matrimony. Yet at least his fitful dream has left us as a heritage the exquisite "Ode to France," in which he tells us, with a melody unsurpassed, the story of his aspirations and their downfall:

"Then I reproached my fears that would not flee;
'And soon,' I said, 'shall Wisdom teach her lore
In the low huts of them that toil and groan!
And conquering by her happiness alone,
Shall France compel the nations to be free,
Till Love and Joy look round, and call the earth their own.'"

When France, instead of compelling the nations to be free, submitted to the authority of Napoleon and contented herself with wearing

"The name
Of Freedom graven on a heavier chain,"

Coleridge regarded her with sorrow and anger, and Shelley poured forth his indignation in torrents of melodious but rather

bewildering verse. It is a curious thing that the latter poet, born and bred in the days of reaction, should have been one of the few who kept alive within his soul the dying spark of revolutionary fire, and who, while deploring the excesses of the Commune, maintained to the end that these excesses were but a passing phase, out of which would have risen in due time the fair fruit of universal liberty.

"The panic," he writes in 1817, "which like an epidemic transport seized upon all classes of men during the evils consequent upon the French Revolution, is gradually giving place to sanity. It has ceased to be believed that whole generations of mankind ought to consign themselves to a hopeless inheritance of ignorance and misery because a nation of men, who have been dupes and slaves for centuries, were incapable of conducting themselves with the wisdom and tranquillity of freemen so soon as some of their fetters were partially loosened. That their conduct could not have been marked by any other characters than ferocity and thoughtlessness is the historical fact from which liberty derives all its recommendations, and falsehood the worst features of its deformity."

This is a logical setting of a profound truth; but Shelley, being one to whom all law savored of oppression and all constraint of tyranny, could but ill-appreciate the feelings of those who, after tossing for years on the billows of anarchy, were ready to welcome any rock, however sterile, that might afford them a secure footing. He himself had cast aside the just restraints of social life, and, writhing under its inevitable reprisal, took refuge in a vague sympathy for "the people," while writing at the same time for a purely esoteric audience. His revolutionary poems, richly imaginative and fantastically unreal, bear about the same relation to the grim law-makers of La Montagne as did the Jacobin principles to the wants and needs of the English populace, who manifested their horror of French excesses by the anti-revolutionary riots in Birmingham, in which the house of the "philosophic Priestley" was razed to the ground.

There is not lacking a certain irony in the fact that while France declared war against the rulers only of Europe, and announced herself at peace with the people, the lower and middle classes in England were precisely those who regarded the Revolution with unmixed terror and aversion. From the beginning its appeal was successful only with statesmen, thinkers, and literary men; the toiling millions declining with one accord to be delivered from their burdens after so radical and sweeping a fashion. The English "Revolutionary Society," a club which applauded to the echo each new report from France, was composed, Morley tells us, of Dissenters, with a sprinkling of church-

men, a few peers, and a good many members of the House of Commons. Southey, who in after-years became the most sober and contented of Tories, figures in his youth as an ardent supporter of the Girondists. It was the judicial murder of Brissot more than any other act of violence that drove him sorrow-stricken from the cause. "I am sick of the world," he writes soon afterwards, "and discontented with every one in it. There is no place for virtue." Holcroft, a less scrupulous adherent, embodied his views in the now almost forgotten novel, *Anna St. Ives;* and Arthur Young, in his *Travels in France*, laid before his readers a plain, unvarnished statement of the intolerable wrongs beneath which the French peasants had groaned through centuries of oppression.

On the other side one resonant voice was lifted to predict the speedy downfall of law and order. Burke, who from the beginning had looked across the Channel with ever-deepening mistrust, published in 1790 his *Reflections on the Revolution in France*—a book which was received with a perfect tornado of abuse and praise. Its circulation was something unprecedented for the times; high dignitaries, from George III. to Catherine of Russia, lent it their unqualified approval, and sober-minded Englishmen found voiced in its pages a clear expression of their own growing doubts and apprehensions. Morley, while frankly confessing his regret at Burke's determined hostility to France and the cause she represented, ranks him with Sir Thomas More as the two great and logical conservatives in history, and admits that his mournful predictions were fulfilled to the letter. "What is still more important," he adds, "for the credit of his foresight, is that not only did his prophecy come true, but it came true for the reasons he had fixed upon." "When a separation is made between liberty and justice," wrote Burke as early as 1789, "neither is, in my opinion, safe"; and in answer to a storm of reproaches he stoutly maintained that he, too, loved "a manly, moral, regulated liberty"—a phrase which might have fallen from Ruskin's lips, and which breathes the spirit of Tennyson's most pointed utterances:

> "Some sense of duty, something of a faith,
> Some reverence for the laws ourselves have made,
> Some patient force to change them when we will,
> Some civic manhood firm against the crowd."

If the *Reflections* were hotly supported on one side, they were bitterly denounced upon the other. Sir James Mackintosh replied with much ability in his *Vindiciæ Gallicæ*, and Paine in his

Rights of Man declared that "at a time when neither the people of France nor the National Assembly were troubling themselves about the affairs of England or the English Parliament, Mr. Burke's conduct was unpardonable in beginning an unprovoked attack upon them." In fact, the vehemence with which Burke sustained his views divided him for ever from many of his former associates, noticeably from Charles Fox, who nevertheless conceded that it was a lucky thing his old friend took the royalist side, inasmuch as his violence would certainly have gotten him hanged had he undertaken to flaunt the less popular standard of the Revolution.

In sharp contrast to the figure of Burke, with his practical foresight and his love of moderation and order, stands that of William Godwin, the father-in-law of Shelley, and the man of whom Mr. Leslie Stephen says that "he resembles more than any other English thinker those French theorists who represented the early revolutionary impulses. His opinions were rooted too deeply in abstract speculation to be affected by any storms raging in the region of concrete phenomena. . . . He remained a Republican Abdiel throughout the long, dark winter of reaction." But then Godwin's views were peculiar to himself and provided liberally for the destruction of all that society is prone to consider of most value. Every form of government was alike objectionable in his eyes. He abjured a despotism, hated constitutional monarchies, and largely mistrusted republics. He opposed himself vigorously to all law and constitution, yet, theoretically at least, declined to put faith in any species of revolt. He condemned all forms of punishment, yet emphatically disapproved of pardons. He advocated the freest sexual intercourse, and regarded the marriage-tie as a selfish bar to happiness; objected vehemently to wealth, rank, and titles, and thought it radically wrong that any government official should be paid a salary or receive any compensation for his services.

"Bottled moonshine which does not improve with keeping" is the verdict of a modern critic on Godwin's misty philosophy; but at least it explains to us why the Reign of Terror should have had no particular significance in his eyes. Life was, with him, not worth the preservation. "Human society," he assures us, "is a rank and rotten soil, from which every finer shrub draws poison as it grows." Kings and priests, as Mr. Stephen acknowledges, represented to him the incarnation of evil; religion was not worthy even of respect; and while regarding the Catholic Church as the embodiment of selfish tyranny, he likens the Anglican clergy to "the victims of Circe, to whom human

understanding was preserved entire, that they might more exquisitely feel their degraded condition." "We can scarcely hesitate," he writes again, "to conclude universally that law is an institution of the most pernicious tendency"; and, like Shelley, he was prepared to include almost every condition of moral restraint in this sweeping denunciation. The steady and consistent adherence of such a man to the principles of the French Revolution is as explicable, in its way, as the short-lived enthusiasm of Coleridge or the flame of generous sympathy that burned in Wordsworth's breast.

One more famous Englishman is connected with this stormy period, after a fashion so harmless and amusing that it is cheering even to contemplate it. On the list of a forgotten revolutionary club in Normandy appears the name of "Citoyen Smit, Membre Affilié au Club des Jacobins de Mont Villiers"; and we draw a long breath in trying to realize that this is Sydney Smith. Sent to France by his parents to study the language, he was, for his better safety, enrolled in a Jacobin club, and, from all that we can gather, made no other use of his position than to once extricate Captain Drinkwater and his brother from the likelihood of being hung on the next lantern-post when those gentlemen persisted, against his advice, in sketching the fortifications of Cherbourg. What he thought of the fast-withering hopes that fell one by one beneath the Revolution's burning finger it is hard to say. Doubtless to him, as to Byron, it seemed a huge political failure. Practical judgment and a delicate humor were his great gifts through life, and both were conspicuously absent from harried and desperate France. No men with even the smallest sense of the ridiculous could have sat gravely down amid the wreck of social life and the fierce pangs of a frenzied nation, and solemnly ordain that a week should henceforth hold ten days instead of seven; that Primidi, Duodi, and Tridi should take the place of Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday; and that even the very months should change their names to prove to all mankind that the new era had dawned upon the earth. Frimaire, Nivose, Floréal, Messidor, words that the Convention bestowed so proudly on the world, have by the world been most ungratefully forgotten. When the great wave of the Revolution had washed over France, Liberty, its offspring, base-born and nursed on blood, submitted tamely to a new dictatorship; and they who had watched the promise of its youth and its inglorious fall withdrew their eyes in shame and sorrow, and turned, like Wordsworth,

"To measure back the steps which they had trod."

RELATIONS BETWEEN THE ENGLISH AND SCOTCH PIRATES AND THE "REFORMATION MOVEMENT."

THE ARMADA PROVOKED BY PIRACY.

IT is not to be forgotten that barbarous punishments were inflicted in Spain upon English sailors and travellers. Some were hanged and others sent to the flames as heretics. The prison discipline of Spain during Philip's reign was marked by a species of scientific cruelty. The Spanish government at that period cannot, however, be wholly condemned for their conduct to English prisoners, many of whom were pirates of the worst class that infested the Spanish waters. Whenever it suited their purpose those daring men *traded upon the name of Protestantism in Catholic countries*, and frequently raised difficulties for Elizabeth's ambassadors as to how they should act in relation to such persons when seeking protection as English subjects. The position of affairs may best be understood from the candid statement of a distinguished advocate of Elizabeth's and Cecil's policy.

The needy sons of Lord Cobham, who had earned some notoriety in Wyatt's rebellion, had grown up, after the type of their boyhood, irregular, lawless Protestants. One of them at this time (1563) was roving the seas, half-pirate, half-knight-errant of the "Reformation," doing battle on his own account with the enemies of the truth *wherever the service to God was likely to be repaid with plunder*.

Thomas Cobham was one of a thousand whom Elizabeth was forced to condemn and disclaim in proclamations, and whom she was as powerless as she was probably most unwilling to interfere with in practice. What Cobham was, and what his comrades were, can be gathered from a brief narrative of his ruthless exploits.

Here is one instance. A Spanish ship was freighted in Flanders for Bilboa. The cargo was valued at eighty thousand ducats. There were also on board forty prisoners, who were going to Spain to serve in the galleys for various crimes. Thomas Cobham, who was cruising in the Channel, caught sight of the vessel, chased her down into the Bay of Biscay, fired into her, killed the captain's brother and a number of men, and then boarding, when all resistance had ceased, *sewed up the captain himself*

and the survivors of the crew in their own sails and flung them overboard.

The fate of the unfortunate prisoners who were intended for the galleys is not related; but it is supposed that they were despatched by the dagger, or perhaps thrown overboard. The ship was scuttled, and Thomas Cobham sailed away with the booty, which the English ship-agents admitted to be worth fifty thousand ducats, to his retreat in the south of Ireland.

Eighteen bodies, with the main-sail for their winding-sheet, were washed up on the Spanish shores.*

"This fierce deed of young Cobham," writes Mr. Froude, "was no dream of Spanish slander. The English factor at Bilboa was obliged to reply to Sir Thomas Chaloner's eager inquiries that the story in its essential features was true, and he added another of the audacity of those English pirates. A Spanish ship had been cut out of the harbor at Santander by an Anglo-Irish pirate and carried off to sea. The captain, more merciful than Thomas Cobham, spared the crew, kept them prisoners, and was driven into another Spanish port for shelter, having them at the time confined under hatches. They were discovered; the pirates were seized, and quickly met the fate awarded to people of their desperate mode of life."

Thomas Cobham was tried for piracy in London, but ultimately escaped punishment. In fact, the queen and her council merely coquetted with the prosecution against the "*roving Reformer.*" A terrible sentence was, however, passed upon him, which is thus described by De Silva, the Spanish ambassador:

"Thomas Cobham being asked at his trial, according to the form used in English law, if he had anything to say in assent of judgment, and answering, nothing whatever, the English judge, with awful solemnity, condemned the said Thomas Cobham to be taken to the Tower, and to be there *stripped naked to the skin, and there to be placed with his shoulders resting on a sharp stone, his legs and arms extended, and on his stomach a stone too heavy for him to bear, yet not large enough immediately to crush him.* There he is to be left till he die. They will give him a few grains of corn to eat, and for *drink the foulest water in the Tower.*" †

This sentence was terrific enough, but it would have been far worse for the exemplary Cobham if it had been executed. The words of the judge were truly "winged words," for Elizabeth

* Sir Thomas Chaloner's Despatches to Queen Elizabeth. I may here remark that Chaloner was the first ambassador appointed by Elizabeth. As a diplomatist he was prudent and conciliatory.

† See De Silva's Despatches to King Philip, August 16, 1565.

set her roving subject free to plough the seas again after his olden mode.*

Mr. Froude denies that the above sentence was ever passed against Cobham—"The description of which," he observes, "might have been brought from the torture-chamber of the Inquisition, but which was never pronounced in an English court of justice." There may never be a correct record extant of the judgment delivered by a sanguinary judge of Cecil's creation against Thomas Cobham or many others of the condemned in Elizabeth's reign. I have seen, however, amongst the list of punishments ordered to be inflicted in the Tower, one instance exactly similar to that of Cobham—namely, the case of Father Wakefield, an old "seminary priest," who was entrapped by the agents of Walsingham. The unfortunate priest died during the operation. He was eighty-three years of age and an eminent Greek scholar. The old traditions of the "priest-hunting days" furnished many extraordinary cases, the records of which have long since disappeared. Some fifty years ago the ancient Catholic families of Kerry possessed many curious documents concerning the English priests who found an asylum in the Galtee Mountains in the terror-stricken days of Queen Elizabeth.

The Cobham family rendered much service to Elizabeth in the previous reign; and it is probable that the severe sentence was passed upon Cobham to pacify the Spanish government, who were loud in their complaints against English pirates. Lord Pembroke and other influential Englishmen were engaged in the traffic of negroes—"on foreign waters." It is stated that Pembroke cleared sixty per cent. on one cargo of black slaves.†

Occasionally Mr. Froude expresses his indignation at the conduct of English mariners in "Spanish waters." Here is a remarkable passage: "English Protestants, it was evident, regarded the *property of papists as a lawful prize whenever they could lay hands on it; and Protestantism, stimulated by these inducements to conversion*, was especially strong in the seaport towns."‡

"Your mariners," said the Spanish ambassador to Elizabeth, "rob my master's subjects on the sea and trade where they are forbidden to go; they plunder our people in the streets of your towns; they attack our vessels in your very harbors and take our prisoners from them; your preachers insult my master from

* The real name of the Cobham family was Brooks, once an honored old stock in Kent, who gave to the church several distinguished clerics in the fifteenth century.

† Helps on the *Spanish Conquest of South America*.

‡ Froude's *History of England*, vol. viii. p. 467.

their pulpits; and when we apply for justice we are answered with threats. We have borne with these things, attributing them rather to passion or rudeness of manners than to a deliberate purpose of wrong; but, seeing that there is no remedy and no end, I must now refer to my sovereign to know what I am to do." *

Elizabeth affected utter ignorance of what had been a notorious fact, and pledged "her honor" to make an immediate inquiry into the conduct of English mariners and all others of her subjects who had violated the laws of nations and brotherly love against her kinsman, ally, and friend, the King of Spain.

Notwithstanding the queen's "regrets and promises," Hawkins and men of his occupation pursued their felonious courses unmolested by the English council. Whatever might have been the despotism of Philip of Spain—a despotism partly forced upon him by circumstances—it is certain that, like his great father, he was not inclined to tolerate free trade in negroes. True, many of the commercial communities of Spain carried on a traffic in slaves on the coasts of Africa and South America, but were never sanctioned therein by their sovereign. During the reigns of subsequent monarchs Spain entered freely into the abominable slave-trade, and only *now* prepares for the manumission of her slaves in Cuba.

The causes which ultimately led to the Spanish Armada were at work for many years. The connection between the queen, her council, and the English pirates was as plain as noonday. It has been contended by a few admirers of Sir William Cecil "that his high sense of honor made these transactions odious to him, and that he was only able to protest against them." I have, however, searched in vain for this "marvellous protest."

In the year 1575 the spy system was carried on to a fearful extent by Elizabeth. From the pages of Mr. Froude's work we learn the history of several of Cecil's "honorable correspondents on the Continent—men who were quite willing to assassinate, poison, plunder, or entrap honest men, provided they were supplied with money to live in luxury and profligacy."

The foreign traffic in slaves was also carried out under the management of men like Hawkins, who, by his conduct, disgraced the naval character of England—nay, its reputation for the common code of honesty which is supposed to exist between man and man in civilized states. Hawkins, however, became the hero of the day. He is represented as "brave, pious, and God-

* De Silva, the Spanish ambassador, to Queen Elizabeth, October 6, 1567.

fearing"—as respectable, indeed, as any sea-robber could well be. With truth it may be added that he was the legalized pirate of the Queen of England, holding his predatory commission from the Sovereign Lady, who shared plentifully in his plunder.*

The love of adventure attracted many young Englishmen in those times. A navigator named Thomas Cavendish sailed from Plymouth on the 21st of July, 1586, and it is stated that he accomplished a voyage round the world "in two years and three months. He plundered without much resistance the towns on the coast of Chili and Perue. On his return home he visited the Cape of Good Hope."† The plunder made by Cavendish was publicly boasted of in Plymouth and Bristol, so his name may be ranged amongst the English pirates of those days. The strongest evidence connecting Elizabeth and her council with the lawless pirates of England is to be found in the pages of her most enthusiastic biographers—writers that can in nowise be suspected of attributing any dishonorable action to their heroine, unless when an overwhelming sense of truth compels them to do so. Here is a passage which I commend to the admirers of a monarch whom English history has hitherto, almost without exception, described as bordering upon perfection: "Great interest was excited by the arrival in Plymouth harbor in November, 1580, of the celebrated Francis Drake from his navigation of a great portion of the globe. National vanity was flattered by the idea that this Englishman should have been the first by whom this great and novel enterprise had been successfully achieved; and both himself and his ship became in an eminent degree the objects of public curiosity and wonder. . . . The wealth which Hawkins had brought home from the plunder of the Spanish settlements awakened the cupidity which in that age was a constant attendant on the daring spirit of maritime adventure, and half the youth of the country were on fire to embark in expeditions of pillage and discovery. . . . Drake's captures from the Spaniards had been made, under some vague notion of reprisals, whilst no open war was subsisting between England and Spain. The Spanish ambassador, not, it must be confessed, without some reason, branded the proceedings of Hawkins with the reproach of piracy, and demanded restitution of the booty. Elizabeth wavered for some time between admiration for Drake mixed

* On one occasion the Spanish government seized upon and confiscated a cargo of negroes which Hawkins valued at forty thousand ducats.

† Thomas' *Historical Notes*, vol. i.

with a desire of sharing in the profits of his expedition, and a dread of incensing the King of Spain. At length the queen decided on the part most acceptable to her people—that of giving a public sanction to the action of Drake." *

In a few months subsequent Elizabeth accepted a banquet from this double-faced pirate. The entertainment was given on board his ship off Deptford, on which occasion the queen conferred the order of knighthood on her naval freebooter. These proceedings took place some seven years before the Spanish Armada sailed from Lisbon. Meanwhile the English pirates became more daring, and the amount of wealth plundered from Spanish ships was immense. The truth is that the Spanish Armada owed its birth to the cruel wrongs inflicted by English corsairs upon the people of a state then at peace with England, and whose sovereign had been a generous friend to that queen who now so treacherously and ungratefully abetted those outrages. Here, again, the reader must recognize the truth and aptitude of Mr. Froude's description of Elizabeth's "honor"—"a stained rag."

The history of the English pirates whom Elizabeth sustained is now very imperfectly known. The silent ocean, it may well be judged, holds many of their secrets, and will continue to retain them till the great accounting-day.

PURITAN PIRATES IN SCOTLAND.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth Scotland produced some desperate pirates, who fought under the assumed flag of the Reformation when it suited their purpose. One of the most remarkable of those men was James, Earl of Bothwell. He was born with those perverse and unruly instincts which drive men from exploit to exploit or from crime to crime, "to a throne or to a scaffold." Impetuous in every impulse, in ambition and in enterprise, Bothwell was one of those desperadoes gifted with superhuman daring who in their developments, and as their desires expand, seek to burst the social bounds within which they exist, to make room for themselves, or perish in the attempt. When some seventeen years of age Bothwell commenced a wandering life. In Denmark he joined a band of pirates who became the terror of the Northern seas; robbery and murder quickly followed. This young noble assumed various names—sometimes a Stuart, a Graham, or a Macpherson. His fierce

* Aikin's *Court of Elizabeth*, vol. ii.

courage in boarding ships soon made him "a man of mark" amongst the pirates. The "Pirate Council" elected him to the command of a ship. The pirates had a well-fortified place of retreat to conceal plunder; they had also an arsenal for their vessels in a rocky fortress on the coast of Denmark. The crimes of Bothwell and his exploits among those murderous pirates lie hidden in the shadow of the past. Amongst seamen his name struck terror along the shores of the Northern seas. Goodchylde, his lieutenant and faithful follower, relates that he thought little of life and soon disposed of his victims. Joshua Morgan, a Welsh doctor, who knew him for many years, represents him as "humane and kindly." But such a character is quite inconsistent with the calling of a pirate chief of those times. Some years having been spent in this dreadful occupation, the death of his father recalled him to take possession of the family estates and to govern the unruly and half-wild clans who professed allegiance to the house of Bothwell. He now joined the political adventurers of Edinburgh. He appeared as a Reformer, but was more feared than respected by the Kirk congregations. When Mary of Lorraine (the regent) was surrounded with difficulties Bothwell came forward to aid her. With all his crimes he was chivalrously attached to the Stuart dynasty. On more than one occasion Bothwell and his followers played the part of highwaymen in carrying off large boxes of gold which were sent by Queen Elizabeth to Lord Moray and the Scotch rebels. This incident, as a matter of course, tended to embarrass Moray. It is, however, uncertain whether Bothwell retained the gold himself or sent it to the queen-regent. His conduct in the districts of Spynie Castle proves him to have been a heartless plunderer. He robbed the aged bishop of Moray and took possession of his house, after which he instigated his followers to murder two of the bishop's domestics. He soon became a terror on land as well as on sea. His bodyguard were well mounted and a reflex of their master. For many years Bothwell kept up a system of plunder. Still his popularity remained unchecked. . . .

The assassination of the Earl of Darnley, the husband of the Queen of Scots, became the turning-point in the life of Lord Bothwell. Many innocent persons were accused of the murder of Darnley and paid the death-penalty for it. Such was one of the results of the large rewards offered by the queen's admiring friends. It is now well authenticated that the Earl of Bothwell had in his possession the bond which was signed by the majority of the Scotch peers for the assassination of Darnley. One

of the assassins (Archibald Douglas), writing in after-years, says: "None of us hesitated—there was neither fear nor conscience to interpose. The 'boy-man' was the enemy of the Protestant cause; so either party should soon perish." It is certain that Bothwell and Moray arranged the murder; yet neither was present. This was, perhaps, a matter of accident. The evidence to connect Lord Moray with the murder of Darnley is *now* beyond question.

Whilst the public mind was agitated by the assassination the Earl of Bothwell entertained at a supper the "nobles who had recently attended the convention of the Three Estates of Scotland." The supper took place at a celebrated inn known as Ainsby's Tavern, in the neighborhood of Edinburgh. Lord Bothwell was the most jovial person at this memorable gathering. He entered the supper-room half an hour before his guests. His dress was suited for knights or peers of the first rank. His doublet, of cloth-of-gold, glittered in the light of the setting sun; his ruff buttoned by diamonds, his shoulder-belt and mantle stiff with gold embroidery; while his sword, dagger, and plumed bonnet were flashing with precious stones.

Lord Morton appeared next. His sinister eyes, his long beard and fashionable English hat, his black velvet cloak and silver-headed cane, all appeared neatly arranged, and his jewelled hand was several times put prominently forward with an air of studied affectation.

Lord Huntley entered the dining-hall playing with his dagger and in a dull humor.

Maitland, with his bland smile and flute-like voice, sauntered into the room.

Lord Cassilles, who once *half-roasted an abbot*, marched into the supper-room "armed at every point, from head to foot."

It was evident that the company feared one another or expected an enemy from without, for they were all fully armed, and beyond doubt there were several "red-handed men" amongst them. At this gathering a bond was executed and signed, declaring "that the Earl of Bothwell had no knowledge whatever of the murder of Darnley; that Lord Bothwell was a pious, God-fearing man"; and again, "that they would espouse his cause against all slanders." This bond was signed by the Earl of Morton, who held the office of chancellor at the time of Rizzio's murder. Then followed the names of the Earls of Huntley, Argyle, Glencairn, Cassilles, Rothes, and eight other earls, also eleven

barons who were peers of Parliament.* The declaration of the peers assembled recommended the Earl of Bothwell as a suitable husband for their widowed queen; whilst all present were at that moment aware of the fact that Bothwell *was a married man at the period named.*

In the English State Papers of the time Bothwell was charged with the murder of the queen's husband, and he was also publicly accused of aiding in the murder. And, more strange still, Lord Moray was entertaining Bothwell at his house in Edinburgh and "advising his marriage" with the Queen of Scots.

From the highest to the lowest circles there was nothing but venality and wickedness of the foulest description. "Honor among thieves" was a sentiment never entertained by the assassins of Henry, Earl of Darnley.†

The space allotted to the contributors of a magazine will not permit the student of history to go into many important details. I therefore refer the reader for minute proofs of Lord Moray s forgeries against Queen Mary in the case of the "Casket of Letters" to Goodall's *Examination*, 1574; Tytler, Sr.'s, *Inquiry*, 1560–70; Whitaker's *Vindication*, 1789–90. I further refer the reader to Mr. Hosack's two volumes, for which the lovers of fair play and historical truth must, in the present and future generation, feel grateful. . . .

Bothwell was soon deserted by his former friends, and, after a career of infamy, he again put to sea as a pirate. Many terrible crimes have been attributed to him upon the high seas, and his companions were red-handed robbers who destroyed life and property without compunction or one grain of pity for youth or beauty when in their power. Time rolled on, and the pirates and their fearless chief still continued upon the troubled waters; but a dreadful storm arose which caused the pirate bark to be driven into a Danish port, where the authorities inspected the "ship's papers," which they justly suspected to be forged. The king of Denmark ordered Bothwell to be detained a prisoner at Copenhagen Castle.‡

Bothwell offered to purchase his liberty and to procure ships for the service of Denmark, but the king would not hear of such propositions. Bothwell renewed his statement with regard to the murder of Darnley and the "part he had taken in arranging

* The nobles assembled at the supper in question had all signed the bond *for* and *in approval of the murder of Darnley.*

† Secret Despatches of Sir Henry Killefreud, the English ambassador.

‡ Report of Bothwell's examination at Bergen as signed by the mayor and magistrates.

it." He avowed that the queen had no part whatever in the doings of the terrible night at Holyrood. The king of Denmark caused Bothwell to be removed to Melmoe Castle. In this fortress Bothwell was closely confined for many years, and it is stated that "his friends and kindred knew not of his whereabouts." He was allotted "the well-barred and locked chamber where the deposed tyrant Christian II. of Denmark had been placed to reflect upon the past and the present."

It is stated that long sickness reduced Bothwell to a miserable condition, and his mind was frequently affected by it. The Lutheran bishop attended him, and "he made confessions to him, but declared at the same time that the queen and her immediate friends knew nothing of the murder of Darnley."

Bothwell died in 1577 and in his "perfect senses." A true copy of his death-bed confession, witnessed by four officials of the Danish government, was specially sent by the King of Denmark to Queen Elizabeth, who suppressed it in the same manner as she caused the confession of George Buchanan to be removed from the shops of the London booksellers. Buchanan wished posterity to know that he had returned to the religion he had abandoned, and "hoped that God Almighty might forgive him for all the deliberate injury he had inflicted upon the Queen of Scots."

Buchanan has been styled a "literary dagger-man." And, to make his conduct more sad, it is affirmed by Fraser Tytler that he was "the most remarkable genius of the age in which he lived." He was, indeed, the most intelligent man amongst the slanderers of Mary Stuart.

A Scottish writer who visited the last resting-place of James, Earl of Bothwell, observes: "Bothwell's grave lay under the castle-wall of Malmoe, in a lonely little dell. It was shaded by the light leaves of the dwarf birch and the purple flowers of the lilac-tree; the blue forget-me-not, the white strawberry, and the yellow daisy were planted there by some kind-hearted Swedes in memorial of the stranger."

It is traditionally related that in 1577 an old Scotch friar visited Bothwell in his dungeon, but the wretched man was near the death-agony at the time. The confessor held up the crucifix before him, when he wept and sobbed and became excited. . . . The priest is supposed to have been Roger Bolton, an early friend of Bothwell's family and his sister's confessor. The good father was not able to induce the outlaw to return to the faith of his family. So he died as he had lived, varied only by a suppli-

cation with uplifted hands to heaven, crying out for "Mercy! mercy!" He referred, in pathetic words, to his mother and the sunny days of childhood. Perhaps in the solitude of Bothwell's heart he had some intervals of feeling which carried him back to the long-forgotten piety of boyhood, when his good mother, Agnes Sinclair, taught him first to raise his tiny hands in prayer before the high altar in Blantyre Priory, where she daily knelt and prayed to the Virgin Mother to protect her little children from the world's temptations. To a troubled spirit such reflections were almost beyond endurance.

Perhaps another Scotch tradition is near the fact:

"The outcast Bothwell died repentant, and listened seriously to the admonitions of an old priest who travelled far to change his heart and bring him once more within the ancient fold. It is alleged that the dying man addressed the friar in these words: 'Old friend, I am dying! Oh! let me think that you will stand by my grave and say one prayer for my wretched soul, and, in memory of the happy days of my early youth, you will remember me with pity and forgiveness.'"

The following passages are of some interest:

"On St. Bothan's Eve, for many a returning year, a wandering priest was seen to kneel beside that lonely grave, with eyes downcast and a crucifix in his clasped hands, and, after praying for a time, he departed, but no one knew from whence he came. He was uncommunicative and sad-looking. Year after year the priest came and departed again. His last visit was paid in 1622. His form was then bent with extreme old age (about ninety-three); he leaned upon a staff; his hair was white as snow, his cheeks hollow, and he wept as he repeated the Catholic prayers for the dead. Giving a farewell look at the grave, the unknown priest departed, never to return again."

In 1624 the grave of Bothwell was visited by a Scotch gentleman. It was then flattened and effaced, and its whereabouts was with difficulty pointed out by the "finger of tradition."

No hand ever raised a stone to mark where that strange instance of uncontrolled ambition and turbulence, the last earl of the old line of Hailes and Bothwell, lay commingled with the dust of a foreign clime.

THE FRENCH RADICALS AND THE CONCORDAT.

One of the principal planks in the platform of the French Radicals is the separation of church and state. As, with the aid of the Bonapartists and other irreconcilable enemies of the republic, they are likely to return a majority of their candidates and to control the policy of the government more openly than they have done heretofore, it may be interesting to study the difficult problem they have undertaken to solve.

The advantage accruing to either party from the contemplated measure—if we look only at the principle of separation—would be in favor of the church. She is, undoubtedly, more free and independent where she is not subsidized by the state, and, judging from her condition in the United States, one would say that her prosperity is only the greater. It is quite natural, then, that Americans should look on this question as one of minor importance and which should not alarm the Catholics. But the case is very different in the two countries: to declare that there shall be no union between two parties, and to proclaim that the union already existing shall be dissolved, is not at all the same thing. That union must have been made upon certain conditions; certain interests must be involved which it is difficult to adjust, even with the mutual consent of the parties—still more so if it be the will of one party only, with total disregard for the rights of the other. Now, in France such a compact exists, and the charges or responsibilities assumed by the state are of such a nature that it is difficult to see how it can cancel them without making compensation, or how it can make such a compensation as is demanded by justice and equity. This compact is what is known (by name, for its character is little understood) as the Concordat. Ere we examine the origin and provisions of this instrument let us first do away with certain false impressions that exist in the minds of many people who have not given the subject serious attention. Catholicism is represented as *the* state religion of France—that is, a religion possessing exclusive privileges and whose clergy is supported by the government out of the national treasury. The learned leaders of the anti-church party strive to impress this last point on the popular mind, and protest indignantly against the iniquity of compelling people to pay taxes for the support of a religion they don't profess. Now,

the truth is that the Catholic Church enjoys no exclusive privilege in France; she is merely the oldest and consequently the first among the five religious denominations recognized by the state and which receive government aid. The others are the Reformed Church, or Calvinists, the Lutherans, the Israelites, and the Mussulmans of Algeria. Furthermore, the Catholic Church is the only one which does not receive *gratuitous* aid. She is a creditor of the state, and the infidel taxpayers, like all other citizens, are bound to help pay the public debt.

In the early ages of the Christian Church the name *Concordat* was given to the articles of agreement by which differences arising between the bishops or the superiors of monasteries were adjusted. Subsequently, and until the present time, it has been used exclusively to designate the treaties made by the popes with the various governments of Christendom, for the purpose of determining the respective rights of each in the organization of the clergy and the ecclesiastical discipline. No questions of faith could be or have been involved in these transactions. They were intended to define clearly the relations of the church with civil authority, so as to avoid any clashing of interests or power. Four Concordats have been passed between the Holy See and France. The first was signed in 1516 by Leo X. and Francis I. to settle the differences arising from the *Pragmatic Sanction of Bourges*—an edict of Charles VII. rendered in 1438 with the sanction of an assembly of prelates and nobles, and against which Popes Eugene IV. and Pius II. had protested with varied success, the edict having been alternately repealed by Louis XI. and revived by Louis XII. at the instance of the French parliament. By this act the French king undertook to settle the following important points: the authority of general councils in matters of faith was held to be superior to that of the pope, and the latter was bound to call a general council once at least in every ten years; the churches and chapters were given the exclusive right to elect the bishops and other great beneficiaries; and, lastly, the king assumed the right to correct certain abuses alleged to be committed by the court of Rome, especially the taxation of the French clergy. Francis I. gave up the pretension of making the popes subordinate to the councils and of dictating when and how these assemblies should be held. On the other hand, the King of France obtained from Leo X. the right to appoint the French bishops, subject to the canonical investiture, which could only emanate from the spiritual power. The question of taxation was settled by a compromise, the Sove-

reign Pontiff conceding some points that had been in dispute for a long time. The French parliament raised many objections to this solution of a vexed question, and some of the clergy were dissatisfied; yet the Concordat of 1516 remained in full force until the Revolution of 1789.

The National Assembly of 1790 assumed the right to establish a new ecclesiastical organization in France. It gave the election of the bishops and parish priests to the laymen, abolished all benefices and fees, and charged the state with the expenses incidental to religious worship. An annual sum of 77,000,000 francs was voted for this purpose. The salaries of the clergy were based on the population of the sees and parishes. The bishop of Paris was allowed 50,000 francs; the bishops of cities of 50,000 inhabitants or more, 20,000 francs; those of less important sees, 12,000 francs; the parish priests in Paris, 6,000 francs; those in the departments, from 4,000 to 1,200 francs, according to the size of the parish. The great majority of the French clergy refused to recognize the right of the National Assembly to interfere with the discipline and organization of the church. They were dispossessed, but continued to discharge, in secret, the duties of their sacred office until, tracked by the Jacobins of the Revolution, they forfeited their lives on the guillotine, were massacred in the prisons, or sought safety in exile. The few, the very few, who accepted the situation and took the oath of fidelity to the constitution were known as the constitutional clergy. The radicals of the present day should remember that the first republican government, while it took upon itself to dispossess the church and to regulate her affairs, saw the justice and necessity of making compensation, at least for the material damage inflicted. They cannot call themselves faithful to the "immortal" principles of 1789, which were carried into effect in 1790, and repudiate such acts of the founders of the republic as do not suit their purpose. Their alternative is to denounce those patriots, as they do the moderate republicans of to-day, and date their own republicanism from 1793.

They should also learn from that first experiment of a free church what a hold the Catholic religion had upon the French people, notwithstanding the efforts of the demagogues to eradicate every vestige of the hated cult from the land. No sooner was the Reign of Terror over than the voice of afflicted France called aloud for the consolations of religion. As early as 1796—that is, during the Directory—32,214 parishes had resumed public worship and 4,571 were claiming the right to do likewise. And

a fact worthy of note, which M. Thiers, among other historians, has observed, is that the religious services held by the *unsworn* priests who had returned from exile or left the places of concealment where they had abided near their suffering spiritual children, during the era of persecution, were far more largely attended than those conducted by the "constitutional" priests. So true is the popular judgment when left free to follow its instinct. Whether the braying of the modern apostles of infidelity will have more influence on the people than the terrorism of their Jacobin predecessors remains to be seen.

In 1801 Napoleon Bonaparte, then First Consul, but dreaming already of the imperial purple, saw what an important card would be to him the solemn and complete restoration of the Catholic religion in France. Besides the prestige it would give him in the eyes of Europe and the claim on the gratitude of the French Catholics, would not such an act secure to him an influence on the Sovereign Pontiff that could be turned to account when the time came? Such may have been the motives of Bonaparte; at all events, in making overtures to Pope Pius VII. for a new Concordat he did an act of sound statesmanship. He saw that the social edifice, terribly shaken by the revolutionary earthquake, needed to be reconstructed, and he knew that the only cement that will give strength and cohesion to society is religion. He therefore called religion to his aid; but his conduct throughout the negotiations shows clearly that he was not prepared to do anything for the sake of religion. He wished to have everything his own way, and even threatened to detach France from the church if the project of Concordat he had sent to Rome was not signed within a stated, brief delay. The pope, of course, could not submit thus to the will of the First Consul, whose object was apparent enough. On the other hand, the sufferings of the French church commanded his earnest solicitude. The French ambassador was instructed to return to Paris if the Concordat was not signed within the period assigned—five days. The Sovereign Pontiff, unwilling to see the negotiations broken so suddenly, yet determined to not surrender the rights of the church and his own dignity, sent Cardinal Gonsalvi to accompany the ambassador to Paris and there to resume negotiations. The history of the diplomatic comedy that followed, and in which Bonaparte showed his wiliness and arrogance alternately, cannot be told in the limits of an article. It will be found in the works of Thiers and other historians, and with still greater details in the *Memoirs* of Cardinal Gonsalvi. In short, the cardinal made

the best bargain he could without sacrificing principle and the spiritual authority of the pope. That it was but a lame compromise and not very favorable to the interests of the church is generally admitted, but, such as it is, it has remained in force until the present day. The second Concordat, signed by Pius VII. while a prisoner at Fontainebleau, was null and void, the Holy Father, as soon as he was free, having protested against a document wrested from him through fraud and violence. The fourth Concordat was signed by the same pope and King Louis XVIII. in 1817. The French Chambers rejected it and it never became a law. The document which binds the republic of 1885 is therefore the Concordat of 1801, hemmed in as it is by the *Organic Articles*—an act to regulate the ecclesiastical policy of the various denominations then existing, and which the wily Bonaparte caused to be promulgated simultaneously with the Concordat, as though it were an integral part of that instrument. The pope protested in vain. The Organic Articles were not repealed, but in course of time they were greatly modified in their application.

The Concordat of 1801 (promulgated in April, 1802) contains seventeen articles. We shall only quote here the most important. The preamble reads as follows:

"The government of the French Republic acknowledges that the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman religion is the religion of the great majority of French citizens. His Holiness acknowledges likewise that the said religion has received and still expects to receive the greatest good and the greatest lustre from the establishment of Catholic worship in France, and from the particular profession made of it by the consuls of the republic. In consequence thereof, after this mutual acknowledgment which is for the good of the church and the preservation of interior tranquillity, they have agreed upon what follows:

"1. The Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman religion shall be freely exercised in France; its worship shall be public, by conforming with the police regulations which the government may deem necessary for the public peace."

Nos. 2 to 11 provide for the new organization of the dioceses, nominations, etc.

"12. All the churches, metropolitan, cathedral, parochial, and others not previously alienated, that are required for worship, shall be placed again at the disposal of the bishops.

"13. His Holiness, for the good of peace and the happy restoration of the Catholic religion, declares that neither he nor his successors shall in any manner disturb the purchasers of alienated ecclesiastical property, and that in consequence the ownership of the said property, and the rights and revenues thereto attached, shall remain incommutable in their hands or those of their assigns.

"14. The government shall provide suitable salaries for the bishops and priests whose dioceses and parishes are comprised in the new circumscription.

"15. The government shall also adopt measures to enable French Catholics, if so inclined, to make foundations in favor of the churches.

"16. His Holiness concedes the same rights and prerogatives to the First Consul of the French Republic as the former government enjoyed.

"17. It is agreed by the contracting parties that, in case any of the successors of the present First Consul should happen to be a non-Catholic, the rights and prerogatives hereinabove mentioned, and the right to appoint bishops, shall be, so far as he is concerned, determined by a new convention."

In principle the pope wished to have the Catholic religion recognized as the religion of the state. This he could not obtain, but had to be content with the declaration embodied in the first article, that it was the creed of "the great majority of French citizens." The second article stands in the way of those who wish to close the Catholic churches. A frail barrier, certainly; for the religious orders, Sisters of Charity, and Christian Brothers, who have been driven away by a government which must appear benevolent by the side of the anarchists, were simply exercising a right implied in this second article.

But Articles 13 and 14 establish clearly the claim of the Catholic Church in France against the state. We have seen that the National Assembly of 1790, having confiscated the church property, had deemed it but just to make compensation by voting a liberal allowance to the despoiled clergy. Bonaparte's first project of a Concordat was simply the revival of the decree of 1790 and its recognition by the court of Rome. This, of course, the Holy Father could not consent to; for, leaving aside this question of spoliation, most of the provisions of that decree were an encroachment upon the spiritual authority of the church. In the Concordat, as finally agreed upon, the questions of discipline and prerogative were adjusted, if not to the entire satisfaction of the church, at least with due regard for her spiritual authority. That of the temporal interests was likewise settled by the two articles referred to. The pope renounces all attempts to recover the unjustly-confiscated property, and *in consideration* of this renunciation the French government pledges itself to provide a suitable maintenance for the Catholic clergy of France. That the words we have italicized do not appear in the document is of little importance. Common sense and common equity both tell us that the two articles are to be taken together, the one being but the consequence of the other. A fifth-rate lawyer

would win a case like this between private individuals before any court in the land. The French government, therefore, simply pays a perpetual annuity for a capital sunk (unwillingly) by the clergy. The ecclesiastical property was sold as national property; the government pocketed the proceeds, and was therefore responsible for all future claims. Upon the same principle the government of Louis XVIII. voted the indemnity of a thousand million francs to the absentees whose estates had been confiscated by the republic. It mattered not that this confiscation was the act of a government which he did not recognize, and that the majority of the purchasers were revolutionists; the choice was between numberless prosecutions disturbing the peace of the kingdom and affecting the prosperity of the nation, or paying a just debt—so far as the creditors were concerned—out of the finances of the state. But the case of the church was stronger than that of the *émigrés;* the confiscation decreed by the National Assembly was not intended as an act of persecution, but as a measure of reform dictated by a mistaken spirit of justice; some ecclesiastics cumulated several benefices and rolled in wealth, while others had barely enough to live on; the Assembly, by adopting the relative population of the various dioceses and parishes as a basis to calculate the salaries, showed a desire to deal fairly with the clergy. Its mistake was that it had no right to reorganize the ecclesiastical circumscription.

Now, how will the anarchists settle this vexed question? Will they tell the Catholic clergy: "Here is a sum of money, a tithe of the capital taken from you in the years past; take it, take your churches, and manage your own affairs; we will have nothing more to do with you"? It would be a sensible and honest move, of which they are incapable. They don't want to get rid of the alliance of church and state; they want to get rid of the church, of the priests who preach a code of ethics different from their own, of everything that keeps awake that troubled conscience of theirs. What then? Refuse all subsidies? wipe out the name of religion from the French code? refuse the church that mere "right of way" that Bossuet claimed for her? add another disgrace to the shame they have already heaped on that once proud France, and make her name a by-word among nations? Have Messieurs Clémenceau, Paul Bert, Rochefort, and others of that ilk, who so industriously put their shoulders to the wheel of radicalism and infidelity, pondered over this problem? Have they found the ways and means to carry out their programme, and have they calculated the consequences?

The Catholic religion cannot be driven out of France. Since Voltaire, more than a hundred years ago, gave the war-cry, *Il faut détruire l'infame!* what persecutions the church has suffered in that fair France with whose history her name is so closely linked! Mockery, slander, violence, every weapon, has been used against her. As a crowning glory she was selected to give martyrs in this highly-civilized nineteenth century. What more can her enemies do? Other sufferings may be in store for her—we know not the secret designs of Providence—but even though infidelity should prevail in the present struggle, and we should see every French priest take up the pilgrim's staff and turn his steps sorrowfully towards another land, we would think of Lacordaire's prophetic words: "France is Catholic by the triple force of her history, her spirit of self-sacrifice, and the clearness of her genius; she will only cease to be so when the grave opens for her."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A LITERARY AND BIOGRAPHICAL HISTORY; or, A Bibliographical Dictionary of the English Catholics from the breach with Rome in 1534 to the present time (A–C). By Joseph Gillow. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. Vol. I.

This is one of the most important and valuable works which has issued from the Catholic press in England for many years, and should find a place in the libraries not only of all English Catholics, but of all who take an interest in the ecclesiastical or secular history of the post-Reformation period. It will surprise many to see how great is the number of those who were faithful to the church in all positions in life, and the record of the sufferings so many underwent for the faith is of the deepest interest. The work is not confined, however (as the motto on the title-page would lead one to conclude), to recording the lives of those who have done honor to their faith, but, while giving the first place to these, it embraces within its plan all who, in spite of legislative restrictions, rose to eminence in the legal, medical, military, naval, and scientific professions and as statesmen. Artists of any renown find also a place—painters, sculptors, architects, musicians, and actors. Booksellers and printers are included, who in past times, and indeed, in some instances, in our own days, have rendered such great services to religion. And, of course, the schoolmasters who at the peril of their lives devoted themselves to the education of the young are not only included, but special care has been taken to make the list and account of them complete. But lives, of course, in a work of this kind, must

be brief, and consequently we are inclined to think that the most valuable feature of the work is the bibliographical portion. Appended to each of the lives of those who have written at all is a list, with full titles and place and date of publication, of all the works they wrote. This list will form, as far as possible, a complete catalogue of all the works written by Catholics since the Reformation. At the end of each life the authorities on which it is based are given, and so it will be easy for any one wishing for a more detailed account to learn where to go for it. In some cases we would wish that a fuller list of these authorities had been given; for example, in the life of Edmund Campian, where the only authority is Mr. Simpson's work. Another fault we have to find is that there is a want of uniformity in the references to the lives of noblemen; sometimes their lives are given under their titles, as the Earls of Arundell and Lord Castlemaine, and sometimes under their family names, as the Earl of Arlington under Bennet and Lord Baltimore under Calvert. Are there not also too many paragraphs? Matters which have involved much controversy and caused much trouble have had to be gone into, but, so far as we can judge, Mr. Gillow has approached these heart-burning questions in a fair and judicious spirit, and has given none, even though they may differ from him, reason to complain of his way of treating them. We notice that the life of Charles II. has not been included in this volume; is it because Mr. Gillow is not convinced of his reception into the church?

OF ADORATION IN SPIRIT AND TRUTH. By John Eusebius Nieremberg, of the Society of Jesus. With a Preface by Peter Gallwey, of the same society. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1885.

The translation of this little book appeared first in 1673 and was reprinted in 1871. This is a new edition of the same work. Of a work which has been so long before the world, and which has held its own so well, the verdict of those competent to judge has already been formed and enunciated with sufficient clearness to dispense us from giving here any opinion at all. We must say, however, that the old translation is delightful, although the pleasure we take in it is somewhat diminished by the inharmonious newness of the print, paper, and spelling.

FATHER HAND, Founder of All-Hallows Catholic College for the Foreign Missions. The story of a Great Servant of God. By the Rev. John McDermott, D.D., All-Hallows College, Dublin. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son; New York: Fr. Pustet & Co.

There is scarcely any place where the life of the founder of All-Hallows will not be eagerly read. For throughout the English-speaking world priests may be found who have received from him and his teaching more than they can ever say. To these the life of Father Hand will be more than interesting, and to their flocks, we have no doubt, no less so than to themselves.

This "faithful servant" was indeed a martyr to his zeal; he sacrificed his life for the good of the institution he founded. And when we consider the great amount of good the college of All-Hallows has been instrumen-

tal in doing, when we recall that it has sent out eleven hundred priests, we cannot but rejoice that the patience, the labors, the virtues of Father Hand have received even in this life a reward, but a reward bearing no proportion to that his Heavenly Father has bestowed upon him.

THE SECRET OF PLATO'S ATLANTIS. By Lord Arundell of Wardour. London: Burns & Oates. 1885. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

Lord Arundell has undertaken to refute a theory proposed by Mr. Ignatius Donnelly respecting what has been generally regarded as a fable or legend respecting Atlantis which is found in Plato's *Critias*. He also proposes a theory of his own concerning the foundation of this myth of Plato's. His conjecture is that Plato made a relation of a voyage of Hanno which took place about B.C. 500 the basis of an idealized narrative —that is, of his *Atlantis*. His reasoning is ingenious, and in this, as all Lord Arundell's works, there is much curious erudition.

THE LIVES OF THE IRISH SAINTS. By the Rev. John O'Hanlon, M.R.I.A. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

THE CATHOLIC WORLD has again and again called the attention of its readers to the *Lives of the Irish Saints* by Rev. J. O'Hanlon. If it had not done so it would have been gravely remiss in one of its chief duties. And now, since a good thing cannot be done too often, it calls attention to this important work once more. The traditions of a race, whether natural or supernatural, should never be lost or forgotten either by those of the same race, or by their descendants, or by mankind. How much men toil, dig, and labor to rescue the traditions of the Egyptians, the Grecians, the Latins, and others of past history! Father O'Hanlon is engaged in a similar noble work. We bid him God-speed, and earnestly recommend his work to the sympathies and support of all men. What we learn from the agents of this work in this country, however, is most astonishing and regrettable—namely, that there are not more than five copies sold by them in the United States.

THE EFFECTS OF THE ABUSE OF ALCOHOL ON THE CIRCULATORY AND RESPIRATORY ORGANS. A paper read before the meeting of the American Institute of Homœopathy, Session of 1884. By J. W. Dowling, M.D., Professor of Physical Diagnosis and Diseases of the Heart and Lungs, and Dean of the New York Homœopathic Medical College. Pittsburgh, Pa.: Press of Stevenson & Foster.

The above pamphlet of sixteen pages contains much valuable information. Dr. Dowling states very clearly the symptoms which are produced by excessive drinking, and takes special care to give satisfactory proofs for his conclusions.

THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. XLII. NOVEMBER, 1885. No. 248.

THE LEGEND OF SAINT ALEXIS.

IN Rome long since upon Mount Aventine
There stood a marble palace vast and fair,
'Mid gardens rich in mulberry and vine,
With columned atrium and Parian stair,
Statued by godlike forms at either side,
Ancestral chiefs, a Roman noble's pride.

That stock was ancient when great Cæsar fell;
Ancient when Hannibal with gloomy brow
From Zama rode, till then invincible;
Ancient when Cincinnatus left his plough;
Ancient when Liberty in crimson dyed
Leaped forth, re-virgined, from a virgin's side—

Virginia's bleeding 'neath her father's knife:
And when the state in days of Gracchus reeled,
By rapine torn or fratricidal strife
Ill fruit of that Licinian Law repealed,
And Rome's free peasant, famed in peace and war,
Gave place to slaves, base scum from realms afar,

Then too the Euphemian race held high its head
Above the custom new and mist of error;
The native husbandmen with freedom's tread
Walked still its fields; in gladness not in terror
Their young, fair daughters, rising from the board,
Greeted the entrance of an unfeared lord.

Copyright. Rev. I. T. HECKER. 1885.

He came not only, when the flocks were shorn
To claim his half; when corn-clad slopes grew fat;
When russet sheaves to golden barns were borne;
When olives bled, or grapes made red the vat:
He stood among them when the son was wed;
He followed to his grave the grandsire dead.

Centuries went by; they brought the great reward:
That Senate-order of a later day,
Fooled by their flatterers, by their slaves abhorred,
Reaped as they sowed each upstart anarch's prey,
Successively proscribed. 'Mid seas of blood
The Empire by the dead Republic stood.

In time that Empire tottered to its fall;
Awhile the princely hand of Constantine
Sustained it. Faithful to a heavenly call,
He linked its glories with that Conquering Sign
Inscribed, "Through me is Victory." But, within,
Still lurked that empire-murdering poison—Sin.

The Christian Truth, held truly, had sufficed
Even then to save that Empire: naught availed
The Name invoked but not the Faith of Christ,
Or Faith that made its boast in words, but failed
To rear on Pagan wrecks of sense and pride
The Christian throne of greatness sanctified.

The imperial sceptre to the East transferred
Left prouder yet the West. More high each day
The pomp up-swelled of Rome's great Houses, stirred
By legendary lore and servile lay,
And hungry crowds contented long to wait
The bread-piled basket at the palace-gate.

"My Lord receives his clients." In they throng,
Freedman and slave, Greek cook and Syrian priest,
Wizard and mime, adepts in dance or song;
The perfumed patron, recent from the feast,
Or drunken slumbers reddening still his eyes,
Enters; and plausive shouts insult the skies,

Startling a score of scriveners, forms grotesque
That bend lean foreheads, seamed by fevered veins,
Across the ledger's breadth or mouldering desk;
For then each Roman noble held domains
By Rhenus, Rhodanus, and every shore
That hears or viol's sigh or panther's roar.

Those nobles seldom rode to battle-fields;
They steered to distant ports no ships broad-sailed;
But well they knew that gain which usury yields;
Or, borrowing oft, when tricksome fortune failed
Pawned their best plate and many a gem beside,
Knee-crooked to soothe some upstart lender's pride.

The gilded barge is launched: a score of slaves
Drag back the flashing oars; a second score
With incense charge each wind that curls the waves,
Or harmonize blue Baiæ's sea-washed shore
With strains that charmed Calypso's halls erewhile,
Or lured Ulysses t'ward the Siren's isle.

They trod the marbles of the Thermæ vast,
Their skirts aflame with legend-broideries;
Bull-born, Europa here the Bosphorus passed,
The Idean shepherd there adjudged the prize;
Or Venus, fisher turned, with bending rod
Landed a wet-winged Cupid on the sod.

Their litters borne by sweating slaves, they clomb
On August noons Soracte's steepest ridge;
Or, pinnace-cradled, pushed the creamy foam
Onward through dusk Avernus' waving sedge;
They turned not there great Maro's page, yet oft
Alike the Poet and his Sibyl scoffed.

Temples and shrines adorned their palaces;
Syrian the rite, once Roman, later Greek:
Old libraries remained: they sought them less
For song heroic than for tale lubrique;
There sophists warred in turn on body and soul;
There dust lay thick on Plato's godlike scroll.

Travelling, a troop Numidian cleared their way;
Their carrucæ were silver, gold-embossed;
In festal barge they coasted Cumæ's bay:
If there a keener gust the ripple crossed
They shook like some sick child that sees in dream
Ixion's doom or rage of Polypheme.

Harp, lyre, and lute for ever dinned their bowers;
But witless, loud, or shrill was every strain:
They feared the incense-breath of innocent flowers,
Yet quaffed their wine-cups near the uncovered drain;
Feared omens more than wrath divine, and fled
The fevered child, the parent's dying bed.

The poison root of those base ways was this:
Self-love had slain true love. Each human tie
Was hollowed. Sense had smirched the nuptial kiss;
Child-birth was tribute paid to ancestry;
Rottenness reigned: the World, grown old, stripped bare,
More ruled than when the Witch was young and fair.

Need was there that the Lord of Love should burst
Once more on man as in man's prime estate,
And, teaching that the "First Command" is first
The "Second" second only, vindicate
For human ties that greatness theirs alone
When Love's far source and heavenly end are known.

Ages of Sin had heaped on high a debt
Heroic abstinence could alone defray:
The limb ill-joined could never be reset
Till broken; Love, till cleansed, resume its sway.
Conventual cells that seemed to spurn the earth,
And hermit caves, built up the Christian Hearth.

Fire-scorched Thebais, lion-tenanted!
'Twas in thy lion's abdicated lair
Ascetic Virtue laid its infant head!
The heart, dried up, found waters only there!
That Faith burnt in upon it from above
By pain sent up at last Faith's offspring—Love.

Rome caught the sacred flame. Brave men, and those
  Infected least with wealth and popular praise,
Could walk in strength, in dignity repose,
  In part were faithful to the old Roman ways:
Matrons there were on whom Cornelia's eye
Had dwelt; and youths well pleased like Regulus to die.

Pagan were these, most part, but less revered
  Venus than Pallas, Plutus less than Pan:
The Gods "Pandemian" they nor loved nor feared:
  In nobler Gods the noblest thoughts of man
Looked down, so deemed they, from the Olympian throne,
Or types or delegates of that God Unknown.

Others, incensed at priestly conjuring trick,
  Reluctant bade the fane profaned adieu,
But with the Sophist's godless rhetoric
  Their own hearts wronged not. Far as truth they knew
They lived it; wrought for man and peace ensued,
Shunning the Ill, and cleaving to the Good.

An exhalation of celestial grace
  Moved o'er the Empire from the Martyrs' tombs:
Christians, oft slaves, were found in every place;
  Their words, their looks, brightened the heathen glooms:
Such gleams still hallow Antoninus' page,
The saintly Pagan and Imperial Sage.

Prescient of fate the old worship lay in swoon,
  Helpless though huge, dying and all but dead;
The young Faith clasped it as the keen new moon,
  A silver crescent hung o'er ocean's bed,
Clasps that sad orb whose light from earth is won:—
Its youthful Conqueror parleys with the sun.

The Poor came first, and reaped the chief reward;
  Old Houses next: Truth loves Humility:
Humility is humblest when most hard
  To reach—the lowliness of high degree:
Such bowed to Christ: in turn He gave to them
The stars of Truth's whole heaven for diadem.

The thought of greatness in them long had dwelt:
The difference 'twixt the greatness counterfeit
And genuine greatness plainly now they felt:
Eyes had they; and they saw it. Henceforth sweet
Was every sacrifice that Vision brought:
No wish had these to purchase heaven for naught.

They knew 'twas sense and valor, not the hand
In unguents drenched, that won the world for Rome:
Sublimer ends sublimer pains demand:
A spiritual kingship, country, hope, and home
Shone out and hailed them from the far-off shore—
"To sea, though tempests rage and breakers roar!"

Piercing remorse was theirs whene'er they mused
On all which God to Rome in trust had given;
The majesties profaned, the rights abused:
What help to earth, what reverence to heaven,
Had these bequeathed? What *meant* her realm world-wide?
Injustice throned, and Falsehood deified!

Through all that boundless realm from East to West
Had Virtue flowered? Had Wisdom come to fruit?
Had Freedom raised to heaven a lordlier crest?
Had household Peace pushed down a deeper root?
More true were wives, were maids more pure that day
Than Portia, Clelia, or Nausicaa?

Behold, the flowering was of vices new;
The fruitage fruits of hate and self-disgust;
Knowledge had bathed her roots in lethal dew:
If higher now her branching head she thrust
The Upas shade spread wider than of old;
And wealth had bound man's heart in chains of gold.

The Christian noble spurned the old Roman pride;
Whate'er the Christian prized the Pagan hated,
And clasped, his zeal by wrath intensified,
Rome's basest boasts with passion unabated;
Their homes stood near: for that cause further still
Their inmates were estranged in thought and will.

The Christian ofttimes sold his all, and gave
The poor its price; another kept his lands,
But spent their increase freeing serf and slave,
Himself sustained by labor of his hands:
Thus each renounced himself, for others wrought,
Yet found that personal good he never sought.

Married were some, and reverently to Christ
Upreared a race to Him obedient. Some
For His sake hearth and household sacrificed;
Others, in that fresh dawn of Christendom,
Though wedded, lived in vestal singleness,
Young chastity's severe yet sweet excess.

Of Christian homes the noblest and the first
Was that huge palace on Mount Aventine.
Fortune and Pagan spite had done their worst:
They maimed it, yet not marred. The time's decline
Made it but holier seem. The Christian Truth
Shone, starlike, from its breast in endless youth.

Three hundred freemen served there as of yore,
Bondsmen whilom. The clients of old time
Walked there as children, parasites no more;
Mastery and service, like recurrent rhyme,
Kissed with pure lip: for one great reverence swayed
Alike their hearts who ruled and who obeyed.

The beast that drew the water from the well
In the near stream had earlier quenched his thirst,
Nor labored over-burdened: placable
Was each man: vengeance there was held accursed:
By the same altar knelt the high, the low;
Heard the same prayer: it rose for friend and foe.

Euphemian was the name far-known of him
The lord of all those columned porticoes,
Those gardens vast with ilex alleys dim,
Those courtways lined with orange and with rose:
Happy in youth; thrice happier since his bride,
Aglaë, paced those halls her lord beside.

She was a being beautiful as day,
Tender and pliant to her husband's will
As to the wind that flower each breath can sway
While branch and leaf and blade close by are still,
And therefore "wind-flower" named. On her Christ's Poor
Looked ever with moist eyes and trust secure.

One thing alone was wanting to this pair—
The sound of children's feet patting the floor,
The ring of children's laughter on the air,
Their clamorous joy at opening of a door
To see, to clasp their parents newly come
Once more from Ostia or from Tusculum.

The Poor pray well: at last the prayer was heard
From countless hearths ascending eve and morn—
From countless hearts. The joy so long deferred
Was sent at last; the longed-for boy was born.
That day all Rome kept festival; that night
Each casement shone, and every face was bright.

The months went swiftly by: the Seven-Hilled City
Well loved that Babe; the poor man's boast was he,
The theme of poet, and the minstrel's ditty:
Maiden and matron clasped him on her knee:
And many a saintly mother said—and smiled—
"Christ died a Man: but came to earth a Child!"

Once as he slept his mother near him knelt:
She prayed as never she had prayed before,
And, praying, such an inspiration felt
As though some breeze of hope o'er ocean's floor,
Missioned from Bethlehem's star-loved crib, came flying
O'er her and him in that small cradle lying.

It passed: then in her memory rose that word
Simeon to Blessed Mary spake erewhile,
"Also through thine own soul shall pierce the sword";
She mused, like those who weep at once and smile,
"The Mother of a Saint—how great soe'er
Her joy—in Mary's sacred grief must share!"

Years passed: a Monk, that child at vespers singing,
Stood silent long; then down a tear-drop stole:
He spake, while still with song the roofs were ringing,
"That voice is music of a singing Soul!
That child shall live on earth as lives a spirit;
When dead, some crown seraphic shall inherit!"

The child became the boy, but never lost
That charm which beautified his childhood's ways:
Skilful the most of those the quoit who tossed
Or chased the boar, he nothing did for praise,
Nor e'er in feast or revel sought a part;
Rome was to him pure as a forest's heart.

Raptured he read her legends of old time—
The Father-Judge who doomed his sons to die;
The Wife that, sentencing another's crime,
Pierced her own heart, then sank without a sigh.
High deeds were all his thought: not then he knew
That oft Endurance wins a crown more true.

A youth, the meditative wore for him
Greatness than action's ampler and more dear:
In musings while he walked, unmarked or dim
Were ofttimes flower and tree; all objects near
Lost in far lights of sunset or sunrise:
His chief of passions was Self-Sacrifice.

His guides in Christian as in classic lore
Boasted untired the youth's intelligence:
Ere long he marked these twain were still at war,
The prophets one of Spirit, one of Sense:
"I will not serve two masters," thus he cried,
And pushed the flower-decked pagan scroll aside.

Was it that sacred moment shaped his life,
Keeping it flawless? Thousands safeliest pace
Faith's lower roads, dusty and dinned with strife;
Not so the man elect to loftier place,
For sins in others small are great in him
Whose grace is large—that grace least stains bedim.

Thenceforth his "eye was single." Loss was gain
To him, since Suffering had the world redeemed;
For that cause still he sought the haunts of pain;
Still on the sufferer's couch like morning beamed,
And in his father's house with wine and bread
Served still God's Poor, or with them sat and fed.

He lived a life all musical, for still
Discords of earth in him grew harmonized;
He lived in a great silence, spirit and will
Hushed in his God. Because naught else he prized
Loud as that first, great world-creating word,
God's "small, still voice" within him, still he heard.

Nothing in him was sad, nothing morose;
The serious face still tended to a smile,
As when, 'mid climes where eve and morn sit close,
Twilight and dawn meet in some boreal isle.
Bad actions named, sad looked he and surprised;
But seldom strove, rebuked, or criticised.

There were who marvelled at his piercing thought;
There were who marvelled at his simpleness:
High Truths, and Inspirations rapture-fraught,
Came to his mind like angels: not the less
Where lesser men walk well his foot oft erred;
He heard the singing spheres, or nothing heard.

His father loved the boy with love and pride;
There, and there only, pride regained a part;
He who had spurned the world, its scorn defied,
Now gladdened that his son had won its heart.
He smiled when kinsmen said: "This boy shall raise
Waste places of his House in later days."

"All that is ours Alexis must inherit,"
He answered. Then the mother, "Who is she
Worthy by race, by beauty, and by merit
To be to him true wife as I to thee?"
Such maid they sought long time; when hope was o'er
They found her—found on earth's most famous shore.

Her race had dwelt in Athens ere it wrestled
With Sparta for the foremost place in Greece;
Earlier, in Colchian vales, less known had nestled
Ere Jason thence had filched the Golden Fleece.
Thus to his mates on wintry nights her sire
Had boasted oft, beside the fir-cone fire.

Euphemian and that sire were ancient friends
So far as Greek and Roman friends might be,
Friends in their youth; but though unlikeness blends
Natures cognate with finer sympathy,
So diverse these, men said 'twas memory's tie,
Not love's, that held them still, through severance, nigh.

Not less, ere died the Greek, that friend of old
Had sought him out, and, standing by his bed,
Had vowed to nurture in his own fair fold
His daughter, lonely left. Her father dead,
And sacred mourning days expired, the twain
Spread sail for Rome across the wine-dark main.

At sea, to please the maid, her guardian took
The sweet and venerable name of Sire;
Her winsome grace, her wit, her every look—
But few could witness such and not admire:
Sadly Euphemian marked them, sadly smiled,
Yet loved her as a father loves his child.

Likewise, as up and down his musings swayed,
This thought recurred: "The girl is light of wing!
What then? Alexis is too grave and staid:
Christian she is; to each the years must bring
Fit aid by friendly difference best supplied:
Ere three months more Zoe shall be his bride."

Zoe, the loveliest of Athenian girls,
Was prouder thrice to bear the Athenian name
Than if the East had rained its gems and pearls
Knee-deep about her path. To Rome she came
Curious, yet spleenful more. The world's chief site
To her was sceptred dulness, brainless might.

The ship that bore her thither smiled to waft
  Creature so bright; smooth seas revered their charge:
Cythera's uplands, as she passed them, laughed:
  The Ætnean heights, Trinacria's wave-washed marge,
Gladdened; they sang, "Our Proserpine again
Is come to gather flowers on Enna's plain!"

She, as she neared the soft Campanian coast,
  Where Pestum's roses redden twice a year,
Reddened for joy—its valleys seemed almost
  As Tempé soft, its streams as Dircé clear—
But frowned on tawny Tiber with raised fist,
Mocking, half-Mænad and half-Exorcist.

When Zoe entered Rome, she turned, heart-sick,
  From arch and column flattering regal pride,
From cliff-like walls up-piled of sun-burned brick,
  From courts where beasts had fought and martyrs died,
From alien obelisks, hieroglyph-o'ergraven,
Long centuries glassed in Egypt's stillest haven.

That mood went by: sudden the cloud she spurned,
  And, shaking from lashed lids an angry tear,
To that grave man beside her, laughing, turned
  And spake: "The trophies of all lands are here!
Rome conquered earth: but why? Too dense her brain
For better tasks, the victories which remain!

"They boast their Heroes: but they love them not!
  Lo, there! An Emperor stands yon column's crown!
What Greek would strain his eyes to scan a spot
  Jet-black in sun-bright skies? No Attic clown!
There Trajan towers, and, eastward, Antonine:
O brains Beotian, fatter than your kine!"

Lightly thus spake that beaming creature hard,
  Nor noted that, as one in still disdain,
Her comrade silent rode. A fixed regard
  He bent upon a cross-surmounted fane:
A Grecian temple near it stood: his eye
Saw but that small, low church, that sunset sky.

The Roman spake: "Your Grecian pride of Art,
Daughter, and Rome's old pagan pride of arms,
Alike stand sentenced here. For Christian heart
No greatness, save of heavenly birth, hath charms.
In Rome the Faith found martyrs three long ages:
She won but audience from the Athenian sages!"

The beauteous one looked up; her sensitive lip
And tender cheek asked leave, it seemed, to smile;
Then, as a bud that frosts of April nip,
That smile, discouraged, died. Pensive awhile
She rode; her palfrey nearer drew to his:
She raised his hand, and pressed thereon a kiss.

"Forgive," she said, "the petulance of youth!
Wisdom serene, and Virtue proved by years,
Note not its freaks." She wept; but soon in sooth
Her penitence was drowned in its own tears,
And livelier than before her critic tongue
This way and that its shafts of satire flung.

At times the unbending Roman smiled perforce;
At times the patriot stern essayed to frown:
She noted either mood; and her discourse
Accordant winged its bright way up or down
Like those white-pinioned birds that sink, then soar
O'er high-necked waves that shake a sandy shore.

The sun had set; they clomb Mount Aventine,
That Augur-haunted height. There stayed, she saw
Old Tiber, lately bright, in sanguine line
Wind darkening t'wards the sea. A sudden awe
Chilled her. She felt once more that evening breeze
Which waves that yew-grove of the Eumenides

Where Athens fronts Colonos. There of old
Sat Destiny's blind mark, King Œdipus;
And, oft as she had passed it, shudderings cold
Ran through her fibred frame, made tremulous
As the jarred sounding-board of lyre or harp:
So thrilled the girl that hour with shiverings sharp.

"I know it! This is Rome's Oracular Hill!
Dreadful it looks; a western Calvary!
A sacrificial aspect, dark and still,
It wears, that saith, 'Prepare, O man, to die!'
Father! you house not near this mount of Fate?"
Thus as she spake they reached his palace gate.

There stood, still fair—tenderer than when more young—
She who had made her husband's youth so bright:
Long to her neck the Athenian Exile clung,
Wearied and sad. Not less that festal night
The gladsomest of the radiant throng was she,
Centre and soul of Roman revelry.

End of Part I.

THE DIVINE AUTHORITY OF THE CHURCH.

The authority which is the theme of the present exposition is not jurisdiction, but power to teach truth in such a way as justly to command assent. The predicate "divine" distinguishes this authority of the church from all lesser authority such as is no more than human. It denotes the source whence the church as a medium receives the truth it teaches, and the ultimate motive justifying and commanding assent, which is the authority of God. The power of God to teach truth so as to give the human mind a motive justifying and commanding assent is, essentially, his absolute truth, in being, in knowing, and in making known his true being and true knowledge. These are combined in the one expression—the veracity of God, which is the motive of belief in divine revelation, or assent to truth on divine authority.

It is plain that all divine authority in the church is the authority of the revelation which God gives through the church as the organ which he has chosen to make the ordinary (though not the only) medium of teaching to men, by a supernatural mode of communication, truths; which they are commanded to believe by faith on the divine veracity. The divine authority of the church is, therefore, correlated to the contents of the divine revelation of which it is the medium. It is also correlated to the assent of the intellect, which is justified, made obligatory, qualified, and

determined by the motive of the divine veracity in revealing. That is, whatever the faithful are commanded by God to believe, when proposed by the church, for reasons which rest ultimately on his own divine veracity, the church has power to teach by divine authority. And the whole sum of such truths which the faithful could possibly be bound to believe with an assent of this kind, on the proposition of the church, are contained in the divine revelation, or at least made certain by virtue of a necessary and evident relation to revealed truth.

The church herself declares that the divine revelation committed to her was bequeathed by her founders the apostles, to their successors, in a complete and perfect state. This is the "deposit of faith" which the church has received, to be kept intact, without taking from or adding to it anything. The divine authority of the church consists, therefore, in a power received from God to preserve, to bear witness to by preaching, to explicate, define, and defend by censure against all errors, this divine and Catholic faith, contained in the revelation of the written and unwritten Word of God. The canonical Scripture and divine apostolic tradition are its exterior, local depositories; the belief and profession of all the faithful and the perpetual doctrine of the teaching church are the living act and form by which the organic Christian body is vivified.

The church, having been founded by God, and instituted to be and to remain until the end of the world the medium of the divine revelation, having moreover its life and subsistence in the Catholic faith, must necessarily be indefectible in its belief and profession of the faith. The multitude of the faithful being dependent in this respect on the teaching church, this chiefest portion of the church, the hierarchy, and its supreme head, must be indefectible in teaching. That it may be indefectible—that is, that it may not be liable to fall into any defection from the office of keeping, bearing witness to, and proclaiming the faith, by failing to teach any part of it, by adding something which is not contained in the revelation, or by teaching what is false and noxious—the teaching church must be infallible as a whole, and in its head upon which its unity depends. Moreover, because God has sanctioned in advance all its teaching in matters of faith and morals as divine, has delegated to it his divine authority, has commanded all men to give an undoubting and irretractable assent to all which it defines and proclaims in his name, his veracity is pledged to the unerring truth of all the testimonies, declarations, and judgments which emanate from the church

when it is exercising its divine authority. The motive of the assent of faith must always be the veracity of God; therefore this assent can only be justifiable and due to dogmas proposed through the church, by the certainty that the divine veracity always underlies and sustains them.

The divine authority of the church resides in a supreme manner in the Roman Church, the Mother and Mistress of churches, to be exercised by the head of that church, who, as the successor of St. Peter and the Vicar of Christ, is the supreme head of the universal church on the earth. When he exercises that divine authority, by decreeing what all the faithful to the end of the world must believe as Catholic doctrine founded on the divine revelation, or reject as an error opposed to some revealed truth, in the name of God and by virtue of the supreme power given by Jesus Christ to St. Peter, he is said to teach *ex cathedrâ*. That is, he teaches from the chair or throne of Peter—a metaphorical expression denoting that he exercises the plenitude of power which resides in him as the successor of Peter, the Supreme Head and Doctor of the church, including the pastors as well as their flock.

It is the same when an œcumenical council makes its definitions of faith. It is convoked, sits, deliberates, pronounces its judgments, formally and avowedly as the supreme tribunal of the church, intending and professing to act by divine authority, to make irreformable decisions, and to command the assent of all the faithful through all time. The bishops who compose it represent the entire episcopate, which pronounces through them its judgment, made final and valid by the concurrent or subsequent judgment and ratification of the supreme bishop. These dogmatic decrees are therefore made *ex cathedrâ Petri*, and are the most solemn and important acts in which the infallibility of the collective church and of its head is exercised.

It is the prerogative of the supreme power possessing divine authority to determine the extent of its own infallibility and the objects upon which it is qualified to exercise it. Whenever it actually makes a judgment it implicitly determines that the object of the same is within its province. Being supreme, there is no appeal from it, and no lawful way of refusing submission to its authority. Mr. Mivart has well said: "What is or is not within the supreme authority's province to decide must be known to that authority. An infallible authority must know the limits of its revealed message. If authority can make a mistake in determining its own limits, it may make a mistake in a matter of

faith."* One effect of the gift of infallibility is to make the church unerring in respect to the province within which it can exercise its divine authority. We must look, therefore, to the church's own explicit definition, or to its implicit definition in its acts and judgments, for a correct notion of the object of its infallible teaching authority.

It is, moreover, the office and the duty of the pope, when he intends to promulgate dogmatic decrees and judgments *ex cathedrâ*, whether with or without the concurrence of an œcumenical council, to make known to the universal church, in a sufficient and sure manner, that such is the purport and quality of these acts of supreme power. God does this when he makes a revelation. He does not exact the assent of the human mind to a doctrine which must be believed on his own divine veracity, without giving certain signs and evidences. In this supernatural mode of teaching truth to mankind by revelation, he acts by the same law which regulates the natural mode of giving understanding and knowledge by the light of reason and the book of nature. Those truths which compel assent do not exert a physical coercion, but determine the intellect and reason by evidence. Other truths which are known with certitude are known by their evidence. That which is true in itself, but not certain in respect to us, because of obscurity in the object or a deficiency in the faculty of apprehension, does not legitimately determine the mind or the conscience to an absolute, unqualified assent.

In like manner God gives evidence that he has made a revelation, that he has committed it to the Catholic Church, that all the dogmas of Catholic faith are really contained in the revelation. He does not require any one to receive his revelation until he has a reasonable certainty that it is God's revelation; or to receive any truth contained in it, and therefore in itself pertaining to the sphere of divine faith, until he has a reasonable certainty that it is revealed, and it is brought into the sphere of divine faith in respect to himself.

The most perfect criterion of certainty respecting matters of divine faith, the ordinary and the best means of attaining a reasonable and sure faith in revealed truths, is the authority of the Catholic Church. God has made the church infallible, and has commanded us to hear and obey the church. In doing this he has acted according to the law which regulates the natural and the supernatural order. He has made the testimony and the

* Article on "Modern Catholics and Scientific Freedom," in the *Nineteenth Century*, July, 1885.

teaching of the church credible to us as reasonable beings. The dogmatic decrees of the church do not proceed from the will of ecclesiastical rulers. They find and proclaim the truth, but do not make it, and they are as completely subject to it and bound by it as are children in a catechetical school. Since they do not receive any new revelation, are not inspired, and cannot declare the sense of the Scripture and the apostolic tradition by immediate revelation of this true sense directly given to them by the Holy Spirit, they must ascertain it by evidence which makes it certain, and thus qualifies them to decide in a reasonable manner, from motives which are sufficient and conclusive. God fulfils his promise of giving infallibility to the church by furnishing the means of keeping, proclaiming, defining, and defending the deposit of faith, by providing rulers and teachers who are sufficiently intelligent and conscientious to make use of these means, by a supernatural providence which secures the due execution of this office, and by a supernatural and efficacious assistance in its fulfilment which secures it from failure or error.

The great facts of the Christian religion, its fundamental articles of faith, its essential moral laws, its substantial principles of organization, its written and unwritten code of doctrine and order, its divine and perpetual sacraments, have been matters of testimony so clear, certain, and abundant that the first solemn and formal acts of infallible authority in the church, those on which all subsequent acts have been based, were a collective utterance and promulgation of this testimony by witnesses from all parts of the Christian world. The famous rule of St. Vincent of Lerins, *Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*, sufficed for the detection and condemnation of every uncatholic error, and was so easy of application that it was enough to make a simple appeal to it. When authority proceeded further, to make formulas, explicit and minute definitions, to explicate and evolve the implicit sense of revealed doctrines, the method followed was scientific and accurate. It was the collective judgment of the wisest and most learned, founded upon an intimate knowledge of Scripture and tradition, supported by proofs, and sustained by conclusive arguments; a concurrence and agreement of the most competent, with all the means for arriving at certainty; which was the source from which proceeded the dogmatic decrees of the great councils of antiquity. The same is true also of later councils, and of similar judgments of the Holy See—for instance, in the definition of the Immaculate Conception. The judges in the supreme tribunal of doctrine judge,

therefore, upon evidence by which they are convinced before proceeding to make a judgment. They are determined by testimony and by reasons. Any well-instructed Catholic, especially any competent scholar in history, Scripture, and theology, can understand and be convinced by the same motives which have determined the decisions of popes and councils. But since error is an accident to which men and bodies of men are more or less liable, from various causes, the authority of the church is secured in immunity from error by a supernatural assistance, making it infallible, by virtue of which the faithful are enabled to believe, on the divine veracity, all the dogmas proposed to them as revealed truths by the teaching church.

Facts and truths which are outside of the sphere of revelation and are purely objects of natural knowledge are not, as such, within the scope of the divine authority of the church, and cannot be defined, on their natural evidence, as dogmas of Catholic and divine faith. God has not made the church a medium for teaching in his name mathematics, physics, or history, and therefore has not given to her infallibility in respect to these matters, or any others in respect to which a similar reason runs. On the supposition that some things naturally knowable or known, by philosophical reasoning, monuments of history, or scientific observation and investigation, are also explicitly or implicitly contained in divine revelation, they are in the domain of faith by reason of this inclusion and so far as they are included, and then they come within the scope of the divine authority of the church, which is the final and infallible judge of the fact of their being so contained. The church is the custodian and interpreter of the canonical Scriptures; it is her province to judge and define in questions concerning the nature and extent of their inspiration, and to declare what it is which the Holy Spirit intended to teach through the inspired writers as truth credible on his own divine veracity. Within this common domain of divine and human intelligence the human is necessarily subject to the divine, human testimony must cede the precedence to divine testimony, human reasonings and opinions to the divine reason. The divine authority of the church being co-extensive with the domain of divine revelation, and infallible, whatever she proposes to belief, by her teaching *ex cathedrâ* on the authority of this divine testimony or divine reason, is certainly known and credible as actually verified to us by the divine manifestation of the truth. That is, we know that this is not only ostensibly but actually the word of God.

But, more than this, some things which come under the denomination of facts or theories, though not the object of even an implicit revelation, can be known to be true or false by virtue of the light which some revealed truth casts upon them. The divine revelation being true, these particulars must be thus or otherwise, as the case may be. If not, then the revealed truth must logically be denied.

I can know with certainty that I have baptized the newly-born infant John. It is of faith that every baptized infant is regenerate. I can know with certainty that John died within the hour. It is of faith that every regenerate soul, entirely pure from sin, attains immediately upon its separation from the body the beatific vision. I know, therefore, by the light of faith that John is regenerate and has gone to heaven. I cannot deny either proposition without, by logical conclusion, denying the Catholic faith. My affirmation of John's regenerate and beatified state is a logical conclusion from the faith. That is to say, it is *virtually* though not *formally* contained in it, in the way that all logical conclusions are virtually in their major premise.

When matters of this kind involve general and important interests, doctrinal and moral, in such a way that divine authority in respect to truth *formally* revealed would be nugatory or grievously deficient, unless the same authority were delegated in respect to what is *virtually* revealed, we must affirm the extension of infallibility to these matters also.

For instance, the church must be infallible in respect to the fact that the Council of Nicæa, the Council of Trent, the Council of the Vatican were œcumenical, and that she possesses their authentic acts; in respect to the fact that Pius IX. was the lawful successor of St. Peter, and actually defined the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. Otherwise there is a fatal flaw in the solemn definitions which make a large part of the rule of Catholic faith.

It may be also of great importance to define a truth deduced from a dogma by a theological conclusion, either directly by affirming its certainty as virtually revealed, or indirectly by condemning an error which is its contrary or its contradictory. The truth is necessary as a support or bulwark of the faith; the error is dangerous as undermining or threatening some part of the fabric of Catholic doctrine or morals. The church needs infallibility in determining the truth in questions of this kind, in order that she may efficiently exercise her office of teaching and defending the faith. In point of fact, popes and councils have

decided that they possess this authority by exercising it frequently and without hesitation, and the church, in the ordinary magistracy which she perpetually exercises, proceeds on it, as a maxim and principle universally admitted and reduced to practice.

The whole sum of the solemn, *ex cathedrâ* doctrinal decrees of popes and councils is contained within a very moderate compass; it is known and received by universal and notorious consent of all bishops and doctors, and easily to be ascertained by the instructed clergy and laity. If any individual, in his private capacity as a theologian, claims infallibility for any official acts of the teaching authority which are not certainly and clearly authenticated as *ex cathedrâ* judgments, he is only expressing a private opinion which does not make law. The opinions of single theologians, or of entire schools of theology, do not make Catholic doctrine. The dogmas of divine and Catholic faith can be easily ascertained by consulting any one of the best and most approved text-books. Let any look for the propositions which are noted as *de fide catholica*, and he will obtain a complete summary of all the solemn judgments and definitions on the matter of revealed truths which the teaching church has ever made.

It is true that what the church dispersed through the world teaches by her ordinary magistracy as of divine faith has an equal authority with her solemn teaching. Active infallibility is always in the teaching church, passive infallibility in the body of the faithful. The principal dogmas defined by the solemn acts of the church were explicitly taught and believed as of divine faith before the first œcumenical council was convoked; and all the dogmas defined or definable have been objects of implicit faith from the days of the apostles. But the definitions which have been promulgated during the long series of Christian centuries have so comprehensively embraced the totality and the component parts of the deposit of faith, that it is difficult to say what the church now actually teaches by her ordinary magistracy, as of faith, which is not more formally and clearly declared and defined by her solemn judgments. That which still remains in an implicit, undefined state, obscurely contained in Scripture, tradition, or the decrees of councils, in fact the whole contents of the divine revelation down to its minutest details and most remote consequences, though it all in itself pertains to faith, is not of faith in respect to us. It must be made explicit in order that it may be understood in its true and certain sense as revealed truth, and this cannot be, in an unerring manner, by a universal

and sufficient criterion, unless the infallible authority makes new explications and definitions.

A Catholic fulfils his whole duty in the matter in hand when he holds explicitly, by an undoubting, unreserved assent, whatever the supreme authority of the church proposes to him explicitly and clearly, under the sanction of her infallibility. He must also *implicitly* believe all that is worthy to be defined, because it is contained in, or follows from, that which is certainly and explicitly manifested by the church as revealed doctrine. He must hold his mind and will in readiness to receive any future definitions in matters of faith and morals which the church may promulgate to the faithful, even if he have to give up private opinions or tenets of some school which he is at liberty to hold on probable reasons at present, and until the church has pronounced her infallible judgment.

There is no hardship in this, because a Catholic is certain, *à priori*, that the church can never lead him into error, but may lead him out of error, if he is in it, and will always lead him into the truth.

Moreover, there is no such thing possible as subversion or weakening of natural knowledge, of science, of certitude acquired by the exercise of the faculties of cognition, of the authority of reason or conscience, by supernatural faith and knowledge. God cannot contradict himself, truth cannot contradict truth. The human intellect participates in the light of the divine intellect; sensible and intelligible objects within the realm of nature are works of God, conformed to his ideas, expressing his thought and intention. He manifests truth to the human mind by the natural revelation, and it is he who has written the book of nature, and by his providence directed the course of history. There is a criterion of truth in the mind of man and in evidence. Error is an accident, a defect, a result of some disorder or misuse. Ignorance is a limitation. There is a certitude resulting from the right use of the criterion. These are prior to, and concomitant with, the certitude of faith and the use of the supernatural criterion. They are not either ousted by, or held as tenants at will of, revelation or ecclesiastical authority. There they are, holding inalienable possession by endowment of the Creator. They not only subsist harmoniously together with revelation and faith; they are their preamble and school of preparation. Facts and truths in the realm of nature are the constituents of the soil on which the foundations of faith are built and rest. Undermine this soil and you endanger the whole edifice which has been

raised upon these foundations. Sink it into the abyss of scepticism, and the whole building is crumbled and submerged in the same catastrophe.

An authentic revelation can never teach anything which is absurd or which contradicts a known fact. If any such evident falsehood is proposed under pretence of revelation, there is an illusion in the case. Either the professed revelation is no revelation or its sense has been misrepresented. Such notions as these: that human nature is essentially depraved, that human acts determined by an intrinsic necessity in the will are imputable for demerit, that the souls of deceased infants may justly be condemned to everlasting torments for Adam's sin, that the moon slid down through Mohammed's sleeve, that the sun is a hundred miles from the earth, could not reasonably be received as divine revelations.

It is one negative criterion of the true religion which distinguishes it from false ones that it does not contradict either reason or facts. Its written and oral tradition may, nevertheless, be so misunderstood and misinterpreted that, in the sense which is ascribed to the Scripture, or in that which is ascribed to divine tradition, there may be in plain view, or lurking in concealment, something contrary to reason or to facts. Neither one by itself, not even the two taken together, are completely sufficient as a rule of faith, without the living voice of the church. Private, purely human, fallible interpreters of Christian doctrine are liable to mistakes and errors, which can be detected and proved to be incredible or so extremely improbable as to be untenable, by human science, by history, by conclusive reasons of various kinds.

Here lies the great advantage which Catholics derive from the possession of an infallible criterion in the divine authority of the church. They may be left in doubt or in a merely human probability about many matters which are not essential. But if the progress of knowledge justifies or requires their laying aside their doubt for a reasonable conviction, or changing their opinions, they are free to do so, and may take advantage of all means for the acquisition of new science, and even, through science, obtaining a better understanding of the inspired documents of Holy Scripture. In respect to the essential and the most important matters which pertain to faith, they are secured from all error and fully instructed in the truth.

Just at present the most practical and momentous aspect of the question concerning the relation between the authoritative

teaching of the church and the domain of natural science relates to some parallel but hostile theories founded respectively on the interpretation of the book of nature by scientists, and of the Bible by some theologians. Thus far there has been no decision of ecclesiastical authority on these recent controversies. Neither has there been, in the past, any judgment, *ex cathedrâ*, which brings the divine, infallible authority of the church into conflict with anything which can be called with justice by the name of human science. It is not every official act of the Holy See which is a judgment *ex cathedrâ*. There is an authority in the church which is not identical with, but inferior to, the divine authority of the church, and although possessed *jure divino*, like the power of jurisdiction and discipline, may be called human authority. Questions about mistakes, errors, misuse of power, which make matters of controversy relating to this kind of ecclesiastical and even papal authority, are wholly irrelevant to the subject of the infallibility of the church and the pope. Infallibility is not claimed, in this extension, by the Holy See or œcumenical councils. A tribunal not infallible may err; and if it is proved to have erred in certain cases, no prejudice can accrue against the inerrancy of a higher tribunal.

Pope Honorius, acting in his ordinary official capacity, wrote letters of direction to the other patriarchs concerning their conduct in respect to a matter of faith, which incurred for themselves and their author severe censure by œcumenical councils and by his own successors in the see of St. Peter. His infallibility is in no way compromised by this censure, because he gave no *ex cathedrâ* judgment. A tribunal of the Holy See condemned Galileo and the Copernican system by an erroneous judgment, which was not only erroneous in respect to astronomy, but also in its interpretation of Scripture. This decision was first allowed to become a dead letter, and finally erased from the statute-book by Pius VII. Honorius erred, and the congregation erred; and if there are other errors in official documents of popes, then they have erred. Infallibility shines out in bolder and brighter relief, its necessity is made more clearly evident, by the exhibition which has been made in some few cases of the liability of the highest human authority in the church to err in its decisions. It is manifest that in their judgments *ex cathedrâ* popes and councils have been guided and assisted by a supernatural, divine gift. If they had been destitute of this divine gift of infallibility they might and probably would have erred, and the fact that they had erred would be patent to the world by

the contradictions into which they would have fallen, and the changes to which the doctrine of the church would have been subjected.

For the present we have only barely indicated the broad interval which divides the divine authority of the church from all grades of human authority in the church. This is a matter which needs to be handled separately. What are the obligations and what is the freedom of good Catholics in respect to ecclesiastical decrees which are excluded from the category of infallible judgments; in respect to patristic tradition; and in respect to the common teaching of theologians? These are questions of great and pressing interest at the present moment.

A FRENCH REFORMATORY.*

SEVERAL years ago a very dear friend, who had a country residence in the department of Indre-et-Loire (which is included in what was formerly the province of Touraine), invited me to pay him a visit, offering the inducement of a tour among the historic *châteaux* of that fertile and lovely country, deservedly called the garden of France. I gladly availed myself of his hospitable offer, and went with him first to Blois and afterwards to Chambord, Chenonceaux, Loches, Amboise, and Chaumont. After showing me these interesting monuments of the past he insisted that before separating we should visit the reformatory for boys at Mettray, near Tours, which has been a great success and is known as the "Colonie Agricole de Mettray," to which the "Maison Paternelle" has since been added. When we arrived there we were informed that the venerable founder of the institution, Mr. de Metz, was sick in bed; but nevertheless, after learning that I was from the United States, he expressed a desire to see me in his room, and, after I had been shown very completely through the establishment, I had the pleasure of a short conversation with him. What I saw impressed me so favorably as the result of the union of intelligence, excellent judgment, and a spirit of the most devoted charity that I promised myself to write an account of Mr. de Metz's excellent

* The facts stated in this narrative that have not come under the writer's personal observation have been obtained from four published pamphlets: *Colonie Agricole et Maison Paternelle de Mettray*, par M. Bertin, Avocat à la cour d'appel de Paris; *Une Visite à Mettray*, par Ch. Sauvestre, Paris, and the triennial reports for 1880 and 1883, published at Tours.

work as soon as I could find time and a good opportunity for publication, and thereby do what lay in me to spread a knowledge of it at home. Mr. de Metz died on the 2d of November, 1873, several years before my friend, who was also his, and who appreciated him highly. I feel, in writing the following lines, as if I were discharging a duty which I owe to the memory of both.

Mr. de Metz was bred to the law, and in due course admitted to the French bar. His talents and industry were such that, on the 21st of August, 1821, at the early age of twenty-four years, he was appointed to the initiatory judicial position of *juge suppléant*, or assistant judge, of the Tribunal de la Seine; and in less than fourteen years afterwards he was promoted through all the higher grades of the judicial hierarchy, and in 1835 attained the elevated one of *conseiller*, or consulting judge, of the Cour Royale. He was a man of remarkable intelligence, most delicate feelings, and a chivalrous spirit; and having achieved what is so very difficult in France—the attainment, early in life, of great professional success and the wealth following from it—there seemed to be every human inducement for him to enjoy his present prosperity and distinguished social position, and work to make both greater.

But besides his other qualities Mr. de Metz had also the spirit of devoted charity. The grave questions involved in the different penitentiary systems had taken an early and strong hold of his ardent imagination. He resolved, after he had been first appointed to the bench, to devote himself to the criminal branch of his judicial functions, in order to study practically the causes of crimes and delinquencies and the different degrees of criminality, and also, what was of the highest importance in his eyes, to seek to strengthen the weak and rescue the perverted from the possession of the spirit of evil.

Under the French penal code any minor under sixteen years of age, who, after having been tried and convicted, is declared by the judge that presided at his trial to have acted in the offence *sans discernement*, may, according to circumstances, either be restored to parental care and authority or be committed to a house of correction for a term of years named in the sentence, but not in any event extending beyond his twentieth year of age. Prior to 1850 this law worked very badly. The delinquent minors not restored to their parents were sent, not to special reformatories, but to prisons, where they mingled with adults either accused, awaiting trial, or even convicted. The

natural consequence of these deleterious influences upon youthful first offenders was that seventy-five per cent. relapsed into crime. Mr. de Metz's solicitude and investigating efforts were specially directed towards finding out the best means to reform this class of minor delinquents; and, being a man of deep religious convictions, he had got the fundamental idea that what he sought was to be found in a system of training both religious and paternal, having, moreover, an agricultural character. This last feature he had defined in a maxim publicly expressed by him in 1839: *améliorer la terre par l'homme, et l'homme par la terre* ("to better the soil by means of man, and man by means of the soil").

In 1838 he was sent by the French government to study the various penitentiary systems followed in the United States. Thence he went to England, Germany, Belgium, and Holland to see what he could discover in those countries, looking particularly for the pattern of an agricultural reformatory institution such as he had conceived the idea of. He first came across the agricultural reformatory established in 1835 on Thompson's Island, in the harbor of Boston. This institution was connected with a House of Refuge for vagrant and destitute children, and to it were sent such of these as it was judged would be benefited by a transfer from the latter. Mr. de Metz ascertained that the moral and material results had both been successful and better than what had been expected. In England he visited the Parkhurst Agricultural Reformatory in the Isle of Wight, established by act of Parliament in the second year of the present reign, for the reception of young delinquents in whose case either sentence had been suspended or sentence to transportation had been commuted. Here the labor of the inmates had proved satisfactory, and there had been numerous instances of reform among them. Mr. de Metz found a very different state of things in the institutions of a similar character which he visited in Holland and Belgium. In the former country they were getting along poorly, showing mediocre results obtained at an enormous cost; and in the latter they were as badly off as they could be. But, as he afterwards stated at the Réunion Internationale de Charité, he never expected to learn from either aught but lessons of experience, which proved so useful in pointing out to him where the dangers of failure lay that he considered himself almost as much indebted to the Dutch and Belgian establishments as to that one by which he was directed to the right path, which he found at last in the Rauhen Haus agricultural colony established at the village of Horn.

At this spot, in a fertile and picturesque country, on the slope of a hill overlooking the beautiful valleys of the Elbe and the Bill, Mr. Wichern, a man of most respectable character, had founded in 1833 a reform school for reclaiming children either perverted or in danger of becoming so from previously-acquired vicious habits. This enlightened founder had sought his saving moral forces in *good family influences*, and his method was to excite in the young hearts the sweet and salutary emotions produced by a good, kind home, which these unfortunate waifs had either never known or from which they had become entirely estranged. The colonists were divided into groups of twelve persons, designated as families. Each family was separated from the others by gardens or orchards, and was under the direction of a head-man, or rather a guide, called "father" by the children; the whole forming, as it were, a little hamlet. The discipline of the colony was firm and severe, but tempered by paternal tenderness, aiming at moral reform. Mr. de Metz was deeply impressed by what he saw at Horn and by the excellent results realized from the plan followed there, which he studied attentively, and which, he became convinced, derived its efficacy from the principle upon which it had been founded, of reviving sound family influences and surroundings. Having thus discovered the practical realization of his idea of reforming juvenile delinquents by means of a system paternal and religious in its character, he returned home determined to found there an agricultural reformatory, to which he would devote all the resources of his intelligence, his wonderful activity, a part of his fortune, and the remaining years of his life. Being convinced that the setting on foot and organizing of such an undertaking would be incompatible with a proper attention to his judicial duties, he sent in his resignation, with an explanation of his reasons therefor, to the Minister of Justice, who at first refused to accept it, but subsequently, after a personal interview, consented. Mr. de Metz had a schoolmate, Mr. de Courteilles, who had entered the army, and who, from a similarity of tastes and sentiments, had become later in life his close friend. The magistrate and the military man, sympathizing with each other in their deep interest in penitentiary systems, had kept up an active correspondence, in which they exchanged ideas on the subject. On his return to Paris Mr. de Metz informed Mr. de Courteilles of what he had seen at Horn, of his design to establish in France a similar agricultural colony large enough to accommodate three hundred children, and proposed to him to take part in the undertaking. At first Mr. de Courteilles hesitated;

but, overcome at last by the ardent and clearly-demonstrated convictions of his friend, he too resolved to give up the world and devote his life and energies to the foundation, development, and perfecting of the contemplated work. Both proved true and steadfast, both struggled courageously to overcome the difficulties of their task, and both died superintendents of Mettray.

After thirteen years of incessant toil Mr. de Courteilles died on the 10th of September, 1852. Although his strength had been failing for some time before, he would not allow his labors to be lightened in the least, and fell, in consequence, into a long and dangerous illness. Just as it seemed he was getting convalescent he happened to hear that one of the inmates was about to undergo an operation. He promptly requested to be taken to the infirmary. There he found the patient under the influence of chloroform and insensible to pain; nevertheless tears were trickling down his cheeks. This sight reminded Mr. de Courteilles of a passage from Lacordaire, quoted in a work of his own, *Condamnés et Prisons*. He asked to have the book brought him, and read as follows aloud: "Prenez un homme qui ait passé par tous les degrés du crime. . . . Eh bien, un jour, sans cause apparente, il se formera dans ce cœur désespéré une seule larme; elle remontera le long du cœur; elle passera par les chemins que Dieu a faits, pour aller jusqu'à ses yeux flétris; elle tombera sur ses joues et lavera en une minute toutes les souillures de cette âme." * The last of the above poetically eloquent words had scarcely left his lips when the book dropped from his hands and his voice was hushed. To the assistants, who hastened to him and asked what was the matter, he made sign that the trouble lay in his heart. Then he raised his eyes to heaven with a look of hope, and in a few moments breathed his last. He was buried in the humble cemetery at Mettray, in accordance with his express desire, referred to in the following last words of his will: "J'ai voulu vivre, mourir, et ressusciter avec eux." † More touching in their simple and overflowing expressions of grief and gratitude than the eloquent funeral orations delivered at his grave were in particular two, out of many, letters of condolence received by his colleague from former inmates of the institution. His young and fondly attached wife, the Countess of Courteilles, after his death entered the convent of the Dames de la Présentation at Tours.

* "Take a man who has gone through every stage of crime. . . . Well, some day, without any apparent cause, a single tear will be formed in his despairing heart, and, rising through it and upwards through the ways which God has provided, will reach his dishonored eyes; then it will fall down his cheek and wash out in an instant all the defilements of his soul."

† "I have chosen to live, die, and arise from the grave with them."

Mr. de Metz survived him twenty-one years, and bore alone during that entire period the burden of responsibility of the management. He displayed wonderful activity and energy in the discharge of his duties and of the good works necessarily connected with them. He found time to attend to everything, even to frequently call on his friends, but he rarely allowed his visits to exceed five minutes. He founded another institution, which grew out, as it were, of the first one—the Maison Paternelle de Mettray for the reclaiming of wayward and disobedient sons with whom nothing can be done at home by their parents or guardians. Even in his seventieth year he dictated to his secretary reports and letters which he was no longer able to wrtie himself. He frequently travelled long distances solely to be of service to former inmates either of the Colonie or of the Maison Paternelle; and the time spent in railway-carriages he devoted to reading pamphlets and reports sent him and to noting his remarks on them. His friends. and relatives in vain entreated him to consider his advanced age and to spare his strength. On the 2d of November, 1873, he died, after an illness of only a few days and nearly thirty-four years of incessant toil. Great honor was rendered to his memory at the funeral services, which took place at Mettray, Dourdan, and at Paris. The Court of Appeals there, of which he was an honorary member, happened to be at that time opening a term; the Avocat Général, Benoist, in the usual *discours de rentrée*, paid a most eloquent tribute of homage to the worth of his deceased colleague; the Chief-Justice, Gilardin, felt himself called upon to add to the solemnity of the occasion by expressing most forcibly in behalf of the court similar feelings of regret and admiration, and reminded his hearers that an illustrious English chancellor had pronounced the deceased to be a glory to France. Numerous letters of condolence and of strong affection and gratitude were received from former colonists reformed by his care.

For the sake of convenient arrangement I have made a biographical sketch of these two heroes of charity precede a description of the work which they founded, which I shall now designate as "the Colony," and its juvenile inmates as "the Colonists."

Mr. de Metz, in a pamphlet published in 1839, gave an account of the institutions abroad which he had visited, and announced his design to copy their best features in the one which he was about to establish, and which was to be not a prison, but a reforming asylum. In it the children were to be brought under

family influence; religion was to be made the basis of their education, having as its constant aim to develop in their young hearts correct sentiments, love of country, family affections, habits of order, and a relish for labor. He selected a site at Mettray, about five miles from Tours, and in a country where the soil is fertile and easily cultivated. On the 4th of June, 1839, a board of managers was appointed, in which some of the most prominent men of that time consented to serve. Mr. de Metz and the Vicomte de Courteilles were appointed superintendents. Both were perfectly aware that the success of their undertaking would entirely depend on what kind of men they could get to be head-men over the families; these had to be intelligent, devoted men, that could be relied upon to take a parental care of the children confided to them. Accordingly, on the 28th of July of that same year, seven months before any boy was admitted, they established a training-school for head-men, and twenty-three young men, respectably connected, applied to be trained in it. Mr. de Metz explained to the applicants his plans, what was needed to carry these out successfully, and what co-operation he expected to find in them. He pointed out the difficult and laborious nature of the position which they had applied to fill, and advised such as did not feel possessed of the self-denial and devotedness needed for the task not to undertake it. Out of the whole number only a few were found suitable; one of these, Mr. Blanchard, was appointed, after Mr. de Metz's death, superintendent, and another, Mr. Arnould, was made inspector-general. This training-school has been kept up ever since and has done very well. During 1839 four cottages for the future colonists were built, and in one of them is to be seen the room, with white-washed walls, which for five years served Mr. de Metz as a bed-room and office. By the 7th of June, 1840, the colony had taken in eighty-two boys; after the lapse of two years it had overcome the great difficulties in the way of inception. In the years following, gifts of money and in other shapes flowed in and enabled the managers to build a church and enough more cottages to accommodate at first four hundred, and later on eight hundred, colonists, together with the numerous employees needed to provide for their wants. On the 21st of January, 1853, the then imperial government by decree conferred on the institution, as a mark of appreciation and sympathy, the title of "Establishment of Public Interest," in virtue of which it became legally authorized to receive gifts and legacies.

The buildings of the colony lie in the midst of a field, and

form, as it were, a quadrangle enclosing a large open square, with a basin in the centre and four large lawns around it. There are no walls and no enclosures other than live hedges. In front, on each side of the entrance, is a house standing separate; in the one to the left the superintendent resides, the other is the training-school for head-men. Behind these buildings are two rows of cottages facing on the quadrangle, five in either row; each cottage being 12 metres long by 6.66 broad—say 40 feet by 22—and isolated from those next to it. Each is the habitation of a family of about fifty boys under the direction of a head-man, called *chef de famille*, who has under him a foreman and two subordinates, called "eldest brothers," who belong to the family and are elected by its vote. The ground-floors of the cottages are used as workshops, and the two stories above for refectory and dormitory purposes, which are managed in this wise: There are three supporting wooden pillars in a row on each side, and between these and the side walls hammocks to sleep in and tables to eat on are set up and taken down in no time. Crucifixes are on the walls of the two stories above mentioned, as also of the school-rooms. The cottages are respectively named after the donors who have paid either the whole or a large part of the cost of erecting them. Five, accordingly, bear on their fronts the names of the cities of Paris, Tours, Orléans, Poitiers, Limoges; and four the names of Count d'Ourches, Benjamin Delessert, Madame Hébert, of Rouen, Mr. Giraud. The last-named was a *payeur*, or government paymaster, with a large family, who, having faithfully completed his full term of years of service, had been placed on the retired list. But rather than rest from his labors he chose to serve the institution as cashier without pay. He seems to have thought that his children would be as much benefited by the blessing which his gift would draw down on them, and by the good example set them, as by getting the money in his estate. The tenth cottage, which is inhabited by the youngest children, is placed under the protection of the Blessed Virgin, whose statuette is to be seen over the front door, adorned with flowers and foliage, which, as they become faded, are renewed by the inmates. In the rear, and in the centre facing the entrance-gate, is the church, and on either side of it the school-rooms and lodgings of the numerous employees. Between the residence of the superintendent and the training-school for head-men there have been erected the fore, main, and mizzen masts, completely rigged, of a square-rigged vessel; these were presented by the Minister of Marine. The discipline adopted at

Mettray is somewhat of a military form, which has been found by experience best conducive to regularity and order. The time for rising, going to bed, to meals, to work, and all other occupations whatsoever, is made known by sound of bugle. The boys sleep in the hammocks and eat off the movable tables of which mention has been already made. After rising each family stows away its hammocks, forms in two rows to say prayers in common, and afterwards files out by sections, and in silence, into the yard to attend to the morning ablutions. Then they return to their cottage, and after the roll has been called they march off in silence, and led by their head-man, to the workshops or elsewhere, as the case may require. When the bugle sounds for bed-time, after family prayers have been said, each boy stands by his hammock, at a signal slings it, undresses himself, puts away his clothes carefully, and turns in. The infirmary, kitchen, and clothes departments are under the care of Sisters of Charity.

The colonists are mainly trained to agriculture, horticulture, the raising of vegetables of all kinds, with and without irrigation; they are taught farm-work and how to take care of horses, cattle, live stock, and poultry. They are besides taught those trades which are in demand in the country, such as carpentering, blacksmithing in all its branches, framing, wooden-shoe making, toolmaking, horseshoeing, stone-cutting, house-painting, tailoring, shoemaking, and baking; the colonists also assist in the laundry, the bakery, the kitchen, and the infirmary. There is also a sail-making loft for the instruction of boys born in seaports and who have a taste for a seafaring life; these are exercised, under the direction of a boatswain, on the masts referred to above.

The colony has also several outlying farms, each inhabited by a family of forty boys, subject to the same discipline under the direction of a head-man, who is morally responsible for their management, and who has a foreman under him to direct all the farm-work. Since the institution was started five-sixths of the colonists have taken to agricultural pursuits, and the trained ones are much sought for by farmers. In the school, which is held daily and which all must attend, the colonists are taught reading, writing, spelling, elementary arithmetic and its application mentally and practically, the principles of the French language, weights and measures, an elementary knowledge of geography, geometry, sacred history, and the principal facts in the history of France. Linear drawing is also taught in cases where it is thought it will be required in after-life.

Lessons in vocal and instrumental music also form part of the

course, and are given twice a week; the colony is thereby provided with a band of musicians, which performs on Sundays and feast-days, plays marches, and helps to add to both the solemnity and cheerfulness of the occasion. The privilege of belonging to the band is eagerly sought for, but is conferred, as a reward, only on those who, besides being fully qualified, have earned it by assiduity to their duties and by good conduct.

As Mr. de Metz was deeply convinced of the essential efficacy of religious teaching and practice in all moral reform, he would have as co-operators in his work only moral and religious men faithful, as he was, to the practice of their religious duties.

Mr. de Tocqueville, in his work on penitentiary systems, says: "Nulle puissance humaine n'est comparable à la religion pour opérer la réforme des criminels, et c'est surtout surelle que repose l'avenir de la réforme pénitentiaire"; and another writer on the same subject has tersely expressed the idea in these words: "Sans la religion on pourra arriver à la réforme des prisons; mais on ne parviendra par à la réforme des prisonniers." *

An ingenious contrivance is in use at Mettray for the return, secretly and to avoid disgrace, of stolen articles. At an appropriate spot affording facilities for the purpose is a large, square box with an opening to it. On this box is written, *Lost Articles.* If the article found missing turns up the next day in the box, no one is permitted to scrutinize how it got there.

The discipline at Mettray is, of course, severe. Every infraction of the rules of the colony, be it ever so slight, is punished. Punishments consist of a reprimand in private or publicly; deprivation of recreation; confinement in the punishment-room; dismissal from an employment of trust or the loss of the grade of elder brother, if the offender holds either; having one's name stricken from the *tableau d'honneur;* confinement in a light or a dark cellar, with or without, as the case may call for, the additional penalty of being fed on bread and water only; and, last of all, being transferred to a correctional colony. In each cell the cross is hung on the wall over the inscription, *Dieu vous voit*—"God sees you"—and these others invite the culprit to reflection and a purpose of amendment: "Dieu est bon pour ceux qui esperent en lui" (God is good for those who hope in him); "Dieu ne veut pas la mort du pécheur, mais sa soumission et sa vie" (God

* "For bringing about the reform of criminals no human power is to be compared with religion, and on it specially rests the future of penitentiary reform." "The reform of prisons, but not of the convicts confined in them, may be accomplished without the means of religion."

wishes not the death of the sinner, but his submission and his life); "Il est toujours temps de bien faire" (It is always time to do well); "La prière est la ressource de toutes nos misères" (Prayer is our resource in all our troubles).

Punishments are never inflicted on the spot, but only after very careful and deliberate inquiry, during which the offender remains in a room called the Salle de Réflexion, where the superintendent has a talk with him; excited feelings have thus opportunity to cool down, and the boy to feel that he is in the wrong. Confinement in a cell is never entirely solitary. The culprit has to learn his lessons for the teacher, who calls to see him every day; he receives frequent visits from the head-man of the family to which he belongs, from the chaplain and the superintendent, and he is made either to break stones or split wood. Some boys have said, if they were allowed to have their choice, they would rather take a flogging than do that work. Good conduct and obedience to rules are rewarded as follows: The colonist who, by his exemplary conduct during three months, has incurred neither reprimand nor punishment gets his name placed on the roll of honor, called *tableau d'honneur*. The banner of the colony is confided to and borne by that family which for a week has had none of its members reprimanded or punished. Boys who distinguish themselves by their good conduct and assiduity to their work receive small sums of money, which are invested for them so as to earn interest, and they get the aggregate sum when they leave Mettray. There are, moreover, good marks, represented by little squares of pink pasteboard, which in the institution are the equivalent of five *centimes*, or one cent, and are available for the purchase of the articles allowed to be sold in the canteen, or to offset punishments incurred by the owner or by a comrade. Statistics which it is not necessary to insert here have demonstrated the steadily progressive good results derived from the above-explained system of rewards.

On Sundays, after Mass, which, with an instruction on the gospel of the day, lasts only three-quarters of an hour, at which the choir-singing and accompaniment on an *orgue-harmonium* are both performed by colonists, the latter are all assembled in the large study-room to hear read aloud an account of the work done in the week just ended, and the roll of rewards and punishments. The superintendent takes his place on a platform at one end of the room and reads aloud the reports of the head-men about the labors and behavior of their respective families during the past week. Then, after making general remarks, if the occasion calls

for any, he recites aloud the rewards and punishments due, and who have deserved them. The proceedings are closed by awarding the banner, on which is inscribed "*Colonie de Mettray—Honneur à la famille*," to the family which has become entitled to it, and which immediately delegates its elder brother to receive it. He advances to the platform, ascends the steps, and, after the superintendent has placed the banner in his hands, the band outside strikes up a martial and victorious air. The flag-family files out first and forms by platoons behind the band, and the other families, with their different colored guidons next in order. The family of youngest boys, from six to ten years old, bring up the rear. (I regret not to find in my sources of information how conflicting claims are settled if it happens that more than one family have deserved to have the banner.) Then the band strikes up a march and the column marches through the walks on the grounds, the very juvenile rearguard having all they can do to keep up and in line. After this review comes dinner, then recreation, afterwards Vespers, and next in order games and gymnastic and other exercises. The colony has a fire-brigade of its own, of which those alone can become members who have distinguished themselves by exceedingly good conduct. At six the families belonging to outlying farms who have come to spend their Sunday at Mettray leave for home. In winter, when the days are short, the colonists spend Sunday evening in the school-room, drawing, and on week-days they attend evening classes.

Mr. de Metz's heart overflowed with gratitude to God for having blessed his labors with so great success, and given him on this earth so much happiness in its attainment. So conscious was he of this that he used pleasantly to say: "Lorsque Dieu me rappellera à lui je n'aurai rien à lui demander, il m'a payé comptant." * Feeling the need of means to watch over and assist the colonists *after* their return to the outside world, he organized the *patronages*, which are of two parts, one for the departments and the other for Paris. The former consists of associations of honorable men who have in charge, to look after, direct, and personally assist, the boys put under their supervision. They report every six months, and are reimbursed for their advances. In Paris this business is attended to by a salaried agent. Before going into statistical figures to show how successful Mr. de Metz's work has proved, a few general facts and one or two isolated anecdotes demonstrating it are in order.

* When God will have summoned me to him I shall be without claim for any reward from him, for he has paid me in cash.

There are no walls and no way to prevent boys from escaping, and yet of 4,500 boys admitted from the beginning only one eloped. The attempts to elope were only 1.8 per cent. in 1877, 1.75 per cent. in 1878, and .69 per cent. in 1879.

After the revolution of 1848 a band of insurgents came to Mettray and urged the boys to leave, but could not get a single one to join them.

The fire-brigade is always expected to run to fires occurring in the neighborhood, and they always do so upon the first alarm, with great celerity, and render valuable assistance. One member caught his death from exposure in winter, cutting a hole in a frozen pond to get a supply of water.

The colonists turned out during the inundations of the Loire in 1856, worked for two days and one night, and rendered such valuable services that the city of Tours had a gold medal struck in honor and commemoration of the event. It bears this inscription: "Â la Colonie de Mettray, la ville de Tours reconnaissante. Inondations de 1856."

One of the colonists employed on a farm in the vicinity was kicked by a horse and felt that he was going to die. Although in great pain, and certain to suffer greater from the fatigue and jolting of the journey, he asked to be carried immediately to Mettray. Two days after his arrival he died, having received the last sacraments and edified his comrades by his fervor and resignation. He feelingly told Mr. de Metz: "I know I have put you to a great deal of trouble by coming here, but I was loath to die among strangers."

A boy was sent to the institution who, at the instigation of his step-mother, had killed his own sister by a blow with a wooden shoe. Neither prayers nor threats seemed to have any effect on his obdurate, sullen, and violent disposition. One night an alarm of fire was heard, and Mr. de Metz assembled all those strong enough to be of assistance, and led them off to the fire, having first ordered the tough case to be locked up because he could not be trusted. After a little while he returned, went to the boy's cell, and gently reproached him for being unworthy to accompany his comrades. The poor fellow burst into tears and said he would gladly go with them, if allowed. "Well, then, come along with me," said Mr. de Metz; "we shall see how you will behave." And off they started across the fields to the fire. Next morning, after the fire had been put out and the colonists had returned home, the boy was missing. Everybody at once took it for granted that he had improved the opportunity to run

away; but all were much surprised to see him brought back on a stretcher, very severely hurt in consequence of his bold endeavors, regardless of danger, to be of service. He recovered from his injuries and underwent a complete moral transformation; was a model boy while in the colony, and, after leaving it, became an honorable man and a worthy father of a family. He often visited the institution with his wife and child, and was profuse in his expressions of grateful remembrance of his stay there.

The board of twenty managers of the colony reports to the *membres fondateurs*, or subscribers contributing 100 francs—say $20—only once every three years. In their latest report, made in April, 1883, I find no general statistics; so that I am obliged to take them from another source made up to a much earlier date. From 1839 to the 1st of January, 1880, 5,300 boys were taken care of in the colony, the average during 1879 having been 722.

Up to the 31st of December, 1872, covering a period of 32 years, 4,396 boys were sent to the colony. What their parental influences had been may be judged from the following statistics: 859 came from parents found guilty of crimes or misdemeanors; 380 came from parents living together in concubinage; 689 were illegitimate; 293 were foundlings or abandoned children; 584 were born from a second marriage; 831 were whole orphans. Many of the children belong to more than one of the above classifications.

The statistics of reform foot up as follows: Up to December 31, 1872, 3,104 boys had been discharged; 1,593 became agriculturists, 707 mechanics, 694 soldiers, 110 seamen. Four have earned the decoration of the Legion of Honor; 24 have earned the military medal; 5 have become officers; very many have become non-commissioned officers or leading privates—*premiers soldats;* 344 have married, and nearly all of these have families to support.

During the first years after Mettray was opened the cases of relapsing juvenile delinquents fell from 75 per cent. to 14 per cent., and afterwards successively to 12, 10, 9, 6, and 5½ per cent.; in 1871, as the criminal statistics of that year show, it was as low as $4\frac{4}{10}$ per cent.

The daily average cost of maintenance *per capita* was 1.44 francs in 1877, 1.35 francs in 1878, and 1.32 francs in 1879, towards which the government contributes 70 centimes—about 14 cents. The certificate for a high degree of proficiency in primary studies must not be very easy to obtain in France, since at the examinations which took place at Tours in 1877, out of 33

candidates from the canton to which Mettray belongs, only 17 were successful, and of these 12 were from the colony, and 3 of same highest on the list. The excellence and success of Mr. de Metz's work seem to have been duly appreciated in the United States, for in the report of 1880 are quoted words of strong praise written by a Mr. Randall, Vice-President of the International Penitentiary Congress; and from Mr. White, President of Cornell University. The Reform School near Amboy, in New Jersey, is managed, as I am informed, on the family system. At Studzeniec, near Warsaw, in Poland, a colony has been established on the Mettray plan, is doing very well and turning out good results. The Emperor of Brazil, while in France some years ago, went from Paris purposely to Mettray to visit the colony, and expressed great satisfaction with what he saw there.*

In December, 1882, a committee of the Conseil Général of the department of the Seine visited Mettray, in order, by a *de visu* inspection, to be better enabled to report on the expediency of making it an appropriation, which they recommended after they had seen with their own eyes that the management deserved naught but the warmest praise. But they were somewhat surprised at finding crucifixes on the walls of the school-rooms and dormitories, and were specially struck at the sight, in each cell, of the cross and the inscriptions mentioned in a preceding page. The committee concluded their report by observing that although the Conseil Général had on several occasions expressed a desire for the removal of the sisters who have charge of certain departments, and the employment of lay persons in their stead, yet the request had not been complied with. They seemed not to comprehend that the managers, who have had experience of those services for so many years, are better than outsiders able to appreciate their worth and the inexpediency of substituting others; the change being without any reason other than to carry out the plan of turning out religious whenever and wherever possible, without regard to consequences.

* In the lists of foreign correspondents published in the reports for 1880 and 1883 appear the names of several persons in the United States either very well known or in some honorable public capacity.

ST. WINIFRED'S WELL.

"There sprang up on the spot a crystal stream, with sweet-smelling mosses around it, and red stones beneath the water."—*Legend of St. Winifred.*

CARADOC, son of Alen, the king,
Hath loved, and loved in vain.
He planneth a day of reckoning:
"Give heed, O maid! till thy death-knell ring!
Short shrift ere thou be slain."

Winifred's hair is yellow as corn,
Her eyes as the corn-flower blue;
She stood erect in the windy morn,
Baiting her lover with words of scorn,
Her heart to its kingdom true.

A prince's bride, or the bride of Death?
Scant time to make reply—
She hath flung his pearls on the bare brown heath,
And offered to Christ her latest breath,
And knelt on the sward to die.

The blow is cruel, and the blade is keen:
Her pure white soul hath fled.
By Bruno's altar on the green,
A blood-stained strip of moss between,
The martyr-maid lies dead.

Swift gurgled from the holy ground
A stream all silver-clear;
While whispering grasses gather 'round,
And strange-hued flowers bedeck the mound,
And song-birds hover near.

And still above the water's breast
Lingering the grasses wave,
And still beneath in tranquil rest
The blood-red pebbles closely press'd
Reveal a martyr's grave.

SOLITARY ISLAND.

PART FOURTH.

CHAPTER II.

A PRINCE OF THE BLOOD.

THREE days passed—days of some anxiety to the friends of Florian. What was he doing on the island? His letters were sent to him daily, and there were many of them, while the mail sent back by him was voluminous enough to show that his idle hours were few. Yet Ruth was apprehensive. About what she could hardly say; but she fidgeted until the squire from the depths of his serenity called out:

"Ruth, *will* you give me some peace? *Will* you stop your *demd* fixin' and movin'? What's the matter with you, anyway?"

"I was thinking of Florian."

"I wish you'd think to some advantage, then," he growled. "It's a round dozen of years since—"

"Now, papa, don't be bearish. I pity the poor fellow, alone with his sorrow on that island. I was afraid—what if—of course I suppose—"

"Keep right on," said the squire, with comfortable irony. "You dassent say it, you know you dassent. I pity him, too; but he'll get over it. He's just the boy to stand such knocks like a wall. No give to him. I don't see what you're afraid of, unless that he'd go and drown himself; but his head's too level, too valuable to do that, even if there was need. He's worth more than his father ever thought o' being, and there wouldn't be any sense in having the family die out so sudden. Gosh'l-mighty!" said the squire, suddenly straightening up, "what *am* I talking about?"

"I don't know," said Ruth absently. "I think I will go up to Père Rougevin's and see him about Florian."

"You needn't," acrimoniously; "Flory don't want nothin' at all to do with that party. They've completely busted the partnership. You might see him, though, about the other feller."

A burning flush rose to the roots of her hair.

"He's the gentleman, I suspect, that you and Peter Carter were looking after. You see, Ruth, the old man isn't dead yet. He's got eyes. I don't admire your taste. He looks like Flory with the starch and the color knocked out of him. Another washing would leave him like chalk. However, you're in the thirties, and I han't got nothing to say or do in the matter."

"In what matter, papa?" said Ruth, with recovered self-possession.

"Oh! in this matter of—well, you know what. I don't care to—"

"Keep right on. You dassent say it, you know you dassent," she broke in, mimicking him. "There is no matter to be disturbed about, and your hints are all misplaced. Will you walk up with me to see the père? It is nearly dark, and we'll surely find him at home."

"Don't care if I do. I'll shame you right to his face." But the threat did not frighten her.

They found the priest comfortably reading in his study, his easy-chair between the table and the stove.

"You haven't got any masculine furniture here, have you," said the squire, after a glance round, "with which to furnish a young but rather stiff lady's parlor—something portable, père, and protective; something that will wash the dishes while she goes visiting, and hold an umbrella over her when it rains, and something, above all, that's masculine and warranted not to run away? Ruth's looking for just such an article, and we heard you had one to sell cheap."

"He's not in now," said the père, "but you can see him later."

"Don't attend to his nonsense," said Ruth calmly. "Have you heard anything from Florian?"

"He will be here to-night, probably. I received a note from him to that effect. He is coming to learn what I know of his father."

"Ah!" said the squire, "that must be a good deal."

"I am so glad that—well," and she stopped abruptly, "after all, I do not know that he is well."

"There is nothing to disturb him particularly," said the priest, with the faintest touch of scorn, which the squire took for praise. "He remained on the island partly to investigate the cabin where his father lived, and partly to enjoy quiet and retirement after an arduous campaign. Sentiment does not enter largely into Florian's make-up."

"He's too much of a Yankee for that," said the admiring

squire. "There's nothing in this world can put Flory down, unless death. I just dote on that boy."

The sharp ring of the door-bell sounded at the moment.

"This is he," said the père. "I invite you both to remain and hear what I am to tell about this so-called Scott. It is a curious history and contains nothing that you may not know."

"If Florian does not object—"

"Don't you fret," said the squire, cutting off Ruth's polite remarks, for he was eager to stay. "Don't you fret, I say. Flory has no family secrets from me—us, I mean."

When Florian entered the squire saved any one the trouble of replying to his grave salutation by at once taking the position of chairman of the meeting. Ruth was satisfied to note in silence the changes which a few days had made in the politician's face. It was paler than usual, and the eyes seemed sunken and weary. The evidences were that Florian had not passed as quiet a time at the island as the père believed, but in the hurry and gentle excitement of an animated conversation the paleness and hollowness disappeared to a great degree.

"As you intend to return to-night," said Père Rougevin by way of preface, "I suppose you are willing to have me begin my narration. I wish that Miss Ruth and her father should hear it, if you have no objections."

Of course Florian had none, and the squire was delighted. The room was comfortable, curiosity was sharp, and the père's story-telling powers were above the average. To-night he had no intention and no desire to do more than tell a brief tale.

"I became aware of the facts which I tell to you," he said, "not by any favor on your father's part, but through an accident. In the ordinary course of my parish business the prince found it necessary to confide in me. If he was more precise in his account of his life to me than to any other, it was because I insisted on knowing the whole story, with every shade that time had cast upon it.

"You know the title which belonged to him, and how he lost it. He was a Catholic and favored a poor relation of no principle. He lost his position, and almost his life, through this relation, who, by intrigues quite possible in Russia, convinced the czar that his relative, your father, was conspiring against him. A friend laid before the unfortunate prince the state of affairs. He saw at once that nothing short of a miracle could save him. He was young and practically friendless, for a Catholic noble of the blood

royal was unique and stood alone. With his two children he hurried into France.

"The fate of his wife, the princess, was particularly sad. She was a woman of mind and will. When the prince spoke of exile she refused to leave her country. On good and reasonable grounds, however. Her family was powerful. She, at least, was safe, and she was bent on doing her utmost to save her husband's estates and name. But for safety's sake she urged the prince to depart with the children, which he did, without misgivings, yet without hope. His brave wife returned to the home of her father, made many efforts to save the estates, and gained so many important favors from the emperor that the scheming relative saw his plotting in danger of coming to naught. In her father's house the princess died suddenly, of poison.

"There was no crime, it seems, at which this relative would stop. The prince and his children—his name was Florian, like your own, sir—shortly felt the sting of his unscrupulousness. Tracked to Paris, to Madrid, to Genoa, to London, they had many narrow escapes from death at the hands of his agents. The wilds of America offered him a refuge, and to them he fled. Hope was dead in him. Henceforth his one effort was to hide himself and his children from the assassin. He could not do it, as you have seen, but all that man could do he did, and, if he fell himself, probably saved you. The rest you know."

It was abrupt, concise, unsympathetic, this recital of an unfortunate man's life, and it left as many points unsettled as if it had not been told. Florian, however, was prepared with a bristling array of questions. He burned to discover the spirit of his father's strange life, and could not be content with these dry bones.

"Much of this information was contained in the letters and documents held by Mrs. Wallace," said Florian.

"I do not know," replied the priest. "I never saw the letters. Your father fondly preserved them as mementoes of a time for ever gone. Mrs. Wallace removed them to her secret closet without his permission."

"I thought my father of no religion," said Florian. "I had never seen about him in all the time that I knew him a single evidence of his faith. Was he a—"

"No," said the père, with a touch of generous feeling, "he was a fervent Catholic, such a Catholic as misfortune makes; but it was part of his plan to let little be known about him. In an obscure village miles eastward from here he went to Mass and confession."

"Yet his whole speech had a certain coloring," Ruth said earnestly—"a spirituality which only a Catholic could feel and show. We thought it was philosophy—backwoods philosophy."

"He was a great philosopher, too," said the père. "His education had been thorough. He was a finished scholar."

"Then the Izaak Walton was a blind," blurted out the half-indignant squire, "and his talk about governments meant more'n *I* thought."

"It was his deep and sincere and simple piety that thrilled me most," Ruth said, with glowing eyes. "However else he deceived us, he could not hide that, and I loved him for it. He was like a child."

"Of that there is no doubt. Suffering of the severest sort had chastened him beyond belief. For one so tossed about and so brought up as he, his simplicity was as sweet as unexpected," the priest said feelingly.

To this compliment Florian gave no apparent heed.

"Before Linda died," he said, "I suppose, from what I recall of that time, that he told her his secret."

"On the very day of her death he told her. He found it hard to make her see the wisdom of keeping it a secret still, from you at least; but with my aid he succeeded."

"Poor Linda! poor child!"

Ruth glanced from the priest to the politician regretfully. There was very little in the manner of either to warrant a suspicion of mutual dislike, but the père's deliberate mention of his connection with the task of keeping Linda silent was a simple declaration of war. Passing over the hermit's visit to New York, he came to the events immediately preceding the late tragedy.

"The letter which I received from an unknown friend warning me of the Russian's designs against me was probably penned by my father?"

The père shrugged his shoulders. "He did not know of the letter, nor had the hermit told him of it."

"Was he apprehensive, after the visit of the spy, that trouble was coming upon him?"

"Well, yes," said the priest slowly; "yes, he was. But he had so much confidence in his disguise that he feared only for you. When he heard how you arranged the matter he was thoroughly satisfied, and said, 'Now the danger is over.'"

"Did he have any occasion to lose this confidence afterwards?"

"Not until two weeks ago, when a heavy sadness disturbed him which he could not shake off. At that time he was not aware of the presence of his murderer. He must have discovered it suddenly and frightfully, for his usual prudence and sagacity seem to have deserted him at the critical moment. His end is wrapped in mystery, as was his life, and I believe he preferred to have it so."

There was for a short space a little solemn thinking.

"I found a handkerchief in the old cabin the time the Count Behrenski and I were here together," said Florian. "It had a faint monogram, 'W'—"

"It was Mrs. Wallace's," interrupted the priest. "She stole to the island that night to warn him of the presence of the count, and to bid him beware of meeting your friend."

"And there is nothing further known of this hidden life; no letters, no scraps, no familiar insights, nothing to show what the man was under all his misfortunes, to make one feel that he was—a—father."

The last words came hesitatingly, and were answered by a curt nod from the père.

"I have his last letter," he replied; "it was written for you to read in the event of his death. And Paul Rossiter may tell you things which he has not told to me. More than that—"

A shrug of the shoulders finished the sentence.

"Linda had some idea of it," continued the père, "and it made her very happy in dying. Perhaps his old confessor might be able to give you a glimpse of his interior life. I doubt it, however. It seems to have been a sanctuary into which angels only could enter."

"You have, then, so high an opinion of his life," said Ruth gratefully. The père bowed and said nothing for a few minutes, but, as if regretting his moroseness, he went on to say:

"He was a martyr to his religious convictions, of course. He could have easily won the favor of his emperor by embracing the Greek religion, and, had he been a less tender father, might have lived in comparative comfort. The fear of bringing upon his children the sufferings he had endured made him self-forgetful."

"If you will let me have the letter you spoke of," said Florian, who had been indulging in a reverie, "I will be going. The hour is late, and the island is a good distance off."

The père silently handed him a thick package, and rose as if to end a rather distasteful interview.

"I hope," said Ruth, "that you are not going to bury yourself in that dreary solitude. Before you return to New York we would be happy to have you stop with us a few days."

"And now that the cold weather is here," said the squire, who felt himself on familiar ground for the first time that evening, "you'll be apt to stick there if the ice came on too thin to bear ye and too thick for a boat. So you had better make a move on the double-quick. And now see here, Flory, you an't doing the right thing by the party and by yourself. You ought to be in New York making cover for what's left of your hay. Your father was a good man, but the best man that ever died wasn't quite worth half the fuss made over him."

Florian received this lecture as pleasant badinage, nor did he make any reply to Ruth's kindly invitation, but, wishing them all a good-night, politely withdrew. The squire snorted as the door closed after him, and looked severely at nobody.

"The idea of a dead man having such influence over a living one!" he said angrily. "I believe you're all to blame for it, too. He'll die on that island, poking over the remains of that red-headed prince, and persuading himself of nonsense of all sorts. And if he doesn't his affairs in the city will all go to smash. Now, Ruth, see here. We can't stand this sort of thing any longer, and to-morrow—to-morrow, I swear it and I vow it—we'll go over in a body; we'll advance on that island like an army, and we'll forcibly remove him to the village. Come on home. There's no use in talking to the père. I suspect he would be glad if Flory took a dose of poison."

"It might not do him as much harm as he has done hundreds of people since he came into the world," said the père with some heat. "Do you know what he sat in front of the whole evening, Ruth? A framed copy of his famous letter sent out in the campaign."

"Go it, you infernal papists!" said the squire fiercely; "the whole American people defies you, the Constitution of these United States—"

"Papa," said Ruth gently, "you're not on the stump now. You're in the priest's study, and I think we had better go."

"Jes' as you say," the squire murmured as his voice sank out of hearing under this reproof. "I forgot, Ruth. But how about that young Mr. Ross?"

Ruth arose with some haste and bustled the squire through the door, promising the priest to call again, and fighting down her father's voice until she had forced him into the street.

Florian made his way across the river in a dreamy, unsettled way, as if he had started for no place and forgotten the harbor he had left. He was very eager to know something of the real life of his father, and somewhat bitter at finding himself left out so regularly in the cold. This one knew and that one knew some trait or incident of the hermit, and Linda had received a full measure of knowledge at the last moment. He alone knew nothing. His thirst—and it increased every day—was always unsatisfied. His father spoke to him only through the cold, unsympathetic channels of dead letters or of outsiders who cared little for him. It was a hard condition. He accepted it in his usual matter-of-fact way, but it hurt him nevertheless.

When the island was reached and the door closed on all the world—on all his cares and disappointments, on all his ambitions—he pulled the curtains over the window, replenished the fire, and, with Izaak Walton at his elbow, sat down to read his father's last communication to him. Just as his father had sat often during the nights of twenty years! The old charm of the place was not yet lost to him; it had increased, rather, because of its pathetic associations. Here he had slept and dreamed that his father kissed him; here the hermit had made a last attempt to keep him in Clayburg; here he had tried to discover, without much if any help from God, what his vocation in life might be. The warning which the prince had given him still haunted his memory, but he had not gotten over his old scepticism on that point, and recalled it with a smile. By the light of the old tallow candle he opened his father's letter and read it reverentially:

My son, my most dear son: I have little time to speak to you. I fear, I am sure, our enemy is on my track. I thought you had for ever averted the danger. It is not so. These people will not be satisfied until they have killed me. God's will be done! When you read this I shall be dead. Much obscurity hangs over my life. It will never be removed in this world. It will pain you, but it was ordered so for your good. Believe me, your father, every moment of my life was a study to save you from what will befall me, every word that I have said to you dictated by the strongest love. Be content with what you may learn of me from strangers. I give you my love and bid you adieu. I return to you, according to promise, a well-known document. My most dear son, a stranger to me all my life, your father hopes and prays to meet you in heaven.

FLORIAN.

He read it over three, four, ten times, with a more vivid picture each time of the circumstances under which it was written, until the long-suffering of his father's life and the condensed agony of that farewell was tearing his own heart into shreds, until sobs and tears came to shake to its foundations his infernal stoicism and eternal self-analysis, and to show him that he was no more, after all, than a son of man. He felt humiliated, but only before himself. When self-possession returned he glanced idly at the other document—a bit of writing signed, as his father's letter was, "Florian"; but the handwriting was his own, and a more careful scrutiny discovered the manuscript to be that famous declaration of his views on everything which the hermit had received from him ten years ago. He read it with a sad yet tender curiosity. His father had preserved it so carefully, had read it many times, no doubt, and pondered as a father would over the workings of the young soul which God had given to him; had kissed it many times, and wept and prayed over it for him, and besought a daily measure of blessings on his son. Therefore he read it considerately, smiling at the boyish enthusiasm which every line displayed, and frowning at the declaration of beliefs and practices some time discarded. The contrast which it showed to exist between the boy and the man he did not see, or, seeing, did not take heed, but put it away between the leaves of the Izaak Walton and gave himself up to hours of profitless thought. In these moments of meditation that peculiar twisting of the features took place which had been noticed during the funeral, as if his very vitals had been seized by the grasp of intolerable pain. With his strong will he reasoned its cause down, but still the shadow haunted him night and day.

CHAPTER III.

A WOMAN SCORNED.

AFTER a defeat the vanquished naturally hides his head for a short time, the quicker to restore his bruised features to their natural shape and color. This very just reflection did not at all soothe the anxiety of Barbara over her dear, devoted Florian's absence. Twenty times a day she tried to read between the lines of the passionate letters he sent her from Clayburg, and because she found nothing her anxieties increased tenfold. Ruth was there, and who could tell what would happen? He had deserted

one woman. Such a man was not to be trusted; and if the old love were still strong after ten years of absence from its object, what would it not be in her presence, what might it not dare if Ruth said, I am willing? Finally Barbara packed her trunk and started for Clayburg to pay her old friends a visit. She was a little fearful of the effect of her appearance upon Florian, but trusted to luck and her own charms to allay his anger.

No one in Clayburg knew of her engagement to Florian, but the sight of her stepping from the train sent a cold chill along the squire's spine, and Ruth's first glimpse of her coming up the walk to the house produced a serious misgiving in that lady's heart. She was going to stay with them, of course. The city was so dull that she could no longer endure it, and it was *so* long since she had been to Clayburg. While she was removing her bonnet and preparing to make herself comfortable the squire found opportunity to whisper to Ruth:

"Not one word about Flory. *That's* who she's after."

And Ruth, now that her obtuse father shared her suspicion, became more than ever certain of the object of Barbara's visit. Barbara was unusually entertaining and very frank.

"And you have had that very god among men, Mr. Wallace, with you, and you let him go so easily! What happy mortals, to be the favored friends of so charming a man!"

"Barbery," said the squire solemnly, as he sat down before her, "don't you attempt to tell me you came all the way from New York jest to see your old friends. You don't care two coppers for us. You've got an object in coming here, and I want to know it. Because if you're after me I may as well give in at once and save the trouble of a long courtship. If you're not, then I can rest satisfied and you can stay here as long as you wish to."

"The vanity of an old fellow," said Barbara, "is as violent as it is curious. Now, what could I possibly want with an antique like you?"

"An antique!" said the squire, dazed. "Ruth, can you sit by and hear your father called an antique by a mere strip of a widow? If you can you have no more notion of your duty than any other woman."

"Well, papa, you are the sheriff—put Barbara in jail."

"I wish I could," said he gloomily. "She's not safe even in jail, though: she'd bewitch the jailer, the chief of police, lawyers, judges. There an't nothing, in fact, to hold her. Barbery, speak right out. Are you after me?"

And the squire groaned in mock anguish of spirit.

"No, I'm not after you, you poor man; I have nothing to do with you, except to eat your dinners and make myself expensive and troublesome for a few days."

"The hull house is yours, my girl, and all that's in it. If you say the word you can have any man in the town that you're fishing for brought right here into the parlor, and I'll help you do the courting. I will, by Jupiter!" shouted the squire joyfully.

"Thank you; but I am engaged already, squire."

"Jes' so," said Pendleton dubiously; "but you're not safe, engaged or married."

"Don't be too hard on me, please; and do go away, like a good man, until I have a chat with Ruth. You need not fear any trouble from me. As far as I am concerned, you will die unbound by matrimony."

"I'm really obliged to you," said the squire, going out, with a warning look at his daughter.

"And so Florian Wallace was here again," said Barbara, with an arch look at Ruth. "O Ruth dear! was there ever a man more faithful to the love of his youth? And tell me, tell me truly, did you refuse him a second time—why, no, a third time, is it not?"

"Barbara," said Ruth sternly, "you have sense enough to know the bad taste and impertinence of your question. Florian has long ago given up his intentions with regard to me, and is engaged to a noble woman in the city. You do him wrong in talking thus of him and me."

"Yes, indeed, a great wrong," said Barbara scornfully, "to him in particular, for he is the soul of honor. If you said 'Come' to-morrow, no woman, no honor could hold him from you, and you know it. That is just what Florian Wallace amounts to."

"I would be sorry to know that any one could say that of him with the appearance even of truth."

"Well, have patience and you will see. When did the great luminary leave here?"

"That I could not say," Ruth replied evasively. "I saw him for the last time at the priest's house five nights ago. I bade him good-by and urged him to remain with us a few days before leaving. He declined. I have not seen him since."

"He had not arrived in New York when I left, so that I must have passed him, or he may have stopped at Albany. How did he seem to bear his late defeat?"

"It did not seem to trouble him much, but he was very sombre in his manner. I felt sorry for him."

"Did he not say that he was going to New York direct?"

"He left us that impression."

"I wonder if she knows anything," Barbara thought, "and, suspecting my errand, is hiding it? Never mind; there are a hundred places to inquire."

She changed the subject to other matters, but it required all Ruth's watchfulness to avoid the traps which the cunning witch laid for her in the most unexpected places. But for her aid the squire could not have helped giving her the information she so eagerly sought, and it intensified Barbara's anger to see how thoroughly she was kept in the dark.

"I'll get even with Miss Prim, if I can," she said bitterly, "and I shall not spare her when my time comes.'

She went up to visit the père the next afternoon towards evening, but, owing to the squire's foresight, failed to get any information from him. In fact, no one knew anything concerning Florian, and the towns-people believed he had returned to New York the day after Scott's funeral. She had received letters from him later than that date, so that during the intervening time he was actually in hiding. Intense alarm now seized her, and she came to the determination to force the truth from the Pendletons by any means that came to hand. Sitting quietly in the parlor after dinner with the squire and Ruth, she flung down her gage of battle to them with disconcerting suddenness.

"I suppose you are both aware of the object of my visit here," she said; "at least your manner shows that you are."

"Well, Barbery," said the squire coolly, "Flory's high game, and I don't blame you, but you'll never get him; mark my words—you'll never get him."

"You know where he's hiding, both of you. Why do you not tell me what I want to know?" she snapped, and all her evil self displayed itself in her coarse manner.

"'Tisn't fair, my dear. Flory must have a show," the squire said, with much gravity; "and as he's somewhat cast down now, it wouldn't do to let you go cooing around him. You'd have him married to you in a wink. Your cooing doesn't suit as well after marriage as before, and I'm going to save him from you, if I can."

"At least *you* might have some gratitude," turning suddenly on Ruth. "When your love-affair was hanging fire I assisted you."

"Without any wish on my part," said gentle Ruth, flushing painfully. "Your interference was of more harm than benefit. I never knew you were what you now show yourself to be."

"You didn't?" snorted the squire. "Then you've had your

eyes shut since you were born, girl. You didn't know Barbery? She isn't one bit different from what she was twenty years ago, for all her turning papist like yourself! Do you know what I said?"

"Oh! yes, squire," with a charming smile. "Every one knows what you say, and even what you think, or are going to say or think. You're a dear, soft-headed old idiot!"

"Jes' as you say," murmured the squire, for lack of words to express his feelings, while Ruth listened in amazement.

"You might as well know," she said, with heightened color, "that I am Florian's promised wife. Will you tell me *now* where he is?"

"Don't you do it, Ruth," gasped the squire. "It's quite likely she's—"

"O papa!" said Ruth, "don't insinuate that. If you are what you say, Barbara Merrion, what has become of Frances Lynch?"

"Thrown aside like a toy. What did Florian want with her—a dainty nonentity?" And she laughed.

"I think—I fear you are a bad woman, Barbara," said Ruth, with the courage peculiar to her on such occasions. "If he has wronged that sweet girl it was because of you and at your instigation. How could you, a Catholic, think of such a wicked crime?"

"She donned the Catholic rig to catch Flory, as I said at the time," said the angry squire. "You did, Barbara. Your face confesses it."

"I have nothing to do with these things. Can you, will you tell me where is Florian?"

"If you're engaged to him," the squire remarked wickedly, "you ought to know where he is."

"I have a batch of letters which he has written to me every day since he came here, and I know that he is here, and that is all."

"You'll have to find him yourself, then," said the squire; "and, as we don't care to mix ourselves up in your doings, perhaps you wouldn't mind going to stay with your friends in the town."

"I have already decided on that, you funny old man, for it would be too much to accept of your hospitality farther."

Ruth rose and left the room without a word, hurt beyond measure at the vulgarity and wickedness of Barbara's character. That it was light and insincere she well knew, but she had always

given her credit for a certain refinement and natural pride sufficiently strong to prevent such behavior as she had just shown. It was bitter for her to recall that she had confided the tenderest secret of her heart to this woman, and that nothing might hinder her from publishing it to the world. Barbara looked after her with light scorn, and the expression in her face stung the squire into a rage.

"You've done enough for one day," he said, purpling, "to give you a chance at a ten years' penance. That good girl sees what you are to the core, and if she doesn't make it known I will."

"That good girl!" said Barbara, with a sneering laugh. "She was always so good! Yet she encouraged Florian into offering her marriage, and then threw him off. She went to a convent in a streak of gushing piety, and when the gush stopped came running down to New York after a dandy little poet upon whom her heart was set, and, if she had found him, would have proposed to him and married him. That modest girl! I'll make her modesty known through this town!"

"And if you do," roared the squire, "I'll publish your character to Flory in all the colors of the rainbow. How will he like to know that the woman he's going to marry came up to Clayburg and made a circus of herself and him to everybody, running here and there with a story of an engagement? O Barbery! you're a bad one, and I always knew it, in spite of your dainty ways and your perfumed trickery."

The dainty one burst suddenly into a fit of sobbing, and left the squire with his anger suddenly congealed in his swollen veins. The last threat had struck home. More than once the fear of such an event had chilled Barbara's confident heart, but she had persuaded herself that if it came to Florian's ears a few charming sentences would smooth the matter over. Now that the idea was put into speech by another, and that other the stupid, go-ahead squire, the enormity of her conduct burst upon her like a storm. There was nothing to do but propitiate the great dragon into silence, and this was her method. Pendleton was disarmed instantly. He looked at her suspiciously, coughed, twisted, and finally began to implore.

"I can't help it," said Barbara, with a sob for every word. "I know I've made a fool of myself, but who could help it? I was dying to see him, and you would not tell me, and I grew angry and impertinent. And now you threaten me, to calumniate me—you, my own father's relative, and to do such dreadful things. Why wouldn't I cry?"

"Jes so, Barbery; you have a right to. I don't blame you. But let up now, and let us call bygones bygones. You haven't done anything awful, not any more than I would expect from you, and I've been rather hard in looking for you to act like my Ruth. There, now, do stop, and I swear you can marry Flory twenty times over before I open my mouth. Oh! tarnation, this is terrible. See here, Barbery, jes' hear me one minute, will you?"

But Barbara would not hear, and her sobs increased in violence until the squire was temporarily insane. Peeping out from her handkerchief, she saw that she had brought him to the proper point.

"I'm going," she said, rising, "dishonorably ejected from the house of my own father's relative—"

"No, no!" moaned the squire.

"Threatened with disgrace and shame—"

"O Lord, no!" moaned the squire.

"Then what do you propose to do, squire?" turning suddenly upon him with her tearful, imploring face.

"I propose to do nothing, say nothing, think nothing, see and hear nothing in your connection now and for evermore."

"You dear old fellow! is it possible you will be so kind? And I'll go home this very night, and wait like a good girl until Florian comes to me."

"That's sensible, Barbery. You're not a bad girl, after all."

"And you're the sweetest, dearest old man," putting her lips to his rough cheek and patting his shaggy head. "Good-by, squire. Be at the depot and see me off. Now I'll go make peace with Ruth."

The squire sat in his chair a long time, thinking profoundly. There was the coming or going of light feet all around him for a long time, and the banging of many doors, but he never moved from his thoughtful position until Billy came to bring him out for the usual constitutional. Then the squire arose with a solemn disgust written indelibly on his face, and looked first at himself, then at his crony.

"You're not tall enough," he said mournfully, "or I would give you permission to kick me back into my senses."

"What! kick you, you divil?" said Billy. "I can do that, tall or short. What's the cause of it all?"

"A woman, old boy. She kissed me and petted me, and I caved in. A woman, and, I may add it, a widow."

Barbara transferred her effects and herself to the hotel in

much distress of mind, although forced to laugh often over her supreme conquest of the squire. She had gotten herself into a difficulty, and saw no easy way of escape as long as she held to her determination to discover Florian. To it she was bound to hold in spite of fate, confident that her old luck would not desert her. But matters had a gloomy look, and her orders to the landlord that she be taken to the depot for the night train was a sort of submission to fate which might not come amiss later. Sitting in the shabby hotel parlor idly touching the keys of the consumptive piano, to her entered Paul Rossiter. He was not aware of her presence. A wild, glad sparkle lit up her eyes at sight of him. Here was a chance to attain her object; here was an opportunity to stab Ruth Pendleton to the heart. She stood up shaking her finger at him as Lady Teazle would at Sir Peter, and the amazed poet, astonished first at such behavior in a stranger, was next overcome with sudden delight.

"Mr. Rossiter—O Mr. Rossiter! is it really you?"

"It is, Mrs. Merrion, and I am delighted to meet you."

"And where is Florian—Mr. Wallace? Why are you in the same town and not together?"

"I suppose he is loafing on his island still," said the thoughtless poet. "He spends most of his time there and rarely comes to the village. And may I ask what fate has cast you at this unhappy season on the shores of the St. Lawrence?"

"My native place receives me at any time."

"Ah! your native place?"

"You, I suppose, are soon to make your home here?"

"I return to New York in a week, Mrs. Merrion."

"Where you are hopelessly unknown by this time, as most people think you have drowned yourself. And is Ruth to go with you?"

"Ruth!" stammered the poet. "What has Ruth to do with me? Do you mean Miss Pendleton? I have not addressed her twice since I came to the town. For a long time I was not aware she had left her convent."

"And yet she left the convent for your sake."

He flushed a little, ignorant as he was of the motive of her boldness. She had, as she thought, an opportunity for belittling Ruth, and if the poet could not suspect it he could feel an uneasiness at her frank communications.

"Do you remember a bit of bristol-board," she continued, "scribbled upon by you in the convent-grounds last year?"

He did remember something of the sort.

"It was found and given to Ruth. Romantic, wasn't it? They could no longer hold her in the convent. 'She went by hill, she went by dale,' until she came to me in the city, showed me the card, and implored me to aid her in finding you. When you were not to be found she was nearly frantic, and fled to the seclusion of Clayburg to hide her grief. Worse than a convent, isn't it? And I thought you had settled the matter, and would take Ruth with you to the city! Well, there's bashfulness for you! And so, Flo—Mr. Wallace is on the island. Which island, I'd like to know?"

"Solitary Island I think they call it," said Paul absently, his whole body hot with mingled feelings of shame and delight.

"Mr. Rossiter," she said suddenly, "you must do me a favor. I want to see Florian. I must see him to-night. The last train leaves at ten, and I must be on that train. Will you take me to Solitary Island?"

"I have to go there myself," the poet said, surprised somewhat, "and you may come with me."

"Thank you—thank you a hundred times!" so earnestly that Paul had a sudden misgiving as to the prudence of granting the favor.

"And now, Mr. Rossiter," pleadingly, with sweet confidence, "you will not go without speaking to Ruth? You will not leave her and yourself to pine—"

"Thank you," said Paul hastily. "Please do not say any more about that. I will call for you at seven o'clock. Three hours will be more than sufficient to take us to the island and back again. With your permission I will go now, as I have some business to attend to."

The look of triumph, of delight on Barbara's countenance as he left the room was spoiled by the baser feeling of satisfied revenge. She had, in spite of her enemies, discovered Florian, and, at the least, wounded Ruth's sterling modesty, if not altogether destroyed its existence in the mind of the sensitive Paul Rossiter. Paul went out into the open air in a daze of happiness. Ruth loved him; his fate was no longer uncertain, but he was sorry that her tender secret had found a resting-place in Barbara's bosom. He could not see the motives of the latter's coarse revelation of it to him. He was sure, however, that malice prompted both the coarseness and the revelation, and he had a dim suspicion that something might have happened since Barbara's arrival in town to bring it to pass. Perhaps Ruth knew and dreaded that Barbara would do something of the kind.

How would she ever look in his face again, suspecting that Barbara had so ruthlessly exposed her? The more the poet looked at the matter the stronger his suspicions grew, and alongside of them grew the determination to leave Clayburg that night as quietly as he had entered it months before. Ruth would then feel easier in the belief that her shame had not been made public, or even whispered to him. In time he could come himself to press the suit in which he had altogether despaired; and if it was hard to forbear flying to her then and soliciting a surrender of the secret which rightfully belonged to him, its compensation was that the delicacy of his wife-to-be would not be so cruelly injured. She loved him and had sought for him, and was grieved at his absence. He did not want more; but he walked near the house just after twilight, and saw her sitting at one side of the parlor-table, with the squire at the other, her calm, peaceful face as sweet in its repose as if the nun's veil hung about it.

After all, revenge is not *so* sweet. Barbara began to have misgivings directly the first glow of triumph faded. What if her behavior should reach Florian's ears? And how would he take her appearance on the island? She had confidence in her ability to do many things, and one of them was not to wind him about her finger. She might wind occasionally, but not always. One thing was certain as death: that if she made but one misstep the lost point could never be recovered. Still, she set her face against all obstacles. When seven o'clock came she stood shivering, not from cold, on the veranda. It was a sharp and gusty November night, but the wind was not strong and the bay was quiet.

"One hour to go, one to come, one to stay, is the programme," said Paul, as, with her on his arm, he made his way to the wharf; "but that allows no time for unforeseen delays."

She did not speak, and he was glad she did not, for he had taken a natural disgust for her. At the dock the *Juanita* was bobbing on the water, all steam up. A yacht was stealing carefully in to her moorings at the stern of the steamer, and drew Paul's attention for an instant.

"What are you waiting for?" she said impatiently.

He led her to the yacht, and they came face to face with Florian just stepping from it in a secret way, as if he wished none to recognize him.

"Here is a lady wishes to see you, sir," said Paul simply.

Barbara gasped as she pulled up her veil and held out her hand.

"Is it you, Mrs. Merrion?" said the great man indifferently, not able to refuse the offered hand. "I am glad to see you."

But the calm words were belied by the look of his face, which Paul would have understood had he known of his new engagement to Barbara, and which made the woman's stout heart beat with terror. She was too frightened to utter a word.

"I am going to New York to-night," he continued; "do you journey that way? I shall be glad of your company, if you do."

"Yes," said Barbara feebly, and, strive as she would, she could not speak.

"If you are going away," said Paul then, "I have something connected with the island which you might like to know."

The great man waved his hand impatiently.

"Thank you. I can save you any trouble. I know all I need to know, and were I looking for information I would scarcely apply to you. Are you going to the hotel, Mrs. Merrion, or are you at Miss Pendleton's?"

Paul did not hear the mumbled reply, having retired modestly out of range of the great man's heavy guns.

Two villagers passing along the sidewalk some distance off were shouted at by the pilot of the *Juanita*.

"I say, Sam, what are you in for to-night?"

"Inquest," returned Sam lightly, "over the murder of old Scott. It's goin' to be at the hotel. Twelve on us air goin' to sit on the body."

"Keep Squire Pen'l'ton off," replied the pilot, "or he'll not leave any corpse for the rest o' you to sit on."

There was a laugh from both parties at this joke, and Paul saw the two he had just left stop suddenly and turn away in the opposite direction.

"Warnings everywhere," he said aloud, "and all unheeded. God help him, for man can't."

All three took train a few hours later for New York.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ATTIC PHILOSOPHER.

IN the whirlpool of city life again! Paul realized it with a sense of delight as unexpected as it was pleasant; for he had never a great love towards the metropolis, and his many sorrows there had embittered him against it for ever. Not quite for ever, as he now felt. He had the secret of his misfortunes in his

grasp, and nevermore could Russian spies go about whispering slanders and bribing the managers of theatres because of his likeness to the Prince of Cracow. There was a fair field before him. He would haunt the old dens of misery where his poor lived, without being compelled to live in them, and the aristocratic seclusion of the famous boarding-house would open to him again. A few months' absence had banished the mists that once hung round him. One manager was glad to have him back, and another, and a third. Then the mighty Corcoran was extremely cordial, and had so far forgotten being called a "dimmyjohn" by Peter Carter as to invite him to send in a series of articles. In fact, a few calls in the course of the day filled the poet with inordinate vanity; and it was with a very light head that he entered a restaurant to have an early supper. It was a cheap place, cheap even for that time, but the eatables were plain and good, with a country sincerity in the bread and meat and potatoes and butter. An immense quantity was served to each customer. Paul was intoxicated enough to have withstood a weightier meal than was set before him, and was half-way through it when—

"It's his ghost! Lord be merciful to me that sees it!" cried a stout but shaking voice at a distant table; and, looking up, Paul saw the rubicund, rotund Peter, red in the face from weakness and fright—even in physicals Peter was contrary—staring at him, fascinated and groaning deeply.

"O God, help me!" cried Peter again and again, beating his breast. "Mea culpa, mea maxima culpa! O Lord!"

Paul cruelly proceeded with his meal, while astonished waiters gathered around the suffering man in wonder and sympathy.

"There he is. Don't you see him?" said Peter in answer to their inquiries—"the boy that went and drowned himself because of my folly. You can't take him away. He'll be always before me, and eating like that. It's awful!"

To prevent the waiters taking Peter for an idiot the poet, laughing at the fun and delighted to meet this rarest of old friends, came forward to the journalist's table. The start which Peter made as he saw the apparition moving towards him scattered the waiters in a twinkling, and his tragic grasp of the table-cloth would have ruined the crockery but for the restraining hand of Paul.

"I am real flesh and blood, Peter," said he; "drop your nonsense, and shake hands in memory of old friendship."

"Paul," said the old boy, with a little soprano squeal of de-

light—"Paul," squeezing and wringing the young boy's hand until it became a shapeless ache at the end of the poet's wrist, while the tears chased one another over the round cheeks—"O Paul, Paul, Paul!"

And that was the only word which the gentleman could speak for three minutes. The memory of all he had endured since Paul's departure, and the joy of seeing his favorite, were too much for the excitable Bohemian.

"Let us go home to the famous attic," said Paul as he pocketed a flask for Peter's benefit, "and we shall review old times through the flashing of the tears of Erin."

Peter shook his head and uttered a groan of such agony as really touched the poet's heart.

"I'll take you to an attic, me b'y," said Peter, when his voice appeared; "but it's me own—yes, yes, me own, and no other's."

"You are not, then, at De Ponsonby's?" said Paul.

"Oh! that heaven of delights," squealed Peter. "No. I've been kicked out of it by me own hand, like the first Adam out of paradise. Here I am, in me old age, eating cabbage and pork when roast fowl or lamb would suit me better. Did ye order lamb, b'y? They do it well here."

"Never mind the lamb," said Paul, "but come on to your lodgings. I have much to say, and something to give you."

"I hope it's what I need, then. Come along and hear the woes of a gentleman of rank elevated to the sky—bad cess to it! I never knew how close it was till I lay next to it. There I've been, I don't know how long, because of a rascal wid a gizzard instead of a heart, and the lovely Merrion—oh! that dainty creature, that butterfly. Twice she deceived me. I don't know as she did the last time, but anyway it was the next thing to deceiving, which is worse than the real out-and-out, since it has a better appearance of truth. Well, here we are, b'y, at the door. Up, now, and don't stop as long's there's a stair to be climbed, till ye hit your head against the rafters or the sky. This is my Pegasus, this stairway. Are ye writin' poetry yet, Paul? Ye are, of course; it's good to have all the nonsense out of ye while ye're young, not be carryin' it like poor old Peter in his fifties."

A poky room was the philosopher's garret, tossed and tumbled out of all semblance of order, ridiculously small and badly furnished. The single bed boasted a silk counterpane.

"That's pretty, now," said Peter, jerking it into the chilly sunlight and wrapping it about him, while he took a turn to the

window and back; "come here and tell me, Paul, do ye know where we are?"

"That row of houses yonder has a familiar look," said Paul, gazing thoughtfully at them, "and there is one—why, if it isn't De Ponsonby's, sure enough! And there's the old garret, and that's Frances, as I live, at the window, and she's making signs to me. I'm sure she knows me."

"Back!" yelled Peter suddenly, as he tossed the poet aside and took his place at the window, where he began to answer the signals of the lady opposite. When he was done he closed the window and sat down, suddenly moody, the silk counterpane in his lap.

"She made it," he said sadly. "Oh! God help me, Peter. I know what Adam felt in looking over the paradisial fence."

Paul was brushing himself after an accidental tumble over all the furniture in the room.

"Couldn't you manage to toss a visitor out of the window once in a while to vary the thing?" he asked. "It would be more simple for him if other people had the trouble of picking up the pieces and putting him together."

"Just so," said Peter, with an unrestrained roar; "but ye had no right interfering wid my girl."

"Peter Carter—"

"Not Peter Carter, but Parker Charles. Never mind me; go right on, b'y, and say your word. I haven't looked at ye since I came in. My! but your pretty face is prettier than ever. Your clothes are not in style, though, and have a hang-dog look about them. And are ye comin' back to stay? And so ye didn't drown yerself, after all? Well, well, and all me tears wasted for nothing! And sure Frances and her mother wept for ye like two cherubs; and I tell ye, b'y, people don't always like to see people that ought to be dead alive again. Suppose ye had left a will, now, and I got five hundred dollars; d'ye think I'd hand it back to ye now? Not at all, man. It would be all spent anyway. Oh! God help *me*, Peter. It's little I made out o' me intriguing."

"So you've been intriguing?" said Paul.

"Yes, I tried a bit of it here and there," Peter answered soberly, as if the recollection might have been more pleasant.

"And how came you to leave De Ponsonby?"

"Put out, of course. What more could an old fool expect? Isn't it a shame to think an old gray head hasn't more sense than

mine? It was Barbara began it—the sweet, entrancing Barbara. Ye didn't know I was Frances' father, did ye, Paul?"

"No," said Paul, who understood this only as the usual vagary.

"Did ye ever hear them talk of old Lynch that was, b'y?"

"Somewhat. I believe he was a disreputable bummer, and, though of a good family, had no instincts but for a bar-room. De Ponsonby was well rid of him."

"Mea culpa, mea maxima culpa!" groaned unhappy Peter. "I am the man—Parker Charles Lynch, known to his journalistic brethren as Peter Carter, a gentleman once, and now a jolly old reprobate waiting for a taste of what you have in your pocket, me b'y. Come, out with it."

"Not until I hear an explanation of those words," said Paul, across whose mind a thousand remembrances flashed the truth which Peter had declared. "Are you in earnest in what you say?"

"Let us drink, Paul, to the reinstatement of a gentleman in his rights. I spent an estate on De Ponsonby, and now she wouldn't spend the tenth of the boarding-house revenues on her husband—me, Peter Carter, alias P. C. L."

Here Peter executed the inevitable single step. Paul, in hope of having the mystery explained, filled up a glass for him, which the journalist glanced through with watery eye. There was a vast change in him from that distant night when in Florian's rooms he had saluted the liquor as the tears of Erin.

"The sunlight never looks so warm as when I see it through this color," said Peter huskily. "Here's joy to me own Frances, and confusion to all boarding-house mistresses!"

"Ye see," he began, without any invitation, "I was bound the man wid a gizzard would never marry Frances, and so I let out on madame. I told Wallace, right to his face, and madame was present and Frank, that I was the only and original Lynch. Madame didn't deny it, and Frank—ah! she's the dear little creature—threw her arms about me and hugged me as if I was the most aristocratic Lynch in Ireland."

"What did Merrion have to do with it?" said Paul shrewdly.

"Wasn't she after Florian"—Paul gave a great start—"and wasn't Florian after her, the mean hound, taking her to operas and balls while his promised wife was left at home?"

The shock of this information was very great to the poet, but it did not prevent him from observing how, in the flush of feeling, Peter's speech insensibly lost its oddities of brogue and expression.

"I wasn't sorry to know he was anxious to be rid of the girl," Peter went on drily, "and I made it up with Barbara to give him this excuse of leaving Frances. Of course he couldn't marry the daughter of a bummer. I tell ye, b'y, I never felt prouder of being disreputable than I did standin' beside the low fellow with Frances' arms around me. He felt his own meanness, and showed it."

"Peter," said the poet earnestly, "don't for a moment think that I share in the opinions which the world has had of P. C. Lynch. I have always seen through the veneer which fate and his own oddities put upon him, and, in spite of his errors and blunders, I am convinced that a truer gentleman than he never breathed. Frances will bear me out in that."

"Just so," said Peter, with his eyes fixed on the ground. After a little he went on.

"I tried hard to make a match between you and the dear girl, but I see I can't. She will never love any one but him, and you are claimed in another quarter. I was commissioned to look for ye by Miss Pendleton, the foolish squire's daughter. I bothered her some in doing it, but I hope she'll forgive me and invite me to your wedding."

"And how does Frances bear it?"

"Poorly, poorly," said Peter moodily; "her heart was so set on the man. And then madame would have me in the house no longer, and that grieved her; and threatened to get a public divorce if I made myself known, which grieved her more. So you mustn't speak of me other than Peter to her when you go to see her."

"I don't know that I will go to see her."

"Oh! you must, because she is sorry to think of the wrong she did you, and I rather think she wouldn't object to you for a son-in-law, now that she's lost her great politician. Oh! Maria has a heart in the right place, for all the style she puts on. The tears of Erin, b'y."

"And are you not allowed in the house at all?"

"Not allowed in the house! Indeed I am—once a month to see Frances; and sure I see her every day, for that matter. It was I she was signalling when you saw her. Oh! God help *me*, Peter—"

"No, P. C.," interrupted the poet, laughing.

"The old name 'll stick to me, you may be certain," Peter growled, with a fond recollection of his right to the family cognomen. "What's the use, though, of bothering one's brain about it?

With a smile banish sorrow,
Have no thought for to-morrow.

Hoop-la!"

And the genial eccentric rose to pirouette and bow with his old vivacity, but his heart failed him, even while the laugh was bursting from his throat, and he sank gloomily on the bed.

"Oh! I can't raise it, this sadness," he groaned; "it'll never be raised till Frances is happy again."

Paul could say nothing, for Peter was really suffering, and his lively spirits were unable to cope with his sorrow.

"I'll go over and see Frances and her mother," said he. "Have you any message to send to either?"

Peter waved him off loftily and in silence, and, with only a light intimation that he would call again, the poet went away. He had only closed the door when the Bohemian's face, like a purple cloud, appeared in the doorway.

"Paul, b'y," said Peter slowly, "if you see Frances don't mind telling the poor thing how cast down I was. But if she asks ye—well, ye might hint at it slyly, so as not to disturb her too much; that is, if ye think it wouldn't be botherin' her, for ye see—oh! God help *me*, Peter," he concluded, with a groan, as he slammed the door, without extricating himself from the muddle in which he was involved. Paul, half-laughing, went down the stairs with some serious thoughts about Peter's dealings with his daughter. It might have been that money was at the root of Peter's troubles—for he was still a spendthrift—and that Frances was supplying him from her own resources, which the poet felt was an imposition, since the journalist made quite enough out of his profession to support him in comfort.

Madame De Ponsonby Lynch gave him a generous welcome. She was still madame, reserved, exclusive, and good-hearted, and very handsomely apologized for her treatment of him, nor did the faintest trace of feeling appear on her smooth face at mention of an incident which brought her exiled lord to her mind. Frances, she said, was probably about the house somewhere—most likely in the famous attic which he had so queerly deserted—and she begged him not to be surprised at anything in the young lady's manner or appearance, for she had lately met with a severe disappointment. The disappointment he had probably heard of, since it was, in a quiet way, the talk of metropolitan society. The poet, after engaging his old attic from madame, climbed the stairs to look for Frances. There was a burning indignation in his breast against the heartlessness of the man who could inflict so

cruel an insult on a woman so gentle and good as his promised wife.

"For promised wife she is yet," thought the poet, "and not at all deprived of her rights by his treachery. It would be a deserved punishment to have him suffer at Merrion's hands what she has suffered from him."

She came to the door in answer to his knock, and for a few seconds there was a hush of astonishment as the two met face to face. "Mr. Rossiter, or his ghost!" she exclaimed.

"And the substantial Miss Lynch," said he, offering his hand. "I have engaged the garret for a long term, and am not likely to lose it by any more misunderstandings."

"How can I ever—"

"Your mother has done it; don't say a word."

"And my poor father, that made all the disturbance—"

"I just came from him," said Paul, smiling, "so do not let bygones trouble you. I know you have enough of unhappiness."

Her lip trembled and she could not trust herself to speak. While talking the poet took a quick inventory of the changes sorrow had made in her. She was still the gentle, sprightly girl of a year past, but his practised eye noted the trembling lip, the melancholy shadows around the mouth and eyes, and the nervousness of her manner.

"I have seen him so late as yesterday," Paul said, "and I thought you ought to know. There have been so many strange things happening in his life. Who has a better right than you to know?"

"I gave up all my rights to him," she said bravely, while the memory of his shame brought a flush to her cheek and an angry sparkle to the poet's eye.

"But he had no—well, never mind. I was in Clayburg, and he was there. He discovered his father in the person of an old fisherman that he had known for years. Think of it—a prince of royal blood, with a Yankee dialect and a Yankee look, leading a solitary life on an island of the St. Lawrence!"

"I am so glad," said Frances; "his happiness will now be complete."

"I suppose," the poet said cynically, but recollected himself in time. "Alas! Frank, there never was a more unhappy meeting of father and son. The father was dead, shot fatally by a sneaking assassin, and it was only a corpse which death handed to Florian."

"Oh!" she murmured, with clasped hands, and the tears began to fall.

"I think it was a punishment on him," said Paul calmly. "No, don't look at me so. We only buried the prince two weeks ago, and in telling you all about him I must say some hard things of Florian. You know I met him, Florian's father, by a mere accident. He took me into his cabin, made a favorite of me, and let in some light not only on his own life but on mine. Frank, he was a saint. I never believed our country could produce such a miracle of holiness and penance. Florian was unworthy of him. He deserved to lose him, and to lose him as he did, for he died as much from a broken heart as from a bullet-wound. I wanted Florian to know that, but he suspected me and kept away."

"Paul," said she through her sympathetic tears, "what has he ever done to you that you should talk of him so?"

"Nothing more than he has done to any true man in his treatment of you. God sent him one punishment, and he got no sense or grace from it. I doubt very much if he will gain anything from another. But I shall present the fact for his consideration."

"You will not," she said sharply, in her excitement. "My wrongs are my own, and I do not look for any knight-errantry from you or any one. Paul, you must promise me that you will never mention to him that suspicion of yours. He has enough to bear now without that."

"I won't promise," said the poet stoutly.

"O Paul Rossiter! what have they been doing to you in Clayburg to change you into so hard and cruel a man?"

"They gave me a great longing for justice," was his reply.

She began to weep again, and he pretended to enjoy it; but no man can endure woman's tears long.

"I can't see why it makes you uneasy," he said, "but I will promise. No, you needn't thank me. It is not a great favor, since I suspect he knows it partly already. I only wished to make his knowledge emphatic by showing him how it looks to strangers. He needs to have his soul taken out and held up to him in a good strong light. If he saw it so I fancy he would see his—excuse me, but I am too talkative and too personal; but in the joy of return, in the hope of so cheery a future as I look for, in my anger at his ill-treatment of you, I am excited. So you all thought I had committed suicide?"

That remark brought the smiles to her face.

"Well, you know what a despairing poet is apt to do," she replied. "But we hoped you had merely changed your residence. Grief does not drive a good Catholic to suicide. It makes him better. But let me ask you, Did you meet in Clayburg that lovely Ruth Pendleton?"

It was more than the poet could do to keep the blood from his fair face. It rose to his collar, over it, to his ears, to his eyes, to the roots of his hair, nor could his glib chatter hide it from her eyes.

"It is more than I expected," said she, ignoring his talk and fixing her eyes on the tell-tale blush. "How did you get so well acquainted with Ruth Pendleton?"

"You know how it is with some acquaintances, Frank. Yet I loved her for eight years, and I haven't spoken a word of love to her yet. But I hope, at least I think—"

"She couldn't resist a poet, the dear girl, and I believe you two were assuredly made for each other."

"Thank you for that," said he, "but not more so than you and Florian."

"And, by the nine gods," he added in secret, "this thing shall be accomplished yet!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

MUCH ADO ABOUT SONNETS.

WHATEVER the date of its first appearance, it is very evident that when the idea that the Shakspere sonnets were expressions of hidden and cipher meanings, of unique or interwritten philosophy, mystic or erotic relations between personages contemporary with their composition (were anything, in fact, but some one hundred and fifty-four desultory rhymes in sonnet form), came into English literature, it came to stay. For, often as it has been dismissed and discarded, it is still to the fore; and even now, within this current year of enlightenment, when most other mundane things not responding to the touchstone of nineteenth-century scrutiny have been discarded as rubbish, when even on the stage and in decorative art the romantic, rococo, and purposeless have disappeared—even here are one stout volume and two ponderous essays in as many phlegmatic reviews, which thresh the old floors once more, reread once more the alleged crypto-

gram of these everlasting sonnets, and construe it a different way each time.

In following these hermetic essays ordinary criticism is impressed not so much with their ingenuity (for there is no limit to human ingenuity) as with the facility with which not only Shakspere's sonnets, but any other literary matter not historical, scientific, or didactic, may be so hermetically and allegorically treated. After all, what poem or prose romance exists which cannot be tortured into a set of symbolic types or allegories? Up to date there has not been lavished upon these sonnets anything like the literature, for example, once so popular with what we Americans call "cranks," devoted to that most ominous co-significance between the names Apollyon and Napoleon, and the consequent danger to this planet of ours, of which almost any old book-shop will be sure to yield plentiful treatises. The last Napoleon, however, has passed out of sight without leaving so much as a sulphurous aroma in the ether, and it is just among the possibilities that even these tremendous sonnets are not hermetic, allegorical, or even—to what base uses may we come!—biographical at all!

The really surprising thing, when one comes to think of it, in Mr. Gerald Massey's immense octavo,* is that he, a poet himself, should have insisted on referring these Shakspere sonnets to an identified love-affair of the Elizabethan day, when an ideal love-affair would have answered just as well. If Mr. Massey had not been a poet before he became a Shaksperean commentator we should have perhaps wondered why he selected Southampton as the lover instead of Pembroke (for whose name, by grace of baptism and good nature, "W. H." might perhaps have stood). But, being a poet, why should not any one man—for love-affairs are, after all, pretty much alike, and involve a good many secondary rivalries and friendships—have done as well as any other, or why should we not consider the sonnets as representing the uneven and tortuous course of any ordinary love-affair, when, to a poet, ideals are so much nearer and nicer than actual happenings?

Supposing that it should only be granted for argument's sake that these one hundred and fifty-four sonnets are just one hundred and fifty-four anonymous poems of the Elizabethan era—a catena (to borrow George Eliot's irreverence anent the *Faerie Queene*) in which "you see no reason why it should not go on

* *Shakespeare's Sonnets, never before Interpreted: The Secret Drama of Shakespeare's Sonnets unfolded, with the Characters identified.* By Gerald Massey. London: Longmans.

for ever, and you accept that conclusion as an arrangement of Providence rather than of the author,"—granted that, what would be first to strike a critical eye? We think it would be—could hardly fail to be—THE EXTREME INEQUALITY OF THE SONNETS THEMSELVES.

I. Could anything be more marked, more apparent, than this inequality? Here, for example, against the tenderness and pathos of sonnets xxx. and cvi., in which scarcely a quaint or archaic phrase marks them of their century, we must offset sonnet lxxxvii., in whose every line occurs an old term of court or musty chancery catchword, making it altogether about as signal an adaptation of old saws and modern instances to complimentary purposes as one can find in the Law Burlesques:

> "Whereas, in sundry boughs and sprays
> Now divers birds allege to sing,
> And certain flowers their heads upraise,
> Hail, as aforesaid, coming spring!"

Is this burlesque any worse than—

> "Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing,
> And like enough thou know'st thy estimate:
> The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;
> My bonds in thee are all determinate"?

Or still more extreme example of this law-letter pedantry, the cxxxiv.:

> "And I myself am mortgaged to thy will,
> Myself I'll forfeit, so that other mine
> Thou wilt restore or be my comfort still.
> . . . . . .
> He learned but surety-like to write for me
> Under that bond that him as fast doth bind.
> The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take . . ."

And so on, with "patent," "misprision," "judgment," and the like, employed as a lover's symbols to his mistress. Mr. Casaubon might have written something in this strain had he been a Chancery practitioner and attempted a sonnet to Dorothea; or old Tulkinghorn, or Mr. Vohles. But is it not rather hard to imagine merry Will Shakspere scribbling this sort of thing on the banks of Avon, among the primroses of sunny Stratford, and with the bibulant temptations of Bidford, Pebworth, and Marston within easy hailing distance?

Then, again, we have the "though rotten, not forgotten" of the lxxxi. Sonnets cxxxv. and cxxxvi. are plays upon the word

"Will," the name recurring once or twice in about every line of them. This is another mood. Whether the name refers to "Will Shakspere," or to "W. H.," or to a "willy" (which is said to have been the slang for "poet" in those days) is what nobody can find out. But how it has, in any case, anything to do with Lord Southampton's particular love-affairs only Mr. Massey knows.

Is it not a fact to go without cavil that the sonnet form in which most of these are written (for cxlv. appears to be the only one not in that form) is the principal reason for binding them up together? Has any other reason been discovered, or any other relation between them not purely visionary and fanciful? Most of us have smiled, we suppose, to fancy what Shakspere would say could he rise from his seventeen-foot grave (it was too deep for a well, even if not wide enough for a church-door) and encounter some of the "readings" which have been assigned to him during these last one hundred and fifty years. Mr. Boucicault said lately—with more asperity, perhaps, than the subject demanded—that he thought, on revisiting the glimpses of the moon and being asked which of certain "readings" best expressed the thoughts in his mind, Shakspere would have answered: "What on earth does it matter? Either interpretation will serve. I cannot remember which I intended. My dramas were written under the spur of necessity, to meet the crying need of the theatre of which I was one of the managers. They will be found to contain errors and blemishes. Let them be so, and do not encourage infatuated worshippers to turn defects into beauties. Nature is full of imperfections; and if it pleased the great Author to leave his work so to eternity, why seek to find perfection in every miserable little heap of dust? These trivial details you bring to my notice do not affect the purpose and shape of my play; and if they concern neither the action nor the passion nor the characters, why make so much ado about nothing? I am neither honored nor flattered by the blind worship bestowed on my works by some writers. If my existence had depended on these text-grubbers I should have been shelved two centuries ago between Ben Jonson and Massinger, or buried with Beaumont and Fletcher. I owe my existence to the stage, to the actor. No dramatic poet has any existence in the closet." And, the dramatic dialogue and purpose removed, *à fortiori*, what would the author of these sonnets say to the guesses of their *soi disant* interpreters?

As to the rage to find in earlier or contemporary literature

the sources whence Shakspere procured this or that or the other phrase, some hint, perhaps, of William Shakspere's own treatment of that feature of commentary, could he only come back again, may be gathered from a case quite in point. Last year a Canadian gentleman, a Mr. S. E. Dawson, wrote a little essay upon Baron Tennyson's *Princess*. Mr. Dawson sent a copy to the poet and received a reply, a portion of which—as showing how a living poet must feel towards voluntary and dilettante commentary upon his work—is worth reprinting. Says Baron Tennyson:

"I do not object to your finding parallelisms. They must always recur. A Chinese scholar some time ago wrote me that in an unknown, untranslated Chinese poem there were two whole lines of mine almost word for word. Why not? Are not human eyes all over the world looking at the same objects, and must there not, consequently, be coincidences of thought and impressions and expressions? It is scarcely possible for any one to say or write anything, in this late time of the world, to which, in the rest of the literature of the world, a parallel could not somewhere be found. But when you say that this passage or that was suggested by Wordsworth or Shelley or another, I demur; and, more, I wholly disagree. *There is, I fear, a prosaic set growing up among us, editors of booklets, book-worms, index-hunters, or men of great memories and no imagination, who* impute themselves *to the poet, and so believe that he, too, has no imagination, but is for ever poking his nose between the pages of some old volume to see what he can appropriate.* They will not allow one to say 'ring the bells' without finding that we have taken it from Sir Philip Sidney, or even to use such a simple expression as that the ocean 'roars' without finding the precise verse in Homer or Horace from which we have plagiarized it (fact!) . . . Here is a little anecdote about suggestion: When I was about twenty or twenty-one I went on a tour to the Pyrenees. Lying among these mountains, before a waterfall that comes down one thousand or twelve hundred feet, I sketched it (according to my custom then) in these words:

"'Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn.'

When I printed this a critic informed me that 'lawn' was the material used in theatres to imitate a waterfall, and graciously added: 'Mr. T. should not go to the boards of a theatre, but to Nature herself, for his suggestions.' And I *had* gone to Nature herself."

Is it speaking too harshly—would the commentators have any warrant to themselves complain of the harshness of the characterization—to apply the sentence we have italicized in the laureate's criticism of his critics to the legions who advertise themselves as Shaksperean cicerones? The trade began about the days of Malone—1780–1790. Of those ten years Sir James Prior* writes vividly: "Editors and commentators appear at every turn in all societies. In the club-house we meet three or

* *Life of Edmund Malone.* London: Smith, Elder & Co.

four of a morning: in the park see them meditating by the Serpentine or under a tree in Kensington Gardens; no dinner-table is without one or two; in the theatre you view them by the dozens. Volume after volume is poured out in note, comment, conjecture, new reading, statement, misstatement, contradiction. Reviews, magazines, and newspapers report these with as little mercy on the reader and give occasional emendations of their own." And if this was true one hundred years ago, how much truer is it of these days! Mr. White was recently able to show that an incident in "Romeo and Juliet"—which some of our most superæsthetical modern editors had pitched upon as displaying Shakspere's "deep moral purpose"—was about the only one in the play that happened to be taken without the slightest alteration or embellishment from the prior story. If this sort of thing is not "imputing one's self to the poet," it would be hard to find a name for it. But the process, which requires considerable ingenuity and periphrasis when applied to the plays, is clear sailing and simplicity itself when worked on the sonnets, which stand alone, *sui generis*, with no ancestors, antitypes, or prototypes, with no sources to reconcile and no references to be consulted. Anybody can do it. There is not a rock in the channel. All we have to do is to forge ahead!

II. In the second place, I think the student of these sonnets would very quickly become satisfied that they are not either autobiographical of their author or biographical of anybody else. The proposition that certain lines in sonnets cx., cxi., and cxii., such as—

> "And made myself a motley to the view,
> Gored mine own thoughts—made cheap what is most dear"—[cx.]
>
> . . . . . .
>
> "That did not better for my life provide
> Than public means which public manners breeds.
> Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
> And almost thence my nature is subdued
> To what it works in, like the dyer's hand"—[cxi.]
>
> . . . . . .
>
> "Your love and pity doth the impression fill
> Which vulgar scandal stamped upon my brow"—[cxii.]
>
> . . . . . .
>
> "So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite"—[xxxvii.]
>
> . . . . . .
>
> "Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt"—[lxxxix.]

and others, when torn from their context, are autobiographical of William Shakspere, or make the whole bewildering series

autobiographical, cannot, in my judgment, be supported by the facts. Those facts are that William Shakspere was far too manly a man to be ashamed of his chosen calling; that, if he penned these lines, he penned them long before he had been enough of a public character to have imagined himself as being "branded"—to the extent of some thousands a year—by popularity, or to have been in a position, barring his theatrical connections, for something illustrious in the state. I leave again to Mr. Massey the task of weaving any such autobiographical matter, should it be proved to be so, into Southampton's affairs; or, if already biographical, to Mr. Massey or anybody else choosing to assume it the labor of bringing them to bear upon the author's career, be he Shakspere or anybody else. Shakspere may have been lame. We have no means of knowing whether he was or not, but we must remember that the meaning of words has changed since his day. I doubt if "lame" then, when applied to the writer, meant anything more than any other of a hundred words used in the course of these sonnets in self-disparagement; or, least of all, had any reference to any such physical disability as we understand to be referred to by the word to-day. Similarly, Shakspere was familiarly known among his comrades of the theatre by the sobriquet "gentle," in allusion to his weakness for being considered of "gentle" birth (as shown, among other things, by his extravagance in bribing the officers of the Heralds' College to issue a grant of arms to his father). I think the word "lame" had, in Elizabeth's day, no more reference to physical deformity or accident than the word "gentle" had to a man's temperament, disposition, or social qualities. And yet, so far as I can discover, no student of the sonnets, however much he may insist that they be read as a whole, but has felt at perfect liberty to isolate lines anywhere and apply them as he pleased. What commentator yet has failed to take from sonnet lv. the first lines,

> "Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
> Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme,"

or the next,

> "Since, spite of him [Death], I'll live in this poor rhyme"—[cvii.],

and quote them as evidence that William Shakspere believed that the sonnets were, either as a whole series, or this or that one in particular was, to make him immortal? *Exegi monumentum ære perennius!*

I am, I hope, not insensible to the delicious poetry which, in lines or couplets, is scattered here and there among these sonnets, and which in some (like the vii., xviii., l., lx., lxxi., and others) predominates and renders the disappointment at sudden relapses into commonplace all the more dreary. But I feel less and less confident that the best and most satisfactory way to regard the sonnets is the unitary method of Coleridge, Armitage Brown, and Massey, and have a surmise amounting to a strong suspicion that we will yet hark back to consider them as fragments merely (as Meres did), whether Shakspere's or somebody else's.

Mr. Halliwell Phillipps formulates the resultant of an entire lifetime of Shaksperean research when he says: "Those who have lived as long as myself in the midst of Shaksperean criticism will be careful not to be too certain of anything." And, indeed, not only the most wonderful theories but the most astounding of facts pass without comment—seem to be taken as matter of course—if only translated to a Shaksperean vicinity. The Rev. Francis Gastrell—not a billionaire—who once lived in New Place, instead of selling out and leaving Stratford town when annoyed by relic-seekers, actually demolished stone by stone that substantial tenement (the first case on record, we believe, of a man wilfully demolishing his own real estate in a pique at a handful of rustic neighbors!) They dug a grave seventeen feet deep (deeper than most Stratford wells) under the pave of Trinity to receive William Shakspere's coffin! * These and a hundred other remarkable tales, that in any other connection would be accounted "yarns," seem to be reasonable and pass without question because pertaining to Shakspereana! But of them all, surely the most wonderful story is that a village lad, of scant training in a country grammar-school, engrossed in London in theatrical pursuits, should rewrite into hermetic English verse an entirely original system of Platonic philosophy, as the author of the *New Study* † proposes to demonstrate, or exchange hallucinations and premonitions with Dante, as the *Blackwood* paper ‡

* The particular absurdity of this story is that the Avon runs close to the walls of Trinity, and at the lowest its surface is scarcely two (or, at the most, three) feet lower than the pavement of the church; so that to dig a hole to that depth strong pumps must have been used *inside* the edifice itself.

† *A New Study of Shakespeare:* An Inquiry into the Connection of the Plays and Poems with the Origins of the Classic Dramas, and with the Platonic Philosophy through the Mysteries. London: Trübner & Co. 1884.

‡ "New Views of Shakespeare's Sonnets: The 'Other Poet' Identified." *Blackwood's Magazine*, June, 1885.

insists, or compose a nuptial poem to Southampton in cipher, as Mr. Mackay * would have us believe!

As to the group of sonnets lxxviii., lxxxvi. (from which the existence of a rival poet to Shakspere is evolved), it seems to me more involution than evolution—as if this "other poet" was conjured into, instead of being conjured out of, the text. Would an average reader—that is, an average of those who read these sonnets all—notice, in passing to that group, a sudden change in the "you" addressed? that, whereas it has been a "dark beauty," a "lovely boy," a patron, a successful rival in his lady's favor, it all of a sudden becomes a "rival poet"? Why not test it? Would this average reader ever extract, for example, from the lines (lxxxii.),

> "I grant thou wert not married to my Muse.
> And therefore may'st without attaint o'erlook
> The dedicated words which writers use
> Of their fair subject, blessing every book,"

that this poet had "dedicated a book to Shakspere's patron," or pick out of other lines in the group such clues as that this poet "had a familiar spirit," was "visited by a ghost," and the like? We urge once more, why not test it? For, while commentators might quarrel with the proposition that the less one studies writings as isolated as these sonnets are (of which we cannot find author, subject, date, circumstance, or occasion) the more one knows; it appears to be yet scarcely a figure of speech to so assert in this particular instance. To the myriads of other suggestions as to the study of these sonnets I respectfully add this one. The reverse has led to all sorts of theories. The particular theory advanced in that ponderous paper in *Blackwood's* appears to me no more extravagant than hundreds that have preceded it. If any poet is alluded to in the course of thirty-nine of the sonnets and then abruptly dismissed, it is, to my mind, quite as likely or unlikely to be Dante as to be Chapman or Spenser. (Why not Tennyson or Longfellow?—for we must remember Shakspere's "prophetic soul.") Perhaps Dante may have written these very sonnets. Somebody must have written them. Perhaps, if these sonnets are a record of Southampton's love-affairs, his lordship himself may be the "poet" meant. The language of compliment is always rather under than over guarded. To be a poet one need not write verses (or perhaps Southampton, like most noble-

* *A Tangled Skein Unravelled: The Mystery of Shakespeare's Sonnets.* By Charles Mackay. The *Nineteenth Century*, August, 1884.

men of his day, *did* write verses). Southampton may have had a "Beatrician Shade" to visit him in the night-watches, as well as Dante. Anyhow, most lovers and poets have dreams. And while it is never unsafe to poetically accuse a poet—or a lover—of being visited by familiar ghosts, isn't it very nearly the height of, shall we say, craziness, or only zeal, to identify the particular poet or lover, or the visiting ghost, from the use of the hyperbole? But, for all that, this very laborious writer of the *Blackwood* paper will have it, not that these sonnets are a record of Southampton's love-life or dedicated to him, but that they are "the song of William Shakspere's new life"! A right to characterize the *Blackwood* paper can only be earned by laborious perusal. But, having earned that right, we forbear its exercise. Perhaps, however, we may venture the hope that another name is not to be enrolled in our Shakspereana Lunatica.

If only William Shakspere could have had a Boswell or a Moritz Busch! We are getting to appreciate those worthies in days when most men are too lazy to write biographies, even of their own ancestors, justifying themselves instead with emptying chests full of old letters upon a shuddering and book-ridden age. But so it is that of the man concerning whom we query most we have neither letters nor Boswells. Libraries of theorems as to the madness, the "subjection," the "lassitude," and even the sex of his Hamlet; acres of ambling and exasperating minutiæ as to Shakspere's indebtedness to earlier bards for such wild extravagances as "the roaring sea," the "ringing bells," "the lashing waves," etc., we have in plenty (and it is wonderful how cheaply they can be picked up at the old book-stalls and how uniformly they are found with uncut leaves). The copyrighted commentator—he of crux and ending, "period" and "group," who stands the comma of distortion eternally between the amities of commentary and common sense—is always on hand with his wheelbarrow-load of dusty and archaic notes. Large attention is paid to the dramatist's political and moral purposes in the plays, and to their chronological order of composition (as if, granted the purpose, the order is of any consequence; or, granted the order, the purpose would suffer), and all these things somehow get themselves into print.

There is more of English that to-day is a dead language than of Greek and Latin put together. There are long rolls of names which the compilers of our literature manuals get into the habit of including, but which are mere echoes; which may have represented readers once, but represent them no more, nor any mate-

rial for which readers have any use. But among these names that of the man we call Shakspere does not occur. There is a glamour about that name like the whisper of the spell which bound the Lady of Shalott to an ever-weaving and an ever-growing web. Those to whom it speaks cannot choose but weave and speak in turn, passing ever and always onward the message they themselves have heard. *O terque quaterque beati* who, reading by sunlight instead of rushlight, can so prolong the legend that, like the wedding guest, the world cannot choose but stop to listen! And yet, blessed as these are, it is not to be forgotten that that way also madness lies. Among the names mentioned in Mr. Wyman's diligent bibliography of one minor branch of Shaksperean controversy (aside from the alleged innocuous lunacy of all the protagonists participant therein) are those of two who, by means of the controversy itself, have been driven mad, besides that of one suicide!

It behooves everybody, then, to guard himself vigilantly against excessive and exclusive poring over any material wherein no bank or basis of solidified fact exists upon which to cast a kedge whereby to draw—when all bearings have been lost in foggy and bewildering space—back to moorings. One of the seven wise men of Greece bases his credentials entirely upon his saying, "Let there be too much of nothing." To his sentiment let us add the rider, "even of Shaksperean criticism."

But, heeded or not, of one thing we may be sure. We may open William Shakspere's grave. We may find the inventory of all the world's goods of which he died possessed—the catalogue of his library, the disposition of his first-best bed. We may even dispose for ever of the Bacon-Shakspere controversy. But neither with any nor with all of these may we lay the question as to what these sonnets mean. That catena will go on for ever! As to every other human tangle there is somebody somewhere to be subpœnaed. We can dive to find the submerged Atlantis; trace the successors of the lost tribes; supply the matter of the stolen books of Livy; we can import experts from Siam to testify as to the color of white elephants; but the sonnets will yet and for ever remain mere sibylline leaves. As to the thread that will tie these together neither ghost nor Daniel shall ever rise to depose!

THE AMERICAN CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.

An Appeal to the Catholics of the United States in behalf of the University which the late Council of Baltimore resolved to create. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

THIS Appeal is signed by the archbishops of Baltimore, Milwaukee, Boston, Philadelphia, and Petra; the bishops of St. Paul, Richmond, Peoria, and Dakota; Mgr. Farley, the Revs. J. S. Foley, D.D., T. S. Lee, and P. L. Chapelle, D.D., and Messrs. Eugene Kelly, Michael Jenkins, Bernard N. Ferren, Thomas E. Waggeman; who constitute the Board of Trustees of the new university. We learn from their Appeal that Washington has been selected as the site of the university, and sixty-five acres of land bought for the location of the buildings, at the head of Lincoln Avenue, opposite the eastern gate of the Soldiers' Home. Miss Caldwell's munificent donation of $300,000 has been paid over to the board, and it is announced that the work of the construction of the first buildings is likely to be begun in November.

The first department of the university to be inaugurated will be the School of Philosophy and Theology for advanced clerical students. It is proposed to establish eight professorships in this department, some of which will be given to laymen. We infer that two or three of these will have physical sciences as the object of their teaching. The necessary endowment of each chair to be filled by a layman will amount to $100,000, and of each one to be filled by an ecclesiastic to $50,000, requiring, for the first eight chairs to be founded, at least $500,000. It is also desired that scholarships, each having a fund of $5,000, may be founded. We suppose that a much greater sum than one million of dollars will be required in order to place even this first department of the university on a sufficiently ample and solid foundation. We trust that the example given by one young lady will not lack imitators among those who are able to emulate it, and that a much larger number will prove themselves to be generous contributors in proportion to their means.

We are glad to see that the Appeal repudiates the comment of those who have taken occasion to cast a slur on the actual state of education among the Catholic clergy. The very least that is required for ordination is, thus far, besides the most

essential part of an undergraduate course, three years of strictly professional studies. Hereafter the course of philosophy and theology will be, by an ecclesiastical law, extended to six years. Young men who have been admitted to the bar, or who are nearly or quite ready for ordination as Protestants, are sometimes obliged to study for five or six years before they are admitted to holy orders. Those who have been admitted to orders, and who may have been rectors of parishes, as Protestants, are always obliged to study three years before receiving Catholic ordination. There are many grades of education as well as of talent among the Catholic clergy, between the *minimum* on which a bishop can prudently ordain a candidate and the opposite extreme. We must say that some of the best and most efficient priests we have known have had only the *minimum* of learning, and that others, who have had the best advantages and attained distinction in the seminary, have turned out to be of little or no worth in the sacred ministry. It is not necessary or possible that in any profession the majority should rise above a respectable mediocrity. Inequality in respect to accidental endowments is a law of nature and of every human society. An education as much above the average as can be attained is requisite for a certain number, some in one branch, others in another, so that every one may have its adepts, and a learned body be formed which cultivates the complete encyclopædia of science. The school of philosophy and theology in the new university is for this purpose; it is intended to furnish a post-graduate course, to be a school of higher, more advanced studies for students who have finished the ordinary curriculum of college and seminary.

We suppose, therefore, that instruction will be given of the most thorough kind in metaphysics, dogmatic theology, patristics, canon law, the Oriental languages, and some departments of physics. Modern languages, the arts which subserve religious purposes, history, archæology, etc., certainly all deserve a place within the circle.

We may remark here that the improvement of the ordinary course in seminaries is quite as much an object of attention in the highest ecclesiastical quarters as the provision for extraordinary studies. In order to effect this a corresponding improvement in the course of colleges and minor seminaries is necessary, which again exacts great care in providing for the instruction given in preparatory schools for boys. Deficiency in the education which properly belongs to the period of boyhood and early youth is one of the greatest practical hindrances to the due edu-

cation of young ecclesiastics in the higher studies. The foundation must be well laid, if the superstructure is to be well built. The sugar-cane is thrown in on the lower story of the factory ; in the upper stories the molasses runs and the sugar rolls out. Put a boy of twelve into a good school, and promote him regularly through college and seminary, he will be twenty-five or twenty-six years old when he is prepared for ordination, and thirty or more when he has finished his course at the university. Life is short, and art is long.

It is obvious that even those who take the longest and most thorough course can be well grounded and fully instructed in all branches only which are of common necessity for all members of the clerical profession. In the more advanced and collateral studies a selection must be made. We do not speak of those rare exceptions which are prodigies, such as, *e.g.*, was Leibnitz. The rule must be to learn thoroughly all the common branches; in special studies, to prosecute one or two, and at most to aim at a rudimental knowledge of others in so far as that belongs to a liberal education in general, or to one which is professional. Just here the wisdom and tact of directors of studies need to be specially exercised, both in colleges and seminaries. The arrangement of obligatory and optional studies is no easy matter. The proportion to be kept between different studies—for instance, classics and mathematics—is a serious problem. To attempt too much and too many things is to hinder the attainment of the end —education and instruction in view of a particular state in life—just as surely as it is so to attempt too little. More depends on quality than on quantity. Some common things are the most necessary and useful in themselves, and are, moreover, requisite for excellence in those which are special. For instance, with all the time and attention bestowed on foreign languages, it is most important that all pupils should be taught the knowledge and use of the English language. It is equally important that they should not be overtasked or hurried, but led along at a moderate pace, having leisure enough for exercise, play, eating, sleeping, and growing up strong and healthy as well as studious men.

This is rambling from the direct subject of the university. But the whole matter of education is one general subject, and its parts are closely connected. Students who are prepared to profit by a university course must be prepared by the lower schools, and each one of the series depends on the one next below it for the due preparation of its pupils, so that the requisite improvement in its course can be gradually and successfully

effected. It is, therefore, for the advantage of the university, as well as for more general interests, desirable to have a revised and uniform *Ratio Studiorum* for all the schools, from the preparatory grammar-school up to the seminary. And then, what is more difficult and more practically necessary than this determination of a theoretical scheme, the instruction and training of the pupils must be carried on in a thorough and solid manner; free from everything like a patent process, a method of quick and easy learning, which makes a school resemble a shop where wood is painted and varnished into a poor resemblance to marble.

The remarks upon the due cultivation of the physical sciences, as well as those upon literature, which we find in the Appeal, are especially to be recommended to the perusal of all thoughtful readers. There can be no doubt that all the bishops in the world would endorse them, and they but echo the voice of the Sovereign Pontiff, Leo XIII. They are worthy of attention not only for their sound and enlightened wisdom, but also for the extreme beauty of the language in which they are expressed. The whole pamphlet, indeed, is redolent with eloquence similar to that with which the cause of higher education was advocated before the late Plenary Council.

As for objections and forebodings, they are only the refrain of an old song we heard thirty years ago when the project of a university was first talked about, and which we then feared would result in nothing else but talk. The time for action has come at last, and the prospects are favorable for the inauguration of a great work, which we hope will command universal sympathy and general co-operation. Waiting for absolute unanimity, for the cessation of all objections, for the removal of all difficulties, would bring us to doomsday with nothing done. We do not expect that a great university can be brought to its full development and perfection in a day or a year. The work will be arduous and gradual; but a beginning must be made, in fact has been already made in such a promising way as to surprise and delight all who have been wishing to see founded a great American Catholic University. The highest and most universal ecclesiastical authority in the country, the Plenary Council, has decided the question; and it is now the part of all the clergy and laity to follow up and make successful the initiative action of the hierarchy by their hearty support and co-operation.

Ontario

THE TWINS: A WAR STORY.

I.

THE day in St. Louis had been extremely warm for the month of March. As evening fell the round moon hanging in the sky over the east bank of the Mississippi cast a splendor on the Presbyterian church at the corner of Fifth and Walnut Streets such as that structure had never known by day. Crowds swarmed about the corner, and the merry chatter and husky laughter of the negroes showed that these were caring little for the hopes that might be founded on the civil war that was believed to be at hand. A wedding was to take place, the bride a beauty, and a favorite of the whole city, and the groom an active, genial young man, who was deemed a fitting partner for the bride. The marriage of Phœbe McCutcheon and Tom Jeminy was of more immediate importance to the colored folk of St. Louis than the possible outcome of Lincoln's recent inauguration.

The negroes flocked up the hill from Frenchtown and down from the region about the Calaboose, while carriages, open and spacious most of them, made their way with much cracking of whips and let out their loads of handsome, well-dressed men and women. Men on horseback, followed by their grooms, added to the vivacity of the scene. A stout, fair-haired gentleman, unattended, rode up and dismounted in the shadow of the trees across the way. All was expectancy as a group of little darkies on the lookout scampered up through the middle of the street shouting, "H'yer dey comin', right now!" and the crowd opened a passage. The bridal party alighted from their carriages, mounted the church-steps, and disappeared through the wide-opened doors.

"Dey an't no use talkin'," earnestly argued an old housekeeper in a flaming bandana to her dignified, grizzle-woolled husband, "strikes dis chile Missy Phœbe 'd a heap better marry boff o' dem Jeminys, or not marry nudder o' dem."

"Yo' des better take car' o' one ole man. Dat's 'bout all yo' got to do," was her husband's rebuke. But the old negress' remark was the means, nevertheless, of setting the tongues around her wagging.

For a neat-looking mulatto girl declared it to be her opinion that before Tom Jeminy had been long married something

dreadful would happen, as, according to her honest belief, it was unlucky for a twin to marry unless the other twin married at the same time. "Den," she went on to remark, "w'at's Mars'r Jack Jeminy to do? He 'fused to come to de weddin'. Dem two brudders an't done been away f'om one anudder befo' sence dey was nussed. Tell yo' w'at, Aunt Rachel's got a heap o' sense in her ole head. Yo' don' cotch me marryin' a twin brudder, onless de udder brudder marry my sister; an' I an't got no sister fo' him to marry." And she burst out into a loud guffaw.

The front of the edifice, the eager, merry throng filling the pavement adjacent and scattered in knots beyond, and the entire street on that side were bathed in the white moonlight. In the shaded strip under the line of trees opposite, the yellow glare of the gas that beamed out from the church lit up one spot, where the fair-haired man all alone stood behind his horse. His elbows rested on the animal's back, and he was peering over the saddle up the aisle of the church. Everything was hushed, and then the triumphant notes of the wedding-march reverberated from the doors and all the windows of the church, and raised the waiting crowd on tip-toes.

The bridal procession slowly issued from the vestibule and descended the steps. The groom was a strongly-built young man of medium height and light complexion, with an amiable expression of countenance, though his eyes now had a singularly intense regard as they searched the upturned faces to the right and left. One glance at the bride explained the affection with which she was scanned by all there, black and white. There was no mistaking the mixture of strong will and kindness of heart in her nature. Her beautiful gray eyes were modestly downcast now, but whenever they rose and caught a glimpse of some familiar black face her mouth would be wreathed in a smile. After the newly-married pair came the bride's father, giving pleasant nods of recognition in all directions. The well-dressed company followed two by two down the steps.

Near the curb-stone there was a jostle, a piercing shriek came from the midst of it, and then a mass of white lay on the pavement at the carriage-door, in danger of being trampled by the feet of the surging crowd. What a minute before was an orderly assemblage of friends and well-wishers had become an excited mob. Part gathered around the swooning bride, but the rest pressed over the curb into the street as a horseman in full evening dress galloped off towards the north. It was the bridegroom fleeing.

The bride's father, having seen his daughter placed in the carriage, broke his way through the yielding throng into the street.

"Mars'r McCutcheon," spoke a negro, pointing to where the fair-haired man stood under the trees, gazing after his disappearing brother, "dar's de udder Mars'r Jeminy ober dar."

"Jack Jeminy, what does this mean?" asked McCutcheon in a voice shaking with anger. "Where has Tom gone?"

"I declare to God, sir," was the reply, "I don't know any more about this strange affair than you do. But the man that harms my brother is a dead man." And the speaker, talking to McCutcheon but eyeing the exasperated mass that was consulting in the middle of the street, put his hand to his pocket.

"But you brought the horse here for this purpose," persisted McCutcheon, laying his hand heavily on Jeminy's arm.

"I tell you again, sir, on the word of a gentleman, I don't know anything more about this than you do," said Jeminy, loosening himself from McCutcheon's grasp. And, as he saw that the crowd was pressing in upon them, he went on hurriedly: "I came to take a last look at my brother after his marriage, intending to ride off then out of St. Louis and go back to Kentucky. I am not sure that I realize it all yet. When Tom broke through that crowd yonder and galloped away on my horse I thought I must be dreaming."

There was no mistaking the honesty of the Kentuckian's words. He sat down on the strip of grass that grew at the edge of the sidewalk and sobbed aloud.

Phœbe in the carriage, surrounded by friends, revived. She looked at the anxious faces about her, but as her hands played with her bridal dress the disappearance of the groom flashed across her mind and she fell back fainting again into the arms of her father, who had just returned to her.

"Drive home," he called out to the coachman, and the carriage rolled away toward Olive Street.

There was a rumbling of disappearing vehicles, and the mystified crowd dispersed.

II.

St. Louis in 1861 was a very different place from the enterprising "Future Great" familiar to this generation. It was then distinctively a Southern city, not in latitude only, but in the character of its citizens and their manners and institutions.

The houses generally were low, seldom more than two stories in height, except in the more ambitious neighborhoods in and about Olive, Chestnut, Pine, and Walnut Streets. The oldest settlers and richest inhabitants were either of French origin from Louisiana or Canada, or were from the Southern States, with a sprinkling of Pennsylvanians. They were an affable, off-hand, hospitable people, free from affectation, but instinctively polite. An insult was resented on the spot, and insults were consequently rare. Horse-racing and gambling were very popular, and a bet was paid with as much promptness as a commercial debt.

Of the solid men who used to gather in the Planters' House at mid-day for refreshment Sam McCutcheon was one of the best known. He was tall and raw-boned, with a well-formed head poised on a strong neck. His gray eyes were set under bushy brows, and shone, in spite of his sixty years, with keen intelligence. He was dreaded in a bargain, and had the reputation of liking to "squeeze" an enemy when opportunity offered. But he could be very generous on the rare occasions when the impulse seized him. He was emphatically a hard man, but not a narrow one, and some of the great speculations he had originated and successfully carried through pointed to the Celtic imagination derived from an Irish ancestry of which he was wont to speak.

It was a boast of his that he had come to St. Louis from his native Tennessee when he was a stripling, without a picayune to his name. Just how he had accumulated his wealth was nobody's business but his own. The public generally were satisfied to know that he had a great deal of money, and that he kept a tight grip on whatever came to his hand. He was a widower, and idolized his only child, Phœbe, but he was ready at any time to meet a party of friends for a game of cards where there was a good stake. There was a story that a fine row of houses known as the "McCutcheon Block" was won by him years before at a game of poker on a Mississippi River steamer. Sam and the captain, so the story went, were having a friendly game in the cabin, surrounded by an interested circle of gentlemen, when the betting began to be worthy of these two determined men. Sam owned the steamer, and the captain ran it for a salary and a percentage of the profits. The captain had shortly before invested the earnings of his lifetime in the erection of a row of houses that was the wonder of the St. Louis of that day. The game became exciting and Sam raised the captain's bet with the

steamer. The captain called with the new row of houses. Sam held the better hand and won, and on the arrival of the boat at St. Louis the captain loyally executed the transfer of the row to McCutcheon. But the next day the captain's body was found floating in the river near Carondelet. He had paid his "debt of honor," yet he could not make up his mind to live as a poor man again.

The "McCutcheon Block" was to have been Phœbe's wedding gift from her father.

Tom Jeminy was regarded as having been very lucky indeed in this match. He and his twin-brother had come from Kentucky only a few months before, and, besides taking a good deal of interest in horse-racing, the two had in the meantime been reading law. They were of a good family, but were orphans, with barely money enough to pay their modest board to a widow from their own part of the Blue Grass region.

Tom had met Phœbe, had made love to her, been accepted, had married her—and now where was he?

Phœbe ranked among the beauties of St. Louis, and those who knew her best said there was not a better girl either. Her goodness was so superabundant as to suffice for some of her flinty father's shortcomings in the popular estimation, and, indeed, the old man always softened whenever his daughter was near.

The days went on and the months. Since the night of the wedding nothing had been seen or heard of the twin-brothers. Phœbe's lovely eyes seemed to grow larger. She could have died cheerfully; but death avoided her. Her father, the very impersonation of restless energy formerly, became listless, and would sit by the hour at a window of his house, playing solitaire and keeping anxious watch over his daughter.

III.

There were lively times along the Rappahannock in the spring of 1863. The battle of Chancellorsville had been fought, and the pickets had grown tired of shouting taunts about it across the river. The long, severe winter had broken up into the soft, balmy season of buds. When the early morning hours were past the sun's rays freshened the blankets which the soldiers spread out to dry on the grass in every glade near their picket-line. Woodpeckers hopped vertically up the tall trunks of the trees, and, high over all, mocking-birds were making fools of themselves and of all the feathered tribe. Across the sky

thin streaks of cloud passed from north to south and from south to north, resting now above the Confederate, now above the Union encampments. All out-doors was as gay as a picnic. The quarters of the armies were a mile or more back from the river on either side, and a turn at picket-duty was looked forward to with great pleasure, for the off-reliefs could lounge in the woods and play cards, write letters, or stretch themselves out at full length on the turf with a satisfaction none but tired soldiers in active service have ever enjoyed.

The peaceful haze of the atmosphere had so settled into men's minds that there gradually came to be a tacit truce between Federals and Confederates. Both sides ceased firing. Songs were sung on one bank and the chorus answered from the other. Trading went on. Odd little craft were rigged and their sails trimmed so as to carry them to and fro across the river loaded with coffee or tobacco, each plentiful on one side but sadly lacking on the other. Strict orders from the head-quarters of both armies had been issued against this, but American soldiers understand everything and hate formality. So matters went on, in spite of orders, in the same free-and-easy way as before.

Banks' Ford, a few miles above Fredericksburg, was picketed by cavalry. About the ford on the northern shore the ground was open, and rose in a gradual, grassy slope to a wood in which the horses of the Federal outposts were secured under cover. Within a few yards of the ford a strong post of dismounted Federal cavalry usually kept themselves out of sight behind an earthen redan. But the Confederates had the advantage, for on their side the woods came clear to the river's edge, so that they had been able to make it very dangerous for the "Yankee" cavalry at the redan. But now, with the tacit cessation of hostilities, the Union reliefs came as jauntily down the hill to the little earthwork as if they were not in range of Southern rifles.

The Illinois cavalrymen who held the ford for the Union this afternoon were nearly all lying down on the shady side of the redan, sleeping off the effects of the preceding night's vigil. The sentinel on guard, however, and the lieutenant commanding the post were awake keeping good watch. The sentinel, with his carbine clutched in both hands, rested his elbows on the parapet, and his eyes systematically swept the opposite bank of the river from right to left and from left to right. He could see the gray and butternut uniforms of the Confederates moving about in the woods, and could plainly hear the tread of their

horses' feet. The lieutenant, too, standing beside the sentinel, was curiously watching the "graybacks." Their voices, which sounded thicker and softer than Northern voices, evidently interested him.

"I reckon the Confeds over there are Kentuckians," he remarked to the sentinel.

"I reckon they are," answered the man, a Kentuckian himself. "I tell you, lieutenant," he continued musingly, "you and I wouldn't have believed two or three years ago that we'd be fighting old Kaintuck now."

"Yes, but we are not fighting Kentucky," was the officer's somewhat absent-minded reply; "we are fighting for her, to preserve her from secession and ruin. But what's this?" he muttered, as a Confederate on the other side of the Rappahannock, carrying on a rapid conversation with the sentinel there, spurred his horse into the ford and made straight through the stream for the Union earthwork.

The Confederate sentinel discharged his carbine at the man on horseback, and a dozen other Confederates along the river-bank did the same, all immediately after seeking the shelter of the trees that hung their boughs over the water. The shots aroused both sides.

"Fall in!" shouted the lieutenant, and the dozen men of the redan sprang to the parapet and aimed their pieces at the approaching horseman, who came on at a furious speed, though his horse was floundering dangerously through the stony bottom of the ford. The lieutenant, who had been restraining his men, now raised his sabre and cried out: "Fire!" But he had no sooner spoken the word than an exclamation of astonishment from him caused them to hesitate.

In a second the air about the ford was full of flying bullets. The Federals, who at first supposed that the horseman they saw was leading an attack upon them, now perceived that in reality he was trying to make his escape from his own side, and that it was upon him particularly that the Confederate fire was directed, though many of the shots began to fall around the redan.

The truce was at an end, for the time at least. The alarm spread. On the ridge behind, where the Union reserve pickets were stationed, as well as in the woods on the Southern side of the river, the bugles were sounding "Prepare to mount!"

The horseman came on. His hat had fallen off, and his long hair streamed down his back as he pushed his horse through the foaming water. He was bent forward, with his head almost touch-

ing the animal's neck, and he held up his right hand to the Union men in token of amity.

The fight became general. The puffs of smoke which shot out from the ground were now almost the only sign of a human being from one side to the other, except the Confederate horseman plashing through the ford and the Federal lieutenant crouching at the river's edge. With every plunge of the horse's forehoofs the spray rose up in front so as nearly to hide the rider. The friendliness that had for several days prevailed between the lines was gone; the blood was stirred now, and the air was full of hatred and death.

As the horseman came nearer, the lieutenant, with a wild yell, began to wade out. "Dismount, for the love of Heaven, Jack!" he cried, as he struggled, against the current, into the river up to his waist.

"My God!" exclaimed the gray-jacketed horseman, sliding down from the saddle into the water. "O Tom! I didn't expect to see you so soon." As the two embraced, the shells of the Federal battery whirred across the river to explode at the Confederate side of the ford. The Confederate artillery behind the wood awoke at the sound of the Yankee guns, and the valley was wrapped in a broad scarf of chalky white smoke. The crack of rifles, the hiss of musket-balls, the roar of cannon, the rush of shrapnel through the air, and the cheers and shouts of Federals and Confederates took the place of the peaceful tranquillity of an hour before.

Out from the cloud of bursting shells emerged the men—the lieutenant and the Confederate whose flight across the river had brought about this renewal of hostilities. The Federal officer limped, but was supported by his brother, around whose neck his arm was entwined. With much exertion the two climbed up the steep, gravelly bank. Nothing but the smoke which interposed saved them from a more accurate aim of the Confederate bullets that whizzed spitefully near them. Lieutenant Jeminy could go no further and sank upon the grass.

What agony was here! Without help it would be impossible for the Confederate to remove the long boot from his brother's leg so as to stanch the wound; and the flying missiles made it necessary to act without an instant's delay. Stooping down he gently raised Tom until he was in a sitting posture.

The sun had just set behind the ridge, and the dark forms of the Federal cannoneers stood distinctly out against the red western sky, for there was breeze enough at that height to carry off

the smoke. But down in the hollows the shadows were deep, so that at every discharge of the carbines at the redan a streak of fire was seen to issue from the muzzles.

After several endeavors Jack succeeded in raising his brother, and, taking him on his back, he toiled up a ravine towards the redan, balancing with difficulty his precious load. A Federal sergeant and private from the earthwork came to his assistance. The firing gradually ceased on both sides with the disappearance of its cause from the sight of the Confederates, and the crippled lieutenant was tenderly laid on the ground in the shelter of the redan.

The Federal outpost were amazed. Between their wounded officer and this Confederate deserter they could nowise distinguish except by the uniform. Word was sent to the reserve post behind the ridge for a surgeon and stretcher-bearers, and meanwhile the boot was cut off from the injured limb and the hurt was bathed and temporarily dressed. The officer, comforted by the skilful treatment of the rough but intelligent cavalrymen, fell into a healthy sleep, which was none the less refreshing for a mouthful of stimulant from a ready canteen.

To the inquiry of the sergeant, now commanding the outpost, the Confederate explained in whispers who he was and how he came to be a deserter. "You can imagine how I love my brother," he said, "when I have deserted from the cause I believe in, in order to see him. When I learned some time ago that he was in an Illinois cavalry regiment attached to this army I determined to find him or die in the attempt."

The sound of the speaker's voice came gratefully to the wounded officer's ear; he heaved a long sigh, expressive of great relief, opened his eyes for an instant, and, closing them again, stretched out his feet towards the watch-fire and slept once more.

As the Confederate sat by his sleeping brother's side his countenance seemed to be rapt in contemplation of a far distant vision.

"Why! the risk I have just taken is nothing to the sacrifice he made for me," he continued, half to himself and half to the group of cavalrymen who sat about the fire, nursing their sheathed sabres across their laps. "Poor Tom! I lost sight of him for a while, and when the war came on I didn't reckon I'd see him soon again. But the Lord is good, I tell you, boys, to bring us together, after all." And he watched with a loving solicitude his brother's face, now pale from the loss of blood.

The Union men were still perplexed, even after Jack's narra-

tion. But with soldierly hospitality they forced him to eat of their hard-bread and salt pork, and to drink a big tin cup of their coffee—a treat such as the Confederate had not had for many a day.

An officer from the reserve arrived to take command of the redan, and with him came men and a stretcher to bear the wounded lieutenant back to the camp, where he could have the proper surgical attendance. The Confederate was allowed to accompany his brother, and the little procession disappeared up the ridge into the darkness, the group around the fire at the redan gazing after it in silence.

IV.

"I tell you, Phœbe, Tom Jeminy is dead, and I cannot bear to see you wasting your life any longer for him."

"But, father, he cannot be dead, or we would have had some account of it," was Phœbe's languid reply to this suggestion, which she was accustomed of late to hear often repeated.

Old McCutcheon stood at the window of his residence drumming against the glass pane, watching the loiterers, many of them soldiers, that sauntered along Olive Street. He was still a rugged man, but his hair was whiter than it was three years before when he led his daughter to the church to marry Tom Jeminy.

"He had better be dead than ever to fall into my hands," he growled, and the angry set of his determined features was in harmony with his thoughts. "Halloo! there goes another lot of prisoners," he went on, as a squad of forty or fifty sunburnt, long-haired fellows, with hollow, hungry-looking cheeks, but still sufficiently stalwart frames, marched with a defiant bearing along the middle of the street, surrounded by a single line of Federal soldiers with fixed bayonets. "There is no use in my spending more time hanging around Gratiot Street prison," McCutcheon continued. "We have heard all we are going to hear about Tom Jeminy. He must have gone to his reckoning long ago."

"Even if he was unable to reconcile himself at the last moment to be separated from his brother, I shall always believe that he loved me," mildly protested Phœbe, who sat between the windows, a beautiful young woman still, as she smoothed her becoming garb. "But, father dear," said she, noticing that the old man's sorrow was deepening at her words, "you have not told me what Captain Dudley said."

"Those Union soldiers don't give a man a chance to have a

satisfactory talk with the Southerners. But as the prisoners were halted on Gratiot Street in front of the prison, I recognized Dudley, though he didn't look quite so spruce as when he and I used to make deals in cotton together at Napoleon. He had a seedy old blanket wrapped around his shoulders. The only thing that looked bright about him except his buttons was the gold lace on his collar. I concluded he was an officer, so I called out, 'How are you, general?' to attract his attention. And as the Union fellows were beginning to be uneasy at people talking to the Southern prisoners, I made up my mind what to say and to get an answer before they could interfere. So I shouted: 'General, what about the Jeminys? Have you seen or heard of them?' Dudley knew me at once and he sang out: "I am Captain Dudley, of the Third Kentucky Infantry, C. S. A. Two years ago I saw Jack Jeminy in Virginia. He was a private in a Kentucky cavalry regiment. I have not seen or heard of him since. He told me then that he had not seen his brother Tom for a long time, but had heard that he was in the Yankee army. There seemed to be something wrong, but I couldn't tell what it was.' Just then the Union officer ordered 'Forward!' and the Southerners were marched into the prison. But I am glad there is one man of my acquaintance who does not know about that affair of yours. But then Dudley scarcely ever did read the newspapers, and down there at Napoleon they wouldn't have heard of it for an age, and he was always a hot-headed fellow, and probably joined the army right at the first."

Phœbe was as lovely as ever, and all the more so for the melancholy that dwelt in her eyes. During the war she had been active in good works. Her father was a Southerner, through and through, and she herself resented any interference with what she believed to be the rights of the Southern people. She knew slavery well, or thought she did, and she had never been able to understand why the Northerners should want to come between the Southerners and "their black people." Her own colored servants were always kindly treated, and so were those of her friends and neighbors. Her father, too, rough and imperious as he was by nature, had never been known to abuse a slave, and, in fact, like many other Southerners, was more tolerant of a negro than of a poor white person.

But if Phœbe did not like the Abolition idea, she had no ill-will for the "Abolitionists," as she called those who supported the Union cause.

She found plenty to occupy her in helping to look after the comfort of the great numbers of refugees who flocked into St. Louis from the interior of Missouri, leaving burning homes and devastated fields behind them, the work of guerrillas and stragglers from both armies. With other women of her acquaintance she had lightened the sorrow of many families whose men were in the field wearing the blue or the gray.

The old medical college at the corner of Gratiot and Cerré Streets, which, almost from the beginning of the war, had been used as a military prison, had a curious fascination for her. Often she would find herself passing the prison, or standing among the concourse that was always gathered there when Confederate prisoners were arriving from the battle-field. She would scan the faces of the captives, and then turn hurriedly away. She was brave enough even to visit the Charity Hospital whenever there was a new arrival of wounded, and the sweet-faced, patient Sisters of Charity were always glad to see her and to have her assistance. What she had lost of her former gayety she had gained by gentleness of manner. A few weeks after her father's conversation with Captain Dudley the exhausted South surrendered and the war was at an end.

It was a time in the Border States for counting losses, for ascertaining the fate of the missing.

Jack Jeminy, it was learned, had deserted from the Southern army, and there were various conflicting stories as to the end of his adventure, though a belief prevailed in St. Louis among the former friends and acquaintances of the brothers that Tom had joined the Union side and been wounded, and had resigned his commission, and that somehow he and Jack had met and must be together now. But where? No one knew.

Poor Phœbe! The hope she had harbored in silence during four long years, and that had occasionally put color into her cheeks, grew fainter as she listened to the rumors about her missing husband which her father daily brought home to her.

Lost friends were found again, lost loves restored—but not for her.

V.

The "Vegetable Sure Cure" did a thriving business in a small territory. That territory was the interesting part of New York extending from University Place to Hudson Street and Eighth Avenue, and from Bleecker Street up to Fourteenth. The capital

of the Sure Cure territory was at Jefferson Market, or thereabouts—that is to say, wherever the inventors, proprietors, and manufacturers of the potent remedy happened to take their stand. But they were not often seen far from Jefferson Market, and most of their sales of the Sure Cure were made directly from their pockets. The Herb Doctors, as they were called, were sometimes seen together, and it was very seldom that they were far apart. If one of them were observed at the market in close consultation with a possible old lady customer amid the fragrance of her cabbages, carrots, and parsnips, the other, perhaps, was in Bleecker Street "talking up" the remedy to an active young sidewalk dealer in cheap glass-ware.

The Herb Doctors were not at all particular about their dress, yet somehow they always dressed alike, from the "plug" hats—which were of that form that is always in fashion with decent mediocrity, without ever having been in any prevailing style—down to the solid, flat-heeled, broad-soled boots. They took a vacation during the heated term of the year, though it was uncertain where they went; and their customers never saw them without overcoats, of a dingy black, threadbare and shabby, the ample side-pockets sagging down and bulging out with the load of little cubical packages that contained the Sure Cure. The doctors' full beards and their hair were dyed of the same purplish brown, showing the venerable gray at the roots. They were so much alike that a market woman seeing one of them for the first time and then the other would be perplexed between her wonder "which was which," and a superstitious dread of the four pale, faded blue orbs which looked out upon her from the Herb Doctors. They spoke always in a low tone, and seemed to have no friends. Even the sociable policemen, who knew every one on their beat, and loved to have a bit of badinage with whoever was not too dignified, were not on intimate terms with them, though some of the force in that precinct had used the remedy, they said, with complete satisfaction, and were always ready to recommend it to the ailing. It was good for coughs, colds, and rheumatism; a weak decoction of it was a splendid liniment for sprains, sores, or bruises. A saloon-keeper's wife on Varick Street had repeatedly mixed a little of it with her husband's own "constitutionals"—unknown to him—until "the old man" began to have less and less relish for the toddy. It was perfectly harmless, too, for a child in McDougall Street had one day swallowed

a whole package of it, all but the wrapper, without any visible deleterious effect.

The Herb Doctors were well thought of in a general way, as they never meddled with any one else's business and never told anything about their own. Their modest apartment of not more than two rooms was on the second floor of a house on Bleecker Street that in old times was the residence of fashionable people. The front was stuccoed in imitation of stone, but the stucco was cracked now and blistered. The basement floor was occupied as a Neapolitan restaurant, and its odors of garlic and Parmesan cheese were sniffed with desire by the hungry sons of sunny Italy who passed. The stone steps that led up from the hall-door fell off a little to one side, so that the doctors, on going or coming, were careful where they set their feet, especially when there was ice on the steps, for the iron guard-rails had long ago disappeared into a junk-shop.

Above the second-floor windows a long signboard, black with white letters, announced "Vegetable Sure Cure," and a small upright sign at the jamb of the hall-door gave the list of ills, alphabetically arranged, which the Sure Cure assuaged. A painted hand at the top of the sign pointed the way up to the doctors' office, where a slate hung at the door to "leave orders." But most of the "orders" were facetious ones written by the sharp-faced youngsters whose families had the rooms above. The office-hours of the doctors were not many, as they negotiated most of their sales in the open air, and their prescription was uniformly the Sure Cure.

It was dusk, and the fine drizzle of rain was beginning to make the sidewalks and roadways in South Fifth Avenue black and shiny. Drivers were whipping up their horses to get home after the day's work, before the storm should grow worse. Men and women trudged hurriedly along under umbrellas to the elevated station at the Bleecker Street crossing. Under the staircase of the uptown side stood the Herb Doctors, who never carried umbrellas. They were dividing the shelter with the burly newswoman, who was calling out her papers and industriously changing her pennies for nickels and silver dimes.

The doctors were communing together in their usual low tone, when one of them grew suddenly pale and fell face forward on the wet, hard flag-stones.

"Tom! Tom! O God, Tom! what is it?" murmured the

other as he stooped beside the fallen man and tried to lift him up. The newswoman flung her papers down in the slush and gave him the help of her brawny arms.

"Lave go of him, docthor dear," said she; "the cop and me'll take care of him. Ye don't look well yourself." And she called to a policeman who stood close by, in a doorway of a neighboring building, watching the throng that surged on towards the staircase. "It's the heart that's troubling him," she said.

Before the ambulance could come in answer to the policeman's summons the glare of the electric light suspended in front of the cigar-shop on the corner showed that a ghastly tinge was settling around the mouth and nostrils of the sick man as he reclined in the newswoman's arms. Beside him knelt the other doctor, chafing his hands.

"Good people," he sobbed, "this is my brother. Don't let him die."

"What's this he has in his pockets that's hurting him?" the policeman remarked, as he began to remove the hard little packages of Sure Cure that were pressing against the patient's side.

The ambulance surgeon, after a hasty examination, shook his head significantly at the policeman. At the hospital the ailing man was gently carried out of the ambulance and laid on a cot. He still breathed. A sweet-faced Sister of Charity tried to administer a draught ordered by the ambulance physician, but in vain. The man was too far gone. Dr. John, who knelt by the side of the cot, bent down his head and murmured, "Don't leave me, Tom."

The sister touched him kindly on the shoulder and whispered: "Pray for your brother. He is in the hands of God alone now." And the glazing eyeballs of the motionless form confirmed what she said.

But Dr. John would not believe. "Give me a spoon and some water, sister," he demanded; "the Sure Cure will revive him." The attendants looked at one another and understood. With much difficulty he was led away to another room. What skill and Christian charity could do was done. A week later the twin-brothers were together once more, in one grave.

From Tom Jeminy's pocket the sisters took out a letter addressed and ready for an emergency, and they forwarded it to its destination.

Dear Mrs. Jeminy, whom every one loves, still lives. Her hair is snowy white, and her countenance beams with affection for all humankind, but there is a note of sadness about her that

strikes even the passer-by. Sam McCutcheon went to his rest long ago. Her husband she has never seen since her marriage, but she learned, from the almost indecipherable letter that reached her from him through the sisters of St. Vincent's Hospital, that he had always loved her and that he hoped to see her again, not in this life, but where he might be near her—and Jack.

She is one of those who believe firmly in another life after this. And then? In heaven do we know our own?

TO-MORROW.

If I but thought to-morrow
  Would never come for me,
My heart were crushed with sorrow,
  My soul in misery.
For all my life's endeavor
Is but to live for ever—
To find a rest that never
  Shall pass away from me.

To-morrow, O to-morrow,
  Oh, come, come soon to me!
It is of thee I borrow
  The present joys that flee.
To-morrow, never ending,
O day of perfect blending,
When ceaseth all heart-rending,
  Oh, how I long for thee!

Oh, sweep me on, wide ocean;
  Thou'rt speeding me from night!
Give me my heart's devotion,
  Give me to-morrow's light.
Oh, haste, ye lagging hours!
I breathe the breath of flowers,
I see the gleaming towers:
  The land—the land's in sight!

P.

THE IRISH SCHOOLMASTER BEFORE EMANCIPATION.

PREVIOUSLY to Catholic Emancipation the state of popular education in Ireland was the most extraordinary in the world. At least the Continental countries of Europe contained nothing like it. The novelist, dramatist, and popular song-writers of England found in the Irish schoolmaster of that period ample material for popular amusement. He was *sui generis*, a most astonishing phenomenon; and if Emancipation rendered no other service to the Irish except to relieve them from the presence of those impostors, they could never be too grateful to their emancipators. A remarkable feature in the character of the schoolmaster of that period was that he could often read and even write Latin without knowing English, and it was hardly an exaggeration to say that he often taught the best of Latin in the worst English ever pronounced. Gerald Griffin gives us an instance of this which is very amusing.

On one occasion, he says, two rival teachers, who regarded one another with mutual and "mortal mislike," happened to meet at a social gathering—a wedding or christening—celebrated in the thatched mansion of a "strong farmer." In the early part of the evening the rivals prudently avoided one another; but as the night wore on, one of them, stimulated by strong drink and the whispered suggestions of mischief-loving cronies, suddenly called on his rival in a loud tone to translate a quotation from Horace, which he repeated with little regard to prosody. The other, who, for a schoolmaster, was rather a modest man, deemed it incumbent on him to uphold his character in the presence of the guests by translating the quotation.

"That's purty well," exclaimed the challenger, "that's purty good; but you're no more to *me*—you're no more to *me*," he repeated, while dipping his finger into his tumbler and holding up to the light the drop which pended from its extremity—"you're no more to *me* nor that drap is to the ocean!"

The vulgarity and impudence which distinguished this man were characteristic of the whole tribe. The still greater ignorance of the peasantry who surrounded them—their only associates—filled them with indescribable conceit and arrogance. They regarded no man as their equal, and were prodigies of

learning in the estimation of their indigent patrons. The fact that they had been prohibited, as Catholics, from keeping school, by the laws of England, endeared them to the hearts of the peasantry by associating them in some degree with their priests, who were still more cruelly persecuted:

> "When, crouched beneath the sheltering hedge
> Or stretched on mountain fern,
> The teacher and his pupil met
> *Feloniously* to learn."

Not content to delineate the Irish schoolmaster with these inseparable characteristics, O'Keeffe, in his *Agreeable Surprise*, goes a step farther. To make him supremely ridiculous the dramatist converts him into a lover! He terms his schoolmaster Lingo—a very appropriate name. "A more comic creation than Lingo,'" says Cumberland, "never issued from the storehouse of modern wit. His pedantry is exquisitely ludicrous, his misquotations sublime. His courtship of Grace Cowslip has no parallel for quaintness and humor"!

Horace Walpole affirms that O'Keeffe, in the chorus which he has attached to Lingo's song, "has got beyond the limits of nonsense." But Lord Thurlow vindicated him by affirming that Shakspere placed similar choruses in the mouth of his clowns, and that what "the learned counsel might deem nonsense was in fact character." Lingo is well described by his master in the play, who says:

"Lingo has been a schoolmaster here in the country; taught all the bumpkin fry what he called Latin, and the droll dog so patches his own bad English with bits of bad Latin, and jumbles the gods and goddesses and heroes, celestial and infernal, together at such a rate, that there is nothing like it in the world."

"The man who can preserve his gravity," he adds, "when this Irish schoolmaster makes his appearance, should have the privilege of appearing surly and morose all the days of his life." The following are verses of Lingo's song, which in the last century, when the originals were still in existence, has "made the welkin roar" a thousand times:

> "Amo, amas,
> I love a lass,
> And she's both tall and slender;
> Sweet Cowslip Grace
> Is her nom'native case,
> And she's of the feminine gender.

"*Chorus*—Rorum, corum, sunt divorum,
Harum, scarum divo!
Tag-rag, merry-derry, periwig and hatband,
Hic, hoc, horum genitivo.

"Can I decline
A nymph divine?
Her voice as a flute is *dulcis*,
Her *oculus* bright,
Her *manus* white,
And soft, when I *tacto*, her pulse is.

"*Chorus*—Rorum, corum, sunt divorum,
Harum, scarum divo!
Tag-rag, merry-derry, periwig and hatband,
Hic, hoc, horum genitivo," etc.

One of these pedagogues, when a respectable visitor entered his "noisy mansion," was found in a prodigious hurry, with his pupils, equally hurried, swarming round him in a mob, all busily engaged in putting up the shutters and barring the windows. They were, one and all, unable from their breathless haste to make any reply except that they were going—master and all—to witness a prize-fight which happened to take place somewhere in the neighborhood, and which all were solicitous to see.

"We'll be late for the fight—we'll be late for the fight! And it's what I have no time to discoorse you till it's over," exclaimed the accomplished teacher, as he hurried with his pupils out of the house to witness the demoralizing spectacle of a pugilistic encounter.

In engaging such men to instruct their children the people were not to blame. The enormous wealth of the Protestant clergy and the landed proprietors, extorted from their misery, brought them so near the nadir of existence that, unable to lift their heads, they could not look around them and estimate the incapacity of their pedagogues. They had no standard by which they could measure them. They were only certain of one thing—that these pedagogues were not Protestants. They might not enlighten the mind by their learning, but they certainly would not imperil the soul by heretical teaching. This was a consolation in the midst of unexampled wretchedness.

To this consolation they clung in the darkest hour of their national martyrdom while cherishing the memory of the past and hoping for better days in the future. For

"Still beside the smouldering turf
Were fond traditions told
Of heavenly saints and princely chiefs,
The power and faith of old."

When America had shaken off the yoke of England, and while the ruling classes of that country stood cowed and mortified by their discomfiture, the penal laws of Ireland, "calculated for the meridian of Barbary," were feebly enforced or partially neglected. Taking advantage of this twilight of freedom, a swarm of educational impostors arose and pawned themselves on the credulity of the rural classes as capable of expatiating *de omnibus rebus quibusdam aliis.*

At the same time it must not be supposed that the government failed to supply the people with means of education. Schools were invitingly opened in nearly every part of the island, in which an education was given free. The only drawback was that the stream of knowledge in these schools was mixed with an element that rendered it more abhorrent than poison to the main body of the people. Each child in those schools was required to study a catechism containing such passages as the following:

"Q. Is the Church of Rome a sound and uncorrupt church? A. No; it is extremely corrupt in doctrine, worship, and practice.

"Q. What do you think of the frequent crossings on which the papists lay so great a stress? A. They are vain and superstitious. The worship of the crucifix is idolatrous."

Animated by an irresistible desire to see their children educated in a proper manner, and "loving learning to a fault," as an English writer expresses it, some Catholic parents allowed their offspring to frequent these proselytizing schools, but always with the palpitating terror with which the Asiatic traveller draws water from fountains frequented by robbers, over whose limpid spring the startling words are inscribed: "Drink and away."

Owing to all this, but above all to their indigence, the Catholics saw themselves obliged to be satisfied with such teachers, whose system a popular song thus delineates:

"The master by the fireside,
And Paudeen on his knee,
All roaring out together
Great big A B C."

(Spoken:) "*C o n*—agus a Con; *s t a n*—agus a Constan; *t i*—agus a Constanti; *n o*—agus a Constantino; *p l e*—agus a Constantinople, the great Turk."

In this song the master is seated by the fireside. The fire has its history, the fuel being accumulated on what may be termed the co-operative principle—each boy bringing a turf. But this

teacher, thus luxuriously seated by the fire, enjoys an enviable lot compared to the teacher of the "hedge-school," who has no fire at all. The hedge-school was an institution peculiar to Ireland, which originated in a passion for learning on the part of the people, and a mania for oppression on the part of the government. Assembled under the hedge, with the lark carolling above them and the hawthorn bushes waving playfully in the wind, they studied their *Reading Made Easy*, their "Gough," or "Voster," or *Latin Grammar*, with an assiduity which contrasted strangely with the poverty they were plunged in. To pursue learning under greater difficulties would be well-nigh impossible, and perhaps no other race in the world ever adopted more desperate expedients to gratify the thirst for knowledge. One thing is certain, however—the academies of the Grecian philosophers were held in the open air, and in this respect the hedge-school resembled the Grecian academies. The hedge-school was often enriched with a library of lighter literature—a collection of books more select than improving. Foremost was *The Irish Rogues and Rapparees*, a book which detailed with great appreciation the ingenious expedients adopted by knaves and swindlers in the last century. Then there was the *Life of Freney, the Robber*, an Irish highwayman, written by the highwayman himself, in which he describes with undisguised satisfaction his success in compelling mail-coaches to halt in the highway, and forcing the trembling passengers, with cocked pistol and loud threats, to deliver up their watches and purses. The chivalry of rapine was embodied in this highwayman, as he robbed the rich to lavish gifts upon the indigent. He gives a picturesque description of the long line of cars creaking along the narrow roads which he repeatedly stopped and plundered. Thackeray, in his *Irish Sketch-Book*, dwells with much gusto on this curiosity of literature. It sometimes happened in the hedge-schools, as in the palaces of kings, that pale death penetrated and carried away the schoolmaster. In that contingency the pupils, silent but not despairing, sometimes took counsel together, and breathlessly determined, if a schoolmaster was to be had in the county, they should procure him. In short, they resolved to steal a preceptor. With this view the pupils have been known to assemble in the dead of night, to appoint a leader and form a phalanx, and set out in military order and surround a cabin which contained a pedagogue. They carried him out cautiously, silenced him by alternate threats and promises, and finally bore him away in triumph to the residence of their former teacher,

where he was installed. Moore, in his *Life of Captain Rock*, tells the following story:

"A few miles from our village, at the other side of the river, there was a schoolmaster of much renown and some Latin, whose pupils we had long envied for their possession of such an instructor, and still more since we had been deprived of our own. At last, upon consulting with my brother graduates, a bold measure was resolved upon, which I had the honor to be appointed leader to carry into effect.

"One fine moonlight night, crossing the river in full force, we stole upon the slumbers of the unsuspecting schoolmaster, and, carrying him off in triumph from his disconsolate disciples, placed him down in the same cabin that had been occupied by the deceased Abecedarian. It is not to be supposed that the transfluvian tyros submitted peacefully to this infringement of literary property; on the contrary, the famous war for the rape of Helen was but a skirmish to that which arose on the *enlèvement* of the schoolmaster, and, after alternate victories and defeats on both sides, the contest ended in peaceable possession of the pedagogue, who remained contentedly among us many years, to the no small increase of Latin in the neighborhood."

In one of his tales Gerald Griffin describes perhaps the very best of the schools of which rural Ireland could boast before Catholic Emancipation. He says:

"The school-house at Glendalough was situated near the romantic river which flows between the wild scenery of Drumgoff and the Seven Churches. It was a low stone building, indifferently thatched; the whole interior consisting of an oblong room, floored with clay and lighted by two or three windows, the panes of which were patched with old copy-books or altogether supplanted with school-slates.

"The walls had once been plastered and whitewashed, but now partook of that appearance of dilapidation which characterized the whole building. In many places which yet remained uninjured the malign spirit of satire (a demon for whom the court is not too high nor the cottage too humble) had developed itself in sundry amusing and ingenious devices. Here, with the end of a burnt stick, was traced the hideous outline of a human profile professing to be a likeness of Tom Guerin, and here might be seen the 'woful lamentation and dying declaration of Neddy Mulcahy,' while that worthy dangled in effigy from a gallows overhead. In some instances, indeed, the village Hogarth, with peculiar hardihood, seemed to have sketched in a slight hit at 'the master,' the formidable Mr. Lenigan himself. Along each wall were placed a row of large stones, the one intended to furnish seats for the boys, the other for the girls; the decorum of Mr. Lenigan's establishment requiring that they should be kept apart on ordinary occasions—for Mr. Lenigan, it should be observed, had not been furnished with any Pestalozzian light. The only chair in the whole establishment was that which was usually occupied by Mr. Lenigan himself, and a table appeared to be a luxury of which they were either ignorant or wholly regardless.

"On the morning after the conversation described in the last chapter Mr. Lenigan was rather later than his usual hour in taking possession of the chair already alluded to. The sun was mounting swiftly up the heavens. The rows of stones before described were already occupied, and the babble of a hundred voices like the sound of a beehive filled the house. Now and then a schoolboy in frieze coat and corduroy trousers, with an ink-bottle dangling at his breast, copybook, slate, voster, and 'reading-book' under one arm, and a sod of turf under the other, dropped in and took his place upon the next unoccupied stone. A great boy with a huge slate in his arms stood in the centre of the apartment, making a list of all those who were guilty of any indecorum in the absence of 'the masther.' Near the door was a blazing turf-fire, which the sharp autumnal winds already rendered agreeable. In a corner behind the door lay a heap of fuel, formed by the contributions of all the scholars, each being obliged to bring one sod of turf every day, and each having the privilege of sitting by the fire while his own sod was burning. Those who failed to pay their tribute of fuel sat cold and shivering the whole day long at the farther end of the room, huddling together their bare and frost-bitten toes, and casting a longing, envious eye towards the peristyle of well-marbled shins that surrounded the fire.

"Full in the influence of the cherishing flame was placed the hay-bottomed chair that supported the person of Mr. Henry Lenigan when that great man presided in person in his rural academy. On his right lay a close bush of hazel of astounding size, the emblem of his authority and the instrument of castigation. Near this was a wooden 'stroker,' that is to say, a large rule of smooth and polished deal, used for 'sthroking' the lines in the copybook, and also for 'sthroking' the palms of refractory pupils. On the other side lay a lofty heap of copybooks, which were left there by the boys and girls for the purpose of having their copies *set* by the 'masther.'

"About noon a sudden hush was produced by the appearance at the open door of a young man dressed in rusty black and with something clerical in his costume and demeanor. This was Mr. Lenigan's classical assistant; for to himself the volumes of ancient literature were a sealed fountain. Five or six stout young men, all of whom were intended for learned professions, were the only portion of Mr. Lenigan's scholars that aspired to those lofty sources of inspiration. At the sound of the word 'Virgil!' from the lips of the assistant the whole class started from their seats and crowded round him, each brandishing a smoky volume of the great Augustan poet, who, could he have looked into this Irish academy from that part of the infernal regions in which he had been placed by his pupil Dante, might have been tempted to exclaim in the pathetic words of his own hero:

"'Sunt hic etiam sua premia laudi,
Sunt lachryma rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt.'

"'Who's head?' was the first question proposed by the assistant after he had thrown open the volume at that part marked as the day's lesson.

"'Jim Naughton, sir.'

"'Well, Naughton, begin. Consther, consther* now, an' be quick.'

* Construe.

"'At puer Ascanius mediis in vallibus acri
Gaudet equo; jamque hos cursu, jam preterit illos:
Spumantem dari—'

"'Go on, sir! Why don't you consther?'

"'*At puer Ascanius*'—the person so addressed began—'but the boy Ascanius; *mediis in vallibus*, in the middle of the valley; *gaudet*, rejoices—'

"'Exults, ara gal—exults is a better word.'

"'*Gaudet*, exults; *acri equo*, upon his bitther horse—'

"'Oh, murther alive! his *bitther* horse, inagh? Erra! what would make a horse be bitther, Jim? Sure it's not of sour beer he's talking! Rejoicin' upon a bitther horse! Dear knows, what a show he was! What raison had he for it? *Acri equo*, upon his mettlesome steed; that's the construction.'

"Jim proceeded:

"'*Acri equo*, upon his mettlesome steed; *jamque*, and now; *preterit*, he goes beyond—'

"'Outstrips, achree.'

"'*Preterit*, he outstrips; *hos*, these; *jamque illos*, and now those; *cursu*, in his course; *que*, and; *optat*, he longs—'

"'Very good, Jim; longs is a very good word there. Did any one tell you that?'

"'Dickens a one, sir!'

"'That's a good boy. Well?'

"'*Optat*, he longs; *spumantum aprum*, that a foaming boar; *dari*, shall be given; *votis*, to his desires; *aut fulvum leonem*, or that a tawny lion—'

"'That's a good word agen. *Tawny* is a good word, betther nor yallow.'

"'*Decendere*, shall descend; *monte*, from the mountain.'

"'Now, boys, obsarve the beauty of the poet. There's great nature in the picture of the boy Ascanius. Just the same way as we see young Mister Keiley of the Grove, at the fox-chase the other day, leadin' the whole of 'em right and left; *jamque hos, jamque illos*—an' now Misther Cleary an' now Captain Davis he outstripped in his course. A beautiful picture, boys, there is in them four lines of a high-blooded youth. Yes, people are always the same; times and manners change, but the heart o' man is the same now it was in the days of Augustus. But consther your task, Jim, an' then I'll give you an' the boys a little commentary on its beauties.'

"The boy obeyed, and read as far as *prætexit nomine culpam*, after which the assistant proceeded to pronounce his little commentary. Unwilling to deprive the literary world of any advantage which the mighty monarch of the Roman epopee may derive from his analysis, we subjoin the speech without any abridgment:

"'Now, boys, for what I towld ye. Them seventeen lines that Jim Naughtin consthered this minit contains as much as fifty in a modhern book. I p'inted out to ye before the picture of Ascanius, an' I'll back it agin all the world for nathur. Thin there's the incipient storm:

"'Interea magno misceri murmure cœlum
Incipit:'

Erra! don't be talkin', but listen to that! There's a rumblin' in the language like the sound of comin' thundher.

"'. . . insequitur commista grandine nimbus.'

D'ye hear the change? D'ye hear all the *s's?* D'ye hear 'em whistlin'? D'ye hear the black squall comin' up the hill-side? That I mightn't sin, but whin I hear thim words I gather my head down betune my showldhers as if it was hailing a-top o' me. An' thin the sighth of all the huntin' party! Dido an' the Throjans, an' all the great coort ladies, and the Tyrian companions, scatthered like cracked people about the place, lookin' for shelther, an' peltin' about right an' left, hether an' thether, in all directions, for the bare life, an' the fluds swellin' an' comin' an' thundherin' down in rivers from the mountains, an' all in three lines:

" 'Et Tyrii comites passim, et Trojana juventus
Dardaniusque nepos Veneris, diversa per agros
Tecta metu petiere: ruunt de montibus amnes.'

" 'An' see the beauty o' the poet, followin' up the character of Ascanius; he makes him the last to lave the field. First the Tyrian comrades, an effeminate set that ran at the sighth of a shower, as if they were made o' salt, that they'd melt undher it; an' thin the Throjan youth, lads that were used to it in the first book; an' last of all the spirited boy Ascanius himself. (Silence near the doore!)

" 'Speluncam Dido, dux et Trojanus eandem
Deveniunt.'

"Observe, boys, he no longer calls him, as of ould, the *pius Æneas*, only *dux Trojanus*, the Throjan laidher, an' 'twas he that was the laidher and the lad. See the taste of the poet not to call him the pious Æneas now, nor even to mintion his name, as if he were half-ashamed o' him, knowin' well what a lad he had to dale wid. There's where Virgil tuk the crust out o' Homer's mouth in the nateness of his language, that you'd gather a portion o' the feelin' from the very shape o' the line an' turn o' the prosody. As formerly, when Dido was askin' Æneas concernin' where he comed from and where he was born, he makes answer:

" 'Est locus Hesperiam Graii cognomine dicunt:
Terra antiqua, potens armis atque ubere glebæ.
Huc cursus fuit.'

" 'An' there the line stops short, as much as to say, Just as I cut this line short in spakin' to you, just so our coorse was cut in goin' to Italy. The same way when Juno is vexed in talkin' o' the Throjans, he makes her spake bad Latin to show how mad she is. (Silence!)

" '—Mene incepto desistere victam
Nec posse Italia Teucrorum avertere regem?
Quippe vetor fatis! Pallasne exurere classem
Argivum, atque ipsos potuit submergere ponto?'

" 'So he laves you to guess what a passion she is in when he makes her lave an infinitive mood without anythin' to govern it. You can't attribute it to ignorance, for it would be a dhroll thing in airnest if Juno, the queen of all the gods, didn't know a common rule in syntax; so that you have nothing for it but to say that she must be the very moral of a fury. Such, boys, is the art o' potes an' the *janius* o' languages.

" 'But I kept ye long enough. As for ye,' continued the learned commentator, turning to the mass of English scholars, 'I see wan comin' over

the river that will taich yez how to behave yerselves, as it is a thing ye won't do for me.'

"The class separated, and a hundred anxious eyes were directed toward the opening door. It afforded a glimpse of a sunny green and a brawling stream, over which Mr. Lenigan, followed by his brother David, was picking his cautious way. At this apparition a sudden change took place in the disposition of the entire school. Stragglers flew to their places, the impatient burst of laughter was cut short, the growing bit of rage was quelled, the uplifted hand dropped harmless by the side of its owner, merry faces grew serious and angry ones peaceable; the eyes of all seemed poring over their books, and the extravagant uproar of the last half-hour was hushed on a sudden to a diligent murmur. Those who were most proficient in the study of 'the masther's' physiognomy detected in the expression of his eyes, as he entered and greeted his assistant, something of a troubled and uneasy character. He took the list with a severe countenance from the hands of the boy above mentioned, sent all those whose names he found on the fatal record to kneel down in a corner until he should find leisure to 'haire' them, and then entered on his daily functions."

From these quotations the reader can gather some idea of the nature of the schools which previously to Emancipation formed the mind of Irish youth. And it is right to say that the remarkably fine criticism of Mr. Lenigan's assistant, above given, was characteristic of very many of the better class of Irish schoolmasters of that day.

These educational straits were not the effect of chance, but the result of deliberate design. "By the seventh William III. no Protestant in Ireland was allowed to instruct a papist. By the eighth Anne no papist was allowed to instruct another papist. By the seventh William III. no papist was permitted to be sent out of Ireland to receive instruction. Owing to these acts the darkest and most profound ignorance was enforced under the severest penalties in Ireland" (Jonah Barrington's *Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation*, p. 132).

The moment Emancipation was granted an educational revolution took place in Ireland. "National schools" supported by government grants were established in every parish—not from love of the Irish people, but from fear of the Catholic clergy. The ruling class in England feared lest the education of the entire population should fall into the hands of the Christian Brothers and religious orders. This is what they most dreaded. The religious orders, during ages of persecution, had saved money in their several convents. For when a friar died his little savings—whatever their amount—went into the common fund, and swelled it, slowly and gradually, into something

considerable. The Augustinian friars of John's Lane, Dublin, were said to have £80,000 when Emancipation took place, which, of course, was a gross exaggeration. The Jesuits, too, possessed a considerable sum, which Father O'Callaghan bequeathed to Father Kenny—a sum which enabled the latter, even before Emancipation, to purchase Mount Brown, which is now known as Clongowes College. Sir Robert Peel, astonished at his audacity, sent for the Jesuit. "Don't you know," said the Irish secretary, "that we can confiscate your money?" "Yes," said Father Kenny, who had consulted Catholic lawyers, "but I also know that Lord Chatham said, 'If the devil put money in the English funds it should be held sacred.'"

The government were apprehensive lest in such resolute hands the education of the Irish should become the most Catholic in the world, and this dread opened the public purse and founded the "National" schools. These schools were at first the admiration of American travellers who happened to visit Ireland. The school-books were excellent and the teachers regularly trained. But the Catholic religion was carefully eliminated at this time—cast out of doors. Hence the vehemence with which Dr. MacHale denounced the system. Unable to inculcate Protestantism, Lord Stanley was determined that no religion should be taught in "National" schools—which assuredly were *not* national. The history, the topography, the name of Ireland were likewise shut out. Maps of every country in the world were found hanging on the walls of the "model schools" in Marlborough Street, Dublin, but you would search in vain—as we have searched—for a map of Ireland, while each pupil was taught to sing a song in chorus in which he declared himself "a happy English child." Archbishop Whately was to be seen in the lecture-room seated beside Archbishop Murray, who equally patronized the schools. Whately was persuaded that the cultivation of the popular intellect would be fatal to the claims of the Catholic Church. Hence the system was eminently intellectual and aimed at the evolution of the reasoning powers rather than the memory. He hoped that the pupils would not only become Protestants, but renounce their nationality and become Englishmen. In his *Life and Correspondence*, by his daughter, Jane Whately, this hope takes the form of expectation and is openly avowed. Hence that secular excellence in the "National" system of education which elicited the admiration of foreigners.

Nothing was more extraordinary than the sudden revolution

of feeling which the government of England exhibited on this subject so soon as Emancipation was wrung from their grasp. That government which for ages, in the most tyrannical manner, sternly suppressed education, made it a legal offence to teach, a misdemeanor to learn, and placed Catholic education under its heel and exerted every legal means to eradicate it, became suddenly the most energetic of all governmental educationists. Its zeal in promoting education in recent times can only be equalled by the fury with which it crushed it a few centuries ago. Not only did it labor to surpass the Christian Brothers by its "National" schools; it sought to nullify or supersede the Catholic University by means of the "godless colleges." As in former times it had no object so much at heart as to degrade the Irish into ignorant barbarians, it seemed now to desire nothing so earnestly as to make them learned philosophers. This was owing to its profound consciousness that the Catholic Church, the benefactress of the world, is the greatest of all educationists; that, in strict compliance with Christ's command, "Go teach all nations," it not only imparts a knowledge of divine truth, but spreads human learning wherever it prevails. It was this conviction that stimulated the government to found "National" schools in every parish and "godless colleges" in every province in Ireland, and to labor—a labor that has happily been in vain—to make a monopoly of education and get it altogether into its own hands.

THE DEATH OF FRANCIS OF GUISE.

THE year 1563 opened with bright hopes for France. Coligny's reiters, who had been promised the plunder of the capital, were forced back, baffled, and had to content themselves with pillaging and murdering the inhabitants of the villages in the neighborhood, according to a custom that had almost a religious sanction in their eyes, consecrated as it was by the tacit permission of the austere hypocrite who led them. At Dreux the Duke of Guise had set the crown on his splendid military qualities, plucking victory out of the very bosom of disaster, and driving the ambitious traitors who claimed to impose their will on the immense majority of Frenchmen pell-mell into the city of Orleans. If the Huguenot leaders were not to surrender all their

hopes of dismembering France and partitioning it again among the great houses from whose grasp it had been rescued by painful and laborious efforts of consolidation, they should make a stand now. Coligny and his brother Dandelot threw themselves into Orleans.

But the bulk of the rebel army, now as always, was composed of German soldiers of fortune. The reiters were clamorous for their pay. He calmed them for a time by the assurance that the money for which he had sold the towns in the north of France to the English would shortly arrive, and, as a slight satisfaction of their demands, they were allowed to massacre and pillage the people of Sully and other little Catholic towns in the neighborhood of Orleans. But they were insatiable. This English gold had been dangled before their eyes so long that they were beginning to doubt of its existence. They threatened to desert if the admiral did not make good his engagements. So Coligny saw there was nothing for it but to lead them into Normandy and join his English friends at Havre, leaving Dandelot to defend Orleans.

This march of Coligny's reiters was long remembered in the north of France. It was as if a column of locusts had swept over the land. The rich country between Caux and La Beauce was a desert after their passage. Writing after the event to Elizabeth, the Earl of Warwick says that those who survived the swords of these murderous fanatics would have perished of famine but for the efforts of the people of Picardy, who supplied them with provisions.

The austere virtue of Coligny has been as much celebrated by a certain school as that of Robespierre was during the Terror. The admiral on one occasion had the hand of a soldier struck off for swearing, and we know that Robespierre resigned a judicial office because his functions compelled him to sentence a murderer to death. But necessity is inexorable, and just as the gentle nature of Robespierre found itself confronted by a crisis that left no alternative except copious blood-letting, the rigid severity of Coligny was tempered by lack of money, and he was forced to let his followers rob and murder at their own sweet wills.

But the appetite of the reiters grew by what it fed upon. When they reached the sea at Saint-Pierre-sur-Dive there were no English ships in sight. Coligny could only point in eloquent dismay to the Channel, tempest-tossed with winds. Clearly no English vessel could put to sea in such a storm, and the hopes of the German mercenaries were again dashed to the ground, to be

revived, however. For was not the coast lined with splendid churches enriched by the piety of the simple Norman sailors? And were there not abbeys in the neighborhood, wealthy and defenceless, capable of recompensing a pious free-lance for his sufferings in the cause of the Gospel? The plunder of the churches and monasteries of Normandy amply consoled them for their disappointment, at least for the time.

But the money so long delayed arrived at last. Elizabeth had, for a wonder, been liberal, and Coligny was able to glut the avarice of his followers to the fullest extent. He set out on his return march with high hopes, for Elizabeth had promised that if the Huguenots would recognize her as their sovereign she would recognize him as her lieutenant-general.* Indeed, to such want of patriotic spirit, to such degradation had fanaticism and ambition brought the once proud houses of Chatillon and Condé that there was nothing they would not promise Elizabeth to attain their ends. They had already surrendered Havre and Caen into her hands. Calais and Boulogne were to follow. The public spirit and patriotism of the Catholic aristocracy of England when the Armada of Spain threatened their shores forms a pleasant contrast to the disloyal treachery of the Huguenot nobility of France.

However, while using every effort to get the English to invade France, Coligny did not neglect to avail himself of another aid to his own ambition and his country's ruin. He had written to Elizabeth in January that he had given three strong places of safety on the Cher into the hands of the Germans, and he eagerly pressed her for the money to pay them. France was to have a semicircle of fire closing in on her, the English on the north and the Germans on the east. So in February the Duke of Holstein, who had been taken into the pay of Elizabeth, was to invade the country from the Rhine, while an English army co-operated in Normandy.

But there was one drawback in the reckoning of Coligny. The armies might not arrive in time, for Guise had Orleans almost in his clutches, and with the capture of the last refuge of the Huguenots their cause was hopeless. And it looked as if Guise would carry Orleans and take, as he tersely expressed it, the foxes in their burrow.

But years before there had been sinister prophecies in the temples that at the moment when the fortune of Lorraine would be highest his fall would be lowest. *Occidite nobis vitulum* was a

* Instructions to Throckmorton, 12th of February, 1563. Record Office.

text often on the lips of the ministers and had ominous significance when pointed at the great commander who troubled Israel. It was no secret among the Huguenot leaders that if all failed they would better their fortunes by assassination. His death had been decreed by a secret tribunal in Germany. According to Chantonnay, it was at Heidelberg that a meeting of Protestant princes determined on his murder, but the disapproval of the Duke of Würtemberg, a loyal gentleman whose simple and downright honesty of character forms a pleasant relief to the baseness of the age, was an effectual bar to the success of the conspiracy. In London his death by violence was reported again and again, months before it took place, showing that the statesmen of Elizabeth were not strangers to the crime mooted among the followers of Coligny. Guise had already been a mark for the assassin's bullet. After wresting Rouen from the English a month before, a Huguenot fired a pistol at him as he was walking along the ramparts, and missed him. Bonnegarde was the name of the would-be murderer. He was an enthusiastic Calvinist intimately associated with Coligny.

"Did I ever do you wrong that you should attempt my life?" said the duke when Bonnegarde was brought before him.

"No," he replied. "But you are the deadly enemy of my religion, and my zeal for the Gospel justified me in killing you."

"Well," said the duke, "if your religion teaches you to kill one who never did you harm, mine orders me to forgive you. Begone! I give you your liberty. Judge from this which of our religions is the better."

But Guise had to do with enemies who were not to be disarmed by generosity or heroism.

The ministers were especially vigorous in calling down the vengeance of Heaven on the great leader who had smitten the army of the Lord at Dreux. Beza had taken part in the battle, and "dared to preach Christ," exclaims Ronsard indignantly, "all blackened with smoke, bearing a morion on his head, and in his hand a broadsword red with human blood." His fury was not lessened by the failure of his warlike efforts in the field. He gave full scope to it in his sermons after, and thundered forth impious demands that Heaven should find a way of relieving the people of God from the Lorraines. Theodore de Beza was a choice specimen of the Renaissance. He could turn from inditing lays marked by an elegant Latinity and an ineffable grossness worthy of his model, Catullus, to dabble his effeminate hands in blood, with easy grace.

There was murder in the air, and, as often happens, the object of it was the last person to have a clear perception of his danger. Francis of Guise was fond of saying that the blade was not yet tempered which would slay him. But the Huguenot leaders knew better. There was one among them who, notwithstanding a whole life stained with profligacy and treason, still entertained some sentiments worthy of his birth. Condé shrank with horror from participation in the criminal designs of his confederates. When taken prisoner after the battle of Dreux he frequently wrote to his brother, the Cardinal of Bourbon, begging him to warn the Cardinal of Lorraine that an attempt would be made to assassinate the Duke of Guise. Condé was sent to the strong castle of Louches, and his first words to his attendant every morning for a fortnight were, "Has not the Duke of Guise been killed or wounded?"

But the Duke of Guise is besieging Orleans with the same energy with which he besieged Rouen; indeed, with prospect of such success as must for ever ruin the future of the Reformation in France. With Dandelot sick, with the admiral at such a distance that no relief can be expected from that quarter, the only dread of Guise is that, in spite of his moderation and personal efforts, he may not be able to repress the ardor of his soldiers, and that the assault, which is to take place during the night-time, may be followed by pillage. "You see," he said to Castelnau, who had been sent by Catherine to watch him—Catherine, whose sole interest in these weary wars was a purely selfish one, and who declared she was as ready to sit under the preachers as to go to Mass, if thereby the authority of herself and her children could be kept intact—"you see," he said, "Dandelot is sick, and I have a good medicine to cure him. A part of the garrison is beaten; they have not four hundred good soldiers. I will shut up the river so well that all the country up to Guienne must remain safe and free, and, with the help of God, we shall bring about some good pacification in this realm."

Clearly the attempt that failed at Rouen must be renewed, if the money scattered so lavishly by the miserly hand of Elizabeth is to have any result, if Coligny be not forced to loosen his grasp on the throat of France. But who is to be the Judith who is ready to smite this Holofernes and free the church of God from its oppressor? The sermons of the preachers and the songs of the Huguenot soldiers teem with allusions to the Jewish heroine and her victim, both before and after the death of Guise.

The hour had arrived and the man was ready. The spirit of

Judith had become incarnate in the breast of a fiery young stripling, scarcely nineteen, named Poltrot, Lord of Méré. He had been a page of Catherine and had served in the army of Philip of Spain. A true type of the fanatic he, brown and dark-eyed, familiar with bloodshed already in these cruel wars, and ready to take desperate risks if thereby he could free the cause he had at heart from an enemy. The sincerity and constancy of the poor boy was manifested afterwards under the awful strain of torture, when abandoned by his high-placed accomplices to the horrors with which the barbarous judicial system of the age visited such crimes.

He served in the bands that acknowledged the Vicomte d'Aubeterre for their commander, and his boyish animosity to Guise was often a subject of raillery to his fellow-soldiers. He was frequently heard to exclaim, "Oh! if I could only kill him!"

But the Vicomte d'Aubeterre saw in the boy something more than the extravagance of a youthful boaster. He believed he had found a useful instrument to accomplish the crime which he and others had long premeditated. He sent Poltrot to his brother-in-law, the Sieur de Soubise, who had already had some experience in training assassins. If anything could add to the pathos that surrounds the death-bed of the great Catholic chief, it would be the damning ingratitude of his murderers. D'Aubeterre had been an accomplice in the plot of La Renaudie at Amboise; Soubise had been prosecuted for peculation. Guise saved the life of the one and the honor of the other. He rescued Coligny from death at Montmédy, and Poltrot he treated as a son while the young assassin was living in his tent and watching for an opportunity to slay him. In his kindly nature and generous graciousness his enemies found the aids to his murder.

Soubise sent Poltrot to Coligny. "I have been informed," said the admiral, "that you have a great desire to serve the religion. *Serve it well, then.*"

This was the countersign agreed on between Coligny and Soubise to show Poltrot that his design was known and his offer accepted. For the admiral was true to his reputation for prudence, and was careful to adopt the least compromising methods to attain his ends. He, however, gave him three hundred crowns on this occasion, we are told by Smith, Elizabeth's ambassador, and bade him seek the Duke of Guise and offer him his services. "Then," says Étienne Pasquier, who was very unfriendly to the house of Lorraine, "Poltrot came to Orleans to find Monsieur of Guise, and, having made a profound reverence to the said lord,

declared that, being ill-advised, he had followed Monsieur the Prince of Condé, but that, being moved by a just repentance, he was come to surrender himself into his hands, with a firm purpose of doing good service to the king. Monsieur de Guise, esteeming that these words came from the depths of his heart, did receive the said Poltrot with a favorable eye, and even gave him such access to his house that oftentimes they drank and ate at the same table. They say that the gentleness of this prince had such power that for the time Poltrot lost heart and returned quite abruptly to the admiral, much less resolved than before, and would have even abandoned the enterprise had he not been confirmed in his purpose by a minister full of understanding and persuasion."

The minister "full of understanding and persuasion" was Beza. It was true that Poltrot felt for the moment the influence that Guise's greatness of heart and soul exercised on every one who came within its sphere, and surrendered to it. His heart failed him and he returned three times to Coligny, begging to be discharged from his task. The admiral was at a loss how to deal with the scruples that had suddenly sprung up in this tender conscience. What annoyed him most, he had to show his hand too plainly. Here was a case where he would have some difficulty in planning an assassination and afterwards discarding his instrument. It was a case which he could not deal with alone. He sent Poltrot to Beza. Beza was an adept in casuistry, and such troubles of soul presented no difficulty to his keen spiritual insight. He assured his young disciple that such scruples were suggestions of the devil, and he could act with safety of conscience. "The angels would assist him, and if he died he would go straight to paradise."

Poltrot was no match for the subtlety and persuasiveness of the great Reformer. He returned to Coligny. What passed at this interview we do not know. We do know that the admiral gave the assassin one hundred crowns with which to buy a horse, that he promised to reward his zeal and make him "the richest man of his lineage" if he should succeed.

Meanwhile Guise was pressing the siege of Orleans. His dread of the sufferings to which the inhabitants might be exposed from a night assault led him to change his purpose of carrying the city on the night of the 18th of February, and he deferred his attack to the next day. It was the noble and womanly habit of the Duchess of Guise, whenever she heard her husband was likely to capture a city, to visit his camp with the object of moderating

the horrors of war and saving the inhabitants from the fury of the soldiers. She was now at Corney, a village situated on the other bank of the Loire, and the duke prepared to visit her.

But he was delayed in the camp later than usual. He had sent the bishop of Limoges and the Sieur d'Oyselles to Orleans to try to bring about some accommodation with Dandelot which would save the city and put an end to these fratricidal wars, and now awaited their return anxiously, perhaps hoping that he would be the bearer of tidings to his wife that would rejoice a devoted heart saddened by the horrors of civil strife. Seeing that it was growing late, his friend, De Crenay, left him with the object of reassuring the duchess, who would naturally be alarmed at the delay, knowing that the animosity of the Huguenots, exasperated by defeat, would shrink from no means of compassing the destruction of her husband. De Crenay crossed the Loire in a little boat. He could discern the dim outline of a figure walking slowly up and down the opposite bank. The stranger, whose features were hidden from him, addressed him: "Is it long before the duke passes?" he said. "He is coming," returned Crenay, and continued his journey.

A boat containing the duke and his two constant companions, Rostaing and Villegomblain, put off from the bank immediately afterwards and glided rapidly to the opposite shore. The duke found a horse ready for him on landing, and, with Villegomblain in front of him and Rostaing mounted on a little mule behind him, he proceeded on his way. Some distance before them two walnut-trees showed their outlines, blurred by the thick fog. Behind a hedge that lay between them stood Poltrot, cold and resolute. He had prayed to God that day to tell him if it was the time to strike, and the answer from heaven had been satisfactory. He stepped forward until he was within seven paces of the duke, and then fired. The assassin, who had calculated every chance, aimed at the arm-pit, judging that Guise would wear a coat of mail on such an occasion. Three balls of copper shattered the duke's shoulder, and he fell forward on the neck of his steed. He straightened himself and tried to grasp the hilt of his sword, but his arm fell lifeless by his side. Rostaing pursued Poltrot, who disappeared rapidly in the darkness, brandishing his sword and acting as if he was himself riding after the assassin. The Spanish horse which he had bought with the gold of Coligny soon outstripped the mule of Rostaing. He was not fated to escape, however. He rode all night, dazed and stupefied by the magnitude of his crime, to find himself at dawn near the

very camp from which he was flying. He turned rein and spurred his horse furiously, but flight was hopeless. He took refuge in a peasant's cottage, offering the owner all the money he possessed if he would hide him from his pursuers. The peasant either feared or scorned to become his accomplice, and delivered him up to the soldiers who were searching for him.

Meanwhile the Duke of Guise was being carried to the presence of his wife and son, who little imagined that they were to meet, pale and blood-stained, the great leader who an hour ago had expected that another day would set the seal on his achievements for France and be the crowning triumph of his own glorious career. Rostaing's cry for help was the first intimation the duchess received of the fate of her spouse. Followed by her son, the Prince of Joinville, she rushed into the hall, pale with horror and despair, and threw herself half-fainting into his arms. "Ah! my God! my God!" she stammered, "I am the cause of his assassination!"

Amid the sobs of the young prince and the cries of the pages and soldiers Guise preserved the same serenity he was accustomed to display on the field of battle.

"They have long been preparing this stroke for me," he said, "and surely I have deserved it for not having been more on my guard." Then, turning to console his wife in her anguish, he continued: "Truly I bring you piteous news, but, such as it is, you must receive it from the hand of God and comply with his holy will. As for me, little regret I have in dying, but much that one of my nation should have done such a deed."

Addressing the Prince of Joinville, who was weeping by his side, he said: "God grant you the grace to grow up a good man, my son!" All night the castle was surrounded by the officers of the royal army anxiously awaiting news of their leader's condition. Those who were admitted to his presence had fresh cause to admire the elevation of soul that never deserted him. Worse than physical pain, worse than the agony of his wife and son, was the thought that a Frenchman had done this thing. This haunted him to the last. "Great is my grief that such an act should be committed by a Frenchman," he said to the officers. "But do you serve loyally God and your king."

At first the surgeons hoped that the wound would not be mortal. The balls had pierced the shoulder, but without breaking any bone. And, indeed, it seems impossible to explain the fatal termination which resulted from a mere flesh-wound, and that not very deep, except on the theory that the balls had been

poisoned. This method of warfare was not unknown to the Huguenots, and was believed to have been adopted by them at the battle of Dreux. All the efforts of medical skill to save the illustrious victim, however, proved unavailing, and his family had to resign themselves to see the faint hopes vanish that at first upheld them.

When all chance of human aid failed it was proposed to call in the service of the occult arts in which the age believed. An adept in cabalistic science was summoned, who, in the opinion of even the most enlightened minds of the time, could effect a cure by the application of certain cabalistic forms and words handed down in Jewish tradition. Guise was not in advance of his age, and believed that his life could be saved by methods which God and holy church condemned. But even in his terrible agony he rejected the offer with horror. "No," he replied; "I do not doubt your science, but your science is diabolic. Rather than be saved by sorcery I prefer to die uprightly, as I have lived. God is the master; be it done according to his will."

At length the hour approached when the Christian soldier was to complete a noble life by the most heroic of deaths. The touching simplicity and humility which had never deserted him in all the temptations of his magnificent career remained with him to the end, shedding a tender light on his last moments. The Cardinal of Guise approached the bedside of his brother and told him that he must now prepare for death.

"Ah!" the duke returned, with a glad smile, "you do me a true brotherly turn in urging me to think of the salvation for which I long. I love you the better for it." Then he confessed to the Bishop of Riez and received the last sacraments from his hands.

He had not always escaped the temptations to which his rank and the dangers of a voluptuous court exposed him, and, in the final scene of all, the errors of his youth drew from him touching expressions of repentance and regret. His fever increased during the night to such a degree that he could not expect to live many more minutes. The duchess and her son were summoned to hear his last words.

"My dear companion," he said to the afflicted lady, "I have always loved and esteemed you. I do not wish to deny that bad counsels and the fragility of youth have led me sometimes to do things which must have offended you. But for the last three years you know with what respect I have lived with you, carefully avoiding every occasion of causing you the least annoyance

in the world. I leave you of my goods the part you may wish to take. I leave you the children whom God has given to us. I pray you be always a good mother to them."

"And now, my son," he continued, looking at the Prince de Joinville, who was mingling his sobs with his mother's, "you have heard what I said to your mother. Always have, my darling boy, the love and fear of God principally before your eyes and in your heart. Walk ever in the straight and narrow path according to his voice, avoiding the broad and crooked road that leads to perdition. Never abandon yourself to vicious society. Seek not advancement by bad courses, such as court gallantry or the favor of women. Hope for honors from the generosity of your prince and from your own labors; and do not seek for great charges, for they are hard to administer. Nevertheless, in those that you may hold, employ your power and life wholly in acquitting yourself worthily, according to your duty, to the satisfaction of God and the king. If the goodness of the queen permits you to share in any of my governments, do not attribute this to your own merits, but rather to my laborious services. And do not neglect to conduct yourself with moderation in all. Whatever good fortune may happen to you, be careful not to trust to it; for this world is deceitful, and better assurance you cannot have of this than seeing me lying here. And now, my dear son, I bequeath to you your mother, whom you will honor and obey as God and nature direct. Love your brothers as if they were your children, and preserve union amongst them, for that will be the bond of your strength; and may God give you his blessing, as I give you mine!" The little prince knelt beside the bed weeping, and, clasping his hands, said, with a firmness that was the harbinger of his future greatness rather than what might be expected from a boy of his years:

"Father, I will obey you; I swear it."

The duke took him in his arms, clasped him to his bosom, and kissed him tenderly. Then, resting his hand on the shoulder of the child, he addressed his brothers, the Cardinals of Guise and Ferrara:

"And you, messieurs my brothers, who have always loved me so much, I have received many and great benefits at your hands, which I desire that my children may return by obeying you and doing you service; I beg you to have them in your care, and be a father to them and protectors of my wife and house."

"Messieurs," continued the duke, addressing his friends and dependants, who stood around listening in mingled admiration

and grief, "when God calls me to the other life, remember to have all my family recommended to the queen's protection. As to me, you see the state to which I am reduced by the wound of a man who knew not what he did. I conjure you to persuade the queen to pardon him in honor of God and for love of me. And I am greatly obliged to those who have been the cause of what has happened to me, whatever be their part in it, for I am, through their means, near the hour when I hope to approach God and enjoy his presence. It is the time when I should think of the offences I have committed and recollect the faults of my past life."

Then he spoke of the great offices he had held, and solemnly protested his honesty in the administration of his charges. He expressed his heartfelt sorrow that he sometimes had been forced to use severity in time of war. In the campaign which he had just nearly conducted to a brilliant close he declared that no private interest, no ambition or thought of revenge, influenced his actions. "I desire peace," he declared, "and he who does not desire it is no honest man nor faithful servant of the king. Shame on him who does not wish peace! And you, my friends, who have done so much for my sake, I have not done much for you. Anger has sometimes moved me to show you a want of consideration. Forgive me."

These devoted friends had very little to forgive to a master who rewarded their passionate attachment with the sympathetic interest of a father and friend. Their very affection, however, led them to thwart him in one of the most anxious wishes of his heart. He wished to see Poltrot before he died, to exhort him to repentance, to assure him of his forgiveness, and then dismiss him in safety—to treat him, in fine, just as he had treated the Huguenot gentleman who attempted his murder at Rouen. But a natural desire of vengeance on the part of his family eluded the satisfaction of the generous impulse that would have softened the dying agony of the hero.

The grandeur of this death has inspired many great writers, but never did the last moments of Guise find a more eloquent eulogy than that from the pen of the rigid Calvinist, Guizot. His lofty and impartial narrative is worthy of the author and of the hero. "I make it a duty," he says, "to retrace with fidelity that pious and sincere death of a great man at the term of a brave and glorious life, mingled with good as well as with evil, but without the evil ever stifling the good. . . . It is a spectacle worth gazing at in an age in which doubt and moral weakness are the common diseases even of good minds and honest men."

The duke had entered on his forty-fourth year at the time of his death.

Crime calls for punishment. The assassination of Guise, so coldly plotted and so darkly accomplished, was to have bloody reprisals. "A day shall come," wrote Elizabeth's ambassador from the scene of the tragedy, "when Coligny, in his turn, shall be assassinated to expiate the murder of the Duke of Guise."

Meanwhile Coligny was calmly awaiting events in the Huguenot camp at Blois in company with Beza and Throckmorton. A letter came to him from Dandelot on the 28th of February, informing him of the murder. Coligny treated the matter coldly, and transmitted the note to Elizabeth, accompanied by a letter in which the event was mentioned casually, as if an incident of slight importance. He thought his absence from Orleans at the time would remove any distrust that his relations with Poltrot might have excited. Thus by his crafty removal from the city he would accomplish two important objects—he would receive into his own hands the gold which Elizabeth had sent through Throckmorton, and he would divert suspicion from himself. His anticipations of the good results that would follow his politic attitude were deceived. When the news reached the camp there was an explosion of joy among the soldiers. They did not care to dissemble their delight at a murder that freed them from the terror with which the invincible leader of the Catholic army inspired them. Coligny was alarmed and indignant at finding that he was admiringly pointed at as the assassin of Guise. Then came the confession of the unhappy boy whom he had corrupted and made the instrument of his own fanatic hate. And then came his defence.

Stripped of its plausible affectation of rigid principle—for this Pecksniff of the sixteenth century overflowed with virtuous sentiments on every occasion, or had them manufactured for him by his biographers—this defence would hardly commend itself to a jury of the present day, accustomed to weigh the details of circumstantial evidence. Those of his admirers who dismiss the subject contemptuously with some such platitude as "The whole life of the man is against it," as Mr. Besant does, exhibit a discretion which, if disingenuous, is at least prudent.

In spite of his protestations, or rather because of them, there does not remain the shadow of a doubt that he was an accomplice in the murder. No one heard him give the order to Poltrot to slay his enemy, but he supplied him with the means of executing the crime, furnished him with a horse, arms, and

money, and never made any concealment before him and others of his feeling that whoever would kill the Duke of Guise would confer the greatest benefit on the cause of religion. All the advantages of the deed were his, and just as he abandoned the victims of his ambition to the cruelty of Catherine after the failure of the conspiracy of Amboise, so this felon knight, dead to all the instincts of chivalry, surrendered to torture and death the poor wretch whom he had trained to murder his enemy. The three lengthy and awkward pleas in which he attempts to maintain his innocence swarm with proofs of his complicity. Well does Étienne Pasquier remark regretfully: "Coligny defends himself so badly that those who wish him well have much sorrow thereat."

Coligny drew up his first memoir at Caen on the 12th of March. It bore the joint signatures of himself, Beza, and La Rochefoucauld. It commences with a protest in the name of God and his conscience against the assertions of "the soi-disant seigneur of Méré." "Without doubt," says the admiral, "I was acquainted with him and employed him to discover secrets. I confess that since that time when I heard him say he would kill my Lord of Guise in his camp if he could, I did not dissuade him from it; but, on my life and honor, I neither urged nor approved the crime of the sieur of Méré."

There was no need for Coligny to be more explicit with the desperate young fanatic. When he sent Poltrot into the camp of the duke, all aflame with religious excitement, after his passionate threats of murder, it is mockery to assert that he was ignorant of the intentions of his agent.

But he did not deny that on several other occasions he had also given Poltrot money, sometimes a hundred crowns and sometimes twenty. He acknowledged that at one of their interviews "he remembered that Poltrot went so far as to say to him that it would be easy to kill the Duke of Guise," but he paid no attention to the proposal, "deeming it quite frivolous."

All this time Poltrot was living in the camp of the duke, dining at his table and the object of his special affection. Yet when he proposed to assassinate his unsuspecting host the admiral thought it a proposal "quite frivolous." Such innocent simplicity was by no means a characteristic of the sour and gloomy Calvinist leader. It was more like the artful scheming of a conspirator who did not wish to show his hand.

Beza is more reserved in his admissions. He confesses that he had "an infinite number of times desired and prayed God to

change the heart of the said Lord of Guise, or rid this realm of him, but had never spoken to the said Poltrot." However, he applauded the crime itself, recognizing that "it is a just judgment of God, menacing with like and greater punishments all the sworn enemies of his holy Gospel."

Taken in connection with admissions and half-hearted denials, the depositions of the gloomy and desperate but sincere and, in a sense, honest fanatic who murdered Guise have a convincing significance. In the interrogatories which he underwent before his torture he declared firmly that Coligny, Rochefoucauld, Theodore de Beza, and another Protestant minister, whose name he refused to mention, urged him to the deed. He had sought the will of Heaven in prayer. The voice of God in his heart told him the time to strike. Why should he not admit the admiral and the minister to a share of the glory, which, in his overwrought enthusiasm, he thought awaited the slayer of an enemy to God and the Gospel? It was in no spirit of hostility that Poltrot proclaimed their participation. And in his testimony he never varied. In the hour of hideous torture, with his poor body racked and mangled, he persisted in his statements. His torturers could not wring from him the names of Condé or Dandelot, but with his dying breath he accused the admiral.

The contemporaries of Coligny would have laughed at the notion that he had nothing to do with sowing the seed from which he and his party reaped such a rich harvest. There is, however, a kind of grim though unconscious humor in the way in which his eulogists of to-day—at least such of them as do not embrace the whole problem in a few vague generalities—deal with this damning blot on the fame of their hero.

Explaining how it was that the admiral did not try to dissuade Poltrot when the latter informed him of his intention of murdering the duke, Dargaud gives this singular solution of the difficulty:

"Coligny did not doubt that Guise was plotting against his life, and, in this persuasion, he did not believe himself bound to save one who wished to kill him. Under the obsession of his resentments, he heard, without reproval, Poltrot declare that he would sacrifice the duke as soon as opportunity should offer. Perhaps Coligny thought they were idle words, the mere boasting of a soldier. But it cannot be contested that he was dumb. This is his fault. His fault was his silence. He did not encourage the crime, but neither did he discourage it. This is a stain on the renown of Coligny."

The account given by Sismondi, in his *Memoires de Condé*,

is interesting, if only for the curious moral obliquity that marks the writer's ethical position. An act which, done in the nineteenth century, would bring the perpetrator to the scaffold, did not, in the sixteenth, interfere with a man's title to be considered "one of the most virtuous and religious of men."

"The Catholics," he says, "named the murder of the Duke of Guise assassination; the Huguenots, tyrannicide. Theodore de Beza declared that he recognized in it a just judgment of God, menacing with a like or greater punishment the sworn enemies of the Gospel. Poltrot in his deposition had formally accused Coligny of having urged him to commit this murder, and of having furnished him with money for this purpose. In our actual ideas we cannot conceive how a great man, *one of the most religious and virtuous men* that France has ever possessed, should descend to an action so base and criminal. Lacratelle declares that history should not hesitate to acquit him; a more intimate acquaintance with the spirit of the times, however, does not confirm this decision. Private war was, as much as public war, among the habits of the gentlemen of the time. Murder was one of those acts to which he believed himself called by his rank and which did not inspire him with any repugnance. Coligny, in his reply, article by article, to the deposition of Poltrot, tries to establish that he did not seduce him, that he did not entrust him with a mission of assassination; but he lets it be understood that he was aware of all of the threats of Poltrot, that he gave him the means of fulfilling them, and that their mention did not inspire him with any horror."

The question of Catherine's connivance at, or participation in, the crime would form an interesting subject of discussion. The attitude of this terrible woman to the men and movements of her time has baffled even the analytical genius of Balzac to solve. Undoubtedly she hated Guise, as she hated Coligny and Montmorency and Condé, as she hated every one who seemed likely to be a danger to the authority of herself and her children. She was a tigress possessed by one instinct—the desire of saving her cubs at any expenditure of cruelty and craft. Some say she wrote letters to the admiral, encouraging him in his project. Poltrot had once been a favorite page of hers, and there was reason to suppose that she did not lose sight of him after he left her service. Two years later she said to Tavannes, "Those Guises wished to make themselves kings, but I kept them from that before Orleans." Tavannes, at least, does not conceal his belief that Catherine was a consenting party to the crime.

A CHAT BY THE WAY.

The most awkward moment of an acquaintance is when you first make it. What are you going to say? Nine cases out of ten you take refuge in the "weather," and, having launched the ship of conversation upon those familiar and ordinary waters, you begin to steer into less-frequented channels. At its best, however, I believe there is not one out of every thousand people who knows what a conversation should be. Some talk altogether with their mouths; these I would call inflationists. They are all words, lip-movement, and lingual oscillation. Some talk with their hearts in their mouths, and bespatter you regardlessly with all the sympathies of human nature until your weak nerves tingle under the irritation. There are jesting, smiling talkers, serious, frowning talkers; but the most exasperating of all conversationalists is the perpetual listener. A simple "yes" and "no" is the substance and refrain of his converse. You begin to feel as if you were giving a lecture to a very stupid audience. A pause comes about. What in the world shall you next say? You set about cudgelling your brains for some topic to fill up the breach without seeming to force matters. You wait for some reply, some little suggestion, that may open a loophole of escape; you are as anxious for this reinforcement as Wellington was for Blücher at Waterloo. If you could only rouse the slightest little flame to set the fire burning and kindle the slowly-dying embers once more into a glow! But in vain you forage through the fields of memory, art, science, and literature. Your dumb companion blows the chilly breath of silence over the warm glow of enthusiasm which you have just managed to excite in your own mind. His apathetic "yes" or "no," like a gust of cold wind in a dreary passage-way, extinguishes your dimly flickering candle and leaves you once more in the dark. A conversation like that is as bad as the rack and thumb-screw. Not so bad, but bad enough, is the infliction of the perpetual talker, who glibly and, it seems, conscientiously pours forth an uninterrupted stream of perennial converse. You manage to edge in a remark, such as "Well, I do not altogether think—" when, at a leap displaying a verbal and vocal agility which might do credit to an acrobat were it in the physical order, our friend jumps into your remark, topples it over with a few hasty, well-delivered epithets, and is off at a

break-neck speed a hundred yards ahead, not even deigning to look back to see if you are hurt by the fall. If he talks well and intelligently, this sort of thing can be tolerated once in a while, for excellence is admirable, even at your own disadvantage; but if he be flippant and of little weight I close my ears and dream of pleasanter things afar off.

A conversation in its proper meaning is a mutual, equal interchange of ideas and opinions, one successively suggestive of the other. Conversation should be a ball, tossed from hand to hand gracefully and without violence, neither endangering the players nor the object of their play. I say something which throws a spark into your imagination or memory, and then you deliver yourself according to your calibre, which in turn suggests something else to me; and so a conversation is generated, whereby you and I become better acquainted and maybe stancher friends. A good conversationalist is one who talks suggestively; he does not cover the whole subject in a single peremptory sentence, nor does he appropriate all the time to his own vocabulary. He likes to hear you as well as himself; you are fuel to his fire. He likes to shake you mentally by the hand, and feel what sort of grip you have, and he neither runs away nor intrudes upon you. He neither talks much nor little. If a man *must* have one of these faults let it be the first; for man was made to be a social being, to communicate his thoughts and not hide them. If a great talker bore you, still you have refuge in his very loquacity by remaining heedlessly silent to what he is saying; whereas with one who does not talk at all or very little the burden of the whole conversation is thrown upon your own shoulders.

Speaking of conversation calls to my mind a kindred subject. Have you ever accurately noticed voices? I think the voice is an epitome of the whole character. It is a sort of abridged edition of the man, in which he is summed up in little, at least to one who has had any practice in estimating voices. Of course it requires a good and a skilled ear to do this, just as it requires a musical ear to determine the quality of an instrument from its tone. The voice is the tone of the character, whose quality is made known by it. This I would call the moral philosophy of the voice. There is as much difference in voices as in faces, and for the same reason—the complexion of both results from the character. I never heard two voices exactly alike, just as I never saw two faces exactly similar. Even if the features be built on the same model, you will always find that indefinable difference

of expression which flows from the individuality. Individuality always diversifies even common matter. The voice is the speaking expression. The difference will as surely be found there as in the face. There are high, shrill voices; deep, full voices; harsh and smooth voices; abrupt voices; staccato voices; flowing, well-modulated voices; voices whose syllables snap out like the crack of a whip; voices that drawl their words, and "like a wounded snake drag their slow length along"; cheery voices; sad voices; serious and flippant voices; passionate and cold voices; dissipated and fresh voices; vigorous, hearty voices; weak and frightened voices—in short, as many voices as individuals. There is, however, a certain kind of voice which I never heard except in two people. It was a voice velvety, soft, and caressing; it seemed to put arms around about you, stroke you gently, and fondle you as a mother does her child. Strange to say, one of these two was the most uncouth, shock-headed, cross-eyed, ungainly-looking individual I ever had the fortune to come across. He was a child of Hibernian parentage, a college mate of mine, and went under the generic name of "Pat" amongst his companions. Well do I remember the first time these eyes looked upon that wild visage. I had just entered upon my university course, and was one day standing in the main entrance of the class buildings, in doubt whether to enter, for I was uncertain if my recitations were being held there at that hour or not. As I stood hesitating "Pat" emerged from the interior. His mouth was a wide, straight cut above the expanse of a heavy, bony jaw; above it, turned upwards poking towards the stars, curled a determined, broad, snub nose, on either side of which two little, piggy eyes, decidedly crossed, gleamed from under huge, shaggy eyebrows, and over all straight, coarse, unkempt brown hair straggled down a forehead bulging and low. I was startled at this apparition, which I scarcely believed human. What a bloodthirsty villain he would make! Such a man would not hesitate to blow up two or three parliaments, a dozen czars, and murder babes for sport. No doubt this was the college bully. I made up my mind to avoid him. "Are you looking for anybody? Can I assist you?" These words came intoned in the sweetest and gentlest voice that ever struck my ear. To my utter astonishment they issued from the cavern beneath that ascending nose! For a moment I could not reply, but, recovering myself as quickly as possible, I told him what I wanted, and he conducted me to my class-room. I felt as if I had been gently caressed, petted, soothed, and consoled. Pat and I afterwards

became fast friends, and the many sallies of true Hibernian wit which I have heard issue in those gentle, velvety tones from his lips yet echo in the memory and bring back the hearty laughter and those happy college days of old. As I call up that face, which seemed to me so monstrous at first sight, it becomes invested with the beauty of a voice whose sounds are sweeter music than symphonies and nocturnes. Where art thou now, soft voice? Many years ago didst thou leave me far back in the vistas of time, and the shadows have closed around thee, as fainter and fainter thy sweet sounds grow in the distance. Peace be with thee! and mayest thou find this world's hard way full of all gentleness and softness, even as thou thyself wert in the days gone by when thou and I were boys together.

Who was the other person with that peculiar voice? I will tell you if you promise never to speak of it to anybody else. It was a woman's voice, and I fell madly in love with it. I never heard such a voice before or since, and never again expect to, even to that time when the soul shall be

> "On the low, dark verge of life,
> The twilight of eternal day."

It was low and soft and tender, yet full and clear, and as mellow as an autumn day golden with the yellow wheat and all the glories of the turning leaf. It had to a wonderful degree the caressing quality. When she spoke I felt that I was like a child being caressed and soothed. If you have ever thrown a pebble into very deep water, and followed it in imagination as it sinks down into the quiet depths, very far down, until it rests on the bottom peacefully and serenely, far below the tumultuous, riotous waves above, you may form some idea how the tones of her voice sank into my soul. What became of her? Married now, I believe. It is some years since I have seen or heard of her. It is strange how we meet people, learn to love them, and then Fate snatches them away from us. As we sail down the stream of Time we meet with many a craft in whose company we would like to make the voyage of life. But, alas! they are swifter or slower sailers than we are, and we have only time to smile a greeting, wave a hand in farewell over the broadening waters, and then pass on, for ever lost from the parted ones, only knowing them as memories, mere phantoms of the past, which bring a purple pain into the heart and a sigh for the good we have lost. "We are such stuff as dreams are made of." I once watched a thistledown as it was borne along on the currents of air—now

here, now there; now in the sunshine, now in the shadow; at one moment falling to the earth, and then borne lightly and swiftly upward as a fresh puff of wind would catch it—and it occurred to me how like this thistledown is our life, blown hither and thither on the breath of circumstance; how the winds of fortune carry us around and around in their eddies, now letting us down to earth, now lifting us aloft into the sunshine of prosperity, and meanwhile we are drifting, drifting on to the portal

"Where sits the Shadow feared of man."

NOVEL-WRITING AS A SCIENCE.

MR. HOWELLS, in *The Rise of Silas Lapham*,* takes several occasions to give vent to his theory of novel-writing. He does well. What he and his kind are really driving at when they write novels is something that many people have been puzzling to find out. It is a good thing that at last he should formulate his purpose in more or less plain black and white. In the following conversation about novels Mr. Howells gives us many hints of his belief:

"'It's astonishing,' said Charles Bellingham, 'how we do like the books that go for our heart-strings. And I really suppose that you can't put a more popular thing than self-sacrifice into a novel. We do like to see people suffering sublimely.'

"'There was talk, some years ago,' said James Bellingham, 'about novels just going out.'

"'They're just coming in!' cried Miss Kingsbury.

"'Yes,' said Mr. Sewell, the minister, 'and I don't think there ever was a time when they formed the whole intellectual experience of more people. They do greater mischief than ever.'

"'Don't be envious, parson,' said the host.

"'No,' answered Sewell, 'I should be glad of their help. But these novels with old-fashioned heroes and heroines in them—excuse me, Miss Kingsbury—are ruinous! . . . The novelists might be the greatest possible help to us if they painted life as it is, and human feelings in their true proportion and relation; but for the most part they have been, and are, altogether noxious.'

"This seemed sense to Lapham; but Bromfield Corey asked: 'But what if life as it is isn't amusing? Aren't we to be amused?'

"'Not to our hurt,' sturdily answered the minister."

* *The Rise of Silas Lapham.* By William D. Howells. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1885.

We cannot help fancying—the similarity of the names Sewell and Howells seems to favor the notion—that in the character of this minister Mr. Howells himself aspires to enact the part of Greek chorus to his story. At any rate, it is plain from the above passage that Mr. Howells regards the profession of the novelist as quite missionary; and his minister confirms this conclusion by several other dogmatisms. In fact, he uses a crisis of the story to point the moral of his theory, and one of the most vivid impressions taken from *The Rise of Silas Lapham* is that of the Rev. Mr. Sewell, with the air of a Boston Chadband, delivering a severe homily to a pair of old people on the part played by the novels of the old fashion in creating the love-tangle between their children that they have come to consult him about.

It is really very commendable of Mr. Howells to take this high and severe view of his mission in life. And there are many reasons why it is important that we should watch with interest how he proceeds when he sets out to teach the world the way novels ought to be written. There is no use denying it, light literature forms an enormous share—perhaps, with the newspapers, the entire amount—of the reading done by a large mass of our people; and it is useless to pretend that such constant dropping does not wear an impress on the minds and consciences on which it falls. The fact may be deplored, but it is a fact nevertheless and should be recognized. And since it is ever the aim of the church to seize the weapons of the enemy and turn them against himself, there is no reason why light literature should form an exception. The novelist who can handle his art so as at the same time to delight and to better his readers performs a mighty and a good work. Mr. Howells' minister is almost right in placing his influence as next to that of the clergyman.

Mr. Howells has never hesitated to roundly express his contempt for the methods of all the novelists that preceded him. It is not very long ago since he wrote that he and Mr. Henry James, Jr., were the only novelists who understood their business; all others, even Thackeray and Dickens, were only tinkers at the art as compared with these accomplished craftsmen. He goes still further now, and declares in effect that what the others wrote were not novels at all. "Novels are only just coming in," says one of his characters, meaning the novels of Mr. Howells and Mr. James.

This is a great deal to undertake; but Mr. Howells means what he says. His method of writing novels is certainly revolutionary, and we have seen that he writes them with the hope of serving

a praiseworthy end. Let us take a glance at Mr. Howells' method, and see whether it is calculated to serve the end he has in view.

The revolution attempted by Mr. Howells is as simple as it is great. He regards novel-writing as science and not as art.

This is, perhaps, a natural outcome of what Mr. Spencer would call heredity and environment. The Puritan mind is scientific, analytical. It is too severe and cold and suspicious to fuse into the constructive enthusiasm of art. And the last thing it would dream of would be to pursue art for art's sake, or even science for the sake of science alone. It must have an object in view, some useful end to serve. Thus it is curious to note how the Puritan mind in Mr. Howells, finding itself, by a freak of circumstance, working at an art, takes it strongly in its hands and transforms it into a science, and a science intended to have a useful application.

Two men study some object in nature, say a plant. One of them will drink in with his eye all its visible beauty, its form, its color, the stirring of the wind and the delicate play of light and shade among its leaves. He seizes a brush and with a few bold strokes reproduces all these traits upon a canvas. That is Art. The other observer plucks up the plant by the roots and brings it home to his herbarium. There he makes minute and careful diagrams of it, probably with the aid of a camera. He measures it and weighs it. He cuts it up into sections and makes drawings of the sections. He analyzes the clay at its roots, he counts its juices and tests for acids in them. That is Science; and therein lies the difference between the novel-writing of, say, Nathaniel Hawthorne and novel-writing as Mr. Howells pursues it.

In this way Mr. Howells has produced the most scientifically realistic novel that has yet been written. M. Zola's books are as the awkward gropings of an amateur compared with this finished treatise. The field that Mr. Howells takes for his investigation is, he tells us, "the commonplace." By studying "the common feelings of common people" he believes he "solves the riddle of the painful earth."

Silas Lapham is a type of the self-made American. He has grown rich through the instrumentality of a mineral paint of which he is the proprietor. He lives in Boston and entertains social ambitions for his wife and two daughters. Bromfield Corey is a Boston aristocrat with a wife, two daughters, and a

son. The Laphams and the Coreys are thrown together in consequence of a contemplated misalliance between young Corey and one of the Lapham daughters; and in the contrasts and developments that appear among all these "types" is supposed to consist the main interest of the story. There are no incidents that are not sternly commonplace, but everything connected with these incidents and their psychological effect on the actors is analyzed and detailed with microscopic accuracy.

The realism of Mr. Howells has been compared to photography, it is so exact and so minute. We do not think this is a fair criticism. Exactitude and minuteness are not to be quarrelled with on the score of art. They are admissible, and have been admitted, into the finest art. No photograph can be more exact and minute than the little canvases of Meissonier, and the undue rendering of detail does not offend critics in the works of pre-Raphaelite artists. If Mr. Howells adhered to the principles of art, placing the details in their proper perspective, and so forth, we think he should be welcome to as many of them as he pleased. Tourguénieff, in some of his scenes, manages not to omit a single detail, but he manages it with such artistic feeling and skill that the effect is like that of a picture by Meissonier.

Photography is too near akin to art—even though it be a relationship by the left hand—to be used as a comparison for any work of Mr. Howells'. Photography, as generally understood and practised, aims first of all at the picturesque. Art is the sun that warms its horizon; to be as close an imitation of art as possible is its highest aspiration. Now, Mr. Howells, though a mechanic—an anatomist, shall we say?—of exquisite skill, despises art. Therefore his work should be compared rather to a series of scientific diagrams than to photographs. It is not Mr. Howells' details that offend the artistic eye; it is the plans, the sections, the front elevations, the isometric projections he gives of his subjects.

He studies men and women as a naturalist does insects. We read his book on the manners, habits, sensations, nerves of a certain set of people as we might a treatise on the coleoptera. And he investigates and expounds his theme with the same soullessness and absence of all emotion. Even Mr. Henry James, beside this chilly *savant*, appears quite a child of sentiment. He is capable of receiving "impressions"—which, in Mr. Howells' eyes, would be a most unscientific weakness—and he manages to retain some smack of art about the work he does.

Is this kind of novel-writing an elevating pursuit? and is the

reading of it beneficial? To these two queries the answer must be emphatically, No.

Novels like *Silas Lapham* mark a descent, a degradation. Of course art is debased when it has fallen so low into realism. Art is ever pointing upward, and the influence of true art upon man is to make him look upward, too, to that vast where his Ideal sits,

"—pinnacled in the lofty ether dim,"

where all is beautiful, but where all is immeasurable by him until he beholds it with his glorified intelligence. Science points downward, and when science is unguided by religion it leads its followers lower and lower into the mud beneath their feet. And even as we see some scientists making a distinct "progress" downward from the study of the higher to that of the lower forms of animal life, so in the novel-writing of Mr. Howells we can already mark this scientific decadence. He began with people who were not quite commonplace, whose motives and acts and ideas were a little bit above the common. He now declares that nothing is worthy to be studied but the common feelings of common people; and having begun *Silas Lapham* with people who were inoffensively commonplace, he was unable to finish the book without falling a stage lower. Towards the end he introduces a young woman who speaks thus of her husband: "If I could get rid of Hen I could manage well enough with mother. Mr. Wemmel would marry me if I could get the divorce. He said so over and over again." He introduces a scene in which this young woman, her tipsy sailor-husband, her drunken mother, and Silas Lapham as the family benefactor, figure—a scene that, for hopeless depravity both in the author and subject, out-Zolas Zola. The old woman, who has a bottle in her hand, complains of her son-in-law not giving the daughter an opportunity to obtain a divorce. "'Why don't you go off on some them long v'y'ges?' s'd I. It's pretty hard when Mr. Wemmel stands ready to marry Z'rilla and provide a comfortable home for us both—I han't got a great many years more to live, and I *should* like to get more satisfaction out of 'em and not be beholden and dependent all my days—to have Hen, here, blockin' the way. I tell him there'd be more money for him in the end; but he can't seem to make up his mind to it." Again says this old harridan: "Say, Colonel, what should you advise Z'rilla do about Mr. Wemmel? I tell her there an't any use goin' to the trouble to git a divorce without she's sure about him. Don't you think we'd ought to git him to sign a paper, or something,

that he'll marry her if she gits it? I don't like to have things goin' at loose ends the way they are. It an't sense. It an't right." Before Mr. Howells reaches the end of the book he makes even the worthy Mrs. Lapham suspect her husband of infidelity and make a scene, accusing him, in the hearing of her children. It has seldom been our duty to read a book whose moral tone was so unpleasantly, so hopelessly bad; it is a book without heart or soul, neither illumined by religion nor warmed by human sympathy. This is all the more astonishing that Mr. Howells seems convinced that he is fulfilling a high moral purpose in writing it. It might be explicable on the theory that it was the legitimate outcome of the doctrine of total depravity; but it is more probably the logic of the downward progress of godless science. We shall not be surprised if the next book of Mr. Howells deal with characters and feelings that shall be so far below the commonplace from which he has already fallen that even M. de Goncourt will not enjoy reading about them. It is the progress from man to the apes, from the apes to the worms, from the worms to bacteria, from bacteria to—mud. It is the descent to dirt.

But the consolation in regarding Mr. Howells' work is that it is bound to sicken of its own poison. It cannot do any appreciable damage to the novel-reading public, for the very good reason that the novel-reading public, when the present access of curiosity has subsided, are not likely to read it. The force of the novel consists in its popularity, and the popularity of the novel depends on certain well-defined elements, all of which Mr. Howells discards from his work. Dramatic action, surprising plot, thrilling and unusual incidents, interesting and uncommonplace characters, breadth of scene—all of these, among many other things, people look for in their novels, for they look to their novels to take them out of themselves, out of their everyday lives, and to lead them into other worlds for the time being. In these and similar things lies the novel's mighty and subtle spell; and the only way the reformer can succeed in this field is by snatching this spell from the hands of the evil-worker and using it himself as a beneficent power. Mr. Howells seems to have as great a horror of such sorcery as his Puritan forbears had of the arts of the witches of Salem. Therefore he can never hope to reach the class he expects to benefit by his new style of literature. People read novels to be amused, and he hotly repudiates the intention of amusing them. People read novels because they are "light literature." Mr. Howells offers them heavy literature. Instead of reforming the

novel he has transformed it, so that what he produces is not a novel at all. Consequently the people who want novels will not want Mr. Howells'; and this is surely a relief to know. Mr. Howells will be read only by a species of scientific and hard-minded people, which we are led to understand flourishes best in Boston; and this species is past harming. But such a class of readers would be just as well, if not better, satisfied if Mr. Howells called his work by its right name—a treatise—and not by its pseudonym; and it would simplify matters if the scientific school generally were to label their books "Treatise on Commonplace People," "Treatise on Drabs," "Treatise on Drunkards," and so on, as they went through the catalogue.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SUMMA PHILOSOPHICA JUXTA SCHOLASTICORUM PRINCIPIA. Complectens Logicam et Metaphysicam. Auctore P. Nicolao Russo, S.J., in Bostoniensi Collegio Philosophiæ Lectore. Bost.: Apud T. B. Noonan et Soc. 1885.

It is very difficult to make a good compendium, especially so in philosophy. Such a compendium is, however, necessary as a text-book for students who must complete their course in one year. Father Russo's reason for preparing his new compendium is, that he has not found any one of the existing ones to suit him in teaching his class. Some, he says, are only the large text-book of some author condensed, so that in respect to matter and method they are equally ill-adapted to the juvenile mind with the uncondensed work; we should add, even more difficult and unsuitable. Others, again, do little more than make an index of questions treated in text-books—an analytical abstract, from which the pupil learns what topics should have been but are not treated of in his little philosophical sum.

Father Russo's plan is to treat of the topics of greater moment and necessity in a somewhat diffuse manner, in a style made as plain and simple as possible, omitting or barely noticing others. Thus he has made a text-book which can be finished in one year, containing the results of his own personal experience as a teacher. We think he has succeeded very well in accomplishing what he wished and intended. His philosophical doctrine is in most respects the same with that of the famous and admirable text-book of a three years' course by Father Liberatore. Directors of studies in colleges where a course of one year in philosophy is made with a Latin text-book will do well to examine carefully this compendium.

An English compendium of the same kind is very much needed. A mere translation of a good Latin compendium would not, however, perfectly answer the purpose.

We must not omit to praise the excellent and creditable manner in which the publishers of Father Russo's book have fulfilled their work, so

as to add much to its value as a text-book for practical use. There are, however, some errors of the press needing correction.

De Deo Disputationes Metaphysicæ. Auctore J. M. Piccirelli, S.J., in Urcesiensi Coll. Max. ejusdem Soc. Theol. Dogm. Prof. Lut. Paris.: Lecoffre. 1885.

Father Piccirelli has prepared this text-book, not as a part of the course of theology, but for the third year of philosophy. It is a bulky octavo of nearly six hundred pages, laying out very heavy work for a class which is to master its contents in one year. The reason for thus amplifying the treatise on natural theology is that more time may be gained for certain abstruse and difficult questions in the class of theologians. The author's treatment is very rigidly logical and scholastic. A dissertation on St. Anselm's argument in the Prologium, in which he takes a different view of it from the common one, is the part of the work which will first awaken the attention of a reader of theological treatises, and be looked at with the greatest curiosity and interest. The author maintains that St. Anselm did not intend to present his argument as a pure and independent *à priori* demonstration of the existence of God, but as a supplement and completion of the argument which proceeds from data given either by faith or by a conclusion of natural reason from effects to the First Cause. The author seems to have laid himself out especially to discuss thoroughly the question of the *Concursus Divinus*. The volume is one which we think will prove to be of great utility to teachers of theology and to those students who can read it understandingly.

History of the Catholic Church, etc. By Dr. H. Brück. Translated by Rev. E. Pruente. Vol. II. Benzigers. 1885.

We have noticed the first volume of this history, now complete. It is a compendious manual intended as a text-book. The Right Rev. Mgr. Corcoran, in an introduction prefixed to this second volume, says of the history "that it fulfils all the conditions of a good, substantial church history, which will be satisfactory both to students and to ordinary readers." There is no more competent judge of such matters in this country than Dr. Corcoran, and his opinion may safely be taken as final and conclusive. We concur in it after having made a sufficient examination to warrant a decided judgment of our own on its merits, and recommend it to students and to readers in general as the best book of its kind thus far published. Dr. Corcoran's introduction is admirable. He presents some very just views on the requisites and qualities of a truly impartial and trustworthy historian, with a refutation of the calumny against our best Catholic historians that they have not written history, as it ought to be, with truth and knowledge. In that connection he alludes to Janssen and the advantage which would accrue from an English translation of his *History of the German People*. We are glad to be able to state that a translation is in course of preparation in England.

We note among the good features of Father Pruente's edition of Dr. Brück's history the convenient chronological table of popes, emperors, kings, and important events, the separate tables of popes and councils, and

the index of titles. We are pleased to see that the Pisan popes are relegated to their proper position as intruders—a matter in which some respectable Catholic writers have fallen into mistakes. So, also, we like the account given of the scholastics and mystics much better than the one given in some other histories. In respect to the much-disputed question of the Templars, the author leans very decidedly to the side which in great measure exculpates them, although he is not very positive in his judgment. In respect to recent ecclesiastical persons and events in Germany, this book is an authority of the greatest weight, because of its author's minute knowledge and his very clear and correct statements. We look to see it very soon universally adopted as a text-book.

THE DÆMON OF DARWIN. By the Author of *Biogen*. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. 1885.

We are obliged to confess that we have been very much disappointed in this little essay of Dr. Coues'. His former *brochure*, *Biogen*, contained much that was of value and importance, and was besides pleasant reading, written, as it was, with brightness and strength. *The Dæmon of Darwin*, on the contrary, is verbose, grandiloquent, even *bizarre*, both in its diction and its form; and it has called into exercise all our patience and all the respect due to Dr. Coues' name to induce us to read it through. And when we have read it we do not find in all this cloud of words anything more than a statement of the theory of evolution developed so as to include spiritual substance. Verily, to use the author's expression, we have here "homuncular vibratiunculations" with a vengeance, offering nothing, so far as Dr. Coues' contribution goes, to criticise, argue with, or refute. The Third Part is the only one which has any value, and that but little. If all propagators of erroneous notions in theology, philosophy, or science would wrap them up in diction similar to this, the Congregation of the Index might cease to exist, for such works would do no harm.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN BROWN, LIBERATOR OF KANSAS AND MARTYR OF VIRGINIA. Edited by F. B. Sanborn. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1885.

John Brown had worked himself up to the idea of absorbing the authority of the state and the church in himself. Thence and then his career in Kansas, and "the foray in Virginia," and the—gallows. John Brown was, in other words, a logical Puritan—a fanatic. And this man is held up by a certain class of New-Englanders as the ideal American! And why not, if one has been trained to give up or deny all standard of right and wrong except his own interpretation of things? It is only a question of disposition or temperament whether such a training will turn out a John Brown, or a Freeman, or a Guiteau, or a free-lover Bennett. By this it is not meant that the soul may not become the true interpreter of the Holy Spirit. To become this interpreter, however, requires a training which these folks ignore and pretend to contemn. These men were logically consistent; they drew the practical conclusion from the premise furnished them by Puritanism. No wonder John Brown was praised by the logical descendants of the Puritans—by such men as Emerson, Thoreau, and Alcott, and that F. B. Sanborn edits his life and letters.

THE AGE OF LEAD: A Twenty Years' Retrospect. In three Fyttes. "Væ Victis." Second edition. Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1885.

In form this is a poem. Some of it is poetry, and certain parts are very good poetry; but it is carelessly written and occasionally borders too closely on doggerel rhyming. It is a clever and ingenious *jeu d'esprit*, as a whole; as an historical retrospect extremely interesting and instructive. We quote the closing lines as an average specimen of the style of the poem, and because we heartily concur in their sentiment:

"To strike the fetters off the slave,
To soothe and succor the distressed,
More heartfelt joy to Gordon gave
Than all his triumphs East and West.
Weep not for him, for he sleeps well,
Entombed by yonder mighty river,
The dwellers on whose banks will tell
Of his heroic deeds for ever.
But weep, ye Britons, one and all,
Weep on; your tears are shed in vain.
You never can the past recall,
You ne'er shall see his like again.
Intent alone on place and power,
You left your hero to his fate,
Wasting away each precious hour
In never-ending, dull debate.
And can you for the past atone
By heaping honors on his name?
Vain monuments of brass or stone
Will but perpetuate *your* shame.
And when the records of the age
Are writ in blood, as they must be,
Their brightest and their blackest page
Shall still be Gordon's history."

These last four lines are fine, and show what the author could do if he would take more pains.

NARRATIVES OF SCOTTISH CATHOLICS UNDER MARY STUART AND JAMES VI., now first printed from the original manuscripts in the secret archives of the Vatican and other collections. Edited by William Forbes-Leith, S.J. Edinburgh: William Paterson. 1885. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

It was always a puzzle to us how a people so tenacious and clear-sighted as the Scotch should become Protestant, having been once Catholic. Books such as the above-named give us insight and help greatly to solve this riddle. We thank both editor and publisher of this and similar volumes. Let us hope this will be patronized and give encouragement for more. By and by we shall have the material to write what is indeed a desideratum, a true and complete history of religion among the Scots.

THE LIFE OF FATHER LUKE WADDING, Founder of St. Isidore's College, Rome; author of *Scriptores Ordinis Minorum*, *Annales Minorum*. By the Rev. Joseph O'Shea, O.S.F. With portrait. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1885. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co., New York.)

It is rather strange that Irishmen, who are exceptional in the honor

they pay their heroes and martyrs, should appear to have neglected the memory of Father Luke Wadding. No good biography of him exists, nor indeed any book devoted especially to his life and work, except the volume under notice. A monograph by D'Arcy McGee in his *Gallery of Irish Writers*, and an obituary by his nephew, Harold, are the only publications dealing expressly with the career of this illustrious Irish ecclesiastic and patriot, who died more than two hundred years ago. True Mr. Gilbert and Father Meehan, in their histories of the Kilkenny Confederation, have given Luke Wadding his proper place in connection with that event, but they illustrate—and that not entirely—but one episode of his life, and one side of his character.

Luke Wadding, born in Waterford in 1588, of a good old family, became one of those Irish exiles who, on the persecutions of Elizabeth, transferred the lustre of Irish genius to the pulpits, courts, and armies of the European continent. After an excellent early education in Kilkenny, on the death of his parents, he entered the Irish College at Lisbon, Portugal, where he spent a few years. His brother Matthew, a man of wealth and ranked as a grandee of the Spanish court, then took Luke to live with him, and sought to make a match for the brilliant young Irishman with one of the daughters of the Spanish nobility. But Luke discovered a pronounced vocation for the religious state, and insisted on joining the order of St. Francis. After a severe training at Salamanca and at Rome he was duly ordained. His superior had early noticed in him the signs of remarkable genius and piety, and he was not many years on the mission before his renown had spread over Italy and Spain as the foremost preacher and confessor of the Franciscan Order. He became a profound scholar, and he was one of the first in Europe to point out the paganizing tendency of the renaissance that was then in bloom in Southern Europe, and was extending its witcheries in all directions from the palaces of cardinals to the courts of kings. Luke Wadding was overwhelmed with honors at Rome, but he modestly shrank from them. He set himself to establishing a college for the training of Irish Franciscans in the Eternal City and, with the liberal aid of the Holy Father, he succeeded in founding the celebrated college of St. Isidore on the site of the villa of Lucullus, on the Pincian hill. This college became the seat of his dearest labor, and here, in addition to devising and carrying out a masterly curriculum, he completed several important literary works, the best known being the *Scriptores Ordinis Minorum* and *Annales Minorum.*

But the side of his career that will most attract the secular historian was that in which he manifested his extraordinary devotion to his native land. In fomenting and aiding the Catholic rebellion of 1641 in Ireland no one took a more active or efficient part than the exile Father Luke Wadding. The bishops and clergy of Ireland having in synod declared that the war the Irish people were engaged in was justified, it was Luke Wadding, their agent, who obtained for the cause the blessing and aid of the pope. But he was not content with rendering spiritual and platonic assistance. He set forth on a mission through the great cities of Italy and Spain, like another Peter the Hermit, preaching an Irish crusade, exhorting Irish officers and soldiers in the service of foreign armies to go to the rescue of their mother country, and begging aid in money and arms from the

merchant princes of Venice and the grandees of Madrid. There is hardly in history a more touching episode than this tour of Father Wadding's. He comes to Florence; for days the people have been flocking in to hear this great preacher whose renown is on every tongue and whose magic words have thrilled them more than once before. What does he come now to say with such special emphasis? In front of the grand Duomo, where Savonarola stood, he stands, the cardinal bishop and his gorgeous retinue by his side, and with the pathetic foreign burr upon his speech he tells the mighty multitude of the wrongs and woes of the island of his birth! On Pentecost Sunday the doge and municipal council of Venice, with deputations from all the public bodies, societies and confraternities, assembled around him to listen to a similar story on the square of St. Mark. In this way was Father Luke Wadding able to send thousands of crowns to the Irish treasury, with arms and munitions of war under the charge of expert officers who had won their spurs in Flanders and France. The pope himself contributed sixty thousand dollars and sent a nuncio, John Baptist Rinuccini, Archbishop of Fermo, to represent him at the Confederation of Kilkenny. One of the last acts of that Confederation was in its great gratitude, at the suggestion of Lord Ormond, to pass a resolution, which the Catholic prelates and nobility signed, petitioning the Holy Father to create Father Wadding a cardinal. But Wadding at Rome intercepted the messenger bearing this petition and bade him return, wishing, as he said, to die, as he had lived, in the habit of St. Francis. How the Kilkenny Confederation failed of its object history tells, but its failure detracts nothing from the lustre of the services Luke Wadding so heroically rendered it.

He died a most saintly death in 1657, in the college of his own foundation, St. Isidore's, Rome, surrounded by the priests of his community. The book under notice will be read with avidity by all who cherish the memory of this noble Irish priest, although it is rather a glowing eulogy than the exact and detailed biography that yet remains to be written. It is adorned with a fine engraving of the portrait of Father Wadding painted by Carlo Maratti.

THE LIFE OF JEAN-JACQUES OLIER, FOUNDER OF THE SEMINARY OF ST. SULPICE. By Edward Healy Thompson, M.A. New and enlarged edition. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1885.

In these days, when holy church is casting about for efficient means wherewith to ennoble and sanctify her priests, it is fortunate that the labors and words of a great authority should be published for their improvement and consolation. There is a pernicious notion prevalent that interior perfection concerns only religious, and that seculars living in the world are in a measure bound to adapt themselves to their surroundings in order to be the more agreeable and useful to those under their charge. This is an error that has wrought grievous harm to the church of God. It is not necessary for us to prove that the piety of the people depends, if not entirely, yet to a very large extent, on the personal holiness of every pastor, and where it is a case of the blind leading the blind the result is always undesirable. We have read this fascinating volume with genuine pleasure,

and judge it inferior to none of the author's other deeply interesting biographies. The style is fresh and buoyant, and it is written in easy and idiomatic English.

Its subject is the life of a man who, from his conversion to his death, spent himself in the task of correcting abuses by founding institutions where young men could be suitably trained for the solemn offices of the altar. In our opinion the clergy would do well to make this book a *vade mecum*. Mr. Healy Thompson states that any profits that may be derived from the sale of this work will be applied in aid of ecclesiastical seminaries.

LIFE OF ANNE CATHARINE EMMERICH. From the German of Very Rev. K. E. Schmöger, C.SS.R. (2 vols.) New York: Pustet & Co. 1885.

This carefully-edited and well-published edition of Sister Emmerich's Life is the first complete account of her life and revelations in English. The whole is so extraordinary that it requires the most satisfactory attestation and the highest sanction to make it worthy of credit. It has these, as the reader may satisfy himself by consulting the work itself. The original author of the Life was the celebrated Clement Brentano, and the German editor was a highly respectable priest of the Redemptorist congregation in Bavaria. A fine portrait by Steinle, from sketches taken by Brentano, is prefixed to the first volume.

Anne Catharine Emmerich was one of the ecstatic virgins, like Maria Mörl and Louise Lateau, who received the stigmata and other singular supernatural graces. The narrative of her life and visions is one of wonderful fascination, and in remarkable contrast to the mimetic phenomena of spiritism, which are anything but celestial in their character and origin. Perhaps the greatest general utility of such a biography is to be found in its counteracting effect to the baleful influence of mesmerism and spiritism. The predominant effect and impression which it produces in the mind is cheerful and pleasing. It is safe and wholesome reading, interesting in the highest degree to all who have any love of the marvellous, and can be made profitable and edifying by those who will endeavor to get some good out of it beyond the mere pleasure of the imagination.

GESCHICHTSLÜGEN. Eine Widerlegung landläufiger Entstellungen auf dem Gebiete der Geschichte, mit besonderer Berücksichtigung der Kirchengeschichte. Aufs Neue bearbeitet von drei Freunden der Wahrheit. Vierte Auflage. Paderborn: F. Schöningh. 1885.

Whoever can read this title will find this small duodecimo of six hundred pages to contain as many items of valuable information as it has sentences. The authors are learned men, though they write briefly for a class of readers who could not make use of a more extensive work. We perceive from it that the non-Catholic portion of the German people are behind the English-speaking world in knowledge of Catholic history and liberality of sentiments toward the Catholic Church. Numbers of the historical falsehoods which it appears are still current in Germany no longer need exposure among ourselves. Another thing is plain, that German infidels, rationalists, and violent anti-Catholics of all sorts expend a great deal of energy in *Schimpf-, Schmäh- und Spott-Reden*. Not only do they pour them out upon Catholics, Christians, and all others who believe more than

they do, but also upon one another. Their vituperation would make a Dublin fish-wife weep more bitterly than the one who was called by O'Connell a *parallelopipedon*.

We found the first section of the book, entitled "Das Christliche Alterthum," the most interesting and valuable. The others are excellent and satisfactory, but we have already what they contain in other books. The first section gives us such a thorough though succinct account of the various theories of the destructive school of criticism on the New Testament and the earliest documents of Christian history, that we esteem it to be, as we have said, of peculiar value and interest.

This volume is one well adapted for circulation among our German population.

A TROUBLED HEART, AND HOW IT WAS COMFORTED AT LAST. Notre Dame, Ind.: Joseph A. Lyons. 1885. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

This sweet little prose-poem tells the story of a conversion. There is no argument in it, and only a slender thread of narrative. It is an unveiling of a heart, a psychological history of dim, painful struggles out of darkness into the light of Catholic faith. The subject of it was an innocent, sensitive, dreamy boy of a poetical temperament. His spiritual experiences were among New England Puritans, Universalists, various other kinds of Protestants, Spiritists, and Nothingarians. Those who have had some similar experience will recognize the truthfulness of his delineations, and others will find them curiously interesting. It is a volume which addresses itself rather to the imagination and feelings than to the logical understanding. Primarily Christianity addresses itself to man's intelligence, to reason, because it is the solution of the problem of his destiny, which all other religions have sought after in vain. But the imagination and feelings are also guides to truth, and, when pure, as sure as the logic of the understanding. Is not this what the Incarnate Truth said when he promised, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God"? Christianity is primarily addressed to man's intelligence, but its ethical side is equally legitimate, and this must not be forgotten. It must be said that the book is very sentimental, but it is not silly or sickly. Many readers will be charmed by it, especially young people. The description of an ideal private sanctuary which the imaginative religious boy was preparing to arrange when he unexpectedly found his true sanctuary in the Catholic Church, reminds us of a similar incident in Goethe's boyhood. There are a great many of our young friends to whom we would like to send this little book as a present. We hope it will get to them somehow, and that it will have a wide general circulation.

ONE ANGEL MORE IN HEAVEN. With Letters of Condolence and of Consolation, by St. Francis de Sales and others. Translated from the French by M. A. M. Benziger Brothers. 1885.

There is, perhaps, no greater loss than that of the first-born child. Indeed, the bereavement of children is one of the deepest and keenest pangs Almighty God can in his wisdom inflict upon parents of an affectionate disposition. And, therefore, such parents need a spiritual consolation that

comes from above. They must be convinced that the divine Hand which strikes belongs to One who knows how to mingle the sweetness of honey with the gall of bitterness. They must be taught to recognize the adorable will of God in the separation by death of children from their parents. They must learn how to bow their heads and to humble their hearts in submission to their Creator and Father. They must be ready to say with a heartfelt sincerity, "Thy will be done." And these lessons of a humble obedience to the decree of God in visiting parents with so hard and trying a cross as the loss of children could not, we think, be exposed with more simplicity and encouragement than they are in the little book entitled *One Angel more in Heaven.*

Examination of Conscience for the use of Priests who are making a Retreat. From the French of Gaduel, Vicar-General and Superior of the Ecclesiastical Seminary at Orleans, France. Translated and adapted by Rev. Eugene Grimm, C.SS.R. Benziger Brothers.

The title of this little book seems to indicate that it is of utility only during the few days of a retreat. But the perusal of it is a sufficient proof that it is at all times highly profitable. For besides pointing out the duties which have an application to all priests generally, and the vital necessity of their attending to their own progress in virtue as well as to that of the people entrusted to their care, it specifies briefly the particular obligations of pastors and curates, and enumerates in order the books which should form the library of every priest. Its hearty reception and wide circulation in France and Germany are evidence of its merits, and cannot but recommend it to the consideration of the priests of our own country.

Practical Instruction for New Confessors. By Father Philip M. Salvatori, S.J. Edited by Father Anthony Ballerini, S.J., and translated from the Italian by William Hutch, D.D., President of St. Coleman's College, Fermoy, etc. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1885.

Dr. Hutch has done good service to English-speaking priests by translating this excellent little work. It is full of instructions and suggestions which cannot fail to be profitable not only to new priests but to all who are employed in the sacred tribunal of penance. The instructions are not taken up with abstract speculations, but are plain, *practical* suggestions of how to deal with such penitents as commonly come to our confessionals every day. We warmly commend it to all the reverend clergy, feeling confident that each one will find in it much that is useful.

A Thought for Each Day of the Year. By P. Maria de Boylesve, S.J. Translated from the French. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1885.

This is an excellent book of meditations, well translated, and published in good style. These meditations are well adapted for persons living in the world who can spare but little time for mental prayer. Besides making us familiar with Holy Scripture, they point out for us exactly the fruits which are to be derived from it.

THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. XLII. DECEMBER, 1885. NO. 249.

THE TRINITY IN SIMPLE ENGLISH.

THE doctrine of the Trinity is generally regarded as the most mysterious of Christian mysteries, as drawing the most severely upon the Christian's confidence, as one which for these reasons it is best to pass over with little explanation, leaving the popular faith to struggle with it as best it can. I do not share in this opinion. To my mind it presents itself as a nearer view of God, and one, moreover, so dear to the loving heart, so inwrought with necessary daily devotion, so fruitful to contemplate, that it is an unwise and ungenerous economy to lock up any part or point of it. Of course it is a mystery. No mystery can be loftier or deeper. But it seems to me that, if simply treated, if divested of all mere show of learning, if stripped of all unnecessary technicalities of language, it is a mystery which of all others offers the least difficulty to an intelligent faith. It is a mystery the rational grounds for which can be so far explained as to be perfectly intelligible, and to render the doctrine, even to the naked reason, more tenable than the contrary.

Profoundly convinced of this as I am, and considering how much the literature of our age is disposed to discard all that it cannot immediately and thoroughly comprehend in religion, I hazard this new attempt to develop a time-honored belief. I approach it on the rational side. I found no argument upon revelation, and shall only refer to Scripture authority for the purpose of showing how reason and faith agree. I use thankfully the experience of Christian philosophers, but adopt as

Copyright. Rev. I. T. HECKER. 1885.

much as possible the forms of expression which are familiar to the unprofessional.

In point of fact, the less we deal in abstract terms the more intelligible the argument becomes, and the sounder. It is the very trick of modern infidelity to avoid the name of God and take refuge in abstractions. But there can be no abstract God. An abstract being is no being at all. When we talk about the infinite, the absolute, etc., we may mean God, but we are only talking sideways. Why is it necessary to skirmish around the real subject of our discourse, especially when dealing with those who already believe in God? Why should we thus vaguely feel our way when a straight path is before us? By this kind of language we only perplex the minds of readers whose intelligence is untrained to it. They become wearied and discouraged. They begin to think themselves unable to grapple with the argument. Perhaps they distrust the value of it. Perhaps they suspect us of not understanding our own words any too well. In any case they give it up, and so we lose our labor. But when we change our mode of speech from the abstract to the concrete; when, like the Bible, we speak of God directly as a being belonging to actual life, having intelligence and will, and using and enjoying both—why, then the difficulty vanishes; we are understood at once. And why? Because our language now is true to the subject. What we speak of now is no longer an intangible attribute stripped from the life to which it belongs, but a real being who is, and lives, and is full of action. What child is unable to seize and retain my meaning when I tell him of an all-powerful God, who knows all things, who always was and always will be, who sees us at all times, who reads our very thoughts, who loves us more than tongue can tell? The merest infant will brighten with intelligence at such discourse. My language is no longer difficult or dry. It responds to something which always underlay his thoughts from the beginning, the greatest and earliest endowment of his soul.

Let this, then, be our first station in the argument. God is no abstraction. He is a real being, actually existing, and holding all that belongs to his being in full and conscious possession. Such a being must necessarily be made up of certain elementary constituents or principles of life which make him what he is. The search after these constituent principles will lead us to the Trinity.

Now, when inquiring after the *constituents* of anything, we do not mean all that goes to characterize it, all its properties, faculties, or attributes, not even all those which are inseparable from

it. We mean those characteristics only which are so essentially identified with it, so constitute it, so compose it, so unite to make it up, that if taken away there is nothing left. With this in view let us begin first with man. Let us analyze the human soul. What are the constituent elements of a soul like ours? And what are the relations which these constituents bear to each other? Since man is made in the image of his Maker, being, like him, a spiritual and rational being, these inquiries are most pertinent. So far as natural reason can go, such inquiry ought to lead towards the end and aim of this article. A philosophic poet tells us—and there is more than poetry in what he says—

> "There was never mystery
> But 'tis figured in the flowers;
> Was never secret history
> But birds tell it in the bowers."

Such analogy runs through all life. Surely, then, we may hope to find in rational, loving, and so far godlike man some shadow of that great mystery of life which constitutes the being of God.

The human soul is endowed with various intellectual faculties. These, however, are only secondary gifts or powers, and not, like the intellect itself, fundamental. The soul is also characterized by various moral qualities, passions, or faculties, which cannot be regarded as its primary constituents. Under them lies the will, which is something more elementary, in which they have their seat and centre. We may, then, as well at once select the intellect and the will as constituent principles of the soul. But do these two complete the number? Do they embrace all there is of it, or is there still something wanting to make up the concrete whole?

Call it what you please, there is in the human soul, there must be in every rational spirit, something which thinks, something which is prior to thought and parent to it. It is the primary principle of all. It goes necessarily before thought, as thought in turn precedes desire. Before its action thought can have no existence, nor can there be any act of will. Whether you say that the soul itself begets the thought, and that directly, or that it is born out of the soul's mind or consciousness, I care not. Let each one choose his own philosophy. Let conscious mind (or memory *), reason, and will be three constituent faculties of the soul, or

* That faculty by which man is conscious or mindful (*memor*) of himself, and of the movements of his own life as a whole, is obviously the memory. Philosophically, a poor analysis of the soul is that which narrows the memory to a mere power of recalling its former acts, making

say that there are only two; in either case we shall arrive at the point I seek. In either case we shall have the example of a multiple life in a single soul. In either case we shall find the soul productive. In either case three distinct factors or agents are shown in that activity which constitutes its life. For the moment I confine myself to the production of reason, or reflective thought.

The production of thought is a true generation. The soul is essentially intelligent, and out of its own intelligence it produces offspring in the likeness of itself. And here comes in a mystery which all must admit as a fact, but none of us can explain. When thought is born it takes its place as something distinct from the parent mind—not apart but distinct. It is the soul's interior word, spoken within itself and to itself, and secluded from all that is outside of itself. The soul, the conscious principle, the mind, or whatever that is which begets thought, is able to contemplate its own child when begotten, to discuss it, criticise it, handle it, fondle it, love it. And thought in turn, by a wonderful reaction, is able to examine and contemplate the parent from which it springs. We think, and then we use our new-born thoughts to examine the thinker. Within the soul a child is born to companionship with its father. It challenges him to discussion. It says to him:

> "I am thy spirit, yoke-fellow;
> Of thine eye I am eyebeam."

A poem which appeared in the *Century* magazine for May last was entitled "My Thought and I." This title is no wild fancy, nor does it involve anything difficult to apprehend. In an earlier composition by another writer, entitled "Night-Watching," the same plurality in one spirit is indicated with still greater distinctness:

> "Already three! Ah, well-a-day,
> Myself and I here meet at last
> After estrangement, and the past
> Has much to say."

The discord so constantly coming in from the soul's fickleness, and her entanglement with things outside herself, confuses but does not break up this plurality and unity of which we are speaking. It always exists. We must accept the fact as unquestionable; but who can account for it? Does not this enigma of thought and thinker, word and speaker, child and father, all comprised in one human life, already make luminous that mysterious

it thus later in action than thought and will. Rightly considered, the memory is the principal and parent faculty. It argues simply a feebleness of this faculty in us that we are obliged to recall any part of our lives by new acts of consciousness.

fact in the great life of God so simply and sublimely presented to our faith by John the Evangelist: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God"?

We find, then, in that part of our nature which is spiritual a unity in which reflection can distinguish a multiplicity or plurality. That plurality does not consist of parts, for a spirit is simple and has no parts. It does not consist of mere faculties which if taken away from the soul would impair its powers but still leave it what it was, a soul. It is a necessity, without which we could not conceive of it as the same being. By a mystery of life two constituent factors reveal themselves within the soul, and yet are all one with it. They do not rise to the dignity of distinct personalities like the Father and the Son in the mystery of the Trinity; but they are really distinct, and really one. If, examining my own reason, I call upon the inborn thought to show me the Father, it might well answer in the words of our Saviour to Philip: "Have I been so long a time with you, and have you not known me?"

Unity, plurality, paternity. Within its deepest life-chamber each single human soul develops an activity which is plural. This plurality is due to a certain productiveness or fruitfulness which is an essential quality of all rational life. Intellect begets. Ideas are begotten. The nativity of thought is a true generation, a reproduction of one thing by another, and within the limits of its own kind. "Increase and multiply" is a blessing which reaches beyond the physical world. It is the universal law of life. It governs souls. It governs mind. Fecundity—that is, productive activity in the order of its own being—is a characteristic necessity of everything that lives, and the highest act of life. Is it not also a characteristic of the living God? Since the power to reproduce itself is a perfection in every creature, since we can trace out its action in the deepest movement of our own souls, shall we not look for a corresponding perfection in that great Spirit who is both Creator and Archetype of all things? Is God alone childless? Can he produce nothing in his own kind, nothing but what is infinitely beneath himself? A longing after offspring in the childless Rachel wrung out that desolate wail: "Give me children, or I die!" Is there no longing like this in the infinite Breast which must be met?

Of course God cannot produce *outside* of his own life another being equal to himself or in all respects like himself. That would suppose two gods, two infinities, two eternities, two lives, both supreme and independent. But within the circle of his own life,

and constituting the very circulation of that life, such a generation involves no absurdity, but only a mystery. We have seen already existing as a fact a like mystery, inferior in dignity but not in difficulty. The rational spirit in man can generate thought, which, although assuming a distinct status of its own, yet remains within the mind which conceives it, and goes to constitute its life. Is there nothing in the infinite mind like this? Is there no interior Word generated there, no infinite Child "the express image" of the Father? Is it only the utterance of a wild dream, or is it revelation speaking the language of true philosophy, when the Evangelist tells us: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God"?

But the activity of a rational spirit is not perfected by the generation of thought. The soul breathes a twofold atmosphere of thought and will. Both these are necessary to make its interior life complete. First we know, and then we love. After having brought to light from its own womb an object of contemplation the soul is drawn to it by a second act of love or desire. The will is an essential constituent of our spiritual being, and its presence must be shown in every analysis of the soul's life-action. We love by necessity that which is good or seems good. But, in addition to this, by a parental instinct the soul loves especially that which itself has generated. It is a law of life. The father loves his own child, and is loved by it in turn. In fine, a second movement thus takes place in the soul between the two terms of the first. Mind and thought stand face to face in close relationship. They become objects of mutual desire each to the other, and kindle a fire which we call love, but the proper name of which, when considered as an abiding constituent of the soul, is Will. The product of this second act becomes a third term of interior relationship. It owes its origin to the other two, and, though something distinct, is essentially the same thing with both, constituting one same life. It proceeds from the mind of which it is clearly the act. It proceeds also from the thought without which the mind would not see, and so would fail to find, an object for its love. And yet the same living spirit includes all three, and they are its components. Behold in our own souls faintly but truly foreshadowed to reason the great mystery of heaven, a threefold life in one divine Being!

I do not wish to claim too much. The marvels of thinking and loving which develop within our own souls cannot adequately represent the parallel mysteries in an infinite Spirit. But do they not suggest them? Do they not throw upon them

some additional light? Does not the morning begin to break? Can we not already catch a glimpse, albeit faint, of those necessary interior relations which constitute in God a single, but never solitary, life? Have we not here, furnished by our own natural reason analyzing our own souls, a light which harmonizes wonderfully with the light of revelation? Cannot a loving and hungering spirit find here unveiled to contemplation a God who is one, not by any vague and barren conception of unity in the abstract, but a single, active, moving, living, life-breathing Being, a Being whose self-consciousness, thoughtfulness, and will are as real and as really distinct as they are infinite and eternal? If so, we have only one task left. We have only to learn how to assign to each constituent principle of the divine life a true personality of its own, and then we shall have the Christian Trinity. Come, let us now advance to this.

Hitherto I have endeavored to establish an analogy between the rational creature and that rational life which is infinite and uncreated. Both being spirits, man must have on his spiritual side some characteristics in common with his Maker. It is now time to consider how they differ in these very characteristics; that is, how and where the analogy fails. By doing this I shall not destroy but fortify and develop my argument. Much that is hitherto obscure will be cleared away; and that trace of trinity which in man is imperfect and perplexing will grow up in our view of God to a distinctness and perfection which shall show a threefold divinity in one life, and make, perchance, even the cold bosom of philosophy give forth a rhythmic hymn, the Christian trisagion: "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost!"

In the first place, it must not be forgotten that ours is a mixed nature. We are spiritual, but we are also animal, physical, material. By force of this degrading alliance our spiritual nature, which would otherwise be angelic, is so interlocked with the material world that we cannot even think without material help. We think by means of images supplied by the senses, presented to the mind in material mirrors, and stored away in mirrors for after-remembrance. The process of thought, therefore, in us, although spiritual, is not purely so, as it is in the angels. It is only partially or imperfectly an interior act of the soul. Even before being uttered to the air, before being spoken or written to our fellows, it is already a spoken and pictured language to ourselves. It has passed beyond its native realm and become embodied. The mind surveys it as an object which is at

once interior and exterior to itself, and has no independent subsistence without or within. This to all analysis of thought is confusing. In order to make our argument from analogy more clear and complete we must endeavor to discriminate between what is spiritual and physical in the process of thinking. We must try to conceive what would be the operation of our minds if, like the angels, we were pure spirits, or if we could disencumber them from the body. Thought would then generate in the parent womb in a more perfect likeness to the mind itself, and more nearly equal to it. It would subsist in a more perfect seclusion within it. It would be held permanently by it in a possession which no weariness of the brain, no necessity of sleep, no crowding or distracting images from the material world, could ever disturb.

Again, another difference must be noted between the human mind and the divine where our analogy fails. This difference would still exist even were we bodiless spirits and perfectly capable of reflection without clothing our thought, as now, in forms supplied by the imagination. All created minds must think, so to speak, by piecemeal—that is, by a succession of mental efforts or acts. Each thought begotten is only one of a multitudinous brood. The mind must go on, step by step, in its progressive reflection; and could it for ever retain all it acquires, still will it never be able to advance so far that all truth possible to it will lie at once within its grasp. Not so with the mind of God. No deficiency of knowledge is ever, was ever, can ever be there, and consequently there can be with him no such thing as thinking by successive acts. One thought in his mind comprises all that can be known, and comprises it all in one act. His first, his last, his only thought is all one great infinite birth. The eternal mind cannot beget more than one interior word. That word is an only, an eternal child. That word always was, always is, and endures for ever. Even this language is incorrect and does injury to that word. We may represent it to ourselves as something that is, and was, and is to be; but this is only our feeble and incorrect expression of the reality. In speaking of things which are eternal it is necessary to borrow our expressions from the vocabulary of time, always inadequate, sometimes misleading. The incarnate Word himself, when on earth and walking in two worlds, seemed sometimes to think and speak in both at once. He spoke the language of both worlds when he said: "Before Abraham *was* I AM." This little sentence begins in time, but closes in eternity.

Following up the differences already noted, we are brought to a third which is the pivotal point of our argument. By means of it the imperfect type of trinity which we find in our own souls is made to assume in the soul's divine Archetype that perfection of threefold life in unity which the Christian revelation claims. The mind of man (as we have seen) produces a thought which is something distinct from itself. Yet this distinction is imperfect. The mind can contemplate its own thought as an outstanding object of regard, and by a wonderful process of introspection it can change places with that thought, and become to it in turn an object of contemplation. But this distinction, though real and wonderfully suggestive of greater perfection, can be carried no further. The child in such case is a true image of its father, but not in all respects commensurate nor co-equal. It has no real subsistence of its own. If it had, being rational it would be, like the soul itself, a person.

It is not so, however, when the infinite mind of God generates. A true child is there begotten in the full likeness of the father. This single life-act, this thought, this interior word of God, is, like God himself, infinite, eternal, and self-subsisting. It is distinct from the womb which gave it birth, with a perfect distinction. It goes so far as to assume a subsistence of its own. It lives with a true activity which belongs to itself, distinguishable within the parent life, although moving ever in the same life-current. It is no subordinate power, quality, or attribute. It takes to itself all the characteristic powers and attributes of that personal Godhead to which it belongs, and within which it is fully qualified to hold its place as an aboriginal life-constituent. It is itself a true Person, to whom a personal Father, speaking in eternity, speaks thus: "Thou art my son; to-day have I begotten thee.'

The same reasoning by which, in the divine nature, we show thought elevated to a divine personality must have a like force when applied to the divine will. In man the will (or heart) acts by a succession of impulses, all finite, and all partial and feeble. Therefore love in us is short-lived, changeable, fickle, and even when truest must be maintained by a repetition of the same acts of desire which constitute its flame, and the same motives of reason which first called that desire into existence. It is the imperfection of our finite nature which makes this so. But in the infinite will of God no such feebleness or imperfection, no such successive action, can take place. Our New England poet Lowell draws largely on poetic license when he sings of

"—the next beating of the infinite heart."

The first beat of that heart is eternal and knows no second beating. Love in God is one, single, eternal, and exhaustive life-act. It cannot die away. It cannot be diminished. It cannot be augmented. It cannot be reinforced. It cannot be renewed. It cannot be repeated. It succeeds to no other desire. It can have no successor to itself. In fine, it is in all respects commensurate to that infinite mind and its infinite thought which are the joint sources of its own being. It rises thus with both to the dignity of a distinct personality. It becomes that Holy Ghost, that living breath of love, whose home lies, like that of the eternal Son, "in the bosom of the Father."

What have we gained, then, by this analysis of the human soul? It has furnished us an analogy by means of which we have been able to study to some extent that great Soul which we call God. We find in the latter what we found in the former—namely, a trinity, or three terms of interior relationship. These three, in God as in man, belong essentially to his life. We cannot rightly conceive of a rational life without them. They are consubstantial with him, being indeed his constituents by his very nature as a concrete, living, active, intelligent, moral Being. I do not profess to have carried out this argument to an actual demonstration by reason alone, unaided and unguided; nor do I think that it can be so carried out. Nevertheless, receiving with faith, as we do, the New Testament revelation, and finding there the account of a wondrous being clothed in humanity but claiming also divinity; who styles himself the Son of God; who speaks at the same time of another personage distinct from himself and from the Father, but proceeding from one and both, and whose very name of Holy Ghost is divine; who unites together the authority of all three in the great commission to teach, baptize, and rule given to the apostles—I say, when, thus compelled by testimony from heaven, our faith accepts the Trinity as a fact, then true philosophy steps in also with a graceful contribution to the same truth. She subscribes to the Catholic creed, and repeats with us now in language which long ago she furnished to Catholic faith: "I believe in God the Father almighty; and in Jesus Christ his only Son our Lord; born of the Father before all worlds; true God, of true God; begotten, not made; consubstantial with the Father; and in the Holy Ghost, who proceeds from the Father, and together with the Father and the Son is adored and glorified."

Gentle reader, in this article we have canvassed two trinities. Both are mysteries too deep to be sounded. Both, however, are

facts which we cannot wisely deny. The first fact is revealed to us by our experience in the world of nature. The second has been revealed to us by God himself, but accords well with what we find in nature. Have I failed to show this? Then I have failed in my argument. You may be already learned in this matter, more learned than I. If so, do not criticise too closely the language used, if from the argument honest reason may gather light.

My principal object in this article has not been to prove the doctrine of the Trinity to non-believers. I have had more especially in view a Christian public of believers and worshippers. These receive the dogma, but practically are familiar only with that side of it which looks out upon the dealings of God with man. Their view of the Trinity extends to a horizon within which lie the Creation, the Incarnation, the Redemption, with grace and the sacraments. In all these the Persons of the sacred Trinity take a various part, an especial prominence being given sometimes to one, sometimes to another. When we think of the creation and of divine providence, our thoughts are most naturally turned to the Father, though we must not exclude the second and third Persons of the divine Family. The Son of God moves to the front when we dwell upon that scheme of grace which is developed in the Incarnation, the Atonement, and the foundation of the church. The sanctification of the soul through the sacraments, and all those secret inspirations which prompt to prayer and duty and fill the heart with divine love, we attribute especially to the Holy Ghost.

But it is good sometimes to go behind all this. It is fruitful to lift up our thoughts above all this; to remember that all this, important and dear as it is to us, is but a by-play in a great drama; that, in point of fact, it all takes place outside of God's own true and proper being. We, and all this world of which we form a part, are but creatures of yesterday, while behind that yesterday lies eternity. It is good to ask ourselves betimes: What was God doing before he created the world? Was God alone in eternity, a giant hermit in a vast solitude? Was he without society there? Was he without occupation there? And at this present is the care of the world his only or chief occupation? The study of this great primary doctrine of the Trinity gives us the answer. It presents us with the idea of a divine Family dwelling in a home-circle of its own. There a Father and Son are always together. And, sprung from the mutual

gaze and love of both, but distinct from either, another august inmate there, the Holy Ghost, makes his abode with both. These three cohabit in one life. In that life they maintain a busy intercommunication which is simply infinite. These three are drawn together by the ties of a kinship inconceivably close, for they constitute one being. How happy is such a life, how sweet such a love, where all the attractions which can hold heart to heart are infinite in each!

Such a circle as that can never be a solitude. Time can never hang heavy there. It needs no outside world to furnish occupation to it. On the contrary, the world outside can never suffice to occupy it. What can give employment to mind? Is it not thought? In that lively circle the field of thought is unlimited and inexhaustible. What can ravish the gazing sight? Sublimity, beauty, order, variety? In each and every member of this divine Family are seated all these attractions. And they can never fail to furnish joy, for, being infinite, they are equal to the infinity of desire.

Such a life is not a rest from action. It is a boundless activity, a rush of ceaseless motion, a whirl of circulation which only infinite thought can follow. The church's doctrine of circumincession teaches that each divine Person of the Trinity dwells, and dwells actively, within the other. They act together as one being. They are only distinct from each other in respect to their mutual relations within that being. The thoughtful Father alone generates a Son. Only the Father and Son breathe that productive breath of love whose evolution is the Holy Ghost. The Holy Ghost, taking form and life in that breathing, reacts upon both breathers in a flood of joy. But such mutual relations in an infinite life imply an infinite activity which can have no rest. This mutual indwelling, therefore, is not by way of repose. It is beyond conception stirring and glows with life. It is the maintenance of an intimate tie of kinship which admits of no relaxation. It involves a mutual recognition and conversation which is always constant, an expression of love which can never expend itself, never weary. Does all this intensity of inner life seem to us like something at rest? It is because our limited minds can only follow motion by its progress from station to station. A movement which is infinite must needs seem to our loping conception like a halt, as a top seems motionless and is said to sleep when its rotation is too rapid for the eye to follow. It is our mind that halts, or moves by little leaps. These little leaps mark time, but cannot mark the life of God, which is spaceless eternity.

To me it seems that any mind once become accustomed to the idea of a God, so single in his being and yet so rich in the interior relations which constitute that being, should never again be able to accept any other. What sort of a God is he who outwardly is productive and inwardly barren and desolate? The mind revolts at the thought of a lonesome God, a God who can have no society in his own degree, nothing to love but what is infinitely beneath himself, and who can receive no love that is an adequate return to the outpouring of his own great heart. Love has been well defined as *Ens extra se in alio vivens*—the dwelling outside of one's own life in that of another. Strip God of his trinity, and where can such love find place? What love worthy of himself is then left but self-love? Such a God could not feel the joy of parentage, or of filial piety, or of friendship in any sufficient sense of these words. To my mind the Christian doctrine removes an oppressive difficulty. What matter, then, if it develops a deeper mystery? The mystery neither distresses my reason nor weighs upon my faith. I delight to think of God as one who leads an inner life all worthy of himself; who had no necessity to create the world that he might no longer be alone; whose love, necessarily seeking for an equal, finds something more than self to love. Is the injunction laid upon us to love each one his neighbor as himself? This is no new virtue invented to fit our condition as creatures. It existed from eternity in the fellowship of Heaven. We find its supreme and sublime type in the dear Master who enjoins us, in the mutual love of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. And so a sweet and holy light is thrown upon that earnest prayer of Jesus for his disciples: "Holy Father, keep them in thy name whom thou hast given me; that they all may be one, as thou, Father, in me, and I in thee; that they also may be one in us."

THE PROSPECT FOR IRELAND.

To American readers who depend on their morning paper for information as to the Irish movement and the policy of the Irish leaders the situation with us is not easy to explain. The cable-man hashes, jumbles, and distorts everything Irish in a style which presents about as accurate a picture of our affairs as the scenes in a pantomime bear to the realities of the world outside. For instance, one day the New York *Herald* announces that Mr. Shaw, the Munster Bank wrecker, is a leading Parnellite M.P., and that in consequence of his conduct Mr. Davitt has been obliged to fly hastily from Dublin in order to escape the infuriated depositors; while the next he tells you that a deadly war is raging between Mr. Davitt and Mr. Parnell, which is smashing up the entire National movement. Daily driblets of poisonous untruths and half-truths, cabled with incessant vigor, leave the American mind in a state of bewilderment, and it is almost as hopeless to try to counteract continuous falsehood by isolated statements of fact as it would be to get a European to-day to understand from a magazine article the merits of the Cleveland–Blaine campaign, which occupied the thousands of your newspapers last fall. Such knowledge of the doings and objects of the Irish leaders as Americans possess through their daily instructors they have, therefore, acquired mostly from prejudiced sources. The telegraph is in the hands of English correspondents, who, of course, only present their own side of the story, and take care, as Dr. Samuel Johnson observed of his own Parliamentary reports, that they do not "let the Whig dogs get the best of it"! Any one who will engage in the task of piecing together such scraps of the history of Ireland as have been allowed to reach America by telegraph since the Atlantic cable was laid will come to the conclusion that the daily business of the Irish nation consists in the commission of murder and outrage. Most persons, therefore, would be greatly surprised to hear that statistics prove Ireland to be one of the least criminal countries on the face of the globe. The system by which this defamation is promoted is easily explained. The Irish news that is sent by the Associated Press to America is taken either from the London papers or is supplied by the London press agencies. The London *Times* is purveyed to from Dublin by the editor of an Orange newspaper, the *Express*—

an organ so unscrupulous that, having some time ago invented the murder of a landlord, it refused to insert a contradiction of the "outrage" from the person it assassinated until driven to do so by the threat of legal proceedings. The London *Daily News*, the Liberal paper, has for its Dublin correspondent a Tory Scotchman, who never loses an opportunity of showing his hatred to the country by which he earns his living. His veracity may be judged from the fact that when, in July, 1883, some twenty laborers were poisoned in County Wexford by eating the flesh of a diseased cow which their landlord had slaughtered and given to them, this truthful chronicler, without a shred of evidence, at once telegraphed the calamity as a Land League outrage. So it sped all over the world, and, though the facts were fully established at the inquest, no one outside Ireland was ever informed of the truth. The correspondent of the Tory *Standard* is a Freemason employed in Dublin Castle, which is saying sufficient for his impartiality; while the Dublin representative of the principal news agency is an Englishman who, like his confederates, is in bitter enmity to the National cause. From such sources comes the news on which the ordinary reader of American newspapers is obliged to form his opinions, and it would, therefore, be remarkable if a very favorable view were taken of the character and proceedings of the Irish agitators. Once in a way an enterprising journal keeps a "special" on this side of the water who is independent enough to think for himself. At present the New York *Times* is brilliantly served by its famous "cholera" correspondent, a gentleman of whom it is not too much to say that he knows Ireland, as well as England, by heart, and is only anxious conscientiously to state the facts on both sides of the account. The work of the others speaks for itself. But it must be admitted that it is extremely hard for a foreign journalist in London not to be anti-Irish. If he wishes to be "in the swim" where news is going, he must belong to the Savage or one of the press or artistic clubs; and there the slightest expression of sympathy with the Irish movement would, of course, get him quickly boycotted.

Engaged as we now are in the midst of an electoral struggle more momentous than any this generation has known, the tales that reach the United States from Ireland will probably be more lurid than usual. For anything I know, the Irish party as I write is being for the hundredth time smashed to fragments by the devoted cableman, just as its failure has been a thousand times foretold. Following the cue of the English press, Mr. Parnell's recent speeches have no doubt been represented as being a revo-

lutionary demand for complete separation from England, and the replies of Lord Hartington, Mr. Chamberlain, and Mr. Gladstone will have been triumphantly quoted as showing the hopelessness of his tactics. Let me therefore explain in a few words the position, policy, and prospects of the Irish movement.

Ireland's demand for a separate legislature is as old as the destruction of Grattan's Parliament in 1800. It was started by O'Connell the year after the Union, was renewed by Butt later on, and is continued in our own day by Parnell. The struggles of the present Irish leader, however, are backed up by forces which none of his predecessors could command. O'Connell, surrounded one day by half a million men at Tara, could not the next day control the election of a member of Parliament for a sixth-rate borough; while the men who acknowledged his leadership in the House of Commons—elected, as they were, under a limited franchise—were, for the most part, a gang of knavish place-hunters whose sole idea was personal advancement. Mr. Butt was more fortunate in his Parliamentary following, but he neglected to secure the indispensable support of an out-door agitation. The franchise, however, had been slightly extended before his movement was started; but, above all, the Ballot Act of 1872 freed his supporters from intimidation, and voters were no longer driven like sheep to the polls by the landlord's armed guards, and could cast their suffrages against his nominee without the fear of being expelled from their homes. Nevertheless, Mr. Butt's timidity in organizing the country behind him led to the backsliding of many of the representatives on whom alone he had taught the people to rely. The masses, moreover, had been left entirely unacquainted with the forces which Parliamentary action can bring into play. They had been accustomed to hear constitutional agitation denounced by the Fenian leaders as the game of a number of dishonest tricksters; and this for a long time it undoubtedly was. At first sight, therefore, the difficulty of getting that game honestly played seemed one which they could not hope to overcome. Even supposing that reliable candidates could be found, what hope was there of returning them in a majority of the representation? The corrupt condition into which many of the limited electorate had fallen, and the despair of the remainder that any good could be done by a constitutional movement, were a formidable obstacle. Still, Mr. Butt succeeded in 1874 in electing for the first time a majority of the Irish members pledged to Home Rule, and in subsequently inducing these gentlemen to promise to remain aloof from English parties and to

form an independent Parliamentary organization of their own. The country then recognized how much could be effected by an honest representation which could neither be bribed nor bullied. Few of Mr. Butt's party, however, remained sternly faithful, and though a number of them were re-elected in 1880, after his death, their conduct has been such that the Irish people—the mass of whom will for the first time exercise the franchise at the general election—are determined to return men of a different stamp to act upon the policy which Mr. Parnell has so successfully carried out. The Irish cause, therefore, will soon have the dual advantage of being represented in Parliament by an overwhelming majority of the total number of members returned, and of having a vigorous organization kept up behind them in the country to strengthen their hands in the House of Commons. Moreover, the province of Ulster will now be able under the extended franchise to return a majority of Nationalists, and this will, to a large extent, dispose of the cry that this province stands aloof from the popular movement. The change wrought in the north by the reduced suffrage may be gathered from the fact that at present out of twenty-nine Ulster members only two are Nationalists; whereas we calculate that out of the thirty-three seats allotted to the north by the Redistribution of Seats Act, at least eighteen will be won by the Parnellites. From end to end of Ireland, except in the four counties of Antrim, Down, Derry, and Armagh, no candidate opposed to the Home Rule demand will be elected, and in three of these Nationalists will be returned in certain districts. The two members for Trinity College, however, whose graduates are still absurdly allowed to constitute a pocket borough, will remain Tory. The three southern provinces—Leinster, Munster, and Connaught—will not return a single opposer of Nationalism, and five out of the nine Ulster counties will follow suit. The only county which will remain solid against the Nationalists is Antrim, which is in future to elect four members; but in Belfast, which is situated in that county, the Parnellites will capture a seat. The other three seats in Belfast will go to the Tories; but with this exception all the boroughs will elect Nationalists. Had the boundary commissioners appointed to redistrict the constituencies under the Seats Act behaved honestly, several additional seats in the north could have been won; but the most shameful gerrymandering was carried on by the Castle officials, and the surprise is that it will be possible for the Nationalists to return a majority in Ulster at all. The single-member system, universal throughout America, has for the first

time been adopted for Great Britain and Ireland, with the exception of a few borough constituencies, and in the division of the northern counties for that purpose the government gave every advantage to the Orange and Whig parties. Again, in the revision of the voters' lists in the north the most notorious opponents of the franchise were appointed to play havoc with the Nationalists, as we suffer from a cumbrous and intricate registration law which not one man in a million understands. Despite all these disadvantages, the Irish party expect to carry a majority of the Ulster constituencies, and when registration work is better understood further gains in that province can be made. In England two seats only are expected to be won by the Nationalists, as, though the number of Irishmen in large centres like London, Glasgow, Birmingham, Manchester, etc., is sufficient to entitle them to a much larger representation, their strength in all these towns is so scattered that, under the new single-member system, they do not command an absolute majority, and outside Liverpool no Parnellite will be elected from Great Britain. The highest estimate of the strength of Mr. Parnell's party in the next Parliament puts it at eighty-eight men; but it will certainly number eighty-five, and such a force properly handled will be practically irresistible.

It is not, however, merely the formidable numbers which Mr. Parnell will command that make English politicians anxious. It is the character of the men who are likely to be elected that gives them pause. If the new party consisted of eighty or ninety amiable gentlemen of the ancient school, neither Mr. Gladstone nor Lord Salisbury would care very much about them, as they would soon be either bribed or frightened into quiescence. Mr. Parnell's influence will depend on the fact that he will control a party utterly contemptuous of British opinion, British convenience, and British traditions, and that he himself is the most coolly determined, implacable, and tenacious Parliamentary leader that has appeared at Westminster since the Union.

The Irish constituencies are now looking out for the stamp of candidate likely to be most obnoxious to the English Parliament; and every British politician knows that unless concessions are granted they will have to face inside Parliament the constant warfare of a number of men who are prepared to be just as "ugly" as the occasion requires, while outside an angry agitation must be dealt with. To guard against treachery and desertion, every candidate for a popular constituency, from Mr. Parnell downwards, will be required to sign a declaration pledging himself to "sit, act, and vote" with the Irish party, and

to resign his seat should a majority of his colleagues declare that he had failed in his duty. Few of the new representatives will be wealthy; and as members of Parliament receive no remuneration from the state, and are not even allowed for railway fares, their expenses will be defrayed by the subscriptions of their countrymen. The procedure of enabling the constituencies to select candidates in conventions, as the Irish counties are at this moment doing, is an entirely novel one with us, and very probably the example which Ireland has set in this respect of adopting the American system will before very long have to be imitated in England. This in itself would greatly democratize the British representation and would lead to a minor but useful reform in our electoral practice—viz., the abolition of the absurd custom which obliges each candidate to issue an individual address to his constituency, for advertising which a fancy rate has to be paid to the newspapers.

In addition to all this—to the purification of the Parliamentary representation, the organization of the people, and their growing strength of purpose—the movement headed by Mr. Parnell has another element of strength the importance of which cannot be exaggerated. This is the formal adhesion of the Catholic hierarchy and clergy to the National cause. It was natural that the heads of the church in Ireland should have watched with jealousy and apprehension the growth of a movement whose leader was not of the national faith. Coincidental with the introduction of democratic ideas into Ireland by the Land League, democratic ideas in France, for example, seemed to be taking the form of hatred of religion. And on the Continent of Europe generally democracy, in place of being the wholesome thing it is known to be in America, seemed only a synonym for infidelity and anarchy. Was this to be the outcome of those new movements in Ireland which did not offer to the church even the guarantee of a Catholic leader? That the bishops of Ireland should have so long hesitated before making up their mind, that they should have narrowly watched the progress of agitation for more than four years first, gives their sanction now all the more value. Their first formal recognition of the fact that religion had nothing to fear from the National movement took the most significant shape possible. The Irish bishops assembled in council resolved to entrust to the Irish Parliamentary party the entire conduct of a certain question in which they were interested—and that question was no other than the Education Question. This confiding to the hands of Mr. Parnell such vital

interests as those concerning the education of the Catholic youth was an announcement not merely that Catholicity had nothing to fear from the growth of Parnellism, but that the growth of Parnellism was to be reckoned a distinct gain to the cause of the church. A further notable assurance of this is to be found in the fact that the Irish party have invited the clergy to attend the conventions for nominating Parliamentary candidates as delegates *ex officio*, and that the clergy are responding gladly to the call, thus insuring that Mr. Parnell's next party will be the choice not only of the people but of the priests and people. There is no country in the world to-day where such a spectacle could be witnessed. From the see of the metropolis to the remotest shores, bishops and clergy are solid for the National movement; priests and people are knit together as they never were before—not even in O'Connell's day. Indeed, the solidification of the people could hardly be more complete; for the fact that Mr. Parnell is a Protestant is a sign to our Protestant brethren that their interests will not be jeopardized by the success of the National cause.

As to the prospects of Home Rule being speedily won, much will depend on whether the English electors return a majority, be it Whig or Tory, large enough to prevent Mr. Parnell from wielding the balance of power. That the Tories should get such a majority even their most sanguine supporters dare not hope. They will lose something like twenty seats in Ireland alone, they will be practically obliterated in Scotland, and in Wales they do not expect to return more than one or two candidates. England remains, and there the counties which had hitherto been their great strongholds will in future be turned by the vote of the laborers; but no one can as yet forecast whether this class will continue to be influenced by the squire and the parson, or whether they have been dazzled by Mr. Chamberlain's promises. The calculation of the Liberals is that Scotland and Wales may be paired off against Ireland, and that they, in England, will have a majority of twenty. If so, this would enable them to form a government against any combination; but how long would it last against the shock of Irish opposition, unless concessions were made? Moreover, we must not leave out of count the effect of the dissensions which have been caused by Mr. Chamberlain's insistence on his programme, and his declaration that he will not go into a cabinet with Whigs who refuse to accept it. If he persists in his threat, either himself or Lord Hartington must be sacrificed, and the retirement of one or the other would greatly hurt the party. Sir Charles Dilke, of course, could not take

office until acquitted of the charge that has been made against him; and therefore, if only a small Liberal majority is obtained, Mr. Gladstone would decline, on the plea of age, to connect himself with it. The absence of Gladstone, Dilke, and Chamberlain from a Liberal government would make it impossible for it to hold together, fronted by a venomous Tory-Irish opposition. A large majority, however, if such a thing is possible, would float Whigs and Radicals together over all their difficulties; and this is not impossible. Yet, near as we are to the dissolution, neither side seems inclined to boast about the chances, and it is only in Ireland that calm and confidence prevail.

For both countries admittedly the result of the ballot will have consequences more important than those which have accrued from any previous dissolution in this century. For Ireland it will decide whether Home Rule is or is not to be quietly conceded, or whether we must once more repeat the weary round of agitation and outcry, to be followed, perhaps, by repression and imprisonment instead of by conciliation and reform. For England it will determine whether the masses are prepared to trust themselves to the new class of Radical statesmen who offer the establishment of free schools, the destruction of the state church, the taxation of the land, the compulsory acquirement of ground by local bodies, a graduated income-tax to hit the rich, and the simplification of the laws affecting real estate, or whether they will continue to place confidence in the hereditary ruling power of the aristocratic classes. It is only out of the necessities and weaknesses of English parties that we can ever hope for justice. Neither Whig nor Tory statesmen have ever attempted anything for Ireland until it became inconvenient for them to turn a deaf ear to Celtic clamor. Catholic Emancipation was granted in 1829, as Wellington confessed, "for fear of civil war." The Tithes were abolished in 1832 after the massacre at Carrickshock and the open resistance of the people everywhere. The Protestant Church was disestablished in 1869 because, as Mr. Gladstone declared, the mind of England had been opened by the Clerkenwell explosion. The Land Act of 1881 was passed because, in the words of the same statesman, the "chapel bell" of the Land League had been rung throughout a fiery agitation. Tame demands are met by insolent refusals, and powerless prayers by mocking sneers. O'Connell for fifteen years before his death kept up a vast and imposing movement which ended in nothing, because he missed no opportunity of convincing his enemies of the sincerity of his opinion that "the liberty of mankind was not worth a single drop of blood." No human explanation is possi-

ble of that extraordinary ingredient in the British character which refuses to yield anything except to violence or power. It is as strongly developed to-day as it was in the days of George Washington, and none of the correctives that have been applied in the meantime have produced the smallest effect. The Irish party regard the declarations of English statesmen refusing Home Rule as mere surplusage. They were absolutely unnecessary, for certainly it will not be granted so long as they can help it. Only a lunatic Irishman could suppose that an Englishman would surrender any right or power exercised by him so long as he is able safely to hold on to it. So far as Ireland is concerned, appeal, argument, or logic is entirely thrown away on the ruling classes; for, as Sydney Smith declared, the moment one of his countrymen hears the very name of the "sister isle" he immediately acts as if he had lost his reason. These things being so, what hope, then, have the Irish party of achieving the objects which they have set themselves to win? If it were simply a question of four millions against thirty-four millions, as Mr. Chamberlain declared, no doubt the minority would get only "Drogheda quarter." It is too late, however, at the end of the nineteenth century, to talk about extermination as a specific for the settlement of the Irish difficulty, and Mr. Chamberlain, besides, would make a very poor Cromwell.

But the real safety and hope of Ireland is the dishonest system of party government by which the British Empire is ruled. Whatever incident occurs throughout the world affecting British policy or possessions, the party out of office endeavors to wrest it to the discredit of the government, without the smallest regard to candor, patriotism, or decency, so that it is absolutely impossible for England to sustain a united front on any question for any length of time. The moment it suits the ambition or the convenience of one of her numerous statesmen to start a new policy, that moment he will cut athwart the lines of all his predecessors. Success in "dishing" opponents is the only test by which his actions will be tried; and no matter how obliquely they may stray from the path of justice or patriotism, a copious vocabulary will be always ready to deck them out in the guise of morality and lofty statesmanship. Of course the effect of party government in every country is much the same, but England is the only one in whose parliament there will in future be a powerful and determined band of outsiders absolutely indifferent to the issues raised by either party, except in so far as they can be turned to their own advantage, and determined to watch every opportunity for the purpose

of playing off one side against the other. The knowledge of this has already induced Mr. Gladstone to offer, like Col. Crockett's 'coon, to "come down" on the Home Rule question. With him the principle of the demand of Ireland to manage her own affairs—much as an American State within the Union—has already been conceded, subject, he announces, to the preservation of the integrity of the empire and the supreme authority of Parliament. When, before 1800, Ireland possessed a native legislature, neither the "integrity of the empire" nor the authority of the English Parliament over it was at all impaired any more than is the unity of the American Republic by a couple of score of independent assemblies. The next stage in the controversy, therefore, so far as Mr. Gladstone is concerned, will turn on the extent to which the concession of this or that detail of the Irish claims would infringe the "authority of the Imperial Parliament" or threaten the "integrity of the empire." The Tories, on the other hand, keep more or less "on the fence" in the matter. They profess themselves anxious for an extended system of "local self-government" for the kingdom, but neither from their speeches nor their silences can it be inferred whether they are prepared to go as far as the Liberal leader in this direction. Indeed, it may well be supposed that they only refrain from denouncing Mr. Gladstone's "truckling to rebellion" because they cannot afford to alienate the Irish before the elections. Without the help of the Parnellites in the English towns at the polls, and the help of the Irish party in Parliament afterwards, they have no hope whatever of obtaining a majority. They are, therefore, "on their good behavior" at present. No doubt also, whatever their secret enmity may be, if the Tories should, with the aid of Mr. Parnell, be able to form a ministry in the next Parliament, they, too, would be willing to take a "generous" view on Home Rule.

Americans, however, will naturally inquire why, if it is admitted that Mr. Gladstone goes further towards Home Rule than Lord Salisbury, the Irish leaders should have any hesitation in recommending their followers in the English cities to support him at the elections and in co-operating with him in Parliament themselves. The answer to this is that the existence of the House of Lords with its standing Tory majority forbids any such alliance, and makes it much more the interest of Ireland that a Tory administration should be in power, provided it is dependent for its existence on Irish support. The reason is clear. Grant Mr. Gladstone a majority, and while he would have no trouble in carrying out a coercion policy or in further muzzling debate in the House of Commons, should he wish to do so,

he could only carry just as much beneficial Irish legislation as the second chamber chose to allow; and once the Tories had failed at the election, they would, for party reasons, denounce the smallest measure of self-government for Ireland as a plot to disintegrate the empire. When the Lords take up an obstructive attitude on English questions they are easily reduced to reason, after a session or two, by a vigorous agitation in England or the threat to dissolve Parliament; but how is similar pressure to be applied on the rejection of Irish reforms? The English masses do not care what "Hirish" bills the Lords throw out; and as for dissolving Parliament, the Tories would then have the great advantage of going to the country on an anti-Irish cry which is also an anti-Catholic one—and nothing more potent could be invented to rally ignorant voters to their side. Whether Mr. Gladstone, therefore, promises a big or a little Home Rule scheme, his power to carry it through the Lords will be exactly the same. If, however, the Tories came into power, their Lordships would become most complaisant, and would pass whatever measures the necessities of their party in the Lower House induced them to send up. For these reasons, if the two British parties are left nearly equal by the general election, policy would seem to incline the Irish to promote the formation of a Conservative ministry. Were we to help the Liberals to office the Lords would at once declare that the fact that the government was only kept in power by the "rebel" vote disentitled its proposals to any consideration. The existence of the hereditary chamber, therefore, must exercise a continual influence on the course of Irish policy, and, on the principle that it is wise to "make friends with the mammon of unrighteousness," it would be more prudent to coalesce with the party which could control the action of the Peers, in case the choice rests with Mr. Parnell as to whether a Whig or a Tory administration is to be formed. Of course, if the Liberals gain a majority over both, the Irish party would have to play another game, and the Tories would instantly revert to their traditional policy of opposition to every measure of Irish reform. Both parties are so utterly dishonest in their dealings with Ireland that principle will never be allowed to influence them, and on this account much that will be obscure to Americans in Mr. Parnell's policy is certain to arise. He has, however, behind him in Ireland a practically united country, and in Parliament he will control a force hitherto unknown in British politics; and I am much mistaken if, whatever happens at the polls in England, he does not before long succeed in winning the full recognition of his country's rights.

THE LEGEND OF SAINT ALEXIS.

Part II.

"All hail to Rome! She lords it o'er the world
From Ganges' flood to Atlas' snowy crown:
Heavenward from cape and coast her praise is hurled:
She lifts the nations up and casts them down:
Like some great mountain city-thronged she stands,
Her shade far cast eclipsing seas and lands.

"She flings that shade across the tracts of Time
Not less than o'er the unmeasured fields of space;
Processional the Empires paced sublime;
Her heralds these; they walked before her face:
Assyrian, Persian, Grecian—what were they?
Poor matin streaks, wan preludes of the day!

"The Pyramids that vault Egyptian kings
When near her legions drew bowed low their heads;
Indus and Oxus from their mountain springs
Whispered, 'She cometh.' Dried-up river-beds
From Dacian plains to British cried aghast,
'This way but now the Roman Eagles passed!'

"She fells the forest, and the valley spans
With arch o'er arch: the mountain-crests she carves
With roads, till Nature's portents yield to Man's:
Wolf-like the race that mocks her bleeds or starves;
Alike they lived their lives, they had their day:
Her laws abide; men hear them and obey.

"Beyond the far sea-limit of old Tyre
Her gold-fleets waft earth's harvest through the storm;
Carthage, Tyre's daughter, crossed her path: the fire
Went o'er her walls; in blackening heaps deform
Her league-long ruins ridge the desert grey;
Above them pard and tiger chase their prey.

"All hail to Rome! Her mighty heart serene
Houses at will all nations and their gods
Content to know herself of all the Queen.
Who spake that word; 'The old Religion nods'?
Ah fools! at times, but gathering heat, the levin
Sleeps in Jove's hand. Yet Jove reigns on in heaven."

Such was the song that from beyond that wall
Girdling the palace pleasaunce swelled what time
Zoe awoke, till then sleep's lovely thrall,
And marked the splendors of the dewy prime
Brightening the arras nymphs beyond her bed;
Upright she sat, and propped a listening head.

She listened as the choral echo rang
Lessening from stem to stem, from stone to stone;
Then rose, and, tossing wide the casement, sang
In briefer note a challenge of her own:
"Ye honor still the old Faith—when dead condole it—
That Faith was Greek, my masters! Rome but stole it!'

That Faith was hers in childhood; threads thereof
Still gleamed 'mid all those golden tissues woven
Which decked her fancy's world of thought and love:
Her conscience clung to Truths revealed, heart-proven:
Her fancy struck no root into the true,
A rock-flower fed on ether and on dew.

She had a pagan nurse and Christian mother:
That mother taught her girl the Christian Creed;
She learned it, she believed: yet scarce could smother
Memories, first learned, of heathen race and breed
Which, claiming to be legend only, won
Perchance more credence as exacting none.

Circled by pagans, she their rites derided:
The Christian Faith, that only, she revered;
Yet oft, at Christian hearths, with sceptics sided:
Sacred Religion less she loved than feared,
Still muttering sadly; "Easy 'tis, I wean,
To dread the Unknown, but hard to love the Unseen."

Stronger she was in intellect than spirit;
In intellect's self less strong than keen and swift:
Immeasurable in beauty, interest, merit
To her was Nature's sphere; but hers no gift
To roam through boundless empires of the Soul:
She craved the definite path, not distant goal.

Seldom the girl's unlovelier moods looked forth
When first she housed in that Euphemian home
So rich in loftiest reverence, lowliest worth:
The stately ways of Apostolic Rome
Still met her there, and steadied and upraised:
A part of heaven she saw where'er she gazed.

And deeplier yet her better spirit was moved
When, by Aglaë led, she trod those spots
Where bled the martyrs. Oft, torch-lit, they roved
Those dusky ways, like sea-wrought caves and grots,
Rome's subterranean city of the tombs,
This hour her noblest boast—the Catacombs.

The soundless floors with blood-stains still were red:
Still lay the martyr in sepulchral cell,
The ensanguined vial close beside his head,
"In pacé" at his feet. Ineffable
That peace around: the pictured walls confessed
Its source divine in emblems ever blessed.

Here the "Good Shepherd" on His shoulder bare
The sheep long lost. The all-wondrous Eucharist
Was symboled near. Close-bound in grave-clothes, there
Lazarus stood up beneath the eye of Christ:
Below his gourd the Prophet bowed his head,
Prophet unweeting of the Three-days-Dead.

Among the Roman martyrs two there were
Whom most the Greek in wonder venerated,
Cecilia and her spouse, that wedded pair
Who lived their short, glad life like spirits mated
And, hand in hand, passed to the Crucified:
"Oh, how unlike Aspasia!"—Zoe cried.

Yet to her heart dearer Saint Agnes was,
That lamb immaculate of the Roman fold,
So happy to her Lord, so young to pass,
By Him so fenced from stain! Ah! meek as bold,
With fleece of lambs before thine altar blessed
The shepherds of God's flock this day are dressed!

One morn, from these returned, Aglaë spake;
"Husband, bestow this maiden on thy son!
She loves our martyrs: that high love will make
Their marriage blest and holy!" It was done:
By parents at that time were bridals made
In Rome. Alexis heard them and obeyed.

Zoe at first felt angry: thus she mused:
"Unsued, and scarce consulted, to be wed!"
She mused again; this marriage, wisely used,
May lift once more my country's fallen head:
That was my dream since childhood: till I die
There stands my purpose: now the means are nigh."

Such was the leaning of her deeper nature;
To some she seemed a Muse: to sterner eyes
A Siren to be dreaded: but the creature
Beneath her sallies gay and bright disguise
Was inly brave and serious, strong and proud:
A child of Greece, to that sad mother vowed.

Betrothed they were what time the earlier snows
Whitening Soracte's scalp were caked with frost:
The marriage was postponed till April's close,
Then later till the Feast of Pentecost.
Meantime they met not oft. The youth had still
High tasks—he loved all duties—to fulfil.

Zoe thenceforth was welcomed more and more
In all the Roman houses of old fame;
Welcomed by pagans most: they set great store
Upon her thoughtful wit and Attic name,
And learned, with help from her, to read with ease
The songs of Sappho and Simonides.

Among them ranged a dame right eloquent
  On all the classic myths of ancient days:
In each she found unrecognized intent
  Occult, and oft her jetty brows would raise
Much wondering how a child of Academe
Could slight Greek wisdom for a Hebrew dream.

Her spouse had been a Flamen sleek and soft,
  Rome's chief of heathen priests. "His prison-bars
Are burst at last!" that widow clamoured oft:
  "Released, that great one walks among the stars!"
Light-fingered thus, the well-trained Sophists stole
From Truth a part;—assailed therewith the whole.

With her the Athenian strove that perilous season,
  Most confident belike when certain least.
A perilous staff, for such, is boastful reason;
  On that whene'er she leaned her doubts increased;
The Catacombs propped best a faith unstable:
She said, "Those dear ones died not for a fable."

A help beside 'gainst unbelieving sin
  Illumed her pathway. 'Twas the heaven-lit face
Of him, her destined husband. None therein
  Might gaze nor gather thence a healing grace;
Round him he breathed Faith's sweet yet strengthening
    clime,
Like sea-winds sent o'er hills of rock and thyme.

He spake: at once the girl with instinct keen
  Felt that he told of things to him well known,
And for an hour through God's high worlds unseen
  She walked as one who sees. But when alone
Faith lacked what Love Divine alone can lend her:
Her nature, though impassioned, was not tender.

Her mental powers were wide and far of gaze;
  Ardent her heart, profound, but yet confined:
Her sympathies walked firm on solid ways
  But cast no gladsome pinions on the wind,
Felt not the gravitation from above:
The depths they knew, but not the heights of love.

Not less huge powers of love in her had dwelt
Unknown, long checked like tarns on hillsides stayed
By bars of ice no April airs can melt:
In vain her country's sons their court had paid:
She spurned them: Greece lay bound, a spoil, a jest;
They in her degradation acquiesced.

Her Roman suitors she had spurned yet more,
Save one: she saw in each her country's foe.
That one, strange nurseling of a mystic lore,
Was brave as wise, and just to high and low:
The ice had burst: the torrent took its way:
"How slowly comes," she thought, "this marriage-day!"

She loved Alexis well: he loved her better;
Better, not more. She loved with all her heart;
He with a portion, for he brooked no fetter
That bound his spirit to earth. To her a part
He gave in his large being—not the whole;
'Tis thus they love whose love is of the soul.

Ofttimes when most she loved she scorned to show it,
Deeming her love repaid by his but half:
Ofttimes she wept; but, fearing he should know it,
Drank down her tears, or praised with petulant laugh
What least he loved; or curtsied in her spleen
Passing the fane, still thronged, of beauty's Queen.

Sometimes, approaching Constantine's huge piles
That lifted o'er vast courts their shadowing span
As o'er dusk waters frown Egean isles,
The Lateran Mother-Church, or Vatican,
She seemed to see them not; but stooped and raised
A violet from the grass, and kissed and praised.

He judged her not, yet mused in boding thought:
"This marriage—will it help this orphan maid?"
The answer followed plain: "I never sought
The tie. My parents willed it: I obeyed:
If they have erred, in time a hand more high
Will point my way. Till then no choice have I."

More seldom still they met: but when they met
  Airs as from heaven played on her spirit's chords;
And seldom if he spake, with eyes tear-wet
  She sighed: "A man is he of deeds, not words!"
Poor child! She guessed not 'twas her wayward will
Slighting the themes he loved that held him silent still.

She knew him not; his parents but in part:
  They wist not this, that, though to seats divine
Great Love at times can lift the earthly heart,
  To hearts enskied as oft it means decline.
Their course was well-nigh run, their heaven nigh gained;
One sole temptation—and its cure—remained.

The marriage morn had come. At faith's high call
  Ere sunrise yet the dewy groves had dried
The youth was praying in a chapel small
  That stood retired by Tiber's streaming tide;
Though dull the morn, the boats with flags were gay:
A pagan Feast they kept—Rome's natal day.

Returning from that church, the youth observed
  That 'mid these boats white-winged, and by the bank,
A bark lay moored where Tiber seaward curved;
  It bore no flag; its sails were black and dank—
A stern sea-stranger, silent, sad, alone;
A raven 'mid bright birds of dulcet tone.

Down from that sable bark there moved a man
  With sun-burnt brow, worn cheek, and sad, dark eyes:
He to the youth made way, and thus began:
  "A sailor I, and live by merchandise:
I seek Laodicea: from her shore
Edessa may be reached in three days more.

"There, in her church who bore the Lord of all,
  Abides for aye that 'Venerable Face'
Which, like those shadows Apostolical
  That healed the sick, fill all that land with grace.
Thou know'st not of that mystery. Give ear!
Elect are they who hold that picture dear.

"When Christ, Who died for Man, by slow degrees
Bearing His Cross ascended Calvary,
O'er-spent at last He sank on both His knees:
Then of the Holy Women clustering nigh
One forward stept. Above that Face, bedewed
With blood, she pressed her veil, and weeping stood.

"Since then abides upon that Veil all-blest
The Sacred Image of that Face Divine
Thereon that hour by miracle impressed:
Some see it not. Who see it never pine
Thenceforth for earthly goods. True merchant he
Who all things sells for one. This night embark with me!"

"This is my wedding-day," the youth replied:
Then round them closed seafarers loud of cheer,
And severed was that Stranger from his side:
Through all their din thenceforth he seemed to hear
Sad memory's iteration wearisome,
"Wedded am I: therefore I cannot come."

Entering his ancient home in troubled thought,
Once more he heard, "He who great wealth hath won,
Let that man live as pilgrims who have naught;
The wedded man as he who wife hath none"—
Words heard at Mass the morning of that Feast
Whereon that bride had landed from the East.

He raised his eyes: changed was his Father's house:
Euphemian thus had sworn: "For one day more
Let vanished times return; the frank carouse;
The harps and dances of our Rome of yore.
Rome reverenced marriage once: this marriage long
Shall record boast in Roman tale and song."

Where was it now, that rust which long had covered
The arms of Consuls famed in days that were?
Banners as old as Cannæ swung and hovered
Shifting with gusts of laughter-shaken air;
And on the walls hung faded tapestries old
Still Greek in thought though dimmed by moth and mould.

Here shone the Huntress Maid: the crescent gleam
  Brightening her brow, the Radiance disarrayed
Whitened with imaged shape the forest stream:
  There Galatea with sea-monsters played;
The self-same breeze that landward o'er the rocks
Waved the dark pine blew far her refluent locks.

Not far stood Pallas wrought in stone. That eye
  Levelled beneath strong brows and helmèd crest
Though stern, looked forth in wisdom clear and high:
  The Gorgon Mask lay moveless on a breast
That ne'er had heaved with love or shook with fear;
High up her hand sustained that steadying spear.

The art was Christian oft. The Martyr Boy
  Blessed Sebastian, pierced by arrows, stood
In maid-like and immaculate beauty. Joy
  Illumed his front, though dying, unsubdued:
And well those lifted eyes discerned in heaven
That Face the Proto-Martyr hailed—Saint Stephen.

Tables there were of sandal-wood carved quaintly
  By fingers lean of cedar-shaded Ind,
Embossed with emblems, shapes grotesque yet saintly;
  And gods Egyptian, taloned, winged or finned;
And ivory cabinets with ebon barred,
Musk-scented, pale with pearl, and opal-starred.

Here glittered caskets, gifts of Afric kings;
  Gold goblets, pledge from satraps of the East;
Huge incense-burning lamps on demon wings
  Suspense, for rites of funeral or feast;
And shells for music strung and bows for war,
Fantastic toys, tribute from regions far.

Mosaic pavements glistened, deftly studded
  With Sphinx, or Zodiac-Beast, or Hieroglyph,
As oft with Lotos blossom. Leaned, new-budded,
  The April Almond from his shaggy cliff,
Or rained red flakes on Ocean's blameless daughters
Oaring their placid way o'er purple waters.

The nuptial rite was brief; the banquet long,
For many a gray-haired noble told his tale,
And many a youthful minstrel sang his song;
Some marked a trembling in the bride's white veil,
But on her long-lashed lids there hung no tear;
Flushed was her cheek; her voice was firm and clear.

Within a tent upon that bowery level
Whose tallest palm-grove crowned Mount Aventine,
Hour after hour rang out that ardent revel,
While flashed above it many a starry sign;
Untired that Bride danced on; beneath the shade
The night-bird sang to listening youth and maid.

Alexis moved amid the throng, heart-sore,
Yet courteous to each guest. Pastimes like these
His eyes had never looked upon before;
Now seeing, he misliked them. Ill at ease,
One voice he heard 'mid all that ceaseless hum;
"I have a Wife; therefore I cannot come."

Far down, where Tiber caught the white moonshine,
He heard, though faint, that hymn at morning sung,
More near, the opprobrious verses Fescennine
Trolled by boy pagans as their nuts they flung:
He sought the house, passed to its farthest room,
Lit by one lamp that scarcely pierced the gloom.

Within that room was one sole occupant;
He stood beneath that lamp; its downward shade
Clasped the tall form, and on him seemed to plant
A dusky cowl. Half-wondering, half-dismayed,
The youth gazed on him: recognized at last
The Stranger seen that morning near him passed.

Alexis stood as stands a man in trance:—
Then dawned on him a vision sad, sublime:
No more the marriage pomp, the feast, the dance,
No more that sable bark and matin prime:
Centuries rolled back; there hung before his eye
The Saviour, crowned with thorn, and Calvary.

That Saviour looked upon him. In his heart
Plainly he heard: "Edessa—meet Me there;
There bide with Me alone; and thence depart
When I that sow, My harvest home shall bear.
Those three thou lov'dst on earth in days of old
Shall then be thine—and Mine—in love tenfold."

The Vision faded; lightest steps he heard,
And, wreathed with rose, the Bride before him stood
Warm from the dance, and blithesome as a bird.
He spake: "Fear naught! What God decrees is good."
Within her hand he placed a ring, and said:
"Farewell! Wear this till many years are fled.

"Farewell! Live thou in Faith and Innocence:
Farewell! God calls me to a far-off land;
But He will lead me back Who bids me hence,
And draw us near; and yet between us stand.
Farewell, poor child!" He passed into the night,
And soon was hidden wholly from her sight.

When the next morn had changed dark skies to grey
They found her with wide eyes and lips apart
Standing, a statue wreathed, in white array;
One wedded hand was pressed against her heart;
One clasped a ring. "'Tis time to sleep," she said;
"Lay the poor Bride—'tis late—upon her bed."

End of Part II.

HUMAN AUTHORITY IN THE CHURCH.

UNDER the term "human authority" we include everything of the nature of testimony or doctrinal teaching not covered by the divine warrant of infallibility, co-existing and subordinate to her divine authority, in the church; and worthy, in some sense, to determine in accordance with the dictates of reason and faith the mental assent of the individual believer and the common assent of the faithful.

The authority is *human*, because the credibility which belongs to it is founded on human testimony and other reasons lying entirely within the scope of human faculties of cognition. It is *authority*, not because of a legitimate dominion over free volitions and outward acts, but because it furnishes a criterion to the judgment of an individual mind on the truth, which criterion is external to the individual himself and superior, in some respects, to any interior, private criterion of his own. It does not supplant the interior criterion, but in certain respects supplements, extends, gives increased sanction to, and liberates from many accidents causing error in the use of, this inward, personal rule of judgment and intellectual assent. The trustworthiness of the external criterion is, however, dependent from the unerring accuracy of the interior criterion, considered as it is in ideal human nature, and in individual men so far as their condition and operation are natural and normal.

This criterion is a principle of certitude according to which the intellect operates in making judgments. It is *evidence*—that is, the intrinsic intelligibility of truth apprehended by the mind. "Objectively, it is the universal criterion of truth."* Being universal, necessary, infallible, *in itself*, when, and in so far as, it is apprehended by an intelligent subject, it is *in him*, an infallible rule, and judgments made by its exact measure are unerring, may be known to be true without any fear of error. Subjectively, it is a criterion of truth universal in respect to the thinking individual—that is, an actual measure of all the truth he does know, and a possible measure of all he can know, in a natural way Ignorance of some truths may affect the minds of men, as a limitation or as a defect. In such case the criterion is, so far, unavailable. But *error* is an accident. It is true that the human

* Russo, S.J., *Summ. Philos.*, p. 112.

mind is fallible, in this sense: that being limited, and, in respect to things whose evidence does not necessarily determine its assent, subject to the influence of the will, which may pervert its action, it can in some things err by making imprudent and false judgments.* But judgments based on sensible cognition, when the senses are in a due condition and rightly used, cannot be, *of their own nature*, erroneous. The intellective faculty is exempt from all error in immediate judgments, in strictly logical deductions from known truths, and in acts of reflective consciousness. There is, therefore, a kind of immunity from error which is a proper quality and perfection of the human mind, giving it a limited participation of the limitless infallibility of God, yet not excluding an accidental liability to error, which often results in actual errors of many kinds.

It is not altogether incorrect to call this limited, human participation in the divine infallibility by the name of human infallibility. It is, however, better not to use this epithet excepting in respect to the supernatural immunity from all accidental error within the sphere of divine revelation, which is a grace and gift of the Holy Spirit.

Such as it is, and by whatever name it is called, it breeds *science*, in the strict and proper sense of that term. From science proceeds human *faith*, which is an assent of the mind crediting what is attested to it as the science or knowledge of other minds. Authority is something resulting from the science and veracity of those to whom credence is given, which conciliates the assent of those who give this credence. All society rests on this sort of credence given to credible attestation of facts and other verities, knowable in themselves and known *to some* directly, but received on their authority *by others*, even, to a great extent, by mankind generally. The physical sciences, among other things, rest on this basis. It is in respect to facts and truths which are disclosed by the testimony of God that the highest and most absolute belief-worthiness is justly and necessarily to be affirmed, and these are the objects of *divine faith*.

We may here repeat what has been already once said: that the belief-worthiness of God springs from his essential truth in being, knowing, and making known as much as he chooses to testify by revelation. The criterion of truth in God is evidence. His infinite being is in itself intelligible in an equal ratio to its real existence, in the act of infinite intelligence. That is, God, who is the origin and measure of all the knowable, is *evident* to

* Ibid. p. 102.

himself, and this evidence includes all the real and the possible, the truth of which has its foundation in the divine essence and intelligence. That which God makes evident to a created mind, by giving it an intellect after the likeness of his own intelligence, and setting it face to face with its proper object, is not received by faith in God's veracity, but by a light which gives a certain participated vision of truth in the eternal divine reasons themselves. Here, also, the criterion of truth is evidence. That which God discloses by revelation is apprehended, first, by the motives of credibility, then by evidence of the true sense of the revelation, finally by perception of the truth of what is revealed, not in itself, as self-evident, but in the veracity of God. In this case the rational motive for the judgment that it is reasonable to give absolute assent to a truth, even though in itself it be inevident to the mind, is, that it is certainly known to be evident to God who reveals it.

In the case of human faith, the belief-worthiness of the human witness, whether an individual or a collection of individuals considered as a moral person, consists in the qualification of the witness as one who has evidence of something, which he is known to attest veraciously.

That evidence is the criterion of the truth which the mind knows by the operation of its own faculties of cognition, is a statement needing no further explication.

The point we make is, that evidence is always the criterion of truth, in respect to every kind of undoubting assent. It is evidence, either immediately to the mind which assents, or mediately by the appropriation of the evidence which is immediate to one or more other minds, human or divine. In the latter case, that of mediate evidence, the appropriation of the science of another mind is by evidence that the science exists in its own proper subject and is truly communicated. Evidence is therefore, objectively, the universal criterion of truth, and it is the subjective criterion either immediately or mediately. In the last analysis it is the interior criterion which is the measure and test of subjective truth—that is, of the correspondence of the intellectual concept to the objective reality.

The object of all this reasoning is to show how all the kinds of knowledge we possess are indissolubly bound together, and must stand or fall in company. It is to show how dangerous the diminishing or questioning of the certitude of either the direct and immediate knowledge of the mind, or its knowledge through human testimony or through divine testimony, is to the certi-

tude of the other terms; how science, human faith, and divine faith are all shaken and undermined when any one of them has its foundations weakened. At whatever point the principle of scepticism is applied, it is *evidence*, the universal criterion of truth, which is attacked; and if this rule is weakened or broken in any part it has lost its value, wholly or partially, throughout. Scepticism logically tends to become from partial universal, and to subvert everything in the order of pure reason, of human and of divine faith. Reason and revelation, science and faith, human testimony and divine testimony, cannot therefore be dissociated, set in mutual opposition, separately established and defended, or separately assaulted and overthrown, as if their causes were independent of each other or in conflict one with the other. An effort to demolish rational science and leave faith standing is a chimerical project. For reason is the soil or rocky substratum on which the foundations of the whole structure of faith rest. An endeavor to overturn the Cyclopean edifice of faith, and leave rational science immovably secure, is an equally futile purpose. For its foundations are so vast and solid that a force mighty enough to dislodge them could only be a subterranean convulsion, rending in pieces and submerging the strata of science and history, from the highest to the lowest.

Evidence and authority cannot, therefore, be set in absolute contrast to each other as two perfectly separate and different criteria of different kinds of truth.

Authority, in the sense in which we are using the term, is not, we must repeat, a right of command proceeding from dominion, but "that which conciliates faith to the witness is called authority, which results from the knowledge and veracity of the witnesses, otherwise expressed, from the fact that the witnesses know and speak the truth."* God is the author, and his intellect is the measure, of all our intellectual and rational cognitions. He gives the law to our minds by giving them light, and vision of intellectually visible—that is, intelligible—objects. He is the author and the giver of our faith, and he makes the objects of our faith belief-worthy by giving light to the intellect. This light makes the objects of faith sufficiently intelligible for an act of rational assent. *Morale est omnibus, ut qui fidem exigit fidem astruat.* Whoever exacts faith must furnish a reason for faith. God observes this rule, and, of course, men, whether divinely-commissioned witnesses and teachers or not, must observe it.

* Russo, p. 117. This compendium is referred to in respect to this whole matter, as the latest and most convenient.

But how, then, are intellectual and rational beings responsible to God for any mental acts of assent or dissent? For those which are involuntary and necessary they are not, since these have no moral quality. But for those which are voluntary and not necessary—that is, in some way depend from *free* acts of the will—the creature is responsible to the Creator, by reason of his absolute dominion over him. He may be responsible also to men who have a delegated and limited dominion over him. The will is directly subject to dominion, and indirectly the intellect, within the sphere of the moral order and moral law. There are many obligations and duties respecting the right use of the intellect, and in relation to truth which is known or knowable, springing from the natural law, and others springing from positive divine law. Those which are terminated to the divine, infallible authority of the Catholic Church, and to every other authority lawfully constituted in the same, begin with the first proposition of the church to the mind which suffices to make inquiry into her claims obligatory on the conscience. They are perfected when an individual has a sufficient rational motive for the judgment that the church has the divine authority which she claims. As soon as the rational motive is perceived, the recognition of the infallible authority becomes strictly obligatory, even by virtue of the natural law. When the infallible authority is recognized, it is plain that assent to everything which it is certainly known to propose, within the sphere of its authority, is demanded by reason and conscience, and is instantly obligatory, without any further examination of the reasons and grounds of credibility which is *dubitative;* though examination for the confirmation of belief and clearer understanding of its objects may be pursued indefinitely.

Our Lord Jesus Christ is the only human Teacher who is infallible in all things, without limitation, by reason of his divinity. One who knew him to be so would want no other reason for assenting to whatever he might affirm in regard to any matter whatsoever, other than his simple word. To refuse or suspend assent would be foolish as well as morally wrong. He did not, however, make use of his universal knowledge in teaching, except to a limited extent, in accordance with the intention and scope of his divine mission. He it is, present by his Holy Spirit in the church, who is the source of her infallibility, given and brought into exercise in a certain measure determined by his own wisdom. Enough for our present purpose has been said in a former article respecting this infallible authority of the church.

At present we are only paving the way to a consideration of authorities not infallible. In view of this it is important to observe that infallibility is not always and absolutely necessary to belief-worthiness. It is not necessary to the certitude of immediate judgments or rational conclusions that the mind should be endowed with such a perfection of intelligence and knowledge as to secure its immunity from all limitations of ignorance and every accident of error. Neither is it necessary to possess this immunity in order that an individual person, or a collective moral person, may be a belief-worthy witness. In certain instances we can know that we are not ignorant and not in error. Others may be sure of the same in respect to our knowledge, and may also be sure of our veracity, and thus sure of our belief-worthiness and secure in their assent to the truth which we attest. Thus we can be sure of the primary truths of natural theology, of the motives of credibility of Christianity, of the divine institution and authority of the church, of the actual contents of the creed, of the purport of the decrees of the Council of Trent. We may be sure that the church teaches infallibly, and sure that she teaches certain doctrines as articles of faith, without being ourselves infallible.

Revelation is not *absolutely* necessary for teaching doctrinal and ethical truths which are not above and beyond reason; but only *morally* necessary for teaching them completely, easily, and to all men; and in respect to some truths, either in general or in respect to some persons, with more certainty. Revelation is absolutely necessary to the knowledge of mysteries, or truths above and beyond reason. The original source of revelation must be an absolutely infallible authority. The revelation itself must be attested and accredited in such a way that those to whom it is proposed can have a certitude excluding all reasonable doubt or fear concerning all which they are required to believe on the veracity of the divine testimony.

It is not essentially and absolutely necessary that dogmas of faith should be received through the medium of a teaching church which is known to be infallible. The infallibility of the Catholic Church is *morally* necessary for the fulfilment of the purposes for which it was established. Its infallible teaching is the *ordinary* medium through which the minds of men are brought into contact with the veracity of God, which is the formal motive of assent to revealed truths as revealed.

The entire contents of God's word to men, as contained in Scripture and tradition, are not, however, explicitly declared, de-

fined, and taught by the teaching church—either by her ordinary magistracy or by her solemn decrees and judgments—as they exist in their formal essence of revealed truth, or *à fortiori* as they are virtually a criterion of doctrinal and moral truths of an inferior order. God has made his revelation, from the time of Adam to the time of the Apostle St. John, in such a way that the manifestation of the truth which is either necessary or highly important, according to the difference of times, in respect to the chief end of man, has always been clear. Some parts of it, however, which did not become matters of general explicit faith during the pre-Christian period, remained obscure until Christ and the apostles made them clear. The clearly-revealed truths have been in certain respects more distinctly and in others more confusedly manifested, but never so fully as to give an *adequate* knowledge of all that is explicitly and implicitly contained, much less of what is virtually contained, in the entire word of God. This divine word, which received continual augmentations until the series of inspired prophets was completed, is in part a distinct but inadequate, in part a clear but confused, in part an obscure testimony of God to men in respect to a vast system of truth, whose lower portion is within, while its higher region is above the scope of natural knowledge and reason. It is all, to its minutest parts, *in itself*, of faith—that is, worthy of absolute, undoubting belief, on the veracity of God. But it is of faith, *in respect to us*, only in so far as its meaning is understood and known, or may and ought to be understood and known, with certainty. That which the church teaches and imposes upon all the faithful as of faith, and that alone, is of *Catholic* faith. If one be otherwise certain respecting some part of it which is not of Catholic faith, it is to him of *divine* faith, though it is not so to others who are not certain. Beyond the region of certitude there is another more extensive domain of probability, whose outermost bounds insensibly fade away into the conjectural and the unknowable.

It would be impossible that the magnificent concepts given to the human intellect by revelation should remain in it as mere formulas, propositions closed by their own terms, and handed down, like precious heirlooms, from generation to generation. The light which Jesus Christ cast upon the mind, and the sparks of divine fire which he dropped into the heart, of regenerated humanity, awakened the Christian intellect and inflamed the Christian will to a superhuman activity. Faith informed by love was a vital, energizing principle, rousing up the soul to pursue wisdom and virtue with untiring ardor. Faith seeking under-

standing, for the sake of the knowledge itself, and for the sake of convincing, persuading, enlightening mankind, vindicating and defending the truth, refuting error and overcoming unbelief, has made the church and a great number of her members quick with intellectual life. This vitality has produced growth, development, progress in faith and science. The original principles, articles, dogmas of the faith, clearly revealed and explicitly believed, always, everywhere, and by all, have developed into more distinct formal concepts, or at least more precisely-defined verbal expressions. Implicit doctrines of divine faith have been defined as dogmas of Catholic faith. Determinations of Catholic doctrine in matters connected with and related to the faith have been made as a protection to its dogmas. Thus the great structure of the solemn, infallible teaching of the church has been erected and augmented, and is capable of still greater augmentation, under the direction of the Holy Spirit, controlling and assisting successive popes and councils in the exercise of their supreme office.

All this is to be said of Catholic faith and doctrine as taught and held through the ordinary infallible magistracy of the diffused episcopate under its supreme head, so far as this is identical with that which is taught and held through solemn declarations and judgments of the same authority, or preceding and giving rise to them, or being more extensive and comprehensive than they are. Active infallibility in teaching, passive infallibility in holding and professing, either explicitly or implicitly, all truth manifested through divine revelation, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, are perpetual and universal endowments of the Catholic Church, always in exercise, producing continual progress and development in the divine wisdom.

We come now to the principal question of discussion and its principal difficulty. For, namely, as the teaching church in its diffusion has no universal organ distinct from the *Cathedra Petri* in the Roman Church and œcumenical councils, its *ordinary* infallible magistracy has only the medium of particular organs through which it can be exercised. These are not endowed with infallibility. Particular churches, among which the great apostolic sees are pre-eminent; bishops, each of whom is pastor, teacher, and judge in his own diocese; provincial and still larger particular councils; the Fathers and Doctors of the church—none of them, singly and by themselves, are infallible. It is, therefore, necessary to admit that there are authorities in the church, subordinated to the divine authority of the church, to which not

only exterior respect but interior submission of the mind is due. We have already said—and the saying is borrowed from theologians and philosophers of the highest character—that the media through which the mind apprehends with certainty the teaching of infallible authority, even the teaching of God himself, and bases its assent finally on the divine veracity, need not be infallible—that is, exempt from all liability to the accident of error. It is enough that we know by faculties which do not err by their own nature, and which we can know in particular cases not to err actually from accidental causes, or through the testimony of witnesses evidently competent and veracious and therefore belief-worthy, that the infallible church teaches some doctrine, that God has revealed some truth. The individual judgment can be unerring, the testimony or judgment of the witness, or collection of witnesses, can be unerring and known to be so; so that reasonable doubt or fear of the contrary is excluded by the exclusion of the causes and occasions of error. I am not exempt from all liability to fall out of window. But I am not in danger of falling out while I sit here. I am not exempt from all liability to error, but there are many things in respect to which I know there can be no danger that I may be in error in respect to my judgments. Some of these are wholly or in part beliefs on testimony—that is, on authority. It has been said above that the exterior criterion of truth found in authority, in some respects and in relation to some things, liberates the mind from accidents causing error in the use of its interior criterion; which is equivalent to saying that we sometimes have better evidence from authority than we can have in these cases from our personal cognizance of the thing. The accidental causes of error are different in separate individuals, in diverse times and circumstances. Some one person, for particular reasons, may be a witness who cannot be supposed to be deceived or to practise deception, in such a way that his testimony is better evidence of truth than that of a crowd of witnesses not so competent and credible, or any evidence which can be had by personal investigation. Generally speaking, a collection of such credible witnesses makes a stronger authority than one, an authority more entirely belief-worthy.

To apply this to the matter of the authority of the Fathers and Doctors of the church. One of them may have, as a witness to the Catholic faith and teaching, in some respects, a kind of dominant authority, exceeding that of a number of others. In general their concurrence in testimony gives it the greatest pos-

sible weight. For it cannot have any other cause and sufficient reason except the universally-diffused teaching and belief of the church. It is based on the infallible doctrine of the prophets and apostles, contained in the canonical Scriptures and in Catholic tradition. In it the teaching of the church by her ordinary magistracy finds a voice and an expression which takes a scientific form in the writings of the great Doctors and of the eminent, standard theologians who elaborate and arrange in systematic order the matter which is furnished by the Fathers and Doctors. The science of theology draws also from every natural source of knowledge, from philosophy in particular; it makes inferences and deductions, constructs arguments and theories, investigates all the traces of truth in every direction; and on the basis of faith it erects a vast structure which is continually enlarging its dimensions, finishing more minutely its details, and decorating its spaces. It is a human work, having a human authority. Its authors, even though they be popes and bishops, are private doctors, not having the infallibility of prophets, apostles, popes teaching *ex cathedrâ*, and the collective episcopate, or even a divine commission to teach in this particular way. Their works have, however, the approbation of the Holy See and the church in general, or at least some official approbation which suffices to give them less or more credit up to the very highest which uninspired human writings can deserve. They have also as their substance the doctrines of divine revelation contained in the written and unwritten word of God. Catholic theology is not the word of God, but it may be called, to use a rabbinical expression, "the daughter of the word." We cannot accommodate the rabbinical saying, "Water is all Bible-lore, but Mishna is pure wine," to Catholic theology; but we may say that Bible-lore and apostolic teaching are pure wine, and Catholic theology wine and water. There is divine and there is human doctrine in it. The divine doctrine is, of itself, of faith. The human has certitude or probability, and a proportionate authority.

The doctrinal teaching of bishops, of particular councils, of the Roman congregations, of the Sovereign Pontiffs when they are not judging or teaching *ex cathedrâ*, may be only a repetition and an inculcation of that which is manifestly pertaining to faith or Catholic doctrine. Or, especially in the case of decisions emanating from the Holy See, such official doctrine, though not manifestly beforehand pertaining to the infallible teaching of the church, may become manifested as such by tacit or express consent and adhesion of the universal church.

Of themselves these dogmatic decrees are not final, irreformable, infallible judgments, though they are authentic and possessed of official authority.

The duty of all Catholics in respect to these ecclesiastical decisions is thus explained by Hurter, who follows in the main the leading of Cardinal Franzelin:

"The assent to be rendered to a judgment either of an infallible teaching authority which nevertheless is not exercising its infallibility (for some one who possesses some kind of power does not and need not always use it *according to its whole intensity*), or of an authority not infallible, is not required to be *absolutely* undoubting and in the highest degree firm. But it does not therefrom follow that it is lawful for the faithful to *indulge at pleasure* an interior doubt, to withhold interior assent, to observe merely a respectful silence; for unless we wish to subvert the entire moral and social and even the rational order, we must admit *several kinds* of internal assent which can hold a position between the assent which is indubious, firm above all things, infallible, and the state of doubt.

"Of what kind the assent ought to be cannot, however, easily be *generically* defined, for this depends from various adjuncts and the form of the judgment. . . . It is the duty of good children of the church not to speak openly against the judgment of this authentic but not infallible tribunal, but to preserve a respectful silence; it is, secondly, their duty to render an *internal* assent and conform their own judgment to it; and, thirdly, the firmness of the internal assent will depend from the greater or lesser official authority of the teaching, and from the greater or lesser presumption of the consent of the supreme and infallible authority with the teaching in question. But if *grave* and solid reasons should occur to the mind of a Catholic, especially such as are *theological*, which tend to the contrary side, it would be lawful for him to suspect, to doubt, to make his assent conditional, and even to hold it in suspense, until the consent of the universal church or of the Roman pontiff should become manifest; hence also it is lawful to appeal to *a higher tribunal*—viz., either to a council or to the Roman pontiff. Yet, although the judgment of such an authority not infallible may not always furnish *objective* security, it furnishes in general *subjective* security, inasmuch as it is *safe* to all to embrace it; and *it is not safe*, neither can violation of the duty of submission toward a divinely-constituted magistracy be avoided if it is done, to refuse to admit the decrees of such an authority. This can be so much the more readily admitted since, on account of the *entire* subjection of the faithful under the authority of the infallible magistracy, all assent given to judgments and declarations of a fallible authority is *habitually*, *equivalently*, or *interpretatively conditioned*, although, so long as no grave and prudent reason for doubting occurs, it puts on an absolute form." *

A thorough elucidation of all this would take too long. We will only pick out one or two points, so that by the help of these we may bring our discussion to a distinct term and a practical conclusion.

* *Compend. Theol.*, tom. i. tr. iv. *De Fid. Reg.*, Num. 468.

One point is, that judgments of an *authority* not infallible, like individual judgments, are not of their own nature uncertain or erring, yet are liable more or less to the *accident* of error. In point of fact, these human authorities in the church have sometimes erred.

As our own private and individual judgment furnishes ordinarily a secure subjective and practical rule, much more these judgments of authority; and as in many cases we can be certain that our private judgments are actually unerring, we can be certain generally, even in all but a few exceptional cases, that these ecclesiastical judgments are unerring.

A second point is that the surest and best protection against errors of any fallible human authority through encroachment on private liberty by extending itself *ultra vires*, going beyond its sphere, or by decisions against truth, is found in a more universal, or a higher, but especially in the divine authority; controlling, if necessary rectifying, the action of inferior magistracies; in the Catholic Church.

Qui fidem exigit fidem astruat. One who exacts the assent of belief if he gives a sufficient reason does not encroach on our liberty. If the reason be insufficient, the exaction of belief is unjust so far as the reason falls short of the assent and submission demanded, and our liberty is encroached upon if hindrances are put in the way of our freedom of dissenting.

It is absurd to speak of any diminution of true and rightful intellectual liberty by any declaration of truth, or any precept concerning our moral duty in respect to it which emanates from legitimate power and does not transcend the preceptive authority of the power. The mind is enchained when error is forced upon it, or truth of which it has no evidence, and when it is unjustly hindered from the pursuit of truth.

No Catholic can maintain or even think that the authority of the church, as it is in itself and of divine institution, correctly understood, lawfully and justly exercised, infringes upon the reasonable liberty of the minds of her children, or opposes the reasonable liberty of the human sciences to expatiate at large, each one in its own domain.

There are differences and discussions at the present time between some Catholic scientists, ecclesiastics as well as laymen, with whom are associated theologians of name and position, on one side; and other theologians of standing and repute on the other side; in which one main point is the delimitation of the territory which is open ground for discussion. The questions in

dispute mostly take their rise from physical sciences, history, archæology, the criticism and interpretation of the Scriptures in regard to these aforementioned matters, and cognate topics. Now, those who claim the larger domain of liberty may accuse those who concede only a smaller domain of encroaching on their free territory, by exacting too much in the name of authority. Certain matters are asserted by them to be still open questions, and they claim for Catholics the liberty of deciding on these respective theories, adopting them if they see reason, discarding them, if at all, on purely scientific grounds, but at all events keeping them intact from any theological censure.

In these controversies those writers who give a greater extension to the boundaries of Catholic faith or doctrine do not appeal to the solemn but to the ordinary *magisterium* of the church, and they derive their arguments against opinions or theories which they oppose from an interpretation of Scripture supported by the patristic and theological tradition. When they go so far as to say that a particular theory contradicts a Catholic dogma and is therefore altogether untenable, it is because they find some respectable theologians affirming that the contradictory of the said theory is a dogmatic truth, on the authority of a consent of Fathers and Doctors, but not on that of a definition of pope or council. In general they do not go so far as this in maintaining their own particular doctrine, but are content to claim for it only a theological certainty or a greater probability.

There is no need that we should make any specification under this generic statement, and none whatever that we should proffer any advice to theologians, who understand perfectly well how to manage their own cause. But to scientists, and those who are specially interested in scientific questions, if they feel themselves obliged to be on the alert against real or supposed efforts to abridge their liberty, we recommend confidence in theology itself as a safeguard against any unjust aggressions of theologians, trust in the wisdom of the church and her supreme doctor and ruler as a sure protection against any infringement of the reasonable liberty of the children of the church, and of science.

Father Walworth, in an article which appeared last year in this magazine, has stated, succinctly and very ably, the impossibility of separating the sciences into little independent principalities, and theology among them.* The attempt ought not to be made, and Catholic scientists will violate their duty if they attempt it. But, besides this, the thing cannot be done. If particular theolo-

* The Catholic World, October, 1884, pp. 11, 12.

gians contravene genuine and sound science, or condemn any scientific theories as heretical or erroneous in faith which are probably not so, they will be opposed by other theologians. If the authority of the Fathers and Doctors and of tradition is unduly applied, and stretched beyond legitimate bounds, by writers whose opinions can be probably regarded as only doctrines of a school, or as belonging to the incidentals and merely human elements of traditional belief, such opinions will not be allowed to pass unquestioned as Catholic doctrine. They will be tested and tried in the most severe manner, and their quality and value ascertained. The disciplinary authority of the church may be exercised, if it seem good to the Holy See to intervene in the discussion. No class of Catholics, even scientists, can claim exemption from this disciplinary authority. There may be even future judgments *ex cathedrâ* by which the Sovereign Pontiff, either with or without an œcumenical council, will define more clearly and distinctly, in reference to some matters of controversy, what is of divine and Catholic faith, or certain by deduction from revealed truths, and therefore, in technical language, *de fide ecclesiasticâ*. If this is done, intellectual liberty will be increased, not diminished, by the liberation of the mind from a part of its liability to error, which is no privilege of liberty, but a defect in it. Theologians and the cultivators of other sciences have one common cause and one common interest—the cause of universal truth. There should be harmony and concurrence among them all. The progress of human science is an object of great importance and interest in the view of all who have an enlightened zeal for the advancement of the kingdom of Christ on the earth and the highest temporal and spiritual welfare of humanity. The reigning Pontiff and the bishops in concurrence with him have exhibited their sense of the great value of human science by their solemn declarations concerning philosophy, and their united, universal efforts to secure its thorough cultivation in all Catholic institutions of learning. Philosophy is a human science, and the queen of sciences. Physical science is one of its provinces, and the cultivation of this part of the general domain has been specially recommended and encouraged. There are particular reasons for this at the present time, and on account of these same reasons Catholic scientists who are thoroughly versed in their branches and are distinguished masters in them are to be held in high honor and esteem and their labors to be estimated as of extreme value.

The founding of new or augmenting of already existing Ca-

tholic universities is a kind of grand and noble undertaking which is engaging at the present time the attention and calling forth the energy of the rulers and leading members of the church to a remarkable degree. The very idea of these universities requires that all branches of knowledge, both sacred and secular, should be cultivated within their precincts. Laymen must be and will be associated with ecclesiastics in their academic boards and faculties. Harmony and concurrence of all toward one end, which is, in respect to the work of instructing pupils, the formation of good and well-educated Catholic clergymen and laymen, require that order should prevail throughout the whole system. There is a rational order reducing the sciences themselves to a harmonious system. There are distinct provinces and realms with their own autonomies, but there is one empire, over which Philosophy reigns as empress in the natural order, subject herself to the spiritual supremacy of Theology. This subordination does not hamper the lawful liberty or true progress of philosophy or any of the inferior sciences. Father Liberatore, one of the eminent philosophers of this half-century, a pioneer in the great work of restoring scholastic philosophy to its ancient and rightful dominion, well expresses the truth in regard to this point:

"Legitimate liberty does not reject all subjection; otherwise God, who alone is altogether possessed of self-dominion and subject to no other, would alone be free. But the freedom of created beings, and of whatever is related to them, demands only that the dominion of every foreign principality to whose control they are not subject by the order of nature should be excluded. Now, what is more agreeable to the order of nature than that fallible reason should obey infallible reason, and that speculations which can by the occasion of human infirmity be affected by falsehood should be aided by the light of those truths which admit no fellowship with anything whatever which is false? The subjection of which we speak imports, however, only so much as this. For it is not exacted that philosophy should want its own proper principles, or be deprived of a sphere of the merely natural order in which it may expatiate without let or hindrance. Nevertheless, it is bound to expatiate within that sphere in such a way as never to contradict the truths of the faith or the conclusions which are thence deduced. If it should do this it would embrace falsehoods as being truths, since nothing but falsehood can ever be contrary to truth. Wherefore it is evident that the subjection of which we speak, so far from hindering, very much aids the advancement of philosophy, there being no progress conceivable which is not in and for the truth.

"This is illustrated by the facts of experience, for philosophy has never received greater augmentations than when it has faithfully ministered to theology; never has it fallen into more degrading errors than when, allured by the desire of an unwholesome liberty, it has withdrawn itself from her light and guardianship."*

* *Inst. Philos.*, Prolegom., sec. iii.

All this is specifically true of the physical sciences, as well as of philosophy in general. Instruction in all branches must, therefore, be subject to ecclesiastical, disciplinary control, especially that of the supreme authority, the Holy See. Otherwise chaos, disorder, and the thwarting of the end for which universities are intended will be the result. In like manner the less formal, unofficial teaching of the doctors in natural philosophy and science, as well as that of doctors in theology, must be subject to the disciplinary control of the authority divinely constituted in the Catholic Church. A disturbance of this order shakes the foundations not only of faith but of science. For there is but one universal objective criterion of truth, and the subjective criteria are all closely associated and intimately joined with each other and with the objective criterion.

THE SATYRS.

THERE lived a hermit in a lonely land,
Who, though he saw the luscious forest growth
And meadow verdure on all sides expand,
Seemed solitary there, a world-lost child,
Dwelling, as man's soul in his body doth,
Lone in a lonely wild.

At night the tall grass in the haunted field
Was trampled by brute-hoofs; a shadowy throng,
With foreheads horned, obscured the moon's broad shield,
That glimmered low, from misty depths arriving;
Rude cries with purer voices mingled long—
Angels with satyrs striving.

At sunset once, across the meadows dim,
Untinged by traces of the sunset fires
Still glowing far away beyond the rim
Of twilight and its dusky peace divine,
He saw, with glittering domes and glimmering spires,
A golden city shine.

SOLITARY ISLAND.

PART FOURTH.

CHAPTER V.

THE TRUTH AT LAST.

FLORIAN resumed professional labors with a zest somewhat keen after his long and odd confinement on Solitary Island. It had been a trying time for him, but he felt that he had come out of those hard circumstances a victor. They had left little trace on him, and he had put the incident of his father's death out of his life as thoroughly as he had shelved the death of his sister, the loss of Ruth, and the late election. Life's busy round was gone over as evenly and as hopefully as if these tragedies had never been. Yet he could not deny that his real self had been held up to him in the quiet of his late retreat more minutely than at any time in the last ten years. He had even come close to admitting the truth of the portrait which nature's mirror presented to him. But it was a little too ghastly for truth, he thought, and he put off an inspection of it until such time as his discerning mind had recovered its nice balance. When that time came he had forgotten it. And, besides, he had to admit to himself that these out-of-the-way events threw a shadow long enough to reach the pleasantest of his days. They were shelved, indeed, but not annihilated. He was human, after all, he said, when a protracted period of restlessness troubled him. With another man it would have been the "blues" or lonesomeness; with him it was an indigestion, or a phenomenon independent of the will. He bore it as evenly and placidly as he bore a rainy day or a vexatious lawsuit. There would be an end to it some time. A calm, steady glance on the road ahead was enough to neutralize the effect of depression. It could not be said that he had a habit of dreaming in the daylight. In studying a political or legal problem he occasionally wandered into unpractical speculations on the incidents or personages of a suit. Not often. Nowadays he fell into a habit of reviewing events connected with his father's mournful history, and of studying those points at which his own and Linda's life had come in contact with the life of the solitary

prince. These reveries had always one unvarying conclusion. Over his face passed that spasm of anguish which twisted the body like the rack, and which had attacked him many times on the island. He blamed the pictures and mementoes in his room for this weakness. There was the painting of the yacht, and Ruth's portrait, and a score of pretty things belonging to that former time. A glimpse of any one of them disturbed him, but he had not the heart to put them away. He was content to await the time when all these things would stand in his memory like distant mountains wrapped in a heavenly mist. He had lost none of his political standing by his defeat, and the Senate was open to him. He had resolved to accept the office. It would be a very quiet affair, and its dulness would be a safe refuge for a vessel without any definite harbor. His love-affairs were not going smoothly, which did not surprise or ruffle him. Barbara was acting oddly. He had said to her a few short, polite words on the general character of her Clayburg visit which were certain to put an end to escapades of that sort. She had a stock of other annoyances, however, and dealt them out carelessly. At an assembly she had chatted much with Rossiter and the count in turn. When he gave her his impressive reasons why she should do these things no more she had laughed at him and done them again. Finally the climax was capped when he encountered the insidious Russian in Barbara's reception-room. It was certainly an odd thing for Florian to show his feeling strongly, but he did so on this occasion. His face paled slightly and a light sweat burst out on his forehead, while the hands hanging at his side shook as if with an ague. He stood in the doorway, unable to move for an instant, his eyes fixed on the count with an expression which frightened Barbara into a faint scream. Vladimir smiled with deep satisfaction, and, bowing politely to the lady, bade her good-morning and withdrew. The scream brought Florian to his senses, and Barbara's pretty and anxious inquiries were met with his usual self-possession.

"My dear," said he—and the little lady recognized the tone very well; it always reminded her of the late visit to Clayburg—"the count is obnoxious to me for the very best reasons. I do not wish to see you and him together again on any occasion. As for coming to your house, it must be his last visit."

"And you were *such* friends!" pouted she. "But I don't care two pins for him, and I think it annoys him so to see us together. You are just a little, a very little, hard, Flory. Confess, now, are you not?"

"Not hard enough for him," the great man said savagely, "there is so much of the devil in him."

Barbara was both curious and venturesome. What was the secret of their mutual dislike? It was something more than mere jealousy, and she would like to know it. Until she found out the cause her intentions were to keep on terms with the count. It would require caution and secrecy. What of that? She was too clever to be caught by such a mass of dignity as her beloved Florian, who was unacquainted with short cuts in life's path, would not take them if he was, and fancied his promised wife fashioned after his ideas. Barbara and the count became quite friendly once more on the understanding that he was to keep out of Florian's way. Every art known to the fair widow was used to win from the count the secret of his broken relations with Florian—which he never told, of course, but amused and revenged himself instead by filling Barbara's mind with wild longings for the title and grandeur to which Florian had so lately resigned the right. He made her believe it quite possible that these things could yet be obtained, and, by picturing the glories of the Russian court, made the life of a senator's wife in Washington appear by contrast a tedious bore. The astute Barbara was caught fast in the trap, and from that moment Florian was beset with artifices and entreaties. She began by pretended delight in Washington life.

"To move in elegant costume at the most select entertainments, leaning on your arm, Florian, will raise me to the topmost height of my ambition. I will be the star of society, the bright, political shrine before which the little men and women—little because of my greatness—will fall and adore. And I shall affect the title of princess, you know, in a quiet way, of course, until people will talk of me by no other name. O Florian! after all, how very tawdry our Washington court must be to that gorgeous one where by right you should be."

"And if I were there," said he, smiling, "you would still be nothing more than the widow Merrion. The prince of the blood would be too far above you to think of marriage."

"How very true!" she said, with a pretty sigh. "Florian, I have a secret to reveal to you."

"I thought you kept your pretty secrets for Father Baretti." And there was a faint touch of scorn in his voice. She pouted.

"That odious man! It is no longer he, but Father Simplicius, who hears my stories about you and other people."

"So you really do believe in what you practise," said Florian

in a cold, indifferent way that would have almost killed Linda to see.

"You will never believe in my sincerity," she replied reproachfully.

"When you dropped the pharisaical sentiment I thought you would drop the religion, too. Well, you are a great improvement on Ruth and—" He could not quite bring himself to utter in cold blood that other name which he had covered with so much shame. Barbara did it for him maliciously.

"And the secret," said she, "was connected with your great title, my prince. I dreamed for a time that I might induce you to give up this tawdry, muddy life in a backwoods country and to go back to Russia. I did so long to be a real princess! But I am sorry for it, and I beg pardon for it a hundred times."

"I have felt it a pity myself," he said, to her intense astonishment, "that the thing could not be done. I am tired of the republic, worn out with disgust—moth-eaten, in fact. Before I resigned my rights the matter was a dangerous possibility; now it is absurd to think of it. Yet I do dream of it sometimes," he added meditatively, "and there is a legal quibble which, apart from justice, renders it feasible. Yet it is absurd."

Her whole body trembled with eagerness.

"What is the quibble?" she said, with assumed indifference.

"Oh! you would not understand it, perhaps, if I told you."

"Try me, Florian—oh! do try me. I love quibbles."

"As you love sweets, without exactly knowing what they are."

"Florian," she said as her eagerness burst bonds, "do take advantage of that quibble and try to win your title. We were not made for this horrid, home-spun American life. I shall just die thinking of what might have been, if you do not make the attempt at least."

He mistook her eagerness for satire and showed her a case-knife.

"Take that," said he, "and stab me to the heart. It is as well to do it now as to wait for a Russian spy to do it for you."

She looked at him and the knife for a few moments, until the meaning broke upon her mind and with it the full malice of the count's late suggestions.

"Do you suppose, my dear," he said, amused at her astonishment, "that if there were a chance of obtaining my title and estates I would hesitate? I got what was possible, and with

that we must be satisfied. An American prince is an oddity. Let us enjoy what glory we may from it."

"Hard fortune, my prince," she replied, with a bitter sob. He was troubled no more with these longings.

Barbara did not, however, give up her pleasant dealings with the count. She enjoyed a petty revenge upon him by allowing him to continue his lectures on the glories of the Russian court, and in return described to him imaginary scenes with Florian in which the latter, for patriotic motives, utterly refused to leave America. It did not take the shrewd Russian long to discover that she was playing with him. Was he always to be the sport of this woman and the politician?

"You are a clever inventor," he said one evening, "and I see that you have discovered me. You are bound to remain in politics, Yankee politics, when it lies in your power to enjoy the refined pleasures of a civilized court. There is no accounting for tastes."

"Is Florian any the less a prince in America?" she asked. "According to your doctrines his blood is as blue and his title as good as any in Europe. With that I am satisfied."

"Always Florian," he said, unable to hide his fiery jealousy. "If you should lose this manly paragon, what then?"

"If!" And she laughed in her exasperating way.

"You are playing with fire, dear lady. You do not know me. I have not given you up. I never will. I can destroy him in a breath, and if you do not take care I *will* destroy him. My mother's prayers have kept me from nothing so far, and I do not suppose they are yet more powerful."

"You are charming, count, when you talk and look like that. How many times have you made the same protestations?"

"Believe me, never before. Barbara, Barbara, you are—"

"There, there, count, do not be unfair. I know all that you would tell me and sincerely believe it. Let us talk of something —well, interesting."

He ground his teeth in silence and asked himself how much longer he would be the scorn of this butterfly.

"If the door opened now to admit your Florian—"

"Always Florian," she interrupted reproachfully.

"In what a position you would be after his commands to you concerning my visits!"

"But he will not open the door, and if he did you would not be found here. The window, these curtains, your honor— what a number of happy circumstances I trust to!"

"Pshaw! what is the matter with me? I have never allowed myself to be led by a string so with any woman. And my hand holding the winning card! One word and Florian would look on you with horror. What is the matter with me that I do not utter it?"

"The matter with you, count," said she, looking at her watch to hide a faint apprehension, "is that you have stayed too long. Now take yourself off while the door is open to you, or you may have to go by the window."

"One word, one little word," said the count, half to himself, "and you are assured to me. I swear my belief that Florian would never wish to see your face again."

"If you will not go," she said, rising, with a trembling voice, "I must leave you. You have always treated me with honor—"

"And I am bound so to treat you always," he exclaimed, at once jumping to his feet. "You shall not be compromised on my account, even to satisfy my hate for your lover. My time will come, and this hand which now I embrace—will you permit me—" He kissed her hand while she stood laughing at his foolish devotion; and this was the tableau which greeted the cold, steady gaze of Florian entering at that moment by the softly-opening door. There was an awkward pause. Barbara grew pale to the last degree of pallor, and the count felt a thrill of delight leap along his veins. The great man alone was equal to the occasion, for he strode into the room as if nothing had happened, and made his politest bow to the two guilty ones. The count took his hat and retired towards the door until Florian detained him.

"You may leave here with a wrong impression of my relations to Mrs. Merrion," he said as blandly as was possible, "which I wish to correct. I once presented her to you as my promised wife. It was a pleasantry which now merits explanation. The lady herself will assure you that henceforth she is less to me than to you or any other man."

The count bowed with a sardonic smile, but Barbara rushed to Florian and threw both her arms about him amid a storm of sobs. In vain he endeavored to loosen her hold.

"He threatened you, Florian!" she cried. "He said you were in his power. I did it for your sake. Oh! do not be cruel, do not be hasty. A little time, my love—time, time, time!"

Florian was staggered out of his stoical calm by this plausible explanation, and looked at the count inquiringly.

"It is true," said the latter proudly, "and if you will come

with me I can show you the truth of what madame is pleased to assert of me."

"I will go," said Florian in a voice which made her heart quake.

"Remember, sir, that the truth will bring a heavy penalty on your head."

"You must not go to-night, Florian," she sobbed—"oh! not to-night, my dearest. Wait until you are recollected. Appearances are against you and me, and this man is your sworn enemy."

He flung her off almost rudely.

"You are under suspicion also," he said in that same awful voice, the voice of suppressed rage or fear. "Be silent until I come again. Not a word!"

She fell back among her cushions as the doors closed on the two men and their footsteps died gradually away. But in an instant the sharp sense of danger revived her fainting senses, and with all her strength she began to cast about for means to prevent a catastrophe. They were going to the count's residence, probably, and some one must follow them and interfere in Florian's behalf. Paul Rossiter! He was at Madame De Ponsonby's, without doubt, and, though hateful to Florian, the very man, her instinct told her, to save her lover. Quick with cloak and out with the carriage, and fly, horses, at your best speed to the street where the poet lives! The servant, opening the door to a hasty and violent ring, is struck with terror at sight of the wild figure which silently rushes past her and up the broad stair; and Frances, tranquilly passing across the hall, comes face to face with the one woman in the world whom she has most cause to dislike.

"Mr. Rossiter!" gasps Barbara. "Quick—oh! quick, where is he?"

"Mr. Rossiter is not in," Frances replied, trembling like a leaf.

"I must find him," wringing her hands; "it is a matter of life and death. It concerns Mr. Wallace."

The pale face becomes paler still, and a question forms itself on her lips, but her pride will not permit her to utter it. She writes the address of Mr. Peter Carter on a card and hands it to her.

"If you do not find him there return here, and perhaps I can help you."

Barbara is half-way down the stairs before the last word is uttered, and in a moment the carriage is flying round to the next

street at full speed, but not as fast as her mind travels to terrible consequences. Paul, seated on the bed in Mr. Carter's warm room, hears the light step on the stair in wonder, but relights Peter's pipe and reclines lazily to enjoy the philosopher's small-talk and gaze at him through half-closed eyes. Peter is in what he calls undress uniform, his shirt-sleeves rolled up, while his face glistens in the firelight and his hair stands up like an inverted broom.

"It is just the time me lady admirers call on me," Peter says, placidly drawing long puffs from the pipe; "and, strangely enough, they are not disenchanted by this *deshabille*."

"You do not look much worse than usual," says fun-loving Paul. And at that moment the steps outside are close to the door; there is a knock, and close upon it enters Barbara, in her excitement more lovely to bewildered Peter than she has ever been. Both men jump to their feet, and Peter makes a desperate rush for his best coat.

"It is of Florian!" Barbara cries out, exhausted. "He is going to fight a duel with Count Behrenski. You can stop it. You can save him, Mr. Rossiter. There is no time to be lost. There is the count's address," pushing a card into his hand, "and no time to lose. For Florian's sake!"

Then she sinks down in utter helplessness and begins to sob weakly, while the two men stand, in their first astonishment, looking blankly at the unexpected vision.

It was the first moment of pause since the scene between the count and Florian. Peter slowly grasped the meaning of her words, and, disgusted, laid down his coat, thought of Frances, and took it up again; finally put it on with a vicious jerk, and glowered with determined indifference upon the weeping beauty. The poet grasped the situation almost before Barbara spoke, and he stood looking down at her without much pity, and with a half-formed resolution not to interfere. Better thoughts, and the recollection of Frances, and of the hermit too, dismissed that unformed hard-heartedness. He poured a few drops of brandy into a glass and gave it to her.

"Before I can do anything," said he gently, "I must know in detail what has happened and what is expected of me."

Barbara told her story without a break.

"I do not know what power the count may have over him," Barbara whimpered, "but I fear it's something dreadfully real."

"The power of a greater divil over a lesser," Peter said sourly. But neither noticed the words, and Paul went on to say that he

thought he could understand it, and that perhaps a duel would be less fatal than the interview which the count proposed.

"I shall take your carriage," said he, "and go after them, doing what I can."

Paul had not a great sorrow for the mess into which Florian had got himself, but for Frances' sake, and for the sake of the dead prince, and partly out of pity for Florian himself, he felt anxious to prevent the revelations which the count might possibly make. He had a very strong suspicion as to what they might be; nothing certain, but even the possibility was dire enough to be avoided.

"It would make him a saint or drive him insane," was the current of his thoughts, "unless he is made of material altogether inhuman"—words that had a curious resemblance to Florian's quotation while on the island: "That way madness lies."

The poet was destined to be late in his charitable mission. The two rivals in the affections of Barbara had lost no time in reaching the luxurious quarters of the count, and about the time when Barbara reached Peter's garret a momentous conversation had begun. Each raged with sincere hatred of the other, and each was sufficiently destitute of principle to use any means to compass the other's destruction. The successful rival saw his success smirched and befouled by his jealous opponent. The count could not forgive the deception which had been practised on him, and, thoroughly unscrupulous, had little pity for the deceiver. With courage and bitterness they sat down to their weighty conversation. The count, having the advantage, could afford to be slow and sarcastic.

"An odd change this," he said, "for us who were friends."

"Spare your sentiment," Florian replied, "and come to the point. And let us understand each other. You said I was in your power, and you used that assertion to intrude yourself on my promised wife. I do not think the first true, and the second merits a punishment which you shall certainly receive—on conditions."

"A capital phrase—on conditions," sneered the count. "There are many conditions, then, why I shall never receive the merited punishment. First of all, Madame Merrion is clever. I never made use of any threats to induce her to receive me. She has permitted my visits, secretly, of course, since you forbade her the pleasure of my company. At my instigation she urged you to make an attempt to regain the title you lately sold. She does not care for me as she does for you, I know. You out

of the way, I foresee what would happen. Of course I have left no means untried to put you out of the way. This interview is one of them. It is my trump card."

He looked into Florian's set face with the old, gay, devilish look that the great man had often admired. There was anything but admiration in his soul then. Even the count awed a little under the intense purpose expressed in his frowning face.

"Your father is dead," said he suddenly. "I know *that*, you see, and also who did it. Have you never suspected?"

"Your spy," said Florian, with a shudder and a groan.

"He sent the bullet," the count said, "obeying in that another's will. But there were circumstances, remote and proximate, which led to the crime. I mean, have you never suspected *them?*"

"Is that the secret of your power?" asked Florian, shading his face for an instant to hide its contortions of pain and horror. His voice was very low and quavering, almost pitiful. From that moment until the count had finished speaking he uttered not a word.

"Ah! you do suspect it," said the count wickedly, "and you see I do not spare you. But you have not gone into the secret so deeply as I. You and I, my Florian, are a dangerous and bad pair. The prayers of your father and my mother have only made us worse, and it is lucky that our faces and wills are set toward the—well, best not to mention it, perhaps."

Florian said nothing when he paused. He was listening like one in a terrible dream for the one point of this discourse which concerned him.

"I will do you the honor of believing that had you foreseen the circumstances arising from your manner of life for years past you would have changed it. I would not, I fear. You might not, for your ambition has always been strong enough to blind you to truth and right. Pardon me for moralizing, but I wish you to understand me fully. You are a man I have never trusted since I knew you, and never could trust. Had you not dropped your faith"—Florian started as if struck—"to become a politician it would have been different. With a man who has once been a firm Catholic it is dangerous to deal. You went looking for your father; so did we. You were afraid to find him; we were also, or at least I was, for I foresaw his taking-off. You were afraid his appearance would lose to you the title-sale money. The motives of each of us compare to the son's disadvantage, do they not?"

It was of little use for Vladimir to fix his mocking eyes on the averted face. The great man, face to face with the spectre which had so long stood at his side, had only its horrid features in his gaze.

"Well, you begin to comprehend, my Florian; you begin to recognize your own soul in this mirror of mine. You were false to a son's instincts because of your ambition; you were false to a lover's instincts because of your unprincipled passion. What folly it was to expect you would be faithful to your friend when he stood in your way! You fooled us all very cunningly—alas! only in the end to shame yourself. You left your princely father exposed to the bullet of the assassin when a little honesty and patience would have saved him. How could you suppose I, the libertine, the unprincipled one, would have borne your insults in quiet? We continued to look for the father you deserted, and we found him. Your ambition left him exposed to our fury. But I was merciful. I had no taste for blood, for the blood of an unfortunate, a countryman, a co-religionist, my friend's father. I would have saved him but for you."

Again the great man started, and his face, hidden from the count, was twisted shapeless from that inward agony. The Russian's face had assumed a stern, malignant expression as he bent his fierce eyes on his foe and sometime friend. The last words he uttered as one would thrust the knife into a man's heart.

"I would have saved him but for you. You left the honored woman whom you had solemnly promised to marry, to deprive me of the one woman of my life—a woman far below your standard, hypocritical but charming; a woman to further your ambitions, but not to be the mother of Catholic children. As your desire for money exposed your father to danger, so your desire for this woman destroyed him. You remember that day which revealed to me your love for Barbara Merrion—a selfish, cruel love, doing no honor even to her. How you triumphed over me! You sent me home mad! I shall never forget that day on which I sealed my own damnation, if there be damnation, because of you! The spy had found your father! What shall I do with him? he asked; and I said, Kill him!"

There was still no need to look at Florian, now plunged into the depths of shame and agony. He uttered no moan even! Outside there was a roll of carriage-wheels, and presently the servant was knocking at the door with Paul's card. The count read it, and upon second thought declined to see the gentleman, but the

poet was already in the room making his apologies. One look at Florian convinced him that he had come too late.

"There is no need for me to say anything, count," he explained, "since I see you have done the mischief I wished to prevent."

The Russian smiled, although he too was pale from emotion and—triumph. He rejoiced in his success, in the humiliation of his rival, in the joy of once more possessing Barbara, even if it had been accomplished through a dreadful crime. Low as Florian was, he was yet a degree lower. He whispered his last accusing words in the great man's ear with something like a laugh.

"The bullet of Nicholas slew your father, and I permitted it; but you—you—" He broke off abruptly and turned to Paul, his hateful feelings almost bursting from his worn, evil face, his finger pointed at Florian.

"Behold the murderer of his father!" he cried.

Florian rose and his face came into the light. A dumb animal would have pitied its woe, and the poet gave a cry of anger and sorrow which the politician did not hear. He bowed mechanically to the two and walked out gravely and steadily as a man proudly going to execution.

"If I were his friend, sir," the poet said in his simple, truthful way, "or had the slightest claim upon him, I would feel happy in the right to punish you for what you have done."

"Mr. Rossiter," replied the Russian courteously, "I would be sorry if you had a claim. He deserves no pity. It will do him good, the knowledge which he has of himself. You will excuse me."

He offered his hand, which the poet did not take, and the look which he cast at the shapely member, as if he saw its bloody stain, brought an instant's flush to the brazen cheek. Paul went out to his carriage, and as he entered it he heard the gay voice of Vladimir humming a joyous tune.

CHAPTER VI.

THE HIDDEN LIFE.

SMALL consolation Paul had for Barbara when he returned to Peter's attic. Every thought flew from her mind but one when he entered in a thoughtful yet satisfied mood.

"I think you can go home," he said, "and give yourself no uneasiness. There will be no duel—at least to-night. The gen-

tlemen were excited but courteous, as far as I could discover. Florian went off, and I saw no more of him." Her countenance fell.

"Is it all so *very* well?" she asked dolefully. "Your words are doubtful."

"They should not be," he replied, "for the affair between them passed off in rather dull style. I can assure you there will be no duel. If you see Mr. Wallace to-morrow no doubt he can explain everything to your satisfaction."

"I must be satisfied," shaking her head sadly, while the tears began to fall. "Oh! what a wretched woman I am, and to know that my folly has caused it all."

The two gentlemen were silent, and perhaps unsympathetic. Her empire was gone in more than one quarter. She gave Paul her hand and asked to be led to her carriage. Peter held the lamp as they descended the stairs, standing in stolid dulness like a podgy Fate, while his butterfly passed out of the circle of light into the lower darkness—passed out of his life altogether, and out of the life of every one with whom she had been connected in these pages, and that, too, without a single salute from the gallant Bohemian whom she had so often deceived.

"'Fare thee well! and if for ever, still for ever, fare thee well,'" hummed Peter in mingled sorrow and disdain. "Ye're the last woman I'll ever bother me old head over. The world is no longer Arcadia or Paradise. Eve is still the betrayer of Adam. Oh! the groans these beauties have drawn from my aching heart. It's not aching much now, though, considering. Is she gone, Paul, b'y? Has the fairy taken flight? I'm bowed down with grief entirely this evening."

"She's gone," said Paul thoughtfully as he took his old place on the bed, while Peter resumed his undress uniform.

"Gone! O mournful word! Gone out of my life for evermore, b'y. I did adore that woman in a Platonic way; her smiles alone were divinities, and her eyes—it would have been better for me had they squinted instead o' bein' the loveliest jewels in a woman's head. Poor thing! if she had a heart, and I had met her before Maria charmed me with her dignified ways, who knows what might have happened? Who knows?"

Peter went off into a reverie while speculating on the might-have-been, and Paul, diverted from annoying thoughts by the picture which he presented, amused himself with sketching the poky garret and its odd central figure wrapped in a cloud of smoke.

"Who knows," mumbled Peter—"who knows? I was a handsome fellow once before my nose was flattened in an American duel—with fists, d'ye see! But the fellow wore copper knuckles, I could swear. Poor little treacherous Barbara! no more a Catholic than the man wid a gizzard. Yet a sweet soul, if she wasn't so deceivin'. O Peter, old b'y!—no, not Peter, but Parker—ye are for ever done with females now, until ye meet the sympathetic heart ye have always looked for. God help ye, me fine old gentleman! it's hard lines have come to ye at last."

To this melancholy strain Peter mumbled himself asleep, and the poet, leaving him to struggle with a ponderous snore, stole quietly back to the attic on the opposite street. It was after midnight, and yet *she* was waiting for him with her heart in her eyes and every beat of it sounding Florian's name. She did not need to ask him for his information.

"I am troubled for his sake as well as yours," he said, and the kindly words brought a smile to her lips. "He has heard what I threatened to tell him, from no very gentle lips, and he looked when he left us as if his heart had been cruelly wrung. I do not know if the truth will make him ill or bring him to his senses. It is better that you should not know it yet. I shall watch him and keep guard over him for your sake and his father's until any possible danger is passed."

She thanked him gently and went to her own room. The poet climbed to his attic, sadly haunted by Florian's despairing face.

"That time truth struck home," said he to himself, "and pretty sharply. If it does not drive him to any extreme it may have a healthy effect on him. But his eyes looked bad."

He did not like to utter the thought which troubled him. Florian's mental balance was remarkable, but the events of a few months past were of a kind to shake the reason of strong souls.

Neither Florian nor Barbara were to be seen the next day, or the day after, nor the third day. The papers had a curious rumor then of the sudden departure for Europe of the accomplished Barbara and a well-known attaché of the Russian embassy, but Paul would not believe it until a perfumed note in Barbara's handwriting reached him. Every one seemed to make him their confidant:

DEAR MR. ROSSITER:

Try to believe everything people say of me in the next two

weeks. My word for it, it is all true. I was married to Count Behrenski this morning. He convinced me it was all over between me and Florian; and if it almost broke my heart to know that, it did not cloud my senses to my own advantages. I am a Russian, at all events. I wish you luck in your love-affair. With the count's permission, I send a kiss to that dearest of old idiots, Mr. Maria De Ponsonby Lynch. *Au revoir!*

BARBARA, COUNTESS BEHRENSKI.

Paul read this soberly to Peter, who received it with his accustomed roar.

"Be George, b'y, that's good now, an't it?" examining the paper critically. "Maria ought to see it. It would give her an idea of the way outsiders look at her treatment of me. I'll show it to her. It's a fine writer ye are, Barbara. Oh! the dainty little *e's* and *r's*, wid curls as pretty as her own. Mr. Maria!—ha! ha! but that's sharp, now. I like sharp things. An old idiot, hey? What the divil did she mean by that? An old idiot! Me, P. C. Lynch, the dearest of old idiots! That for the huzzy!" snapping his fingers in sudden rage. "An' if that's the kind of company you keep, Paul Rossiter, who vilify your friends in notes and letters—"

"Now see here, Peter," said the poet impressively, "do you mean to insinuate that in calling you an idiot Barbara did not come as near to the truth about you as any one can come?"

"Well, may be so," growled Peter less furiously, "but I don't like to see such things in writing. It's next to libel. It's all well enough in words, that come an' go, but not in writing. I'll burn this."

The news of Mrs. Merrion's departure in the rôle of countess, after exciting the usual wonder of the town, settled out of sight. It did not reflect on Florian, whose broken engagement to the widow was not known; and still it would have mattered little to him, under present circumstances, if that disgrace had been flung upon him. He was not to be found in his office nor in his boarding-house, but, with his usual careful foresight, he had left written instructions for his clerk, without hinting at any date of return. Paul grew more and more uneasy when a week had passed and there was no news of him. Frances, with her wistful eyes and a dread in her face which he alone understood, came to him daily for information. That he could not give it frightened both, and vainly the poet cudgelled his brains to discover some clue to Florian's motives for suddenly disappearing. Had he

gone to the island? What could bring him there in the early days of March? If he were repentant—

"There, that will do," said the poet; "that's not a sensible thought, and I don't know as I've had any sensible thoughts about this whole matter. I think I'll turn to the unexpected for a change."

"What can we do?" was Frances' daily cry.

"I can go to Clayburg," he said, almost with a blush. "I have a silly idea that perhaps great misfortune has made him penitent, and he has gone to do penance over his father's grave."

"That is it," said Frances eagerly. "I knew it would come to that. Mercy is not beyond him, Paul. Oh! go, like his good angel."

"I feel it is a nonsensical thing to do," said he, "but I suppose it must be done. And if I find him, and everything should be favorable, what could we say to him about—well, your mother and father, for instance?"

He examined the paper on the wall attentively, while she looked at him with a puzzled face.

"If he is safe, that is enough," she answered simply.

"Well, let it go," said Paul, smiling. "He doesn't care very much for any of us, I fear, much as we are interested in him. And, Frank, as long as you live let no one know that I made myself such a goose for your sake and his father's."

The poet proposed a trip to Clayburg that evening to his friend Carter for the mere pleasure of the journalist's company, and Peter received it with enthusiasm.

"I'll go incog.," said he, "and stop at the hotel; and when I meet Pendleton, dearest of old idiots No. 2, I'll not pay him the slightest attention, the poor old simpleton!"

"That suits me very well," said Paul. "I'll travel incog. also, and we'll arrive there in the evening. Next day we'll bloom on them like roses or turnips in the snow."

They started the next morning and went by way of Utica, reaching their destination at a late hour of the evening, when rheumatism kept the sturdy squire in his warm parlor. Peter was weary enough to retire to bed immediately after fitting on a night-cap of hot punch, and, the coast thus cleared, Paul went quietly to the priest's residence, and suffered the disappointment of not finding him at home; but his knowledge of the people of Clayburg was large enough to make this mishap a trifle. He found a close-mouthed fisherman, after a few minutes' search, who for a reasonable sum agreed not only to take him to Solitary

Island, but also to keep his mouth shut about it until eternity, and the journey was made in successful secrecy. Arrived at a spot overlooking the well-known cabin, Paul dismissed his guide and crossed the ice on foot to the opposite shore. It was now midnight. The lonely island lay three feet beneath the snow, and was singularly tranquil under the dim stars. A faint wind added to the gentle loneliness, and, stirring the trees on the hill, brought Paul's eyes to the grave beneath them. No light or sign of human presence anywhere! No tracks in the snow save his own until he reached the cabin-door, and there began a pathway which led down the slope and up the opposite hill to the grave—the path marked out by the funeral procession! Even while he looked a figure came staggering from the grave and along the path to where he stood—a figure stooped, uncertain in its gait, moaning less like a man than an animal, without words or prayer, and stopping rarely to swing its arms upwards in impotent despair. Paul trembled with dread, and the tears sprang to his eyes. Was he to find the mental wreck he had once pictured? Florian gave no sign of surprise when he saw him, but adopted at once his usual reserve. He was not insane.

"You here?" he said calmly, but the voice quavered. "I believe you were there *that* night, and I remember you said you had a message for me. Will you come in, if you care to?"

A cheerful fire burned in the hearth of the single room, and the tallow candle showed Izaak Walton in his usual place, with every other circumstance of the room undisturbed. Paul said nothing until he had scanned his old friend keenly. The great man sat down before the fire placidly and submitted to the inspection with an indifference so like his father's own that Paul drew a breath of delight. In ten days he had changed wofully. His clothes hung upon shrunken limbs, and his face was wasted to a painful hollowness. Hollow cheeks, hollow, burning eyes, and wide nostrils! The hand which rested on the favorite book showed its cords and veins, the shoulders were rounded, and his whole attitude one of physical exhaustion. The tears again sprang to the poet's eyes. Here was a penitent surely, and there was something boyish or childish about him that appealed to the heart wonderfully, as if misfortune had stripped him of all the years since he was a boy, and of all his blushing honors.

"I have a message for you," the poet said, "but, with your permission, I'll put it off till to-morrow. I am going to remain here for to-night, with your permission also."

"Oh! certainly," Florian replied in the same uncertain voice;

"there is a good room yonder where he slept. You can have the bed. Have you had supper?"

"I would like something to eat," the poet said out of curiosity. In a shambling, shuffling way Florian took down a loaf of bread from the cupboard, poured some water into a cup, and sat down again without any apology for the scanty fare—just as his father would have done. Paul ate a slice or two of the bread and drank the water, while a pleasant silence held the room. He did not know how to open a conversation.

"This was his favorite book," said he, touching Izaak Walton tenderly. "I remember often to have seen him reading it in this room."

"Yes," said Florian, with interest, "and it is one of my earliest memories of him. I was very unfortunate in not knowing more of him. The world fooled me out of that treasure—and of many another," he added, partly to himself. Paul was surprised more and more. This pleasant, natural manner of speaking offered an odd contrast to his woebegone looks. It was something like the Florian of years past. He deliberated whether it would not be better to defer his communication until he understood his motives better.

"I came from New York to-night," he ventured to say. "I was anxious about you, and so were others."

"There was no need to be anxious," said Florian cheerfully. "I am quite happy here. It is a pleasant residence winter and summer. I shall never regret the city, which will certainly not regret me."

"You may not have heard of Mrs. Merrion," Paul remarked helplessly, so astounded was he by the last remark.

"No," said the other without curiosity. "Some scandal connected with a Count Behrenski, probably."

"No. She married him and went to Europe last week quietly." And after that the poet said no more, for he was in a maze and knew not what to think or do.

"I shall retire now, with your permission, Florian," he said finally, using the old familiar name. "I hope I am not troubling you too much or driving you from your own bed."

"Not at all, Rossiter, not at all. I never sleep there. Good-night; and if you should not find me in the morning have no uneasiness. I shall turn up again assuredly."

Paul fell asleep without settling the vexed questions which Florian's odd manner and words suggested. The great man, left to himself, behaved in a simple, matter-of-fact fashion at once

pathetic and amusing. He snuffed the candle with a face as earnest as if snuffing candles was the one duty of his life, put away the remnants of Paul's supper carefully after washing the cup and drying it neatly, stirred the fire, opened much-handled Izaak, and settled himself for a quiet hour's reading. Ten days had fixed him in the solitary's groove as firmly as if he had been in it for years. On the night of Vladimir's revelations he had driven to his own apartments in a state of mind not to be described. He had long suspected his own share in his father's death, but the lurid color in which Vladimir painted his guilt was a fearful shock to him. He fled from the count in a sort of daze which his firm will could not dispel, and it seemed to him that madness or delirium was prevented only by the persistency with which he beat off the tumultuous thoughts that crowded upon him. His grand self-possession was entirely gone. The life which he had led, the ambitions which he had cherished, the woman whom he had loved, all circumstances connected with his father's death, filled him with wild horror when he recalled them. He could not think of anything with method. He could only feel, and his feelings threatened to drive him into insanity, so sharp, so bitter were they, so confused yet active. It was instinct more than reason which sent him to Solitary Island. It was a mechanical effort of the will which produced the instructions for his clerk; but once on the journey, with people moving about him, and scene after scene bringing peace to his distracted mind, Florian was able to cry like a child hour by hour of his sorrowful flight. He scarcely knew why he wept, unless to ease the burden pressing upon his heart, which seemed to flow away with his tears. Like Paul, he reached Clayburg in the night, and unseen fled away on foot across the ice over the well-known course which he and Ruth and Linda had often taken in the yacht; past Round Island with a single light for the ice-waste, leaving Grindstone to the left as he ran along the narrow strait with two islands rising on each side of him like the walls of a coffin; through the woods to the spot overlooking the old cabin; across the bay and up the slope to the lonely grave on the summit, where he cast himself with a long, sad cry of grief and despair.

Five days passed before anything like calm and systematic thought returned to him. One idea stood before him like an inhabitant of the island, with a personality of its own—the words of the count: "Behold the murderer of his father!" He muttered those accusing words many times in the day and night, sitting on the grave, regardless of the cold, and whispering them

to himself; weeping, sobbing, raving, moaning, silent by times, as the fit took him; never sleeping two hours at a time; haunted always by a dreadful fear of divine or human vengeance. Phantoms of past incidents and people were floating around him sleeping and waking, causing him constant alarm. Even the sweet face of Linda frowned upon him, and that was hardest of all to bear. At the close of the fifth day his delirium suddenly left him and he enjoyed a long and refreshing sleep. When he woke the hideous nightmare of sorrow and remorse and dread had vanished. He was himself again, but not the self which had fled from New York to hide its anguish in the icy solitude. There was another Florian born of that long travail, and a better Florian than the world had yet known. He was not aware of any change. He had lost his habit of self-consciousness, and he was to become aware of what was working within him only when others pointed it out to him. Kneeling in the snow at the foot of the grave, he said his morning prayers, promising the father of his love that never again would he have occasion to grieve for him, and that what man could do to atone for murder he, with the help of God, would do. His breakfast he made on fresh fish and meal found in the larder, travelling many miles that day in the snow to obtain flour and meal and necessaries at a distant village. He was very weak, but it troubled him not at all. He had no regard for his own sufferings, so firmly were his eyes fixed on the martyrdom his father endured for his sake. Every available moment found him at the grave in deep thought or prayer. The priest of an obscure village heard with wonder his strange confession of ten years of life, marvelling what manner of man this man could be; and his communion was simple and fervent, as became a penitent. Thus began the eighth day, and at its close he was sitting calmly before the log-fire in the kitchen, and Izaak Walton was in his hands, with the famous paper lying open before him. He had placed it between the leaves and forgotten it during the time he remained on the island after his father's funeral. He read it again with a better insight into the contrast it afforded with his political career. Scarcely a line in the statement but he had openly or implicitly contradicted within ten years, and the ideal of Christian manhood penned by a boy had been lost to the maturer mind of the man. He put it away carefully, and in so doing noticed the famous campaign letter which he had once thought an evidence of his liberal feelings and his independence of Italian church domination. It hung in a frame, and must often have pierced his father's heart with its

uncatholic sentiments. He did not disturb it. Much as it had increased his father's anguish, it must complete another work before its usefulness was ended.

What was he going to do? His period of uncontrolled grief was over and his long penance begun. Where was it to end? He had many injuries to repair—his scandalous life, his rejection of Frances, his treatment of all his friends. Not for one moment did he think of returning to New York or to public life. He saw clearly the precipice from which Providence, by means of great misfortunes, had snatched him. He had entered the great city a pure-hearted boy to whom sin was almost unknown, whose one desire was to preserve the faith, in spirit and in word, incorrupt in himself. How gradually and how surely he fell! Careless intercourse with all sorts of people and the careless reading of all sorts of books, with the adoption of all sorts of theories and ideas, brought upon him an intellectual sensuality only too common and too little noticed in the world. Then came the loose thought and the loose glance and the loose word, the more than indifferent companions, the dangerous witticism, the state which weakened faith and practice and prepared the soul for its plunge into the mud. Thank God! he had escaped the mud, at least. But who had saved him? And was he to go back to it all? "There are some men whom politics will damn." Wise words for him, at whom they seemed to point. What was he to do? He thought over it that night and the next morning. His resolution formed itself slowly; finally it was made. He would take his father's place on the island, and remain there until death released him from his penance. Was it a hard thing to do? No, he said, not with the graves of father and sister so near him. And thus was he situated when Paul found him.

The poet made his morning meal in silence and constraint. It reminded him forcibly of many meals he had eaten in the same room while sharing the hermit's hospitality. The circumstances were little changed. Although the day was cold, the sun shone through the red-curtained window with a summer brightness, the log-fire glowed in the hearth, the savory smell of broiled fish pervaded the little room, and Florian, a wonderful likeness of his father, sat eating sparingly, silent but not gloomy, save for the sad shadows occasionally flitting over his face. The contrast between the placid manner and the feverish countenance was odd, but not so forcible as the difference between this silent man and the ambitious politician. Paul gave up speculation as a

hopeless task, and, rightly judging his present temper, plunged abruptly into the matter of his visit.

"You may be aware of the circumstances which led to my stay on Solitary Island," said he for a beginning. Florian regarded him placidly, without a trace of the old feeling in his looks. Paul thought it pretence; but it was real. The great man had no feeling towards him.

"I am not aware of them," he replied.

"Strangely enough, our resemblance was the cause of it," said Paul. "The spy who pursued you because of your resemblance to your own family pursued me for the same reason, drove me out of all employment, and, with the aid of injudicious friends, brought me to the verge of poverty and death. Not far from this island a deliberate attempt was made to murder me. Your father saved me, and, for reasons quite plain to us both, took me in and earned my everlasting gratitude for himself and his son."

A faint flush spread over Florian's face in the pause that followed.

"I must ask your pardon," he said humbly, "for my guilty share in your sufferings. I was your friend, and should have aided you; but I was led to believe you stood between me and Ruth, and again between me and Frances Lynch. I was glad you suffered. I regret it sincerely now. I trust you will forgive me."

It was the poet's turn to blush furiously at this humility.

"Don't mention it," said he. "Peter Carter was the cause of all these troubles. You are not to blame. I am not sorry for them. They brought me in contact with your father."

"And I hated you for that," Florian went on in the same tone, "because your worthiness won a privilege which my crimes deprived me of. I spoke to you once under that impression in a manner most insulting. I ask—"

"Hold on!" said Paul, jumping to his feet with a red face. "No more of that, Florian. I cannot stand it. If you are really sincere in this awful change that has come over you, keep your apologies for Frances and others. But I do not understand it. I expected something like this, but not so complete and astounding a revolution."

Florian offered no remonstrance to this blunt suspicion, but after a little pointed out to the grave with such a look in his face! then back to himself.

"'Behold the murderer of his father,'" he said in a sudden burst of wild sobs, as he repeated the count's telling words. "If

I could apologize to *him* as I do to you, my friend, as I shall do to all the others! Alas! what humiliation is there greater than that?"

"He's on the right tack," said the satisfied poet, wiping his eyes in sympathy and thinking joyfully of Frances.

"It's all cleared up between us, then, Flory," said he cheerfully, as he clasped the great man's hand. "My business is made the easier for that, and it will send me back to New York with a light heart. Come, I have some spots of interest to show you about the old house. Your father loved me, Flory. How proud I am of that honor! But, ah! not as he loved you, his son. I was his confidant in many things, and I have the secret of his life and the explanation of its oddities. Flory, your father was a saint, of princely soul as well as princely birth."

He lifted a trap-door in the floor of the bed-room, and led the way, holding a lighted candle, into the cellar.

"It is not a cellar," he explained, flashing the light on the rocky walls, "but a cave. Here is a door concealed in the rock very nicely. We open it so. Now enter, and here we are."

They could hear the sound of running water in the cave, but Florian paid it no attention. His eyes were fastened on the new discovery. A set of rude shelves took up one whole side of an almost square room, and was thickly crowded with books. Their general character was devotional and mystical, but the classics were well represented, and astronomy and philosophy had the choicest volumes. A rough desk below contained a wooden carved crucifix, a few bits of manuscript, and writing materials. From a peg in its side hung a leather discipline, whose thongs were tipped with fine iron points. A few sacred prints hung on the walls. Florian knelt and kissed first the crucifix and then the discipline.

"This spot," said Paul reverently, "is a secret to all save you and me. When I first came here, broken down and disheartened —it seems a beautiful and fit sanctuary for the disheartened—I was sincerely disposed to lean more heavily on God for the support I needed. After a little the prince took me into his spiritual confidence, and I beheld such a sight"—the tears of emotion poured from his eyes—"as I had never dreamed of seeing this side of heaven. Long meditations and prayers, mortifications such as that discipline hints at, unbounded charity for all men, are virtues common to all the saints. They did not impress me as did the glimpses of his soul which I received. Ah! such an overpowering love of God. It seemed to burn within him like a

real flame, and to illuminate the space about him as does this candle. I would have feared him but for the love and strength these very qualities gave me. I knelt here with him often, and when I was strong enough tried to stay by him in his vigils. I know the angels often came to him visibly. I saw wonders here and dreamed real dreams. It was a vision of the ancient Thebaid. And no one knew it save myself. Who would have believed it had they not seen what I saw?"

"Blind, blind, blind!" murmured Florian. "We all caught glimpses of his glory, but our love was not as sharp as hate, and our souls too low to look for such a manifestation of grace. My sin is all the greater."

"The last time I saw him," continued Paul, "was in this spot, kneeling where you are kneeling. He had a premonition of his coming passion, but it was lightened by the conviction—perhaps it had been revealed to him—that out of it would come your salvation. 'Tell my son,' he said, 'that I died because of him.'"

"'Behold the murderer of his father,'" Florian murmured to himself.

"'Tell him also not to despair, but with a good heart, and without haste or great grief for anything save for his sins, to begin his penance.' You see he knew; and when I asked him if he were about to die, 'God holds all our days,' said he; 'who knows but this may be our last?' I never saw him again in life. God rest his soul, if it has suffered any delay!"

There was again a short pause as Paul waited to review that last scene and to recall the tones, the feelings, the incidents of a most pathetic moment. Florian still knelt at the desk with his fingers about the discipline.

"Well, it is all over," he said to the kneeling figure; "let us go. You notice the dry air of the cave. It is beautifully ventilated and very safe for such a place. Your father loved it. Come, my friend. Or do you wish to remain here?"

Florian rose and they returned to the room above.

"I have finished my work—almost," said the poet, putting on his hat, "and now I am going. Can I be of any help to you?"

"My father's friend and mine," Florian replied, "I have need only of your pardon and the renewal of that affection you once had for me."

"And never lost, my Florian. You have it still, and the pardon which is always yours beforehand. After a little you will return to New York?"

"Yes, after a little," he replied slowly, "but not to remain.

Here is my home in the future. I have my business to close up and a great act of justice to perform. After that my solitude."

It was on the poet's lips to dissuade him from so extravagant a course, but he thought better of it and said nothing, preferring to leave so delicate and dangerous a matter to time and the good providence of God. Florian walked out with him as far as the opposite shore, a smile of joy lighting up oddly the sad lines of his face. He seemed, however, singularly destitute of the power of self-reflection. His thoughts were ever fixed on what he had seen and heard of his father, without much attention to their effect on himself. He was smiling, not for joy, but in obedience to some hidden impulse which he did not think of analyzing.

"Why do you look so pleased?" said the poet to him.

"Do I look pleased?" he asked, with a puzzled expression which silenced the poet. They parted at the entrance to the woods.

"Until I see you again," said the poet, clasping his hand.

TO BE CONTINUED.

TRANSLATIONS.

THE WALTZ.

FROM THE GERMAN OF J. G. SEIDL.

LIGHTS are gleaming, viols throbbing,
Lo! the dance sweeps on amain,
Swaying, surging, undulating;
Pleasure bounds with loosened rein.

Love-lit eyes are flashing glances;
Music with her siren art
Weaves her subtle spells of magic,
Stirs the pulses of the heart.

And the air is faint and weary;
Windows are flung open now,
Breezes of the night stream inward,
And they cool the heated brow.

By the open window standing,
All unnoticed and unseen,
Much I marvelled, much I pondered,
As I gazed upon the scene.

Through the room a new waltz pealeth,
Joyous, sad, and sweet by times,
With its cadences commingling
Hark! a bell's sonorous chimes;

Till the harmony entrancing
Thrills with rapturous delight,
And the tumult rolls more wildly
Forth upon the star-lit night.

Hushed at length are flute and viol,
Hushed all save that solemn clang—
'Twas a funeral bell that, tolling,
Through the open window rang!

CHILDHOOD.

FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO.

I.

The child sang gaily: on her dying bed
The pain-worn mother, pale as marble, lay;
Death's shadow floated hovering o'er her head,
And still the child sang on, nor ceased his play.

II.

Five summers old the child; he stood among
His toys and playthings in the window's light,
And laughed and carolled blithely all day long,
While coughed his dying mother through the night.

III.

Beneath the churchyard stone they laid her low;
Still sang the child, nor recked of grief or care—
Sorrow 's a fruit God suffers not to grow
Upon a stem too frail its weight to bear.

IMMORTALITY.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF G. PRATI.

I.

I noted a little maid who stood
Beside her cottage door;
A wistful, sad, expectant look
Her tender features wore.
"How comes it, pretty one," I said,
"I see thee every day
Stand at thy cottage door and gaze
Into the far-away?"

II.

"And can it be you do not know
That, since my mother died,
I stand a while each day and wait
My cottage door beside?
Four years, as I remember well,
Have passed away since then,
And they who bore her forth told me
She would come back again."

III.

"Alas! poor child," I sadly said,
And tears were in my eyes,
"None ever yet has aught beheld
Return to earth that dies."
"Oh! yes, within my garden plot,"
She answered smilingly,
"The flowers come back in spring; the stars
Return—and so will she."

A FABLE.

FROM THE SPANISH OF SAMANIEGO.

Standing one day a pool beside,
Thus spake Sir Goose in conscious pride:
"What animal than I more blest?
More gifts are mine than all the rest:
I am of water, earth, and sky;
If tired of walking I can fly;
Or if at any time the whim
Perchance should seize me, I can swim."

A Serpent, listening in the brake,
In accents sibilant thus spake:
"Sir Goose! I cannot boast as you,
I cannot fly as falcons do,
As deer I'm not so fleet of limb,
Nor can I like the barbel swim;
But—pray take not my words amiss—
True excellence consists in this:
Rather in doing one thing well,
Than many things in doing ill."

CARDINAL McCLOSKEY, ARCHBISHOP OF NEW YORK.

THOSE who read New York newspapers have already been fully informed respecting the principal events in the life of the late Cardinal of New York, the circumstances of his death, and the honors paid to his memory by funeral obsequies and spontaneous manifestations of popular feeling. We do not, therefore, expect to present to this portion of the public anything of new interest. But for more distant readers, in this and in foreign countries, and to preserve a more permanent memorial which may be valuable until a biography shall appear, we undertake to give a sketch of the life and character of the illustrious subject, which, though necessarily succinct, shall be accurate and trustworthy, together with some reminiscences of the adjacent scenes and persons with which his career was associated.

The spacious and beautiful cathedral of white marble, with the adjoining episcopal mansion and the presbytery, situated in one of the finest parts of the city, make an architectural group in grandeur and dignity worthy of the great metropolitan see and the great city of New York, which is actually the metropolis of the United States.

The first cathedral church of St. Patrick, now a parish church, built during the early part of this century, and rebuilt in part after a fire which destroyed all except its walls in 1866, although in itself a fine and imposing edifice, is placed amid very different surroundings. These are and always have been those of a very poor and mean quarter of the city. The removal to a different locality was certainly fitting and desirable in every way. Yet

we cannot help thinking that the position of the first bishops of New York, like that of the first popes in the Catacombs, had something in it most expressive of the original, characteristic mission of the apostles and their successors, to plant the church of Christ amid the poor and miserable habitations of those to whom especially the Gospel is preached, and who have always best appreciated its blessings.

The writer has conversed with a lady who had assisted at Mass in the drawing-room of the Spanish consul, which at that time, about a century ago, sufficed to contain all the Catholics of New York. For about twenty years from that date New York was a mission-station in the diocese of Philadelphia, attended from that city occasionally, perhaps once a month, until it was confided to the care of a resident priest. It was erected into a see in 1808, and the first bishop, Dr. Concanen, was consecrated in Italy, but, through the interference of the civil authority, was prevented from embarking for America. The second bishop, Dr. Connolly, was consecrated in 1814, and ruled the diocese during eleven years. The portraits of these two bishops, the memory of whom has been almost effaced, are preserved at the episcopal residence, and represent them as venerable, and even distinguished-looking prelates. Dr. Dubois, who succeeded and governed the diocese from 1826 to 1842, was, during all his career as priest and bishop, one of the first and most eminent among our early American clergy. Dr. Hughes, then a parish priest in Philadelphia, was consecrated as his coadjutor in 1838, succeeded him in the see, was made archbishop of the new province of New York in 1850, and died in 1864, after an episcopate of twenty-six years. The remaining interval until the recent accession of the present archbishop was filled by the episcopate of the late cardinal. And, as Dr. Hughes practically administered the government of the diocese from the time of his consecration, the Catholic people of New York have been governed by only two bishops during the last forty-seven years—a circumstance which partly accounts for the unusually intense personal devotion which they have ever manifested toward their prelates.

The writer was taken as a little boy by his father, somewhere about the year 1832, to see the old cathedral; and, notwithstanding the improvements and decorations of a later date, the impression remaining of the church and its vicinity resembles substantially its present appearance.

Soon after Dr. Hughes' consecration I heard him preach at High Mass on a Sunday, the late Father Starrs, V.G., being the

celebrant. I have still a vivid remembrance of his appearance—as he was then in the prime of manhood—of his sermon, and even of the precise words of some of its sentences. In 1851 I passed a fortnight in his house, assisting in a mission given under the direction of the celebrated Father Bernard. The movement among the Catholics of New York roused by previous missions at St. Joseph's and St. Peter's—these missions being then a novelty—was so great that they would all have crowded into the cathedral, if it had been possible, and we would have had an audience sufficient to fill St. Peter's at Rome. The church was stuffed with human beings, many climbing even into the window-sills, and the streets were packed with people like a solid wall, so that it was sometimes impossible to get through them from the house to the sacristy. I was then and often afterwards in familiar intercourse with this great archbishop, and learned to know him well personally. Although he preserved somewhat of a distant and regal demeanor towards clergymen who were his immediate subjects, yet with other clergymen, and especially when away from his own diocese, he was extremely affable and agreeable. When I first made his acquaintance at his own house the present bishop of Brooklyn and the late Archbishop Bayley, of Baltimore, were two active and sprightly young priests attached to the cathedral, and they were both soon after the mission appointed to new episcopal sees erected within the diocese of New York—viz., Brooklyn and Newark—and were consecrated by the Roman prelate who was afterwards Cardinal Bedini, then on a special mission to the United States. One of these young clergymen of that early time related a characteristic anecdote of the archbishop.

The well-known Father Larkin, S.J., called on him soon after the burning of the old church first occupied by the Jesuits in the city. The archbishop remarked, with a somewhat malicious smile, that it was the most beautiful fire he had ever seen. Father Larkin did not reply, but after a moment's pause, presenting his snuff-box, said: "My lord, will you take a pinch of Irish Blackguard?" The archbishop soon after parted from his visitor with ceremonious politeness, and, returning to his study, observed to his secretary: "Father Larkin is a remarkable man, a very clever man indeed!"

Archbishop Hughes laid the corner-stone of the new cathedral on a blazing summer's day of the year 1858, in the presence of a vast crowd, which was estimated to number one hundred thousand, whose orderly and quiet march through the streets that Sunday afternoon was like that of an army. He

made other preliminary arrangements for the erection of the building, but finally left the prosecution and completion of the work to his successor. He became enfeebled by premature old age, worn out by the overwhelming cares and labors attending the charge of a diocese which, before its division, embraced the entire present province—viz., the two States of New York and New Jersey. His province, when he became a metropolitan, included also the present province of Boston—*i.e.*, all the New England States. Except during the three years from 1844 to 1847, he had no coadjutor, and for several years before his death he was unable to do more than fulfil the absolutely necessary duties of his office. Few who are now living can remember him as he was in the full vigor and activity of his prime. During his time of warfare he wielded the battle-axe of Cœur de Lion; while his successor, whose characteristics were in marked contrast to his own, was more like Saladin, whose light weapon cut the lace veil with sure and graceful stroke.

The Catholic Church of New York has reason to be proud of its bishops, and to be grateful to God for the line of chief pastors who have fed and defended this portion of the flock of Christ as it increased and multiplied like that of Jacob in Mesopotamia.

The fifth bishop and second archbishop, John McCloskey, was born in Brooklyn, March 20, 1810, four years before the consecration of the first resident bishop of New York. In 1822 he began the course of his studies, which he continued, until the completion of his theology in 1834, at the College of Mount St. Mary's, Emmittsburg, Maryland. Bishop Dubois was during many years its president, and here Archbishop Hughes, as well as many other prelates and priests of the United States, received their education. It is a most romantic spot, and it has a history replete with all kinds of interest, running over with reminiscences and anecdotes of the boyhood and youth of a great many men who became afterwards well and honorably known in their various professions. But few of the late cardinal's contemporaries are now living. His golden jubilee in 1884 brought one of them, a venerable Jesuit father, whose provincial threw him into the greatest alarm by declaring that he had given his comrade, John McCloskey, a beating in a school-boy fight, and threatening to relate it publicly. The good father protested that the story was a myth, and yet he privately acknowledged to the writer that he was sorry he had ever made known what had really happened, the historic germ of the legend—that he had just given him *one little clip*. At the funeral another venerable old gentle-

man on crutches came into the sacristy to tell me that he had been the cardinal's schoolmate. I have heard the cardinal himself relate with glee some of his school-boy stories, but I have forgotten them, for which some persons may be thankful.

One boyish adventure had nearly proved fatal. During a visit to some farm-house in the country a great log fell upon and rolled over John McCloskey, who was taken up insensible and severely hurt. The shock which his nervous system received left a permanent effect. While on a journey—I think during the time that he was bishop of Albany—he met with another accident on a railway which injured him severely and laid him up for some weeks. These shocks to his nervous system were probably the principal cause of the premature failure of his constitution and of the disease—*paralysis agitans*—with which he was afflicted during his latter years.

Mr. McCloskey was ordained priest January 11, 1834, by Bishop Dubois, who was assisted on that occasion by Dr. Power, a priest scarcely less celebrated in his day as a preacher and controversialist than Dr. Hughes, and by Dr. Pise, also well known for his graceful literary accomplishments, peculiarly attractive personal qualities, and still more worthy of honor for his long and faithful service in the priesthood. The two following years were spent in study at Rome, and one year more in a tour through Europe. During the remaining seven years of his priesthood, before his elevation to the episcopal dignity, Father McCloskey was rector of St. Joseph's Church, New York, and for a time president of the newly-founded St. Joseph's Seminary at Fordham. While rector of St. Joseph's he received into the church the Rev. Mr. Bayley, rector of St. Paul's Protestant Episcopal Church, Harlem, who by this step lost the inheritance of a fortune of ninety thousand dollars, and who, as archbishop of Baltimore, placed the scarlet berretta of a cardinal on the head of his former spiritual father. An old man who lived for forty years as a servant at the Lorillard mansion, Manhattanville, both before and after it became a part of the grand Convent of the Sacred Heart, told me that he remembered well Mr. Bayley as a Protestant clergyman, and that on the occasion of a wedding in the house he was the officiating minister and the lady-superior of the convent one of the bridesmaids. The drawing-room where the marriage was celebrated became afterwards the first chapel of the convent.

Father McCloskey was consecrated bishop of Axiere *in partibus*, having been appointed coadjutor with the right of succession to Dr. Hughes, on March 10, 1844. He was translated

to the new see of Albany May 21, 1847, and governed that diocese seventeen years. His cathedral was a very ordinary church with a modest residence attached to it. A new and handsome church was afterwards built upon its site by Father Walworth, the present rector. Later on a noble cathedral with a suitable episcopal residence adjoining was built.

Bishop McCloskey was translated to the metropolitan see of New York early in the year 1864; he was invested with the insignia of a Cardinal Priest of the Roman Church, under the title of Sancta Maria super Minervam, March 15, 1875; and he died October 10, 1885, in the seventy-sixth year of his age, the fifty-second of his priesthood, and the forty-second of his episcopate, having been archbishop of New York twenty-one years and some months. During the last five years of his episcopate he had a coadjutor in the person of the Most Rev. Dr. Corrigan, titular archbishop of Petra, who succeeded to his see on his demise.

We make no attempt at any even succinct historical sketch of the labors and events of the late cardinal's public official career. Such an account would be a history of the two great dioceses which he governed, of his entire province, and of the Vatican Council, of which he was one of the most distinguished members. In fact, his personal history is connected with that of the whole Catholic Church in the United States. It is well known that the churches he governed flourished under his administration, that great works were accomplished, and that the cardinal, when his earthly career came to its close, saw, in the language of Wordsworth:

> "Of all by his great soul inspired,
> Much done, and much designed, and more desired."

The change in his personal condition, from the time when, as a little boy, he crossed with his mother in a row-boat every Sunday from the small village of Brooklyn to New York to hear Mass in one of its two Catholic churches, to the time when, surrounded by his suffragans and clergy, he sat on the throne of his new cathedral, is typical of the fortunes of that part of the Catholic Church over which he presided.

Leaving this theme to be handled by others in the ample and satisfactory manner which it demands, I confine myself to the effort of sketching the personal character of the great cardinal, and a few scenes of remarkable interest in which he appeared as the principal figure.

The cardinal was tall, slender, and graceful in his person, with a constitution apparently frail and delicate, yet really sound and elastic, capable of great endurance, and retaining its healthful vigor until he had nearly reached the period of seventy years. His mental and physical temperament is most distinctly characterized as one of equilibrium, balanced adjustment, and tranquillity, not, however, at all phlegmatic, but on the contrary marked by alertness of movement and gayety of disposition. His intellectual faculties were symmetrically developed and cultivated. He was a diligent and a distinguished student in his youth, studious and thoughtful during his whole life; but what may be called intellectual passion, and all desire to manifest intellectual superiority or exhibit learning, was absent, and only attentive observation could discern beneath his unobtrusive exterior manner of conversation how much knowledge and wisdom lay beneath. All acknowledge that he was in many ways an accomplished scholar, especially in theology and the sacred sciences. I have sometimes taken occasion to consult him, generally when I could not find the solution of some difficult question in books or from other theologians, and I never found him at fault. In fact, I have known him to correct a serious mistake of a celebrated author in a very important matter.

As a preacher he had rare and excellent gifts. I have seldom had an opportunity of hearing him preach set and elaborate discourses. But I have heard from an old parishioner at St. Joseph's that the church was always crowded when he preached, and from competent judges, who had listened to the most celebrated preachers in America and Europe, that he would compare favorably with them, especially in regard to elegance of rhetoric, logical clearness in the construction of his argument, persuasiveness, and attractiveness of manner. Of late years I have frequently listened to his short addresses to the graduates and other young pupils on the occasion of the annual distribution of honors and prizes. It is not so easy as some might think to make addresses of this kind without sinking into a continual repetition of commonplace remarks, or merely reciting a formula as fixed as the phrases with which we are wont to begin and end a sermon: "The words of my text will be found"; "A blessing I wish you all." The cardinal always made a most happy, ingenious, and appropriate address to his young people, and never repeated the same twice. Each of them was a perfect little gem. For instance: "There is some hidden spring within these grounds, the fount of inspiration from which you draw those beautiful

thoughts and sentiments with which you have delighted and charmed us this afternoon. Where is it? Would that I could find it and drink from it, that I might make to you some similar and worthy response!" There are very few who, if they were fortunate enough to find such a pretty thought, would not treasure it up for future use. Not so the cardinal. He always had a fresh bouquet with the dew still on it, as rich and beautiful as the nosegays which the young Muses and Graces of the convent-school laid at his feet.

Of course he won the hearts of the young people and children of his flock whenever he went among them on the joyous festivals of confirmation, first communion, and graduation. The same amiability and benignity of character endeared him to all who were under his pastoral charge, whether of the clergy or the laity, while his episcopal dignity of bearing, his justness of administration tempered with mildness, his consummate wisdom and prudence in government, and his thorough devotion to all sacerdotal and pastoral duties, inspired confidence and respect. In regard to all the duties of his office it may be said with literal truth he was *totus in illis*. From the beginning to the end he was completely and entirely the priest and the bishop. All other employments and occupations, however worthy in themselves, besides those of his priestly state, he touched with the left hand. As for recreation and amusements, such as are suitable and for most men indispensable, although he could not say literally with St. Charles Borromeo, whose whole life bordered on the miraculous and in some respects crossed the border, that "his only garden was the Holy Scriptures," yet he had reduced the demands of the inferior part of human nature to their lowest terms. Grievous and growing infirmities alone could compel him to relax his untiring diligence. He continued to exert himself to fulfil a part of his functions, steadily growing less and less, even after his coadjutor had taken the heavier duties upon himself, when his trembling hands could scarcely place a wreath upon a child's head, when he could scarcely rise up from his chair, and was unable to walk across the floor of the sanctuary without assistance.

From the time when he was invested with his highest dignity the cardinal was never well. Even before that he must have been sensible of failing strength and begun to grow weary. He was not one to complain of fatigue, but once, when he gave his pallium into my charge for a time, he expressed with a sigh the wish that he might lay it aside altogether, and uttered the

exclamation: "*O beati voi!*" During his last years he was compelled to retire more and more into that seclusion and quietude for which he had longed. Unable during a long time even to read, though he continued to direct the administration of his diocese through his vicars-general, the greatest part of his time was passed in solitude, with no resource or occupation except prayer. During all his life his interior occupation had been more spiritual than intellectual, and not distracted or disturbed even by incessant outward activity. During his months and years of languor he was never, so far as I could perceive or know from those who saw him frequently, morbid, melancholy, or discontented. He seemed to be serene and happy, and his conversation was cheerful and simple. I conclude from this that there was a deep well of the water of life in his soul, that his "life was hidden with Christ in God," that his spirit was already dwelling in heaven, though his body was on the earth. One cannot possess this quiet of contemplation in old age and sickness, unless he has gained it by strenuous, unremitting efforts to walk closely with God during the time of mental and physical activity. The cardinal had been innocent and pious in his boyhood, had probably preserved the first grace of baptism, had been consecrated from his youth to the special service of God, and had gone on in one unswerving, undeviating course of fidelity to conscience and the inspirations of the Divine Spirit. This was the source of his peace and tranquillity, the disposition which prepared him to receive sacerdotal grace in all its fulness. Such souls, above all others, are worthy of the priestly vocation, and fit instruments of grace for the sanctification of others. They are like St. John, the beloved disciple of Christ, who was spared the struggles and the vehement repentance by which St. Peter and St. Paul won the victory over sin. They may not be so well fitted for tempest and warfare, but there is a winning sweetness and gentleness in their sanctity and in their ministry which is specially fitted to gain hearts. St. Meletius of Antioch is a notable instance in early ecclesiastical history. The first American bishop who was made a cardinal, Mgr. Cheverus, bishop of Boston, then translated to Besançon, and afterwards archbishop of Bordeaux, a prelate after the pattern of St. Francis of Sales, was a similar example in modern times. He won the admiration and affection of all the people of Boston and New England, and left behind him a reputation of sanctity which has not yet died out. I always heard him spoken of in my boyhood as a saint. Cardinal McCloskey resembled Cardinal Cheverus in character, and,

like him, he has won universal regard. The citizens of Albany, headed by the governor of New York, presented an address warmly expressing the honor and regard in which they held him, when he was transferred to the metropolitan see, New York, and the country in general was pleased and gratified at his elevation to the cardinalate. On the occasion of his death and funeral the press, representing the public sentiment, was filled with editorials and other articles expressing sympathy and giving testimony of the universal esteem of the community. Far more than distinguished talents and rank, it was the moral and spiritual virtues of the true Christian bishop, the meekness, humility, piety, sacerdotal zeal and disinterestedness of his character and life, which called forth this spontaneous homage.

The piety of a bishop has its own specific character and way of manifestation in a pre-eminent devotion to the Sacrifice, the sacraments, and all the accompanying holy rites and observances which belong to the external worship of God in the sanctuary of which he is a minister. This is seen in the example of the great modern model of episcopal perfection and sanctity, St. Charles Borromeo.

Cardinal McCloskey was filled with the devotion to the Holy Eucharist which is the fountain of vital force in the priesthood, with reverence for the sacraments and all holy things, with zeal for the glory and beauty of the house of God. His dignity and grace of person and manner, refined taste, and nice sense of propriety, together with his elevated piety, fitted him to fulfil all sacred functions at the altar, and to order all external arrangements and decorations of the church and sanctuary, in such a becoming manner as to reflect outwardly the inner, celestial mysteries signified by and contained in all sacramental and liturgical forms. For the same reason that he honored the Lord in his sacraments and sanctuary, he honored him in his own person as the consecrated minister of religion. He did not show his humility by seeming to disregard his own dignity, his unworldliness by neglecting the external proprieties which belong to it. He was always a polished gentleman and a dignified prelate, showing due courtesy to others and exacting due respect to himself. It was a great pleasure to see him officiate in the ceremonies of the church. He sought to provide the church and the sanctuary with all that was most ritually correct, most accordant to the canons of the purest taste, most costly and splendid, in architecture, art, sacred vestments and vessels. He associated with persons of the highest ecclesiastical and civil rank, with the

most cultivated minds, and was familiar with the best works of ecclesiastical art, in Europe, from the first years of his priesthood. Pius IX. said that he was a man of princely mien and bearing; and he was exalted to the rank of a prince in the church because he was worthy to take his place as their peer among the highest. "When he went up to the holy altar, he honored the vesture of holiness. And about him was the ring of his brethren; and as the cedar planted in Mount Libanus, and as branches of palm-trees, they stood round about him, and all the sons of Aaron in their glory" (Eccli. l. 12–14).

Three grand scenes, which were the cardinal's triumphs, occurred during the last ten years of his episcopate—viz., his investiture as cardinal, the solemn benediction of the new cathedral, and the celebration of the Fourth Provincial Council of New York. Long and minute descriptions of these scenes are contained in the newspapers of their respective dates. Such descriptions are often of a magniloquent character and full of grievous blunders in their ambitious but inaccurate attempts to describe ecclesiastical ceremonies. Some of them, however, are the work of reporters of the first class, who are well informed and of practised skill in their calling; and these are as excellent in their kind, and as perfect in an artistic sense, as the admirable portraits and etchings which adorn the pages of the *Century*. Those who wish for descriptions of the ceremonies and processions on these occasions can find all that is requisite to gratify their curiosity in the several numbers of the *Catholic Review* and the *Illustrated Catholic American* for the present month of October, in which they have been reproduced.

I wish to allude here only to some features which are noteworthy, and which were very impressive.

On the occasion of the conferring of the cardinal's scarlet cap on the archbishop of New York by the archbishop of Baltimore, the vast multitude thronging the vicinity of the old cathedral, and covering all the roofs of adjacent buildings, together with the poor and squalid appearance of the district through which the imposing array of the procession passed, was, to me, the most impressive part of the spectacle. A view of the crowd within the church, mingled of all ranks from the humblest to the highest, Catholics and non-Catholics, of the perfect order and decorum which prevailed without and within the church, and the manifestation of intense interest on the part of all in the ceremony, were well fitted to attract attentive consideration and awaken many thoughts and emotions. Splendor coming in upon poverty

without arousing hate and envy, the highest and the humblest mingling together, *ima summis*—this presented an image of reconciliation, union, illumination of the dark vaults and crypts of human society by light from its upper regions, showing what the Catholic religion, and no other power whatever, is capable of effecting by bringing in harmonizing, ameliorating influences to pervade all classes and conditions. The cardinal, and Count Mirafoschi in his grand gala uniform, with drawn sword, were the two centres of attraction. I smiled inwardly while looking at the fine, colossal, brilliant figure of the papal officer, remembering old alarms of invasion by papal armies, and fancying the count attempting single-handed the conquest of the country. Looking at the new scarlet vestments of the gentle and very weary cardinal, I recalled the terrifying phantoms of Apocalyptic beasts and the Scarlet Lady. Then I looked at the eager, admiring countenances of American ladies and gentlemen, the foremost of them pressing quietly up within the rails and mounting chairs among the clergy to get a better view of the two personages clad in ecclesiastical and military scarlet. When the stern, uncompromising official who repelled the invaders turned his back, I acknowledge that I connived at and favored their intrusion, and gave my chair as a *coigne de vantage* to one fortunate person, who had a near view which some hundreds of thousands would have been delighted to get.

Just so when the great day of the solemn blessing of the new cathedral, with its bright sunshine and genial air, witnessed the magnificent procession of prelates and clergy, heard the melodious chants of choristers, and marked itself with a red letter in our calendar for perpetual remembrance. The drawing together of the multitude of all classes; the universal congratulation with the venerable cardinal, already verging toward the decline of his days; the continual throng, for weeks and months, of visitors to gaze at and admire the storied windows and beautiful altars, were most interesting and impressive sights to be contemplated by an observer to whom humanity itself is the object most worthy of attention in this world.

The celebration of the Provincial Council lacked nothing of the elements which go to make up a splendid religious spectacle, in its solemn sessions with their public processions and ceremonies. Within the council a harmony of proceeding, a quietness of deliberation, an absence of party spirit and the eagerness for discussing and speechifying which are so common in deliberative and legislative assemblies, even ecclesiastical, gave it a

peaceful character which seemed to be an inspiration from the cardinal's own tranquil and serene spirit.

It seemed a wonder that he was able, so extreme was his bodily feebleness, to preside over all its private and public sessions and to take the part in its ceremonies which belonged to him as its president. He seemed like one who belonged more to the sphere of spiritual beings than to that of men living in the body. "He shone as the morning-star *in the midst of a cloud*, when he put on the robe of glory and was clothed with the perfection of power" (Eccli. l. 6, 11). One could easily imagine that some ancient, holy bishop, raised from the dead and still pale and infirm as when he lay breathing his last, had returned among his brethren to testify of the region behind the veil.

On the occasion of his golden jubilee he made one more effort, with still greater difficulty, to appear for a short time among his brethren and receive their felicitations; and then, drawing always slowly nearer to the world beyond the earthly atmosphere, he awaited the summons which came at last, and, in silent, perfect peace and possession of his intellectual consciousness, all the solemn rites prescribed by the church fulfilled, he passed to his everlasting rest and reward. Offices were continually recited, prayers and Masses were said, watch and guard were kept over his body, it was laid in state in the cathedral, all the solemn obsequies were fulfilled, and, with his pallium on his shoulders, what remained of the cardinal's bodily part was sealed up in the tomb behind the high altar, awaiting the resurrection.

The high altar and the episcopal throne were the personal gifts of the cardinal, who subscribed for this purpose from his private purse $10,000, and sold his carriage and horses to make up the sum. They will always remain as his memorial to future generations. The governor of New York has already said that the cathedral of Albany is his monument. Another and more splendid monument, alike to him and to his illustrious predecessor, whose body lies by the side of his, is the cathedral of New York.

As a spontaneous tribute of honor and love to the deceased cardinal, there is nothing which can compare to the gathering of the people about his coffin while his body was lying in state from Tuesday morning, October 13, until Thursday, the day of his entombment. Nothing similar has occurred within our memory, except on the occasions of the funeral ceremonies of President Lincoln and General Grant. A numerous group of prelates and several hundred of the clergy, several distinguished civilians, and as many of all classes as could obtain admission were present at the obsequies, which were performed with all possible solemnity.

The crowd of persons present in the cathedral was but a small fraction of the multitude, from all ranks of society and from other parts of the country as well as from the city, who would have been present if they could have obtained admission. Even this is not so very remarkable. But what was really a wonderful spectacle was the scene witnessed about the cathedral during the time of the lying in state. The church was filled with the people who could gain admission; the great area between its entrance on Fifth Avenue and the street, the avenue itself from Forty-seventh Street to Fifty-third Street, on the eastern pavement, were densely packed with a silent, patient army, which began to gather at three o'clock in the morning, and did not disperse until ten in the evening. A large body of police, which on Thursday was increased to three hundred, was requisite to put the multitude in orderly array and prevent the crushing which must have otherwise produced confusion and resulted in danger to limbs and lives, as well as to secure a passage to the catafalque to the greatest possible number. One day was rainy, but this did no more than diminish the crowd to about fifty thousand. This long and patient waiting was simply for the purpose of getting one brief glance at the bier with the body of the dead cardinal, clothed in his pontifical vestments, reposing upon it. And a large proportion of the multitude were deprived of even this satisfaction.

Such a deep and universal emotion as this, prompting the endurance of such long-protracted fatigue, and keeping so vast and miscellaneous a crowd of men, women, and children in a hush of sombre silence for so long a time, is a wonderful phenomenon. It has often been witnessed before among the Catholic people when persons have died in the repute of great sanctity, but it is very difficult for any one who is not within the sphere of the intense and overawing emotions of which only the popular heart is susceptible to enter into it and understand it. In a general and purely natural sense this intense and overmastering awakening of sensible emotions is a spontaneous stirring of the innate aspiration of the human soul after the sublime. It is the disposition to wonder at, reverence, and pay homage to that which is above and beyond the limits of common humanity and the objects of every-day life.

When religious faith and the sentiment of the supernatural lie at its root, then the person or the other object representing the majesty of God, the mysteries of religion, the unseen, spiritual world, the realities of the life to come, moves the imagination and the feelings of those who are in a simple and child-like state, by means of the concrete and sensible embodiment of that

which the intellect apprehends by abstract ideas, with a force which is great because it is consonant to human nature. What we have been describing manifests the depth, intensity, and wide extent of religious convictions in the great mass of the people.

The founding, extension, perpetuity, and powerful effect of Christianity in the past and present are chiefly due to bishops, from the apostles down to their living successors, who have been, like Cardinal McCloskey, true and worthy ambassadors of God and representatives of Christ. It is in the Catholic episcopate that the hope of future triumphs of the kingdom of Christ in the world chiefly reposes. May the example of our holy Cardinal Archbishop not be lost on the clergy and people to whom he left his blessing.

A DEWDROP ON A COBWEB.

How fair a guest upon a couch
So base!
It restless moves, as it disdained to touch
So mean a place;
Or as it wooed the zephyr's soft embrace,
Upon its wings to upward soar.
It gazeth longing into Morn's sweet face,
And opes its door
In tender pleading to the King of Day,
Whose ray
Shines through the mirror of its rounded floor,
And, lingering brief in beauteous stay,
Bears it at last from earthly taint and soil away.

So in its mortal web the soul,
A guest
Ethereal, mourns her shining, distant goal
In deep unrest.
A viewless spirit ever doth invest
Her with a holy atmosphere;
And oft, by beams of living light caressed,
She doth appear
A splendid prisoner to the passer-by,
Whose eye,
Fixed with sweet influence on her pure career,
Mounts with her unto regions high,
As God's bright flame absorbs her to her native sky.

"SAINT THOMAS OF CANTERBURY" AND "BECKET."

In picturesqueness and "the tender grace of a day that is dead"—for Tennyson's day is dead, gone in a misty twilight—the latest tragedy of the laureate is vastly superior to the one which, after "Alexander the Great," has made Aubrey de Vere's name glorious in the literary annals of the nineteenth century. But a great tragedy on a subject which is what the Germans call "epoch-making" demands higher qualities than picturesqueness and that nameless grace and delicacy so essentially Tennysonian. It needs even higher qualities than the contrast of marked characters, pointed epigrams, or the fine play of poetic fancy. Lord Tennyson's "Becket" has all the lower qualities, Aubrey de Vere's "St. Thomas of Canterbury" all the higher. An oak is not more of an oak because the sward around is starred by violets and all the blooms of spring, and Aubrey de Vere's "St. Thomas" would not be a greater tragedy if it had the exquisite touches which the most delicate master of poetic technique the world has ever seen gives to his.

Tennyson's tragedy is meant to be an acting play, and it barely fails of being one; De Vere's is frankly a drama for the closet. Perhaps the lack of nobleness in Tennyson's is due to the necessity he felt of making it fit the arbitrary refinements of the stage. The episode of Fair Rosamond, which is an offence against historical truth, good art, and taste, would probably never have been introduced had the laureate not been required to give a leading dramatic lady something to do. Still, writers impregnated with the traditions of the Reformation are always crying, "*Cherchez la femme.*" If a man is holy and there is no disputing the fact, they construct a romance with a woman in it to account for his renunciations, and *vice versa*. Ten to one, if Tennyson is ever seized with the idea of putting Sir Thomas More into a tragedy, he will show to us the great chancellor dying, not as a martyr to religion, but as a martyr to human love. He has ruined a magnificent *persona* by making him, on the eve of his sublime death for the church and freedom, drivel of what he might have gained had he married. In the monastery at Canterbury, just before the bell rings that calls him to his doom, he sighs lackadaisically:

"There was a little fair-haired Norman maid
Lived in my mother's house: if Rosamond is
The world's rose, as her name imports her—she
Was the world's lily.

JOHN OF SALISBURY.

"Ay, and what of her?

BECKET.

"She died of leprosy.

JOHN OF SALISBURY.

"I know not why
You call these old things back, my lord.

BECKET.

"The drowning man, they say, remembers all
The chances of his life, just ere he dies."

Possibly this discord may not strike the audience which, in "Queen Mary," "Harold," and "Becket," Tennyson addresses himself to. But to a Catholic it is fatal to whatever harmony he might have found in the tragedy. Surely the poet who gave us a type of purity in Sir Galahad, and of chaste elevation in King Arthur, might have better understood the character of the martyred successor of St. Anselm. It is impossible to approach the climax, or rather anti-climax, of Tennyson's play without impatience and irritation. If

"To be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain,"

the discovery that a true poet has misunderstood a grand character and frittered away a sublime opportunity is an incentive, too, to a helpless and hopeless sort of anger.

In Aubrey de Vere's "St. Thomas" there is no anti-climax, no disappointment. We miss sometimes the flowers that might grow around the foot of the oak, but the oak towers majestic. "St. Thomas" possesses what many of us thought lacking in the less ambitious poems of an author who has given out much light without heat—sustained intensity of passion. Added to this, Aubrey de Vere thoroughly understands the historical meaning of St. Thomas' time and the relations of the great chancellor and primate to that time. Of these the laureate seems to be in the densest ignorance. If in "Queen Mary" he drew his facts from Froude, and in "Harold" from Bulwer-Lytton, he

appears in "Becket" to have depended on his own inner consciousness for his "history." He has, in the most important particulars, ignored the authentic chronicles of the time.

It was, indeed, an "epoch-making" time and one worthy of a grand commemoration in an immortal poem. England owes her liberty to the church, and, more than all, to St. Anselm and St. Thomas, because they first withstood the advancing waves of royal despotism. And the freedom of the church was the freedom of the people. St. Anselm put into the "Mariale" the echoes of the wails of the Saxon people, beaten down by Norman conquerors who would have been utter brutes—for the Berserker spirit was strong in them—were it not for the influence of the church. The Saxons saw their priests made powerless, their church enslaved, and themselves in hopeless serfdom—more crushing even than the slavery which Ireland endured from the same hands—when suddenly that church which knows no nationality, which fuses all nations into one, asserted her might in the persons of two primates: one of the conquering race, the other of the foreigner's court. The position of St. Thomas à Becket has been misinterpreted so utterly that he is often set down as an ambitious revolutionist who tried, in the interests of ecclesiastical tyranny, to dominate both king and people. In truth, the Archbishop of Canterbury struggled for old English laws against new ones devised by the Normans to rivet more closely the fetters of serfdom on the Saxon people.

It has been made a reproach against St. Thomas that he resisted the "Royal Customs," that he figured as a haughty prince of the church scorning the pretensions of the Plantagenet, and that he died a martyr to his obstinate desire to crush even royal freedom, that he and his monks might triumph. This view is founded on a misconception of the nature of the Royal Customs. They were not old Customs, but innovations invented by the conquerors for their autocratic purposes. Aubrey de Vere puts into Becket's mouth this description of these famous Customs. The Earl of Cornwall says:

> "You serve the king
> Who stirred these wars? who spurned the Royal Customs?
>
> BECKET.
>
> 'The Customs—ay, the Customs! We have reached
> At last—'twas time—the inmost of this plot,
> Till now so deftly veiled and ambushed.. 'Customs!'
> O specious word, how plausibly abused!
> In Catholic ears that word is venerable;

To Catholic souls custom is law itself,
Law that its own foot hears not, dumbly treading
A holy path smoothed by traditions old.
I war not, sirs, on ways traditionary;
The church of Christ herself is a tradition;
Ay, 'tis God's tradition, not of men!
Sir, these your Customs are God's laws reversed,
Traditions making void the Word of God,
Old innovations from the first withstood,
The rights of holy church, the poor man's portion,
Sold, and for naught, to aliens. Customs! Customs!
Custom was that which to the lord of the soil
Yielded the virgin one day wedded! Customs!
A century they have lived; but he ne'er lived,
The man that knew their number or their scope,
Where found, by whom begotten, or how named;
Like malefactors long they hid in holes;
They walked in mystery like the noontide pest;
In the air they danced; they hung on breath of princes,
Largest when princes' lives were most unclean,
And visible most when rankest was the mist.
Sirs, I defy your Customs; they are nought:
I turn from them to our old English laws,
The Confessor's and those who went before him,
The charters old, and sacred oaths of kings:
I clasp the tables twain of Sinai;
On them I lay my palms, my heart, my forehead,
And on the altars dyed by martyrs' blood,
Making to God appeal."

These were the Customs that St. Thomas resisted to the death. In this speech, so full of dignity and fire, Aubrey de Vere has distorted no facts for the sake of effect. Indeed, throughout the whole of his work he departs in nothing, except in the episode of Idonea de Lisle, the ward of Becket's sister, from the chronicled truth. Idonea, a rich heiress, pursued by the ruffianly knight De Broc, who "roamed a-preying on the race of men," took refuge with Becket's sister and was protected by the power of the primate. De Broc gained the king's ear, and, "on some pretence of law," drove Idonea from the house of Becket's sister. De Broc and his friends sued for her as a royal ward:

"Judgment against her went. The day had come,
And round the minster knights and nobles watched:
The chimes rang out at noon; then from the gate
Becket walked forth, the maiden by his side:
Ay, but her garb conventual showed the nun!
They frowned, but dared no more."

The feminine interest, to give which to his tragedy Tennyson invented a new version of the legend of Fair Rosamond, is supplied by Aubrey de Vere in this very fitting episode of Idonea. It is artistic and congruous. Idonea is exiled from England when the king's wrath bursts on all the relatives, friends, and dependants of A Becket; she finds refuge with the Empress Matilda, mother of the king. Then occurs a scene between the empress and the novice which for spiritual as well as intellectual elevation has seldom been equalled.

One would think that it would have been easy to give the necessary feminine element to "Becket" by the use of an underplot; but Tennyson has preferred to bring the king's mistress, a "light o' love," Fair Rosamond, into intimate association with the Archbishop of Canterbury, whose chastity, even before he took orders, amid all the temptations of a court presided over by a loose-minded Provençal queen, was proverbial. Fair Rosamond is rehabilitated for the purpose of the laureate. She is made to be, in her own eyes, the lawful wife of King Henry, and the chancellor—not yet made primate—promises the king to protect her against the vengeance of Queen Eleanor. Becket, having become primate and gained the hatred of the king, does so; and, in a dagger-scene quite worthy of a sensational play, saves her from Eleanor's fury. After that he induces her to leave her son and begin a novitiate in Godstow convent, from which she emerges, with the countenance of the abbess, disguised as a monk. She is thus present at the murder of the archbishop, and her presence excites that tender retrospection so in keeping with theatrical traditions, but so shockingly contrary to the martyr's character and the truth of history. It is here that Becket says, according to Tennyson:

> "Dan John, how much we lose, we celibates,
> Lacking the love of woman and of child!"

John of Salisbury seeks to give the archbishop consolation for his supposed loss, in a most ungallant and pessimistic tone smacking somewhat of "sour grapes":

> "More gain than loss; for of your wives you shall
> Find one a slut, whose fairest linen seems
> Foul as her dust-cloth, if she used it; one
> So charged with tongue, that every thread of thought
> Is broken ere it joins—a shrew to boot,
> Whose evil song far on into the night
> Thrills to the topmost tile—no hope but death;
> One slow, fat, white, a burthen of the hearth;

And one that, being thwarted, ever swoons
And weeps herself into the place of power;
And one an *uxor pauperis Ibyci.*"

This is hardly the way in which a sturdy and ascetic priest and counsellor would talk to an archbishop who, almost at the moment of martyrdom, would begin to look back at "lost chances" of love and matrimony. These touches of false sentiment show how impossible it is for Tennyson to comprehend a priest of the church. How different, but how true, is the note struck by Aubrey de Vere! Becket has been just made primate, and he bursts into the splendid speech to Herbert of Bosham:

"Herbert! my Herbert!
High visions, mine in youth, upbraid me now;
I dreamed of sanctities redeemed from shame;
Abuses crushed; all sacred offices
Reserved for spotless hands. Again I see them;
I see God's realm so bright each English home
Sharing that glory basks amid its peace;
I see the clear flame on the poor man's hearth
From God's own altar lit; the angelic childhood;
The chaste, strong youth; the reverence of white hairs:—
'Tis this Religion means. O Herbert! Herbert!
We must secure her this. Her rights, the lowest
Shall in my hand be safe. I will not suffer
The pettiest stone in castle, grange, or mill,
The humblest clod of English earth, one time
A fief of my great mother, Canterbury,
To rest caitiff's booty. Herbert, Herbert,
Had I foreseen, with what a vigilant care
Had I built up my soul!"

His pupil, young Prince Henry, is heard singing without, and he says, in contrast to the whines put into his mouth by Tennyson:

"Hark to that truant's song! We celibates
Are strangely captured by this love of children:
Nature's revenge—say, rather compensation."

Catholics whose childhood has been passed among religious will recognize the truth of this, as well as the falseness of Tennyson's point of view. Exiled in the Abbey of Pontigny, after the king has poured his wrath on him and his kindred for defending the liberties of the church and the people, he does not break out into wild regret or sentimental sighs. There is manly tenderness in his tone to the abbot:

"My mother, when I went to Paris first,
A slender scholar bound on quest of learning,
Girdling my gown collegiate, wept full sore,
Then laid on me this hest: both early and late
To love Christ's Mother and the poor of Christ,
That so her prayer in heaven and theirs on earth,
Beside me moving as I walked its streets,
Might shield me from its sins."

ABBOT.

"Men say your mother
Loved the poor well, and still on festivals,
Laying her growing babe in counter-scale,
Heaped up an equal weight of clothes and food,
Which unto them she gave."

It would be necessary to apologize for giving many quotations, tempting as their beauty is, were it not for the fact that mere allusion to them would not suffice. It is regrettable that among Catholics—and the present writer speaks from observation—Tennyson's "Becket," printed in 1884, is better known than De Vere's "St. Thomas," an American edition of which appeared in 1876.

Aubrey de Vere's conception of the motives of the martyred primate is worthy of a Catholic poet. Tennyson grasps only faintly the Christianity of A Becket. It does not come home to him, it does not touch him, because in his experience he has never come in contact with the inner life of a devout priest, and therefore his imagination is not equal to the task of evolving one. Of the real meaning of asceticism he is entirely ignorant. The pride and the impatience of his Becket is only equalled by the self-conceit of his St. Simon Stylites.

In the dialogue between the abbot of Pontigny and the exiled archbishop, just quoted, there is an example of Catholic belief which, like sustaining gold threads in a tissue of silk, runs through the wonderful tragedy of De Vere's. The chancellor is made the primate; he becomes less gay, less worldly, more given to the building-up of his soul and his mind, and more spiritual. He, almost alone, stands up for the church and the people. Time-serving court bishops cower, the very court of Rome—but not the church—seems to desert him. The pope himself sends him the habit of the monks of Pontigny, with the cowl filled with snow—"the pope knows well some heads are hot." The archbishop endures it all with the meekness of a saint, yet with the dignity of a man. Through all trials, up to the time of martyrdom,

he seems marked for special grace. He is not singularly learned, for the practical duties of the kingdom have left him little time for study. And yet he is well equipped with fortitude and his hope never falters. Why? We are answered: because his mother has loved God and the poor, and because he so loves Christ's poor, following her behest. This essentially Catholic point is accentuated most sharply and artistically by the author.

Tennyson draws very sharply the envious and the fawning prelates around the king, and his characterization is as keen and delicate as we have had every reason to expect it to be. But the virtuous priests in "Becket" are certainly a strange group. We know that the church in England, half-enslaved by the state and burdened with growing wealth, had need of reforms in discipline. Aubrey de Vere, with a regard for truth which has probably caused guileless Protestants to expect to see him crushed by the thunder of Rome, makes the pious Empress Matilda say:

> "I would your primate
> Had let the Royal Customs be, and warred
> Against the ill customs of the church. 'Tis shame
> To ordain a clerk in name that lacks a cure,
> Whom idleness must needs ensnare in crime,
> Scandal—and worse—to screen an erring clerk,
> More fearing clamor than the cancer slow
> Of wily wasting sin. Scandal it is
> When seven rich benefices load one priest,
> Likeliest his soul's damnation."

JOHN OF SALISBURY.

> "Scandals indeed!
> And no true friend to Thomas is the man
> Who palliates such abuses. For this cause
> Reluctantly he grasped Augustine's staff,
> Therewith to smite them down. Madam, the men
> Who brand them most are those who breed the scandals.
> The primate warred on such. The king, to shield them,
> Invoked the Royal Customs."

We understand all this, and no Catholic of to-day attempts to palliate abuses which crept into the discipline of the church. It is evident that Aubrey de Vere does not whiten the courtiers and sycophants, although clothed with episcopal authority, who shrank from St. Thomas at the king's scowl. He is even more pitiless to them than Tennyson. Tennyson, however, does not seem to see the anomaly of making an archbishop—a saint canonized by Rome—show an insubordinate and mutinous spirit which

almost justifies the hot words that King Henry is made to address to him :

> "No ! God forbid and turn me Mussulman !
> No God but one, and Mahound is his prophet.
> But for your Christian, look you, you shall have
> None other God but me—me, Thomas, son
> Of Gilbert Becket, London merchant."

Tennyson's Becket has a most persistent habit of repartee. The repartee is sometimes very apt, but very unsaintly. Indeed, if the laureate had made Wyclif the hero of his tragedy, some of the speeches would be in keeping with the sentiments of that over-glorified Lollard.

It may be said that Tennyson's idea of St. Thomas is very human, and that the poet has well depicted in rushing words a proud nature towering and neither bending nor breaking. Tennyson's Becket is well enough painted from that point of view. There are some exquisitely fine natural touches. But the poet-laureate had no right to attempt to depict the character of St. Thomas merely from that point of view. Pride and enthusiasm would never have made a Christian martyr of Thomas à Becket, and it is the full understanding of this that, leaving out other qualities, makes Aubrey de Vere the greater poet and the truer delineator of a hero whom it is almost sacrilege to misrepresent for the sake of a theatrical *succès d'estime.* The character of St. Thomas à Becket belongs to Christendom and to history, and the poet-laureate, rushing in where angels fear to tread, not caring for or understanding the sacredness of his subject, has done both Christendom and art a wrong by dragging an effigy of the martyred primate in the dust. It used to be the fashion to overlook the liberties that poets and romance-writers took with history ; but since historians have become romancers, and even adopted the adjectives of the poets, we are more exacting. No excuse can be offered for Tennyson's falsification of the character of À Becket—not even an excuse that he needed dramatic color. He had a noble figure and a sublime time, and he belittled them both, because he would not understand them or because the success of a play he had adapted from Boccaccio made him anxious for the applause of the frequenters of theatres.

Tennyson, echoing, perhaps, some sectarian preacher, causes the pope's almoner to suggest treachery to the archbishop when the king is urging him to sign the articles against the freedom of the church. Philip de Eleemosyna tempts the archbishop to

grievous sin by whispering that the pope wants him to commit it:

> "Cannot the pope absolve thee if thou sign?"

This might be forgiven in a tract against popery, on the score of ignorance; but what plea can be offered for it in the careful, overwrought work of a poet whose fame is world-wide and whose knowledge ought not to be much narrower?

Becket bursts out in this speech:

> "Map scoffs at Rome. I all but hold with Map.
> Save for myself no Rome were left in England:
> All had been his. Why should this Rome, this Rome,
> Still choose Barabbas rather than the Christ,
> Absolve the left-hand thief and damn the right?
> Take fees of tyranny, wink at sacrilege,
> Which even Peter had not dared? condemn
> The blameless exile?"

Is this the language of a Christian hero? Are these revilings of the Power he is willing to die for consistent naturally or true artistically? Herbert of Bosham, the archbishop's faithful friend, a devout cleric and a sensible man according to good authorities, is made to drivel:

> "Thee, thou holy Thomas,
> I would that thou hadst been the Holy Father."

To which Tennyson's archbishop complacently replies:

> "'I would have done my most to keep Rome holy;
> I would have made Rome know she still is Rome,
> Who stands aghast at her eternal self
> And shakes at mortal kings—her vacillation,
> Avarice, craft. O God! how many an innocent
> Has left his bones upon the way to Rome,
> Unwept, uncared for! Yea, on mine self
> The king had had no power, except for Rome.
> 'Tis not the king who is guilty of mine exile,
> But Rome, Rome, Rome!'"

Was there ever an honest and faithful priest and friend so misrepresented by a poet dazzled by the glare of the footlights? Was ever a saint and martyr more besmeared with mock heroic pride and selfishness?

Chroniclers tell us that St. Thomas was serene and dignified in all trials, but "Becket's" serenity is frequently swept away in gusts of evil temper, and he is quite as foul-mouthed as the enemies that bait him. The prelates around him wrangle like school-boys, and the scene at Northampton is simply a free

quarrel. Aubrey de Vere, comprehending that the key to St. Thomas' conduct must be found in a supernatural manner, avoids the almost brutal mistakes of the laureate. The scene of the signing of the Royal Customs by A Becket was really at Clarendon; Tennyson transfers it to Rochampton. De Vere treats this scene with keen perception and admirable reticence. The archbishop does not forget himself or burst into violent assertions. He is made to explain the episode of the almoner, which Tennyson treats in a truly evangelical way. He tells how he was deluded into signing the articles. It is very different from the version in which the pope's envoy whispers that one may sin freely and be sure of absolution!

> "Came next the papal envoy from Aumone,
> With word the pope, moved by the troublous time
> Willed my submission to the royal will.
> This was the second fraud; remains the third.
> My lords, the Customs named till then were few.
> In evil hour I yielded—pledged the church,
> Alas! to what I know not. On the instant
> The king commanded, 'Write ye down these laws.'
> And soon, too soon, a parchment pre-ordained
> Upon our table lay, a scroll inscribed
> With usages sixteen, whereof most part
> Were shamefuller than the worst discussed till then.
> My lords, too late I read that scroll: I spurned it;
> I sware by Him who made the heavens and earth
> That never seal of mine should touch that bond,
> Not mine, but juggle-changed. My lords, that eve
> A truthful servant and a fearless one,
> Who bears my cross—and taught me, too, to bear one—
> Llewellen is his name, remembered be it!—
> Probed me, and probed with sharp and searching words;
> And as the sun my sin before me stood.
> My lords, for forty days I kept my fast,
> And held me from the offering of the Mass,
> And sat in sackcloth; till the pope sent word,
> 'Arise; be strong and walk!' And I arose,
> And hither came; and here confession make
> That till the cleansèd leper once again
> Take, voluntary, back his leprosy,
> I with those Royal Customs stain no more
> My soul, which Christ hath washed."

This is not the talk of Tennyson's ill-tempered and sharp-tongued Becket, but the sense, if not the exact words, of the real Becket. De Vere's consummate skill in building up bit by bit the character of the archbishop, in accordance with the charac-

ter given him by authentic writers, is worthy of careful analysis. The primate asked of his servants their honest opinions of his conduct, and accepted opinions thus frankly tendered as his guide. The flattery of Tennyson's Herbert of Bosham, so complacently swallowed by the laureate's political primate, would have brought down the censure of the real St. Thomas. De Vere characterizes Llewellen, the Welsh cross-bearer, by a nice touch:

> "The tables groaned with gold; I scorned the pageant.
> The Norman pirates and the Saxon boors
> Sat round and fed; I hated them alike,
> The rival races, one in sin. Alone
> We Britons tread our native soil."

In the death-scene Tennyson sins unpardonably. He shows us the archbishop rushing to his death from obstinacy and want of self-control. De Brito, Fitzurse, and De Tracy have come to put into act the hasty words of the king and to murder the archbishop. Becket rails at them bitterly, throws Fitzurse from him and pitches De Tracy "headlong," after the manner of the muscular Christian heroes beloved of the late Rev. Charles Kingsley. He even sneers at the monks whom Tennyson makes to flee. "Our dovecote flown," he says—"I cannot tell why monks should all be cowards." He still repeats the sneer, until Grim, whose arm is broken by a blow aimed at Becket, reminds him that *he* is a monk. Rosamond rushes in and begs the murderers to spare the archbishop, and then he is slain, just as a thunderstorm breaks; this climax, which in Aubrey de Vere's tragedy follows strictly the authentic account of the sacrilege, is made trivial by a silly *coup de théâtre*.

There is nothing in Tennyson's "Becket" to compare with the lyrics in "The Princess," or even the lute song in "Queen Mary"; but they are airy and expressive of the mood of the persons in whose mouths they are placed. Queen Eleanor sings:

> "Over! the sweet summer closes,
> The reign of the roses is done;
> Over and gone with the roses,
> And over and gone with the sun.
>
> "Over! the sweet summer closes,
> And never a flower at the close;
> Over and gone with the roses,
> And winter again and the snows."

It is quite in accordance with the mood of the light-minded queen, who is quite past the August of life, who has been wed-

ded more for her rich possessions than herself, and who is far from her gay and debonair Aquitaine.

Queen Eleanor does not sing in the similar scene in Aubrey de Vere's tragedy. She turns to a trouvère and asks him to sing. And he begins:

> 'I make not songs, but only find;
> Love following still the circling sun,
> His carol casts on every wind,
> And other singer is there none.
>
> "I follow Love, though far he flies;
> I sing his song, at random found
> Like plume some bird-of-paradise
> Drops, passing, on our dusky bound.
>
> "In some, methinks, at times there glows
> The passion of some heavenlier sphere:
> These too I sing; but sweetest those
> I dare not sing and sweetly hear."

This is a smooth setting of a thought which both Keats and Maurice de Guérin, and no doubt all poets, have tried to express; but Queen Eleanor, and perhaps the sensitive reader, finds it lacking as a lyric. The trouvère then sings another about Phœbus and Daphne. Queen Eleanor very aptly cries:

> "A love-song that! An icicle it is
> Added to winter."

But if Aubrey de Vere's lyrical touch is hard and cold in comparison with Tennyson's, even when Tennyson's lyrics are not his best, he has the advantage, in all the higher attributes of a dramatic poet, in limning Queen Eleanor, who was a creature of the senses, yet still a princess and of no mean capabilities. Tennyson gives the impression that she was half-crazed—a kind of Provençal Bacchante, and her first entrance destroys all respect for her sanity.

Aubrey de Vere's "Saint Thomas of Canterbury" has a foil in "Becket" which, by contrast, makes it glow and seem more full of lustre and color, as a diamond of flawless purity when put in a circle of brilliants. It is hard to account for the blindness of the poet of the "Idyls of the King" in venturing to attempt a work that had already been perfectly done. Aubrey de Vere's place as a great dramatic poet was settled when "Alexander the Great" appeared. "Saint Thomas of Canterbury" was not needed to teach the world what he could do. But he has given it out of the abundance of his heart; and we Catholics, who have

the key of faith with which to unlock its mysteries, which are unknown to a poet of even Tennyson's insight, may thank God that he has raised up a seer at once strong, pure, true to his ideals both in religion and art, more than worthy to wear the mantle that fell from the shoulders of Wordsworth, and with much of the divine fire that made Shakspere an arbiter of English thought and speech.

THE STAMP OF THE GUINEA.

I.

The Irish, along with shortcomings which their neighbors, and through them the world, are never tired of citing, have at least one virtue: they do not grovel before the golden calf. A common enough character among them is the prodigal; but aside from such extremes, and regarding only the mass of thrifty and sensible Irishmen of whom one does not hear much, it is soon apparent that the gross view of money as a thing to hoard for its own sake is found among them more rarely than in other nations. How often does one hear of the Irishman, enriched by the freedom he finds in other lands, who sits like a toad over a treasure, not enjoying it himself and letting as few others as possible get from it any satisfaction? The character is common among Germans, Hollanders, Scandinavians, English, Scotch, and Americans; it is not unknown in France, and has representatives among the Jews even, when they are not oppressed—for, in the face of old prejudices, the Jews are really not so often given to undue hoarding of wealth as our forefathers made themselves believe. Whence comes this trait in the Irish character—a trait that has its fine, magnanimous side, and yet leads to the unhappiness of the possessor and his surroundings as soon as pushed far? In the attempt to explain it, if one goes back into the past, the reader will bear in mindt hat perhaps nowhere in Europe have more old ideas, old customs, and elsewhere-forgotten traits been kept alive than in the extreme western island over against our shores.

Among semi-civilized races hoarding is made easy by the introduction of a metallic currency which is protected from debasement. Early historians, like Keating, were supposed to say

that silver money was coined in Ireland at a very remote period; but the latest and best translation of Keating makes "silver shields" take the place of coin. There would be nothing strange, however, in an early coinage in Ireland of a kind like that found in other Keltic nations—rude tokens, often stamped on one face only, and commonly bearing the hardly distinguishable figure of a horse. These coins cannot be assigned to places and centuries; they are bårbarous imitations of Greek and Roman coins, and may well have been used in Ireland from the earliest ages. Few treasure-troves are met with, because of reasons we will come to soon. The first coins of Ireland that can be definitely assigned to the reign of a given king are those of Anlaf, or Olave, king of the Scandinavian district about Dublin, of the Isle of Man also, and of Northumberland in Britain. Æthelstane defeated this pagan at Brunanburgh, drove him, for a time at least, from England, and caused him to be baptized a Christian before he died. We hear no more of Irish coins for three hundred years, when King John minted pence in Dublin which bore the royal head in a triangle representing rudely the Irish harp. For centuries afterwards the English kings kept up the coinage of money bearing Irish symbols on the charge or allusions to Ireland in the inscription. But they did not possess Ireland in any complete sense, for the Welsh-Norman conquest was partial. Kit Marlowe describes the conquered in the passage where Lancaster speaks to King Edward II. in that free way which seems so disrespectful to republicans, brought up, as we are, to consider that a king, if he rules at all, should be a sovereign:

> "Look for rebellion, look to be deposed;
> Thy garrisons are beaten out of France,
> And, lame and poor, lie groaning at the gates.
> The wild Oneyl with swarms of Irish kerns
> Lives uncontrolled within the English pale;
> Unto the walls of York the Scots make road,
> And unresisted drive away rich spoils."

The bulk of the people adhered to their old system of barter in kind rather than use the invader's pound, shilling, and penny, or trust to the honesty of the mints which were liable to be established by charter in any large city. At most they took at their weight in metal English and Continental copper and silver, often giving preference to that foreign money which was famous for purity. It is said that an Irish fair to-day gains a good half of its "humors" from the fact that coin is little used among the poorer classes. Many are the funny stories of peasant wit con-

nected with this old and satisfactory method; strange to say, in the United States the "swaps" and horse-trades of the rural districts belong to a similar state of things, an age when coin was scanty and not above suspicion. Consider the history of Irish oppression, and judge whether or not the peasant was wrong to stick doggedly to his prejudice against coin. The Irish have never liked English coin, as why should they? Have they not always been most potent tools in the hands of London bankers? No matter if the "wild Irish" did win battles, the results were lost by the impoverishment of the country through the channels of trade. Can we not regard a nation in one sense as a great body bound together by obscure nerves which warn it of a danger when the onlooker thinks that suspicion and stubborn refusal to accept a so-called tool of civilization is the height of unreason? The absence from the old literature of mention of a coin currency is very remarkable. The Book of Rights, notwithstanding that penalties and tributes form its constant burden, has the "ring" for the nearest approach to a currency. This was the well-known most portable property of the northern nations, as of the Italic races in an epoch before, and is to-day in use among the African and Indian races.

"Fichi falach, fichi fichthill,
fichi each co ro Eas-ruaith,
do'n righ do nar thearbhas doghaing,
do righ bhearnais Conaill chruaith."

Twenty rings, twenty chessboards,
twenty steeds at the great cataract Eas,
to the King for whom no sorrow is fated,
to the King of the Gap of the hardy Conall.

But the commoner perquisites of chiefs were hogs, drinking-horns, horses, cattle, male slaves, bondswomen to grind at the quern, suits of clothes, shields and chariots. We find rings almost emerged into a currency among the Saxons, though, strange to say, hardly so completely a currency as the shells called wampum or sewant among the Atlantic Indians. In *Beowulf* an ordinary epithet for a chief is "ring-giver," whilst the early literature of Ireland is full of the same allusions. Thorarin Praise-tongue, in eulogy of King Sweyn of Norway, calls him *bauga-briotr*, ring-breaker; whence we conclude that, for example, the large arm-rings of copper, silver, or gold were broken up, and the pieces distributed among deserving jarls and kempies, just as the Forty-niners of California, true descendants of the

Wickingmen, ran their gold into chains, and, when they wished to pay the scot, wrenched a "bit" off with their teeth. *Bauga deildo*—"they distributed or spent money"—says the very able and humorous poet who wrote *Rigs-Thula*, the Lay of Righ, using for the common currency of Scandinavia the word from which the French get their *bague*. This recalls the situation in Britain on the arrival of the Romans; for Cæsar found a brass currency in Kent, together with tallies and rings of iron, though, according to some manuscripts, there seems also to have been a gold currency of some kind. The latter must have been scant at that period in Britain, and still scanter in Ireland; but it is more than probable that with the rise of cultivation in Ireland which took place in the fourth and fifth centuries mints of some rude kind were established. Then Ireland became the asylum of the better class of Kelts from Gaul and Britain. We may conclude that during at least three important epochs coins were struck in Ireland, if we include thereunder the rude Keltic tokens; yet between whiles they fall into disuse. Does not this show the rooted unpopularity of coinage as against the good old method of barter?

Since the traitorous Dermot McMorrough introduced the Welsh, Norman, and Flemish adventurers into the Emerald Isle, and opened her to the nation that loves coin above all things in heaven and on earth, the multiplex power which money gives has been used to keep Ireland under. It need not be supposed that Ireland has been the only spot on earth to suffer in like ways; no land has been quite exempt. In the United States, for example, about 1814 it used to be said that England, having been worsted by America on sea and land, was getting her revenge in the counting-house, so oppressive of American commerce were the tactics of her merchants and bankers. But Irish history always has a charm, a picturesqueness of its own; one follows better there the destructive course of the English guinea —that coin which shows St. George beating down his baser nature under the symbol of the dragon; that coin which can do so much good when the lesson of its effigy is taken to heart. The stubbornness of the Irish in resisting the uncontrolled power of capital as embodied in the landlord class, and the ceaseless agitation of men who will neither pay nor emigrate, is not of to-day or yesterday: it is coeval with the nation; it has subsisted under all changes of the population, from slight to large infusions therein of "Saxon" blood; and on this very point history is being made in Ireland now.

Pretty uniformly the successive waves of settlement had for incentive the plunder of the native Irish. After the Norman-Welsh conquest came the encroachments of Englishmen who exploited the enfeebled land with the thoroughness of keen traders. In 1333 the English, and those Normans and Welshmen who had not become identified in custom and speech with the Keltic population, were swept back toward Dublin by the Scottish Irish arms. Then many families assumed Irish names, usually taking that of the sept into which they had married, and thus making it hard to trace them in after-generations. As the effort spent itself and the English power got help stringent laws were made against all the Ireland-born. One might be proud of descent from the clan, another boastful of the stock of "Strongbownians," a third the son of a recent intruder who scorned the other natives of an island their fathers had come to plunder by frank fighting or legal chicane. But all suffered, unless there was influence enough to procure a place from the dominant party. In 1367 the English were forbid under pain of prison to entertain Irish bards, who were then, as they were still four centuries later, considered no better than spies. Forfeiture of land was decreed against those who adopted the Irish dress and tongue, or the mode of riding a horse without stirrups. It was felony to intermarry with the proscribed race or entertain the relations of fosterage or gossipred—that is, of godfather or godmother—relations that were often closer than connection by blood, and in their influence upon the social situation deserve more attention than can be given here. It was felony to sell to, barter with, or buy from a native. No Irishman could hold a living or enter a monastery. A special rank was assigned the "English by descent," above the "meere Irishe" but below the "English by birth." This did persons it was meant to favor no good, and simply exasperated everybody. In Wales similar oppressions were more successful, as might have been expected from its geographical position and the impossibility of the natives escaping long from pursuit without quitting their own soil. Thus in *Barddas* we read as to affairs *circa* A.D. 1400 :

"After the intestine war of Owain Glyndwr the king (Henry IV. or V.) forbade paper and plagawd (vellum) to be brought into Cymru, or to be manufactured there, in order that it might prevent epistolary correspondence between a Cymro and a Cymro, and between the Cymry and the people of a bordering country and of foreign lands; and this to avenge the siding with Owain which was observed everywhere on the part of every man

in Cymru. He also forbade the bards and poets to go their circuits and to visit the different families officially. Then was remembered and brought into use the ancient custom of the bards of the Isle of Britain; namely, the cutting of letters, which they called the symbols of language and utterance, upon wood or rods prepared for that purpose, called Coelbren of the bards —and thus it was done: They gathered rods of hazel or mountain ash in winter, about a cubit long, etc., etc."

In 1494 it was thought useless to forbid the practice of the Irish tongue and the fashion of riding Keltiké without a saddle. Of course after the Reformation the state of the natives was much worse, because religious fanaticism was added to the virulence of a mistaken race-idea. The exaggerations as to Saxons versus Kelts which it pleases eminent English historians to reiterate to-day in the face of facts, were as strong then as ever. In 1677 Thomas Sheridan, M.P. for an English borough, wrote *A Discourse on Parliaments* from the position of a Protestant and Englishman—that is, from a perfectly hostile position, as became the renegade descendant of Irish and Catholic houses. He reckoned only 1,000,000 persons in Ireland—which must have been an understatement even for that time of ruin through war, pest, and famine—"of which 800,000 are Irish, and of them above 10,000 born to estates, dispossessed. . . . Besides their suffering in estate and religion they are yet further, beyond the Scots, rendered incapable of enjoying any office or power, military or civil, either in their native or any other of their prince's countries; their folly (!) having thus reduced them to a condition more like that of slaves than subjects." Every sort of difference seemed to meet in order to foment between the Anglo-Scottish peoples and the Irish the most virulent bigotry and contempt. Habits and customs belonging to a by-gone epoch which lingered in force in various parts of Great Britain, but not directly under the observation of the men who swayed public opinion, were seized on by the English and used as clubs to batter the remnant of reputation left to their defeated cousins. Fair play was never accorded the Irish; all they got was harsh treatment, insufferable arrogance, and demands that they should better themselves. Certainly the example was not good; unhappily every nation has its thousands who will imitate; and though the Irish character can never equal the English in senseless brutality, some very fair attempts at it are to be found in history. The old system of fosterage which had gone out in Britain was a cause of offence, and in some ways a serious political difficulty. To the newer settlers it was so convenient, or so agreeable to inherited traits,

that we find it among the most English of the island, the people of the Pale near Dublin, in Dean Swift's time. Who can forget that Hogarthian sketch, in rowdy-dow metre, of the people of the baser sort at a feast? Behold them boasting of their aristocratic descent, cudgelling each other soundly, and talking of fosterage and gossipred—remnant of the old barbarous but unselfish system of the past:

"They rise from their feast,
And hot are their brains,
A cubit at least
The length of their *skeans;*
What stabs and what cuts,
What clatt'ring of sticks,
What strokes on the guts,
What bastings and kicks!
With cudgels of oak,
Well hardened in flame,
An hundred heads broke,
An hundred struck lame.
You churl, I'll maintain
My father built Lusk,
The castle of Slain,
And Carrick Drumrusk.
The Earl of Kildare,
And Moynalta his brother—
As great as they are,
I was nurst by their mother!"

How well the Dean knew to put his finger on the traits of the people among whom he lived, and how unfortunate that he was a paid official of a church that lacked parishioners, and how unlucky, too, that, as an exile from politics and the court, his eyes were always turned toward London! In his day the Irish had to look back on enough land-swindles under James, and massacres and plunderings of every sort under Cromwell; they were exasperated to the last degree when an obese and grasping hag, one of the German mistresses of besotted George I., calmly sold to William Wood the right to debase the coin of Ireland. Swift's epigram on Wood an Insect is remarkable in the antiquarian's eyes for recording a nostrum used by our ancestors for the jaundice and other diseases—one of those remedies whose only merit seems to lie in the disgust which the human being is apt to feel for it. To the student of literature it is remarkable because he calls Ireland "our mother Hibernia," thus identifying himself with the natives in a way that would not occur to

one whose parents were English and his birth in Ireland a mere accident. It forms another slender argument for the theory that Swift was born of Irish parents and merely put with Mrs. Swift the Englishwoman—a recent widow, and a very poor widow to boot—in order to cover the facts of his true parentage. It would explain the indifference of Mrs. Swift to her brilliant son, her separation from him whilst he was still a babe in arms, and also, perhaps, the large measure of sympathy which Swift showed in the Drapier's Letters for the oppressed Irish.

ON WOOD AN INSECT (1725).

"The louse of the wood for a med'cine is used,
Or swallowed alive or skilfully bruis'd;
And let but our mother Hibernia contrive
To swallow Will Wood, either bruis'd or alive,
She need be no more with the jaundice oppressed,
Or sick of *obstructions* and *pains in the chest*."

II.

Active and relentless for a century before and a century after Swift's time was the plundering of a gallant, improvident nation, crippled more than any other part of the country by anachronisms of prejudice and habits, land-laws and social etiquette. The Act for the Encouragement of Trade, passed in 1663, omitted Ireland very pointedly. The same year the importation of cattle, sheep, salt meat, and bacon was prohibited, and in 1696 all direct trade from Ireland to the colonies was stopped. Under William II. the wool trade was coldly ruined. In 1775 an embargo was laid on provisions in all Irish ports, so that the army could be cheaply supplied. In 1779 the cry which is now so frequent in the mouths of the English as a reproach to the United States, the cry in favor of free-trade, was heard in vain in the Parliament of Ireland. The argument in England was that these measures would complete the ruin of the people, whose hold on the land had been already loosened by successive settlements of Protestant English and Scotch farmers, aided by infamous laws; but the men by whom Ireland was to be "civilized" were the first to be ruined. They emigrated to America in swarms long before our Revolution. It is amusing to note the poetic Nemesis. The weapon against the Keltic Irish turned on the hand of the "Saxon." Protestant and Catholic, Kelt and Cromwellian, poured across the Atlantic to form that nation which was to break England's prestige, at first in war, then on the high seas, and at last in com-

merce. Yeomen of Keltic Irish names were among the heroes of the fight at Lexington. To this day American money, sympathy, and open or silent contempt play their parts in the enfranchisement of the Irish from the rule of the money-bags of London.

The world is now agreed that Ireland has been a victim, even if exception be taken to the word of Chief-Justice Morris, which called English rule "a hopeless attempt of a stupid people to govern a quick-witted one." Stupidity were easier to forgive than cupidity. The passion of the English for acquisition often permits them to suffer callously the taunt of dulness. It is the guinea they are after, not the applause of the world. With the guinea they can purchase Irish and Scotch adventurers to make the "English" arms glorious abroad, Welsh and German professors to make English learning respectable among the cultivated. It was to save the guinea they hesitated so long to relieve Khartoum and murdered Gordon. There is a world of truth in Napoleon's bitter gibe against the English as the nation of shopkeepers.

But in that gibe there would be little sting if the English were honest enough to own it and accept the situation. They are perpetually in a false position. Their royal house proceeds from a line which began with a king sunk in the coarsest sensuality, open to the baldest bribes. He hated England and the English, was sneered at by his new courtiers and insulted by the London mob. The English peerage is not a peerage of blue blood—blood is a secondary consideration to that practical people—it rests on the guinea, as Burns, a Keltic Saxon, put it long ago in his famous song. The Norman stock of which we hear so much has long disappeared in the masses of English, and those who bear names that recall bloodshed and violence, it is true, but also freedom from vices most despicable to men of sentiment, have not a drop of the old blood in their veins. The Saxon stock, with absurd claims to virtues it has little of, gradually invaded the whole nation with a low standard of morality and sentiment, and largely obliterated the finer elements which have been hitherto supplied by the old British substratum in southern England, in part by the constant drain of the Keltic populations toward London. That this so-called Saxon race is inglorious no one need suppose. But it is foolish to try to place its glory where it does not belong. Steadiness of purpose, home-life, comfort in the house, and order in the commonwealth are not small things to boast of. They make life sweet and livable. Great schemes in commerce and manufactures, great buildings and great corpora-

tions, are titles to applause. But the perversity of human nature is such that these are more ignored than honored by Englishmen. They point to a peerage which is based on money because without wealth it cannot exist in the face of the mammon-worship of the reigning family, of the nobility, gentry, and commons, instead of resting their boasts on achievements of English merchants and travellers in opening up a large part of the globe to civilizing influences and enlarging the common stock of knowledge in every direction. When an Irishman brags of descent from Brian Boroo he is to be respected. What if he be unable to read or write, what if he go barefoot? He has a fine idea, a sentiment, a glory to think back on. But the smug Englishman who assumes an air because he is trying to fill the limits of an old name, bought, not unusually, with the guineas of a brewer, is a fit object of contempt. Let him boast the good that brewer may have done in employing wage-winners and making families comfortable, and none but a fool will deny him respect.

The strength of the Irish—and their weakness—has been poverty. A characteristic Englishman who travelled as lately as 1882 in Ireland, that to him foreign and distant land, is impelled to say:

"My impression is that you have only to feed the Irish up and you will produce as fine a human physique as it is possible to behold. Look at the Irish constabulary, for instance. Where are you going to find a more splendid-looking set of fellows? And where are you going to beat in smartness the rank and file of our Irish regiments? As for the Irish gentry and middle classes, there is an air of high-breeding and genial courtesy about them which is too often wanting on the English side of St. George's Channel" (W. H. Hall).

The poverty in which the thrift of Englishman and Scot has kept the Irish has not been without compensating advantages; but most people will judge that the harm has outweighed the good. It has made the guinea a sore temptation. By the guinea the Irish Parliament was dissolved at the beginning of the century, and by the guinea's equivalent in that distant day the native chiefs and the old Norman-Welsh lords were too readily induced to betray their people. In 1540, or thereabouts, the confiscated property of the church was the bribe which induced faithless rulers to change Henry VIII. from Lord of Ireland to King of Ireland. The chief of a clan would surrender what was not his to give—the territory of his tribe—and receive it back from the king of England under the feudal system, with an obligation to do knight's service whenever summoned. It is true that many regarded it as a form only, and never intended to fulfil their part

of the contract; but that made it only worse. The clansmen did not understand what it was all about; in most cases never heard of it till too late. A similar trouble arose among the Kirghese of central Asia when (1732) Abdul-Khair submitted to the Russians and stipulated that the khanate should be hereditary from father to son in his family. The rule had always been that a brother should inherit, if he were a capable person. For nearly a century afterward the Kirghese regarded each hereditary khan a usurper in Russian pay, and continually rebelled under upstart leaders. Note this likeness between the Irish and Mongol conception of the executive. In Ireland a Shane O'Neill of the sixteenth century repudiated such a corrupt bargain made by his father, rebelled, and was outlawed. He said, with perfect truth, that his father had only a life-interest, according to the native law of tanistry, and had no authority to sign away the rights of his tribe. This partially explains what seems so peculiar in the attitude of tenant toward landlord in Ireland, which makes the English writer cited above say: "No Kelt, speaking generally, will tolerate a visible landlord willingly. An invisible landlord, content with a low rent in good seasons, and none, or next to none, in bad, seems for the present the Irish tenant's ideal." That, in truth, is the ideal of tenants all the world over; but what Mr. Hall meant was that the Irish tenant seems to feel more than any other an injustice in the strict enforcement of the contract. When we note, however, the villany of the bribed leaders of the clans who sold the people's birthright, and reflect on the thousand instances of tenacity of old customs and ideas among the folk, one begins to understand, if not to sympathize with, a flock which has been betrayed by its own shepherds into the jaws of the wolf.

III.

On the other hand, the clan system in just this fact betrayed weakness. It had to go. Earlier the pagans had submitted to Christianity with little or no struggle because the heads of clans led the way. Moreover, if tithes were exacted for the church the clergy at least did something to earn them; the people were used to make more or less voluntarily contributions to their pagan medicine-man, whether Druid, or bard, or filé, who assumed to have supernatural powers; and the infidel might regard the Christian priest as a man who worked harder and asked less than a Druid. Later the reverence for the head of the family-complex made it easy for strangers to enter the country

by interesting the chiefs in their booty. Until Protestantism overwhelmed Ireland along with the trained veterans of Cromwell, the clergy was usually on the side of established authority not of the clan type. For the Papacy was inevitably sympathetic with the existing state of things on the Continent, and could not be expected to admire an obsolete system still lingering in that remote island. Rome, the centre of a totally different scheme of religious-temporal government, inheritrix of Latin methods, could extend only a general, humane sympathy toward the part feudal, part clannish inhabitants of Ireland. Remember how native prince, priest, and filé stood by each other in the early Christian ages, and note the same trait later. Between Italian priest, English king, and Irish chief the clansman had little chance. He might relieve his mind by lampoons like that made by Egan O'Rahilly in 1713, wherein he traced back the pedigree of a luckless renegade, who had entered the ranks of the Cromwellians, through thirteen generations to the devil! Laughter is often the instinctive act of those to whom tears are only too ready. The slave offsets the hopelessness of his life by that jollity which is said to have disappeared from the Southern plantation since freedom brought thither the responsibilities of a voter. Perhaps much of the famous wit and lightheartedness of the Irish was bred of the necessity to lift at all hazards the crushing load of despair. Satire was one of the reliefs of an oppressed people; but in Ireland even that pastime was not always safe. Witness Teige Dall O'Higgin, who lampooned six men of the O'Hara sept in Sligo, and for his reward had wife and child murdered and his tongue cut out.

The chief reason for the extreme interest that the Irish past, and indeed her politics down to the present, excite in those who decline to see things through English spectacles is the mixture of various epochs, apparently inextricable, which are to be seen, like so many tilted and plicated strata, in the Ireland of to-day. It is a most curious land, this back-yard of Great Britain, ignored by the rest of the Union as much as possible, but containing specimens of all the fashions in religion and politics, from the mysterious builders of cairns, cromlechs, and round towers to the latest apostles of peace or temperance or celibacy. The crannog of Irish lakes, with its rude huts for outlaws and cattle-lifters on an island, takes one back to the stone age. The bale-fires in spring are distinctly pagan. The agrarian murders are often traceable to the old wild justice, the instinct of tribal preservation among clans. Wakes and riots recall semi-savage

epochs, and the keeners and wandering tinkers and gipsies would have been not out of place in barbarous ages when a much smaller proportion of the folk was settled in towns. About thirty years ago the widow of an Irish farmer in Derry killed her deceased husband's horse. When remonstrated with by her landlord she said: "Would you have my man go about on foot in the next world?" (Lang). The martial ardor of the Irish, shown of late centuries more in any other country than Ireland, has a feudal tinge, and the love of rank and blood likewise. Finally, the monarchic principle has always had its charm for the Irish, notwithstanding the marked indifference, amounting to disdain, with which the present royal house has treated them. Why, then, one asks, do the English explore the Orient and write long-winded books of travel about the Esquimaux, the red men, the Mongols and Africans, when the same amount of trouble would show them similar curiosities in the past and present inhabitants of their own isles?

And as with politics, so with literature. Ireland has been hospitable to every form of literary activity, so far as interest and admiration are concerned. In substantial rewards it has been far from liberal. Why? Because the people, apart from the large land-owners who lacked patriotism, have been wretchedly poor. The guinea of England has steadily absorbed the half-penny of Ireland, and hand-in-hand with poverty goes the stifling of all but the rudest and worst-paid forms of literature and art. Often a rich community does nothing for art and literature. But a very poor one, if it would, can do nothing. Skilfully using the religious differences of Catholics and Protestants, and bribing heavily whenever it appeared worth while, English politicians and statesmen have kept Ireland in alternate states of penury and internal warfare. So it is that, in defiance of the large proportion of brain-power natural to the race, the results, in modern times, of distinctly Irish departments of literature, art, and science have been meagre; it has been necessary for the Irish talent to adapt itself to English demands, to become Anglicized. How much has been lost in this denationalizing of the best talent of Ireland who can reckon? The examples of English coldbloodedness and selfishness have been offered to impressible natures with bad enough effect: you will hear now and then an Irishman speak of the Irish far more brutally than the English do; and Irish are found who imitate beyond their models a certain slavishness which one finds in the attitude of the Saxon British toward persons clothed with power.

In straitened circumstances, and often in the direst poverty, the great mass of Catholic and Protestant Kelts retain the old traits of generosity and hospitality, together with contempt for parvenus and commercial oppressors. English rule over Ireland has been the rule of merchants, bankers, manufacturers, acting through their tools, the peers and commons of Great Britain; it has been often opposed by a nation in whom still lurks a passion for disinterestedness. "Dennis," cried a farmer who had told his Irish hand to thin out the crowded hills of young corn, "why do you pull out the tallest and strongest plants?" "Why do I?" quoth Dennis. "Sure, it is to give the poor little ones a chance, and why not?" Could anything show better the kindliness, the unthinking generosity of the instinct underlying Dennis' view? Examine what are called Irish bulls, and, in nine cases out of ten, you find a fine, poetical, unworldly wisdom underneath. Hindering and disintegrating as have been the inherited instinct toward the clan system and the feudality brought in by the Normans, yet of late Irishmen proud of their name have shown marvellous docility to orders from Protestant as well as Catholic leaders in whose honesty of purpose they confide, astonishing friends and foes by their quiet and the compactness of their political ranks. To keep the peace an army of police, each man an arsenal of weapons, has been aided by regular troops; money has been lavished in the old way, and the strong levers of social life have been set going, but with meagre results, if any. Less than formerly historians and reporters have to gain by concealing the truth; the public has begun to understand the oppressions borne by the Irish; how their sentiments have been used to subjugate and keep them down; how traits which are most valuable as counterbalances to snobbishness and worship of wealth have been held up to the world as vices. The press has done good work, too, in this regard, though notable exceptions to manliness and fairness have not been wanting; for example, the London *Times* sent an English schoolmaster to report the situation in Ireland; printed through oversight his first letter; discovered that it was favorable to the Irish, and promptly declined to publish a second.

An English politician of the Liberal party, addressing lately the populace of a great town within the mighty city of London, explained English rule in Ireland as "a system which is founded on the bayonets of thirty thousand soldiers encamped permanently as in a hostile country. It is a system as completely centralized and bureaucratic as that with which Russia governs Poland or as that which was common in Venice under the Austrian rule. An

Irishman at this moment cannot move a step, he cannot lift a finger in any parochial, municipal, or educational work, without being confronted, interfered with, controlled by, an English official appointed by a foreign government, and without the shadow or shade of representative authority. I say the time has come to reform altogether the absurd and irritating anachronism which is known as Dublin Castle; to sweep away altogether these alien boards of foreign officials, and to substitute for them a genuine Irish administration of purely Irish business."

"My lord," spoke up a poor Irish harper of the Clan Neil when he found that a certain great man had assigned him a seat below the salt, "thank you, my lord; apology is quite unnecessary. For of course you know that wherever an O'Neil sits, there is the head of the table." Alchemist Time is always at fresh wonders. Put Parnell for O'Neil, and Parliament for the table, and consider—the tables turned. Not by evictions, detectives, Dublin Castle folly, constabulary, and redcoats can a great little people be held from reaching sooner or later its proper level; no, not by the most potent of all the levers of to-day—the guinea.

"THE AMERICAN CONGRESS OF CHURCHES."*

WE suppose as Roman Catholics we were left out in the cold in this recent Congress of Churches. Perhaps this "Protestant" movement—for we regret to say it was confined to that—was not, in its present stage of development, any of our business. Perhaps not, and therefore this is no matter for regret or grief; but this much we will be allowed to say, and shall say, that on its aim and issue our life with all its energies has been deliberately staked. Who knows, perhaps it never will be our business? Its purpose, nevertheless, has our sincere sympathy, and its public proceedings, though tardily received, were read, be it candidly acknowledged, with singular interest.

The desire for unity is undoubtedly good. The desire for union as a step to unity is both rational and good. He who yearns for unity is a man of peace: he who loves unity above all

* *Proceedings* of the Hartford Meeting, 1885. Published under the direction of the Executive Committee. Hartford: The Case, Lockwood & Brainard Company. 1885.

things, quickened by the grace of Christ, is a Christian and a man of God! These desires when followed faithfully are productive of much good and of greater blessings than some people ever imagine. They find an echo in the bosom of every sincere Christian and vibrate the heart-strings of all upright men. It is not easy to accentuate these desires too strongly.

Only low, vulgar, and thriftless minds can content themselves in wasting the force given for a noble purpose in warring and wrangling sects into which these three centuries and upwards the actual Christendom has been deplorably divided. Alas! Satan has known only too well how to sow effectually his seeds of disunion and discord among men and the people of God.

It is not contrary to reason, nor aside from reason, nor beyond our aim, nor out of place for us to ask here and now why men, rational men, who have a common Creator, a common destiny, and in common the same Mediator and Redeemer, should be separated from each other in their noble efforts to promote the present and future welfare of all mankind. Surely this can only be the work of the enemy of the human race. It may also be reasonably asked: Why should the bulk of mankind, after nineteen centuries of Christianity, be seated in darkness, deprived of the elevation and enjoyment of the privileges of the light of the Gospel of Christ, intended for all souls, for every member of the human race, and consequently for all creation? No practical man doubts for a moment that the accumulated means of modern civilized society, if once again organically united and directed with the intent of spreading the Gospel, would fully suffice to spread its glad tidings among the pagan inhabitants over the face of the whole globe, and that in an incredibly short time. Be the responsibility where it may, cast your eyes over the whole world and ask yourself sincerely as a Christian if the present state of civilized modern Christian society is not only deplorable but disgraceful!

Let the men who took part in the "Congress of Churches," and those who sympathize with them—and there are many more of these than they are aware of—think of this and stand unflinchingly firm upon the certain, good ground of theirs, and not yield until in our generation their hopes are in the way of realization. This would indeed be a consummation and a worthy blessing upon what is stigmatized by some as "our material age"!

Their authority is greater than they think. All sincere and hopeful Christians are one with the movement of this Congress of Churches, wherever they may be or however called. All

practical and upright men entertain the same hopes. For unity is a postulate of reason, a mark of divine truth in religion, a sign of sound philosophy, the ground of well-being in society, and the source of all that is wholesome in political economy. What does not make for unity is wrong. Let nothing drive them away from these convictions! Speak out! There is guilt somewhere. Don't fear, but strike!

"The Congress of Churches" in Hartford, held a few months ago, was a good and fresh start, and in our opinion God's Spirit is stirring the minds and hearts of the men who compose this movement. Let us both hold and preach, too, the Gospel of hope.

It must be admitted by all men of candor that speculatively and practically the Catholic Church—or, if it pleases some persons, we have no scruples in saying the Roman Catholic Church; for we are not now disputing about the meaning of words, but we are talking with earnest men about realities—the Roman Catholic Church, then, if that suits the palates of some squeamish folks better, has maintained unity from the beginning, through thick and thin, and never has been by any power made to swerve from unity. The unity of Christianity is connected, concreted organically, in the Roman Catholic Church or found nowhere upon the face of this earth! Her history consists in the main in the narrative of her struggles against her foes to maintain unity—struggles with the strength of strong races, struggles with great nations, struggles with distinguished families and powerful personages, of great wealth, of high birth and lofty position, in every form of sacrifice possible—and yet she was never known to have succumbed to their influences. All their efforts, separate or united, to misdirect her action have been, as promised and predicted, vain. All power has in the course of centuries been tried to reduce the Roman Catholic Church to a race church, or a national church, or to a sect; but none have succeeded. There stands the Roman Catholic Church on the promises and predictions of Christ, with the consciousness of their truth; and there, with the experience of so many centuries, as upon an adamantine rock, she will stand until the end of time, because she really represents Him who, in the last-uttered prayer for his disciples, said, in addressing his heavenly Father: "And the glory which thou hast given me, I have given to them; that they may be one, as we also are one." *

The Roman Catholic Church stands out as the church of

* St. John xvii. 22.

Christ, deny it who may, or theorize upon it as one pleases, as the plainest and the most unvarnished fact in the religious history of mankind or the world!

However you may explain it, unless you accept this simply as a fact your explanation is looked upon by profound scholars and practical men, competent to pass judgment on this point, as coming short in covering the facts of the case. Passion and prejudice may slander or vituperate; but when unity is spoken of in connection with Christianity among candid scholars and intelligent men, their eyes are at once turned towards the Roman Catholic Church. This is what, in their minds, you mean, if you mean anything at all. Men feel powerfully sure of this one thing: that where unity leads the way they are safe; and they are not wrong in making this judgment. For where unity is the leader, sooner or later men will be surely led to the truth and to God.

To whatever cause he may attribute the unity of the Roman Catholic Church, no man who can put two ideas together, no man who thinks for himself and has an historical sense of truth and a fair knowledge of history, but sees, whether friend or foe, this much: that the conduct of the Roman Catholic Church and her faithful members through ages is induced by something either preternatural or supernatural. Their conduct is explicable on no other ground, theory, or hypothesis than that there must be something in them above human nature. So much has been gained, at least, that no man of intelligence in this nineteenth century dare stake his reputation, if he has any, upon saying it is his belief that Satan is its promoter and prompter. And it must also be candidly acknowledged that her unity stands out as one of her most obvious and irresistible features. It is this attractive feature, perhaps, more than anything else, that has won the attention, at one or the other period of their lives, of nearly all sincere Christians; and, despairing to create or produce such a unity by human means, many, unwilling to swell the ranks of disunion or increase confusion, have abandoned all other associations, given up all, to enter into her sacred fold. The words of the Eternal Shepherd of souls—"There shall be one shepherd and one fold"—have sounded louder in their ears than all the clamors of relatives, or the expostulation of friends, or the flattering praises or noises of the world. What candid and upright men seek for, especially in religion, is not a man-made unity but a God-made unity, which men may leave, but cannot break into fragments or tear into pieces. Christ thought so and

made this the test of his power. No sincere Christian will ever be content with any unity short of that which Christ alone was competent to inaugurate, and had the power to build up upon earth, and was able to sustain until the consummation of the world. The conviction is not uncommon among thinking men, and is a growing one, that Christianity is fitted for all ages and for all races of men, or it is the greatest piece of deception that ever was forced upon mankind or ever appeared upon the face of the globe. They may not say so, but they think so. Christianity is Catholicity in time and space, or else a great imposition, a magnificent fiction, a superb humbug!

Will the men who formed the American "Congress of Churches" ever be awakened to these truths? Scholars and practical men have, and why should not they? It may be, at least, true of some of them now. Why should we Catholics not hope for it, and pray for it too? *Oremus!*

By this it is not meant to say that the church of Christ has not had to pay dearly, often with her blood, and had to struggle hard and heroically to maintain her position as the organic centre of Christian unity. Neither is it meant to say that she has not had great sacrifices to make, and has not now great sacrifices to make, in order to accomplish the conscious task imposed upon her by her divine Founder. The cost must always be great, and will always be great, to advance the cause of Christian unity in the world. For Christianity means this: to raise men above themselves, above human nature, above the ties of family, above the ties which bind them to a nation or to a race; but not condemning or sundering these, but renewing them, and communicating and establishing them at the same time in the tie of filial relations with God, and in this Christ-given tie to unite all men in a common but higher than a natural brotherhood. But it may be asked, Is this, the conscious divine task of the church, done? Who is so foolish as to suppose or imagine for a moment that Christianity has been perfectly realized upon earth in any one of its spheres of possible and practical applications?

Grant that the human side of the church is always imperfect and leaves much to be desired. But may we not ask in our day, without giving offence to anybody: Who broke up, more than three centuries ago, by a religious revolution, the unity of Europe which contained the hope and promise of a speedy triumph of the light of Christianity being spread over the whole globe? One thing is well known—cast the blame of it upon whom you

like—Christendom from that epoch has suffered, in too many ways to be enumerated, from disastrous divisions and discordant sects. This much we dare venture to say without fearing to give offence to anybody: that divisions, discords, and confusions are not evident marks of the work of men divinely influenced. One thing is certain: that this division took place, according to non-Catholic historians of these times—Hallam, Guizot, and Ranke—notwithstanding the best efforts of the Roman Catholic hierarchy and people. May not the question be asked without offence: Who are to-day the promulgators of free-loveism and kindred doctrines, and of the loose legislation which is effectually undermining the Christian tie of the family? Who are the men who are striving by socialism, by communism and nihilism, to break up political society? In a word, who are the men in religion, in morals, in philosophy, and in social and political economy who are actually seeking to bring things back to the reign of chaos? Not a Roman Catholic voice will be detected in this Babel confusion. A man must stultify himself not to see to whom this applies. Nobody is ever bound to do that to be a Christian. Let the "Congress of Churches" speak out and be listened to, and, if needs be, let it speak in tones of rebuke and warning and in loud trumpet tones! It has a voice, and people are ready to listen. The axe is raised; men whose eyes are not dim with age see the root, and why not strike?

Admit that the church on the human side is always imperfect —this must be so, having but men and "not angels to manage her cranks and safety-valves"—she is nevertheless a divine institution, embodying a divine life, and therefore always above and abreast of the age. She is the source from which men, if they only knew it, draw their best inspirations and what promotes the real well-being of mankind. The best authorities have shown that the most potent, the most popular, the most beneficent institutions of society, social and political, are due to the example given by the Catholic Church, whose see was located by the Apostle St. Peter at Rome. Suppose, for instance, that the rulers of the church were to find it possible to fulfil the wishes expressed by the Council of Trent upwards of three centuries ago in regard to the College of Cardinals. More than a million of the race of the Chinese are good Catholics, and why, it may be asked, is not John Chinaman with his pigtail among the cardinals? The senate of the Roman Catholic Church would be, in this case, the most perfect, the most august representative assembly of the whole of mankind that has ever met or appeared upon the earth. It is not yet too

late! Suppose, again, the chair of St. Peter to be offered, as it was in the early ages of the church, to the most gifted man and the best calculated to fulfil its duties and defend its rights, irrespective of his race or nationality. Suppose the missionary enterprises of the church to be adequately organized and commensurately with the objects of Christianity and the spirit of Catholicity of the church of Christ, would not this unity of organization, expressed in the most perfect form, present Christianity to the minds of practical men in its most attractive features, and be to the pagan world almost irresistible? Do not, we might reply to this, fancy for a moment that the church of Christ is exhausted! Grant that there is nothing in these things incompatible with the doctrines and the spirit of the Catholic Church, and which the present happily-reigning Pontiff, Leo XIII. —who has shown that he has the courage of his convictions— might not accept, the moment you made it clear that such was the will of God, would not all this go a great way to reconcile those who are sincerely seeking for Christian unity to reverse the religious revolution of the sixteenth century? For there is nothing, short of what is necessary to salvation, which every Christian should not be willing to do, if called upon; and nothing that those whom it immediately concerns should not be willing and ready to do to render the church of Christ more attractive in the eyes of those who sincerely seek after the truth, or who are seeking for it in a more Catholic spirit, or who are anxious to find it in a more perfect form and embodiment. Once this spirit is made reasonably evident and certain, there is nothing, short of what is necessary in the nature of things, which cannot be, in a friendly and reconciling spirit, shapened and adjusted. Why, it may well be asked, should not the work of the Council of Trent and of Sixtus V. be continued and perfected, and, we may add, by Leo XIII., now happily reigning, and his successor? But these are not the times, when the foe is at the door, to indulge in condemnations, or recriminations, or mutual criticisms, however they may be intended in a friendly spirit among Christians, but rather the occasion for saying: "He that is without sin, let him cast the first stone." Time and experience, let us hope, have lifted both parties to this controversy above the spirit of contention.

But who knows but that, in the providence of God, what he is stirring up in some hearts to ask he is preparing in others to grant, in view of the unity of his church? Who knows? For our own part, we can see no reason why there should not set in

a tide in the nineteenth century making for unity, stronger and wider, than that of the sixteenth century, which led so many millions of Christians into disunion, discord, and confusion. *Oremus et speremus; speremus et oremus!* God grant it!

THE FRENCH PROBLEM.

THE result of the October elections has been a surprise to all parties. Yet it might have been foreseen that the government party—or so-called "Moderate Republicans," to distinguish them from the Radicals, or "Intransigeants"—would pay the penalty of their blundering and cowardly policy. Too sensible to adopt *in toto* the doctrines of radicalism, yet too weak and timid to resist Radical pressure, they have followed a course that has alienated the confidence of the country. In this last campaign they were caught between the upper millstone of conservatism and the nether millstone of radicalism and ground to pieces; it could not have been otherwise. They could not be said to represent a principle; no programme of theirs could have availed; they stood before the country with their record, to be judged by their acts, not to be trusted for their promises. And what did this record show? The persecution of faithful officials, of brave officers and learned judges, whom they removed for no other crime than having an opinion of their own or not changing that opinion quickly enough to be true Republicans; the persecution of unoffending men and women, in violation of rights guaranteed by law, and not for any alleged offence, simply because they were servants of God; interference with the rights of the private citizen, leading to troubling the conscience and disturbing the peace of the family, by forcibly removing every token of Christianity from the surroundings of the child and sowing the seeds of infidelity and unbelief in his young mind; a foreign policy which has not secured one strong, honorable ally to France, but, on the contrary, has estranged her from most of the European nations, who look upon her with distrust, if not with contempt; unnecessary military expeditions which, if undertaken at all, should have been strong enough to insure swift and decisive results, but which have been managed so as to drain the finances of the country and sacrifice the lives of her soldiers.

The people were called upon to ratify all these acts and to

say, "Well done, good and faithful servants; proceed with your work," or to signify their displeasure. They chose the latter alternative. They rebuked their rulers at the ballot-box by voting for the party which had always opposed those obnoxious measures, for men whom they had been taught to look upon as dangerous enemies, but to whom they must turn unless they prefer to leave the country in the hands that have so ill-managed its affairs, or to turn it over to the Radicals as a surer and quicker way of reaching anarchy. Such were the questions before the French people in this last election. In former ones the spectre of monarchy was called up freely; a good campaign weapon, which—like the "bloody shirt" familiar to American politicians—did good service in many a contest, but in this one the form of government was not discussed. The aggressive tactics of the Radicals were directed against the government candidates, who had enough to do in repelling the attacks. The spectre, for once, was forgotten and let alone. The people hitherto had been offered the choice between an already-established republic and a revolution to restore the monarchy; they had invariably voted for the former, notwithstanding their displeasure at some of its acts, for, even if they had not loved the monarchy the less, they loved peace and order more. Now they had the choice between three *republican* platforms, and they voted for that which presented the greatest guarantees. The logic of the situation shows that to call the result a royalist gain and to predict an attempt to restore the monarchy are either the conclusions of an alarmist or a charge gotten up for effect by the Radicals; they should have been received with more distrust by the American press. It matters little that the candidates elected should be individually designated in the French despatches as "royalists" or "imperialists"; the facts amount to this: the principles held by that Republican minority in the Chamber of Deputies who styled themselves "republicans, liberals, and conservatives," and who for the last eight or nine years have fought against every encroachment upon the rights and liberties of the citizen, were embodied in the platform upon which these candidates were elected. True royalists and imperialists voted for them, but so did every Republican who calls himself a Catholic, every friend of Christian education, every Frenchman who realizes the danger of such a policy as has prevailed since the death of M. Thiers. No; when we scan the returns and see departments with a large representation, such as that of Nord, or Catholic provinces where the government of the republic had conquered the time-honored

royalism of the peasants, return the whole list of Conservative candidates, the truth forces itself upon us. This victory is not for the monarchy over the republic; it is for religion, morality, and true liberty over infidelity, materialism, and injustice, for wisdom and patriotism over foolhardiness and ambition.

That among these royalists and imperialists there are some who desire the overthrow of the republic cannot be denied; that a few, a very few, like that mad enthusiast Cassagnac, would even help the Radicals in their work of destruction is probable; that any number could be found to inaugurate a revolution is impossible. In the first place, the mass of the people is against them and they know it. It is not that the love for free institutions is very deeply rooted, but the people have become used to them; they begin to realize the blessings of liberty; all they ask is to see social order and the national prosperity secure. A change of government means a crisis that interrupts the business of the country and affects the material interests of the individual. Few would choose to face these evils in order to attain a promised good. It is only when the situation has become unbearable that the masses are roused to action. Then the patient sheep becomes a roaring lion. Such a contingency may happen if the Radicals get complete control of the government; it does not exist now. All the former revolutions were made by Paris alone; the country acquiesced—the deed was done; as well accept it as make trouble. But the relations between the capital and the provinces are changed. The war and the struggle with the Parisian Commune are lessons not easily forgotten; then the spread of education, the introduction of the railroad, and the vulgarization of the telegraph have brought their fruits. The people of the provinces have a consulting voice in the affairs of the country; they are not willing to remain at the beck of the Parisians, but they think sometimes they may have to march again on Paris. Besides, it is the Radicals, not the Royalists, that control Paris.

Supposing the adversaries of the republic did not shrink from inaugurating a revolution that must be more terrible than any that has convulsed France since 1793, another consideration would make them pause. They represent two parties which hate each other as much as they hate the republic, and neither would like to work for the benefit of its rival. Bonapartists and Orleanists will never agree, not to mention the Legitimists, who have no pretender to the crown. Absolved from their time-honored oath of fidelity to the house of Bourbon, they are free

to transfer their allegiance to any government, and they would prefer a liberal, conservative republic to either a Bonaparte or an Orleans, whom they have little cause to love.

There should be, then, no fear of an early attempt to change the form of government. The most dangerous enemies of the republic are in the Republican camp. It has ever been so. The uprising of 1789 was a reform movement, inspired by a generous desire to correct intolerable abuses. Louis XVI. himself had given the example. On ascending the throne in 1774 his first act was to reduce the expenses of the royal household. This measure of reform he had pursued year after year; he had abolished serfdom, suppressed statute labor in despite of the resistance of parliament, abolished the right of mortmain, granted civil rights to his non-Catholic subjects, reorganized the magistracy, forbidden the rack, opened to all, men and women, the avenues of trade hitherto closed by the stringent regulations of the guilds. He had acquired the right to say, as he did to the States-General in 1789: "It is I who so far have done everything for the welfare of my people, and it is perhaps a rare occurrence that the sole ambition of a sovereign should be to obtain from his subjects that they should come to an understanding about accepting his benefactions." The demagogic element which entered the National Assembly changed reform into revolution. The Jacobins of 1793 paved the way for the empire with the bones of innocent victims. The revolution of 1848 surprised the world; it was the triumph of ideas, not of violence and bloodshed. The republic held out her hands in token of fraternity, and they were pure of blood. Here was the opening of a new era such as had never been known in the history of a people. The Socialists and Red Republicans of the time strangled young Liberty in her cradle and made the advent of a Bonaparte possible. The fall of Sedan brought about another bloodless revolution. The Commune arose, ready for the work of destruction. It failed, and the patriotism of the men who rallied around M. Thiers founded the republic on a durable basis. It was acknowledged the only form of government possible in France, the only power to which contending parties might surrender, for it represented the majesty of the nation. One condition, however, was attached to its existence. M. Thiers spoke advisedly when he said: "The republic shall be conservative or it shall be no more." He knew that "history repeats itself," and he saw the dark cloud rising which means destruction if a firm and prudent hand is not

at the helm. The cloud has taken shape; it is called radicalism —the precursor of anarchy.

The effect of the last election will be to draw more clearly the party lines. The various factions which have influenced the vacillating policy of the government will be effaced. The struggle is between the Conservatives and the Radicals. That it will be bitter no one can doubt. How it will end is hard to foresee. If the Conservatives have wisdom and prudence, if they are faithful to the principles from which they have not swerved since 1880, they may control the majority and consolidate the republic. But who among them will pick up the mantle of the dead Thiers? The Radicals have their leader already chosen, a bold, aggressive, ambitious leader—Dr. Eugène Clémenceau.

A more dangerous enemy of the republic than this true Simon-pure of radicalism could not have been selected. The man is not a political crank like his newly-elected colleague, the mischief-making mountebank, Henri Rochefort, but a tribune of the Danton type, more astute, perhaps, and knowing how to bide his time. By a strange inconsistency this apostle of "advanced ideas" goes back to the infancy of French republicanism—nearly a century—to find a model for his ideal republic. This model is the Constituent Assembly of 1789. To such a body of direct representatives of the people, without the controlling power of a senate and with no other head than its own presiding officer, M. Clémenceau thinks the destinies of France should be confided. That he will continue to work for this desired end, whatever compromises he may seem willing to make in the present emergency, cannot be doubted. His whole past shows him to be an ambitious man with a fixed purpose and an indomitable will, too cautious to risk a battle without assurance of the victory, and too unscrupulous to hesitate before the means when he sees his chance.

Eugène Clémenceau was born in Catholic Vendée in 1841. He is therefore in the prime of life—too young a man, perhaps, for the statesman's work of directing the policy of his country. He came to Paris in 1865 to complete his medical studies, and received his diploma of M.D. in 1869. He is of that school of physicians who dissect the body to search for a soul, and, finding none, proclaim man soulless. As a doctor of the old school remarked once: "They could hardly have expected to find the tenant in after he had left the house for ever." But such simple logic does not strike the eminent modern scientist; he demands

material evidence of the existence of a spiritual soul. Dr. Clémenceau's anatomical studies therefore confirmed his suspicion that there is no such a thing as a soul; the soul being said to be the essence of the Divinity breathed into man, the one immortal link between the Creator and the creature, it was logical to deny God. The young man asserted himself as a confirmed materialist and infidel. Time has only strengthened his opinions.

Untrammelled by superstitions, the doctor felt capable of great things. Not content with curing diseased soulless bodies, he determined to devote his surplus energies to securing the material happiness of his fellow-man—and his own advancement—and turned his attention forthwith to politics. Immediately after the formation of a republican government we find him mayor of the eighteenth *arrondissement* of Paris. Here one of his first official acts was to order that lay teachers should be substituted for the members of religious orders employed in the free schools of his district. Superstition must be rooted out, and the new-fledged mayor was eager for the fray. Such zeal deserved a reward. It came. Clémenceau was elected to the National Assembly in 1871. He voted against peace—a cheap way of gaining popularity, considering how impossible it was for Paris to maintain the struggle. Then came the dark days of the Commune. Clémenceau, like his colleague, Rochefort, remained in Paris. That his sympathies were with the Communists at the beginning is a well-known fact. What part he took in their resistance to the legal government has never been satisfactorily shown. It was claimed that he had tried to save the lives of Generals Lecomte and Clément Thomas, but, unfortunately, had reached the place of execution too late to stay the fatal fire; that his endeavors had made him open to suspicion, and the Central Committee had ordered his arrest and trial. He was never arrested, however, and when the assassins were brought to trial, after the fall of the Commune, several witnesses testified that the doctor had not used all the diligence he might have used if he had been really anxious to save the victims. M. Langlois, who defended Clémenceau, testified as to the latter's willingness and the causes of his delay, and the charge was dismissed. As Lecomte and Thomas were not priests but soldiers, and therefore not objects of an infidel's just hatred, the doctor should have the benefit of the doubt.

Howbeit, it is certain that he participated in various efforts at bringing about a "reconciliation" between the government of

Versailles and the misguided fanatics who ruled in Paris. These attempts having failed, he resigned his seat and retired to private life. Not being a fool, he saw that the Commune was doomed. He must have cursed his mistake in not following his colleagues to Versailles, as was clearly his duty. But—lucky man!—that mistake turned to his advantage; it made him popular with a certain class of Parisians. After the restoration of order he was elected a member of the Municipal Council of Paris, where he took a prominent part in all discussions concerning the secularizing of primary instruction and like "anti-clerical" measures. He introduced a bill to increase the number of members and the already too great powers of the council—a government within a government, whose pretensions have given no little trouble. Clémenceau was elected a deputy in 1876, and was one of the ardent promoters of the general amnesty—a dangerous measure that owed its adoption in great part to the sentimental appeals of the late Victor Hugo. The Conservatives were in favor of a conditional pardon which, while putting an end to the punishment, left a just stigma attached to the crime. Amnesty gave a clear record to the Communists, and the welcome given by the Radical council members to the released convicts made heroes of them. Scarcely half a dozen years had passed since these men had brought their city to the verge of destruction, and some of them were called to take part in its councils. At this moment the names of a dozen ex-Communists may be checked off on the list of elected deputies. Such are some of the fruits of Radical policy. Clémenceau, re-elected in 1877, after the dissolution of parliament, became a leader. He urged the impeachment and trial of Marshal MacMahon's cabinet, and showed no little bitterness in his advocacy of anti-church measures. His policy has always been aggressive. He was mainly instrumental in the overthrow of Jules Ferry. The mismanaged Tonquin expedition was his ably-handled weapon in the recent campaign. With it he demolished the "Opportunists," little thinking how the same blows counted to swell the ranks of the Conservatives.

Can moderation be expected from this man if he sees his opportunity for dictating the policy of the Republicans, so-called? Will the royalist and imperialist Conservatives side with him in order to defeat the government? or will all true Conservatives and true Republicans unite in an imposing majority to subdue Radical folly? Such are the questions agitated in all the European political circles. These questions are momentous, for they

involve the existence of the republic and the peace of Europe. American Catholics cannot be indifferent to the fate of that fair land, so long called the "eldest daughter of the church"—the country that gave birth to Lafayette and Rochambeau. Neither should they despair of seeing it restored to its once proud rank among nations. The French conscience is roused; the godless shall not prevail.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

CATHOLIC LIFE AND LETTERS OF CARDINAL NEWMAN. With Notes on the Oxford Movement and its Men. By John Oldcastle. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1885.

This neat volume is a reprint from the periodical called *Merry England.* It is not properly a life of the cardinal, but a collection of memorial notes and letters. The portraits contained in it, but especially the group of the Newman family as they were in 1829 when they were living at Newnham Courtney, add much to the value and interest of this memorial. In this family group, which was sketched in chalk by Miss Giberne, we see the future cardinal as a young clergyman of twenty-eight, with his mother, his two sisters, and his brother Francis, sitting together in a small parlor, in easy and natural attitudes, engaged with work, books, and conversation—a pretty picture of home life, which thousands have regarded and will hereafter regard with great pleasure on account of the great fame and distinction which the two young men have gained, but especially on account of the veneration and love for Cardinal Newman which is so universal. Surely every one of his admirers will wish to possess this memorial.

THE CATHOLIC FAMILY ANNUAL for 1886. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1886.

It has come to be a high compliment to say of a new issue of the *Catholic Family Annual* that it is worthy of its predecessors. More than that may be said for the *Annual* for 1886, a little volume which is in every respect a credit to the Catholic literary and publishing enterprise of the United States. Taking it up to glance it over cursorily, we were unable to lay it down until we had read it quite through, so interesting as well as valuable are its contents. It is a well-illustrated, well-written, and a most carefully prepared publication; and so accurate and exhaustive are the brief biographies of eminent Catholics who have died or come into unusual prominence during each year that for these, its specialty, the volumes of the *Catholic Family Annual* already constitute an indispensable authority for reference. Among the leading biographies now given are those of Cardinal McCloskey, Cardinal McCabe, Lady Georgiana Fullerton, and Mr. A. M. Sullivan, of the recently dead, and Cardinal Moran, of Sydney,

Dr. Walsh, the new Archbishop of Dublin, and Dr. Corrigan, Archbishop of New York, of the living. All these are accompanied by finely-engraved portraits, that of the new Archbishop of Dublin being the best likeness we have seen published of him anywhere. There are besides these other biographies of distinguished Americans, Irishmen, and Catholics. An interesting feature is the description and illustration of the newly-erected monument in New Orleans to Margaret Haughery, "the Orphans' Friend." The array of original articles is quite imposing. We would call particular attention to the article on "Mediæval Guilds," a knowledge of which subject we have long wished to see spread among our working population. Sciolism is so hopelessly rife among the advocates of labor reform nowadays that the protection of labor by organization in trades-unions is generally accepted as one of the "ideas" of the nineteenth century. How old-fashioned the notion is, and how much better it was in its old form than in the new, and how great a part the Catholic Church played as the champion of the oppressed in those so little understood "dark" ages, may be learned from a study of the mediæval guilds, to which the article in the *Annual* will serve as an introduction. The Count de Mun, an active laboring man's friend, is doing in France for this subject a work that we long to see some one do for America. Perhaps the most attractive "bit" in the issue will be voted to be Mr. Maurice F. Egan's poem, "The String of the Rosary," with the exquisite engraving in which it is framed, whose design is a sweet poem in itself. On the whole, let us further say that we are struck particularly about this *Annual* by the fact that no legitimate expense appears to have been spared to make it worthy of its mission to American Catholic homes.

THE CATHOLIC HOME ALMANAC for 1886. New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis: Benziger Bros. 1886.

The *Catholic Home Almanac* is another very creditable publication modelled on the plan of the *Catholic Family Annual*. Its issue for 1886—its third year—shows a marked and most encouraging improvement on the two issues that preceded it There are many original articles in the number, a number of original stories, and some of the engravings are original. One important article, "The Religious Element in our American Civilization," is from the pen of the Most Rev. Dr. Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore. The stories are by Maurice F. Egan, Christian Reid, and Mrs. and Miss Sadlier. The selected matter, whether literary or artistic, shows admirable judgment and taste. A beautiful colored chromograph of the Sacred Heart forms the frontispiece. There is one flaw, however, on this otherwise almost perfect publication which we cannot let pass without remark. In a paragraph at the head of a page referring to the English Church missions in Palestine this sentence occurs: "Fancy spending £153,000 in trying to convert a Jew—and what a costly creature he would be even if he were converted!" This jeer at the Jews, for whom the saving mercy of our Divine Lord flows as for every other section of mankind, is conceived in anything but the Christian spirit—in a spirit rather which would be peculiarly obnoxious and dangerous if allowed to enter Catholic homes. We would advise the editor of the excellent *Almanac*, if it be not too late, to suppress this ugly and hurtful paragraph.

ALMANACH DES FAMILLES CHRÉTIENNES POUR L'ANNÉE 1886. Einsiedeln en Suisse, New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis: Charles and Nicholas Benziger Frères. 1886.

This almanac, a French one, is a still further indication of the way in which Catholic publishing enterprise in this department is progressing. It is a beautifully printed and illustrated volume, and its interesting contents are well worthy of their setting. A good feature is the summary of the principal public events of the year, with the condensed illustrations accompanying it.

THE TRUTH ABOUT JOHN WYCLIF: His life, writings, and opinions, chiefly from the evidence of his contemporaries. By Joseph Stevenson, S.J. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1885.

John Wyclif, one of the fathers of the religious revolution in the sixteenth century, is naturally revered by all Protestants as their lawful ancestor and dearly-loved progenitor. Any one carefully studying history will see that not only did he hold all the special errors which Protestants afterwards insisted upon, but that his political opinions were such as must delight the veriest anarchist or communist of our own time.

The conclusion of the learned and venerable author of the book must be the conclusion of the candid reader and of any *real* student of history:

"Of Wyclif personally we have been unable to form any exalted estimate. Intellectually there is little to admire in him. He was a voluminous author, and has left behind him a large mass of writings on various subjects, thus supplying us with ample materials on which to form an estimate as to his mental capacity. These writings are remarkable only as embodying numerous blasphemies, heresies, errors, and absurdities, expressed in obscure language. Morally he does not command our respect. He attacked the church of which he was a priest, and in which he continued to minister long after he had denounced it as the synagogue of Satan. He rebelled against that ecclesiastical discipline which he had pledged himself to maintain and defend."

Each error and heresy which he introduced among his countrymen had been previously condemned by the universal consensus of the authority competent in such matters. Disregarding this, he made them his own and bequeathed them as an evil inheritance to his native country. The wretched legacy was accepted, and in our time we see England eating the bitter fruits full ripe from the noxious weeds planted by that archheretic, John Wyclif.

His opinions will be more easy to obtain when the new edition of his works which is in preparation is published.

POETS OF AMERICA. By Edmund Clarence Stedman, author of *Victorian Poets*. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885.

This book is a companion volume to the *Victorian Poets*, published by Mr. E. C. Stedman about ten years ago. Mr. Stedman is one of our best American critics, and to his high and difficult calling he brings an honesty, a soberness, and a power of sympathetic insight which are seldom found combined in the same individual, and which, when they are, give his judgments a value that is much rarer than that attaching to the more brilliant and

showy qualities of the literary man. A true poet himself, Mr. Stedman has an instinct for discovering the true poetry of others and a clarifying intelligence which enables him to set upon his discoveries a generally just appraisement. His *Victorian Poets* was a critical disquisition on the poetry of the Victorian era, including a notice of every English poet of any consequence who flourished since the beginning of the present queen's reign. The volume under notice does a similar work for the whole range of American poetry from the earliest native poets down to the songsters of to-day. Of the two volumes the latter will be regarded with the greater curiosity. It is the first comprehensive and competent criticism of the American poetic outgrowth considered as a whole that has been published. Moreover, Mr. Stedman seeks to substantiate a claim for American poetry which will probably be generally conceded: namely, that "the literature—even the poetic literature—of no country, during the last half-century, is of greater interest to the philosophical student, with respect to its bearing on the future, than that of the United States." Mr. Stedman, who is always charming, and all but perfect in direct individual criticism, seems to be on his weak side when he comes to broad generalizations. There is something naïvely provincial about his summing up of the attitude of Europe towards the literature of America. "The Old World," he says, "has drawn its countries together, like elderly people in a tacit alliance against the strength of youth which cannot return to them, the fresh, rude beauty and love which they may not share." In fact, as is too much the habit of our countrymen when they feèl that a foreign eye is upon them, Mr. Stedman becomes uncomfortably self-conscious when he comes to talk of the literature of his own land and to make comparisons between it and the contemporary literary product of what he so frequently alludes to as the "mother country"—England. No doubt, too, he feels himself on delicate ground when dealing with home poets, not a few of whom are among his own contemporaries. At any rate we notice a constraint about the first portions of this book which is in marked contrast to the freedom which characterized Mr. Stedman's earlier volume. For the rest of the book, the monographs of Bryant, Whittier, Emerson, Longfellow, Poe, Lowell, and Holmes are models of graceful and thorough criticism. A very adroit chapter is the one on the present generation of literary men. Hardly a living poet or littérateur of merit is left unmentioned. Among the Catholic writers we see discriminating allusion to Maurice Egan, whom Mr. Stedman calls "a sweet and true poet," to Boyle O'Reilly, the late Dr. Joyce, Father Ryan, O'Brien, Halpine, John Savage, and McDermott. Of Mr. Charles de Kay, who has contributed some remarkable studies of Irish history and archæology to THE CATHOLIC WORLD during the past year, and whose charming prose helps to adorn our present issue, Mr. Stedman says that he "is conspicuous for height of aim and certainly for a most resolute purpose; in these days it is bracing to see a man of his ability in earnest as a poet." So exhaustively has Mr. Stedman performed his task that his valuable book may be looked on as a critical encyclopædia of—to use an expression of his own—the whole choir of American poets. The places and dates of their births and, when dead, of their deaths are given in neat marginalia, and a copious index adds the finishing-touch to a rarely well made volume.

THE PROPHET OF THE GREAT SMOKY MOUNTAINS. By Charles Egbert Craddock. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885.

We have had lately the irksome task of examining a number of stories by American authors, most of which may be likened to adulterated wine or poorly-made artificial flowers. When the turn of this story came, five pages had not been read when a sensation of refreshment began to steal over us, and we recognized the presence of a genuine article. The promise of the beginning was fulfilled by the complete book, and our firm decision was made that a new writer has appeared, worthy to take rank among the really good old ones. We have found that this is the general opinion of critics and readers, and it is beyond doubt that the young lady who has taken the *nom de plume* of Charles Egbert Craddock has only to continue as she has begun, to win a place among the best of our American writers of fiction. This story, and the shorter ones in *In the Tennessee Mountains*, bear a general resemblance to those of Cable, and a closer one to the stories and sketches of life and scenes in Georgia by R. M. Johnston, with whose name the readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD are familiar. In saying this we are comparing them to real masterpieces in their kind.

The locality of the story is in the mountainous country of Tennessee among the inside barbarians. It is very dramatic. The persons are rude and ignorant preachers, working-men, illicit distillers, politicians, and women of the same class, sketched with great individuality of character, in a graphic manner. Their peculiar lingo is rendered in a way certainly piquant and skilful, we must suppose correct and derived from intimate knowledge. Their strange talk is moreover original, picturesque, and full of mother-wit. Among them all, Kelsey the Prophet and Dorinda Cayce stand out in bold relief as ideal characters. Dorinda especially is an admirable conception, as perfect as Auerbach's "Barefoot," but of a much higher kind; for the religious element is in it, which was absent from Auerbach's ideal.

The author excels in describing natural scenery, in landscape and skyscape word-painting. Her rude characters live their semi-barbaric life in a country of wonderfully picturesque beauty, and the description of its scenery in the story surrounds its narrative and dialogue. This descriptive environment is genuine poetry in all except its formal arrangement. Sometimes it is so rhythmical and cadenced that it can easily be put into the poetic form. Here is one instance from pages 6 and 7 of *In the Tennessee Mountains:*

> "Lost Creek sounded some broken minor chords,
> As it dashed against the rocks in its headlong way.
> The wild grapes were blooming. Their fragrance so delicate, yet so pervasive,
> Suggested some exquisite presence—the dryads were surely abroad!
> The pine-knots flamed and glistened under the great wash kettle.
> A tree-toad was persistently calling for rain in the dry distance.
> The girl, gravely impassive, beat the clothes with the heavy paddle.
> Her mother shortly ceased to prod the white heaps in the boiling water,
> And presently took up her broken thread of discourse."

Only two or three words have been changed in the above extract, and it is plain that such prose could easily be altered by the author into a poetical form as regular as the metre of Longfellow. We think she will

find herself too much restricted within the limits of the region she has thus far occupied, and will have to take a wider range. We heartily wish that she may accomplish all which seems to be within the scope of her powers.

AMERICA, AND OTHER POEMS. By Henry Hamilton. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1885.

The author of *America, and Other Poems* is a sweet singer, and his song is animated by true poetry and the highest and only philosophy that there is—the love of God in himself and in all his works. In one of the numerous and admirable sonnets which he groups together under the title "God and the Soul" he gives apt utterance to the dominant note of his song:

"I love all that is beautiful and fair—
The flowers that look into the face of spring;
And birds when in their leafy bowers they sing;
The children playing in the balmy air,

"And grazing flocks, and yellow bees that bear
Their honey to the hive, the murmuring
Of waters, fragrant orchards blossoming,
And summer nights when all the heavens are bare.

"But though I love, my heart finds not repose
In all the glories of the earth and sky:
They are as fleeting as the melting snows,
And rain as homeless winds that round me sigh;
Past them my yearning soul to God up-glows,
Seeking the beauty which will never die."

A kindred elevated sentiment is expressed in a little hymn which for its simple beauty is worthy of quotation:

"The child, watching the eagle float
Through heaven's ethereal blue,
With sails out-spread like a fair boat,
Would gladly bid adieu
To earth, and soar through boundless space,
Contending in the tireless race.

"The poet, too, in his high song,
Dreams of the lofty flight
That bears the eagle swift along
Above the mountain height,
Sweeping still on with the glad sun,
Whose godlike course is never run.

"And lovers, when the heart is young,
Long for the dower of wings,
That they may dwell the stars among,
And taste the joy that springs
When tender souls from crowds remote
Together blend and onward float.

"And when sweet music softly steals,
And trembling upward flies,
The heart responsive yearning feels
To mingle with the skies;
And like harmonious viewless sound,
To rise through the blue deep profound.

"But blessedness lies not in space;
And had we wings to soar,
They could not bring us to God's face
Or make us love him more:
Within the living fountain springs
Purer than skies cloven by wings."

Having quoted so much from this poet, we find ourselves in duty bound to treat our readers to more of his sweet verse, lest we do him and them the injustice of withholding fairer specimens. We feel his work is genuine and pure poetry, and the best criticism we can offer of it is to give up some of our space, that our readers may taste of his sweets as well as ourselves. Here is a tender baby-song:

"See where the bending wheat
Hangs down its heavy head;
See where the flowers sweet
Droop low above their bed.

"See how the evening dies
And softly sinks to rest;
See how the bird now flies
To its leaf hidden nest.

"O baby mine, bend now
Thy weary head like wheat:
Like bird on leafy bough,
Slumber my baby sweet;

"Like flower thy head bow down
Upon thy mother's breast—
O Sleep, let thy soft crown
Upon my baby rest!"

We think these extracts are sufficient to justify us in our estimate of this new singer, whoever he is. But there is one more poem that we must make room for, since its thought gives us a suggestion of Wordsworth:

"Ah! no: I will speak true.
When youth's glad spring was near,
And the soft heaven clear,
My happiness I knew;
And even then I saw
The vision far withdraw
Swift as the morning dew.

"Nor did I ever dream
That days like those return,
However much we yearn
For their ethereal gleam:
I felt the shadows fall,
I heard the future call,
And saw life's darkling stream.

"O days when orchards' bloom
Was like an angel's smile,
And brightness, mile on mile,
Left not a thought of gloom;

When every little flower
And every warm spring shower
Were fragrant with perfume.

"But not for joy like this
Has a man's breast been made;
To sit in idle shade
Is life's best worth to miss;
To do the thing we ought
Is price at which is bought
The only lasting bliss.

"I look upon the grave,
Where my sweet youth now lies;
And lift to God my eyes,
Knowing that he can save.
And this is all I ask:
To do right well the task
Which he with life's boon gave."

It must not be inferred that all the poetry in the volume is up to the above standard. On the contrary, much of it is loose and jejune, the poem that gives the book its title, "America," being among the worst in the collection. Nor should it be inferred that the above-quoted pieces are the best; they are chosen almost at random. Mr. Hamilton, who publishes a lot of poems at the one time, possesses a poetic gift of a high order; but he seems to suffer from the want of the tonic of healthy criticism. Had he published oftener and in smaller instalments, it might have been better for his copious but irregular verse.

THE PRINCIPLES OF EXPRESSION IN PIANOFORTE-PLAYING. By Adolph F. Christiani. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1886.

The author of this book undertakes a very novel and (if he have succeeded) a very important work. He endeavors to reduce that quality in musical interpretation called "expression" to a systematic theory with principles that can be defined and expounded. Expression is usually, but, as this author asserts, erroneously, held to be a manifestation of feeling only, in the regulation of which the intelligence plays but little part. To perform music with true expression requires a special gift of nature, and no one can teach this art of expression; the best that can be done is, by illustration, to show when playing has expression and when it has not. This is the generally-accepted view, and the leading teachers of both Europe and this country have up to this had to be content with it. Mr. Christiani takes issue with this opinion. He holds that intelligence, not feeling, is the chief requirement in expression; that expression is based upon principles, and not merely upon emotional impulse or individual taste; and that the laws of expression can be learned and obeyed—with certain limitations—even as other laws of musical interpretation.

All teachers and students of the pianoforte must prick their ears at hearing of these revolutionary sentiments—sentiments which convey to them the promise of an inestimable boon. Does Mr. Christiani substantiate his claim to render expression teachable? We have examined his able treatise carefully, and it is our opinion—for what that opinion may be worth—

that he does substantiate his claim. The clearness of this author's reasoning has strongly impressed us; the attractiveness of his style no less. We have never met a musical work which, dealing so largely with technicality and keeping itself so rigidly to business, had more power to interest and carry along the lay reader. The uninitiated layman can follow its argument as easily as the trained theorist or the professional musician. For the benefit of our many readers who are interested in all that concerns the most popular of musical instruments, an outline of this new view upon pianoforte-playing may not be out of place. The truly artistic pianist, says Mr. Christiani, must have four special endowments—namely, talent, emotion, intelligence, and technique. Talent and technique are always indispensable to expressive playing, but a performer may be able to play with expression and yet be either wanting in emotion or wanting in intelligence. This causes Mr. Christiani to divide expression into three classes: 1. Where there is emotion without intelligence; 2. Where there is intelligence without emotion; and 3. Where there are both emotion and intelligence together. Expression depending on emotion solely is a thing of impulse, at its best but "the fitful effort of exaggerated sensibility." Expression depending solely on the intelligence is fine, scholarly, clear, and enlightened, but cold. It takes the two elements in combination to produce the only kind of expression which is perfect, which is artistic. Purely emotional expression cannot be taught, of course, but purely intellectual expression may, and emotion, when it is found coexisting with intelligence, may be stimulated and directed to the right service of art. It is intellectual expression that Mr. Christiani undertakes to teach. He lays down the laws of accents—the main ingredients of expression—in an exhaustive and amply-illustrated treatise, and shows, with notable intelligibility for so subtle a theme, the true value of accents in pianoforte-playing, and when, where, why, and how accents ought to be given. This is the first time this task has been attempted in any work on music that we are aware of. Mr. Christiani further deals with the functions of dynamics and time in subserving the ends of musical expression. On the whole he has accomplished a work of the highest service to the votaries of the pianoforte, has revolutionized, in fact, one vital branch of musical interpretation. He has reduced almost to an exact science one of the leading elements of artistic pianoforte-playing—an element that had hitherto been left to be acquired with the aid only of hap-hazard suggestion and untutored intuition. There can be no question that the writer of this able book leaves students of the pianoforte under a rare obligation.

THE BOY-TRAVELLERS IN SOUTH AMERICA. By Thomas W. Knox. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1886.

Mr. Knox has earned the gratitude of the present generation of boys by the series of books in which he has described for them the wanderings about the globe of his pair of boy-travellers, Frank Bassett and Fred Bronson, with their mentor, Dr. Bronson. Already Mr. Knox's boys have been all over the far East and up even to the Arctic Circle. He now brings them to South America, and they traverse the length and breadth of that wonderful continent, seeing most of the strange things and strange people that are to be seen there by sea and shore, in city and in desert. They

inspect the Panama Canal and pass through the Strait of Magellan, they cross the Andes and descend the Amazon, navigate the La Plata and Paraguay, visit the principal cities and study, like good boys, the "manners and customs" of the various peoples they come across on their way. The book is copiously and well illustrated, hardly a page being without its "picture," so dear to the heart of the school-boy.

THE LIFE OF FATHER ISAAC JOGUES, Missionary Priest of the Society of Jesus, slain by the Mohawk Indians in the present State of New York, Oct. 18, 1646. By the Rev. Felix Martin, S.J. With Father Jogues' account of the captivity and death of his companion, René Goupil, slain Sept. 29, 1642. Translated from the French by John Gilmary Shea. With a map of the Mohawk Country, by Gen. John S. Clark. New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis: Benziger Brothers, printers to the Holy Apostolic See.

Having read pretty much all that has been written about Father Jogues, we did not expect that another biography of him would seem fresh and vivid to us. But this one, translated by Mr. Gilmary Shea and enriched by his learned notes, has made that impression on us. We have read every word of it with interest. We sincerely hope that Mr. Shea will give us yet more on this and kindred topics, for his book cannot help being most acceptable to a discerning public. It is intensely interesting to read such exciting adventures, undertaken solely for God's glory and in behalf of perhaps the most savage tribes known to history. The romance of religious heroism in its most attractive form is here displayed, inspiring the reader with generous emulation, or at least a deep sentiment of veneration.

FACTS OF FAITH; or, First Lessons in Christianity. Compiled by the Rev. A. Bromley Crane, of St. Wilfrid's College, Cotton, Cheadle, England. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1885.

A valuable book of reference for one who needs to answer questions about the faith tersely and clearly. Worthy of a large circulation.

MEDITATIONS ON THE MYSTERIES OF THE HOLY ROSARY. From the French of Father Monsabré, O.P., by V. Rev. Stephen Byrne, O.P. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1885.

This little book will serve admirably for a more devout saying of the beads. It is suggestive of good thoughts and resolutions, and will help to deepen our love for the holy mysteries of the Rosary.

LITTLE MONTH OF THE SOULS IN PURGATORY. Translated from the French of the author of *Golden Sands*. By Miss Ella McMahon. New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis: Benziger Brothers.

We are glad to see books of this kind which refer to the other world, because in this country we are not disposed to think too much of the other world. We thank the author for writing it, the translator for translating it, and the publishers for publishing it. Such books of devotion at once solid and pious cannot be too much multiplied. God bless all who are concerned in its publication!

THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. XLII. JANUARY, 1886. NO. 250.

THE CHRISTMAS ROSE.

O ROSE of Sharon! this thy day of glory
Fills all our hearts with sunshine; gone is gloom,
And from our raptured lips bursts the sweet story
Of how thou, Rose of roses, cam'st to bloom.

A bud thou wert when Gabriel out of heaven
Came, bending low before thee, Humblest Heart,
And told thee of the Gift to thee God-given—
"Thou among women, Mary, blessed art!"

And through the spring of the Annunciation,
And through the summer, grew thy Hope and Joy.
God gave thee peace for will's renunciation—
His great, sweet peace, pure gold without alloy.

The summer passed; like swift-winged doves the days flew,
Fierce floods had gone, filled was each rippled spring,
And August heat had long dried up the May's dew:
The Life within thine grew—O wondrous thing!

O Mystic Rose! O Rose of Joy and Sorrow!
What peace, what love abode with thee and thine!
Stretched happy days to-morrow and to-morrow
For thee, God's handmaid with his Son Divine.

Copyright. Rev. I. T. HECKER. 1885.

Christ was within thee, House of Gold, in splendor,
And in thy fragrance lay He day and night.
Most sweet thy heart, and humble, and most tender;
And day by day thy petals saw the light.

The cold winds blew, and at the wells in winter
The housewives shivered, and spoke of the cold,
And of the needful fire of chip and splinter,
And of the sheep that huddled in the fold.

Ah! suddenly, when all the world was flowerless,
Ah! suddenly, when dark was winter's gloom,
And the poor earth was lying robbed and dowerless,
The Rose of Sharon burst in fullest bloom.

A STILL CHRISTMAS.

It was Christmas eve in the year of our Lord 1653. The snow, which had fallen fitfully throughout the day, shrouded in white the sloping roofs and narrow London streets, and lay in little, sparkling heaps on every jutting cornice or narrow window-ledge where it could find a resting-place. But in the west the setting sun shone clearly, firing the steeples into sudden glory and gilding every tiny pane of glass that faced its dying splendor. The thoroughfares were strangely silent and deserted. The roving groups that had been wont at this season to fill them with boisterous merriment, the noise, the bustle, the good cheer of Christmas—all were lacking. No maskers roamed from street to street, jingling their bells, beating their mighty drums, and bidding the delighted crowd to make way for the Lord of Misrule. No shouts of "Noel! Noel!" rang through the frosty air. No children gathered round their neighbors' doors, singing quaint carols and forgotten glees, and bearing off rich guerdon in the shape of apples, nuts, and substantial Christmas buns. In place of the old-time gayety a dreary silence reigned through the deserted highways, and down the narrow footwalk, with even step and half-shut eyes, tramped the Puritan herald, ringing his bell and proclaiming ever and anon in measured tones: "No Christmas! No Christmas! No Christmas!"

In sober and sad-hued garments was the herald arrayed, with leathern boots that defied the snow, and a copious mantle envel-

oping his sturdy frame. Now and then he stopped to warn a couple of belated idlers that they would do well to separate and go quietly to their homes. Now and then a little child peeped at him timorously from a doorway, and, overawed by his sombre aspect and heavy frown, retreated rapidly to hide its fears in the safe shelter of its mother's gown. Men shook their heads as he went by, and muttered something that was not always complimentary to his presence; and women shrugged their shoulders and sighed, and thought, perchance, of other Christmases in the past, with Yule-logs burning on the hearth and stray kisses snatched beneath the mistletoe. From a latticed window a girl's face peered at him with such a light of laughing malice in the brown eyes that the Puritan, catching sight of their wicked gleam, paused a moment, as though to reprove the maiden for her forwardness or to inquire what mischief was afoot under this humble roof. But the night was growing chill, and he had still far to go. It might not be worth while to waste words of counsel on one so evidently godless; and, with a heavier scowl than usual, he tramped on, swinging his bell with lusty force. "No Christmas! No Christmas!" echoed through the darkening streets, and as he passed the girl contracted her features into a grimace that would have done credit to the wide-mouthed gargoyle of a Gothic cathedral.

"Cicely, Cicely!" cried a voice at this juncture from within, "close the shutters, do, and come and help me."

Cicely, who had been inclined to stare out a little longer, shot the heavy oaken bolt into its socket, and, opening a door leading to the inner room, disclosed a scene whose ruddy cheerfulness shone all the brighter in contrast to the dreary streets outside. A mighty bunch of fagots blazed and crackled on the hearth, and above the carved chimney-place hung branches of holly, their scarlet berries glowing deeply in the firelight. In one corner, half-veiled by a tapestry curtain, a waxen Bambino nestled in its little manger, while before it burned a small copper lamp. Wreaths of holly and ivy bedecked the doors, and, standing tip-toed on a tall wooden chair, a young girl was even now striving to fasten these securely with the aid of a very old and wrinkled woman, who seemed more competent to admire than to assist the undertaking.

"Some bigger berries, pray, Catherine," she said impatiently; "and, Cicely, if you feel you have loitered enough, hand me those two long ivy branches. They should droop gracefully—so! And now stand off a little way, and tell me how it looks."

The younger sister obeyed, and, stationing herself in the middle of the room, surveyed the whole effect with much approval. Annis, her fair face flushed with the exertion, balanced herself on her lofty perch and gazed complacently upon her handiwork; while even Mistress Vane, who had been seated quietly on a deep chair by the fireplace, roused herself as from a reverie, and looked half-wistfully around the cheerful room. "What bell was that I heard just now?" she asked.

"The herald's, proclaiming a still Christmas," answered Cicely promptly; "and he watched me as sourly as though he knew that we were plotting treason."

"Cecil, Cecil!" remonstrated her mother in alarm. "Surely you did nothing imprudent."

"I?" returned Cicely, apparently oblivious as to what she had done. "I cast up the whites of my eyes, as though repeating psalms for mine own inward sustainment; and seeing me so piously disposed, he was fain to pass on to the correction of greater sinners."

"That were well-nigh impossible," said her sister, laughing; but Mistress Vane only looked anxious and disturbed. The sense of insecurity to which Annis was indifferent, and which Cicely at fourteen found absolutely amusing, weighed heavily on the older woman, who had a better understanding of the danger, and who had suffered cruelly in the past. Husband and son had fallen for a lost cause, confiscation had devoured the larger portion of her once fair inheritance; and now, with her two young daughters, she found herself beset by perils, harassed by stringent laws, and at the mercy of any ill-wind fate might blow her. Cromwell's mighty arm held the fretful country in subjection, making the name of England great and terrible abroad, and silencing every whisper of disaffection at home. The Puritans in their hour of triumph stamped upon the land the impress of their strong and bitter individuality; and a morose asceticism, part real and part affected, crushed out of life all the innocent pleasure of living. With every man determined to be better than his neighbor, the competition in saintliness ran high. Under its vigorous stimulus the May-pole and the Yule-log were alike branded as heathenish observances, the Christmas-pie became a "pye of abomination," and all amusements, from the drama to bear-baiting, were censured with impartial severity. Feast-days were abolished, and even to display the emblems of the Nativity was held to be sedition. The Established Church, cowed and shorn of its splendor, was treated with surly contempt; the Catholics were altogether beyond the

pale of charity. It was not a time calculated to promote festivity; yet while the heralds proclaimed through the frosty streets that Christmas at last was dead, Annis Vane, with holly and ivy, with Yule-dough and Babie-cake, was making all things ready for its mysterious birth. And as she worked she sang softly under her breath the refrain of a carol she had learned at her nurse's knee:

"This endris night
I saw a sight,
A star as bright as day;
And ever among
A maiden sung
Lullay, by-by, lullay."

"Is it not strange, mother," she said, breaking suddenly off, "that men should deem it a mark of holiness to cast derision on the birth-night of their Saviour?"

"Let us be just even to our enemies," replied Mistress Vane gently. "They think not to deride the Nativity, so much as to condemn the riotous fashion in which Christians were wont to keep the feast. There have been times, Annis, when the Lord of Misrule did more discredit to this holy season than does the Puritan to-day."

Annis opened her blue eyes to their very utmost. This view of the matter was one she was hardly prepared to accept. "Why, dearest mother," she protested, "when should we venture to be happy, if not on Christmas day? And how can we show ourselves too joyful for our salvation? And did not his most blessed Majesty King Charles knight with his own royal hand a Lord of Misrule who held court in the Middle Temple?"

Mistress Vane smiled at her daughter's vehemence. She knew more about these jovial monarchs and their courts than Annis did, and it may even be that his most blessed majesty's approval carried less weight to her experienced mind. But in these dark and chilly days a little enthusiasm was helpful in keeping one's heart warm, and she was far too wise a mother to disparage it. "Truly they made a brave show then upon Christmas day," she admitted, "for the lord mayor and his corporation, a goodly company of gentlemen, rode in procession to the church of St. Thomas Acon, and thence to dine together with many pleasant ceremonies. And stoups of wine and huge venison pasties were despatched to the Temple for the stay and comfort of the mock-court, who made merry all day long. And the streets were crowded far into the night with maskers and revellers; and even the poor might for

once forget their poverty, and were welcome to the brawn and plum-broth of their richer neighbors."

"And now we have nothing of all this!" cried Cicely, with passionate regret. "Nothing to look at and nothing to hear, save the cracked bell of a dingy herald, who does not even ride a hobby-horse like the merry heralds of old. In truth, Master Prynne hath made good his own words when he holds that Christmas should be rather a day of mourning than one of rejoicing."

"Not so thought my godfather, kind Master Breton," said Annis thoughtfully. "For he hath written that it is the duty of Christians to rejoice for the remembrance of Christ and for the maintenance of good-fellowship. 'I hold it,' he hath said, 'a memory of the Heaven's love and the world's peace, the mirth of the honest and the meeting of the friendly.'"

Cicely's eyes danced with glee. "That were well remembered," she said mockingly; "if now you can but tell us in turn what your godfather's nephew, Captain Rupert Breton, hath thought upon the matter."

Annis flushed scarlet, and the quick tears welled into her eyes as she turned them reproachfully upon her sister. It was not easy for her to think of her absent lover and maintain the cheerful frame of mind she deemed appropriate to the season. The shores of France seemed very far away that night, and the long months that had elapsed since the defeat at Worcester stretched backward like a lifetime, as she recalled his last hurried farewell. He had ridden hard and risked much for those few words, and patiently and bravely she had waited ever since, hoping, praying, turning her face steadily to the brighter side, and keeping ever in mind the happy hour which should reunite them to each other. Now in silence she bound together the last green boughs and put all in order for the night. Old Catherine had long since gone off, yawning and blinking, to bed, and Cicely, half-asleep, nodded over the dying fire. Only her mother watched her, with eyes of loving scrutiny, and Annis smiled brightly as she kissed the careworn face. "I shall not cry myself to sleep to-night," she said resolutely. "This is a time for gladness; for the star of Bethlehem is shining in the sky, and the birth of the Lord is at hand."

Bright glowed the Christmas-logs on the capacious hearth till every pointed leaf and scarlet holly-berry shone in the generous firelight.

> "Whosoever against holly do cry
> In a rope shall be hung full high."

For when the oak and ash trees babbled to the wind and betrayed the Saviour's hiding-place, the holly, the ivy, and the pine kept the secret hidden in their silent hearts; and for this good deed they stand green and living under winter's icy breath, while their companions shiver naked in the blast. Not till the risen sun has danced on Easter morn shall the oak adorn a Christian household and prove itself forgiven. The Christmas-pie—the Christ-cradle, as the Saxons used to call it—had been baked in its oblong dish in memory of the manger at Bethlehem, with the star of the Magi cut deeply in the swelling crust. The Yule-dough, cunningly moulded into the likeness of a little babe, had been carefully laid by as a sovereign protector from the evils of fire, floods, carnage, and—so say some ancient writers—from the bite of rabid dogs. Annis Vane, decked out in the bravest array her altered fortunes would permit, knelt by the blazing hearth. Her ruff was of the finest lace, and a row of milk-white pearls clasped her slender throat. She shaded her face from the fire, and piled up shining cones of bright-brown nuts that seemed to tempt the flames.

"All we lack now is the mistletoe," she said half-despondently. "It was no easy task to find the holly and bring it home unnoticed; but we cannot gather mistletoe near London, and there is none for sale throughout the city."

"Of what use is the mistletoe," said the practical Cicely, "when we are but three women here alone? We can kiss each other as readily under a sprig of ivy, and we can fire our nuts without the help of man or lad, provided only we keep one in our minds. Of whom shall I think, Annis?" she queried, wrinkling up her pretty forehead in anxious perplexity over so disturbing a doubt.

"You are far too young to think of men at all," answered Annis reprovingly, and with all the conscious superiority of age. "Nor do you know enough as yet to make such pastime profitable."

Cicely's brows drew together with a frown which plainly indicated the nature of the retort upon her lips, but a glance from her mother checked her. "The word uttered in vexation is better left unspoken," said Mistress Vane, with gentle authority. "And I am waiting here, not to listen to disputes, which in these stormy times have grown wearisome, but to hear the Christmas carol promised me to-night."

Annis, with flushed cheeks, took down from the wall a little mandolin of Spanish workmanship, and, striking a few chords,

began the carol, in which Cicely, after sacrificing some moments to ill-temper, concluded presently to join, her clear flute-notes rising high above her sister's weaker tones:

"When Christ was born of Mary free,
In Bethlehem, in that fair citie,
Angels sungen with mirth and glee,
In Excelsis Gloria!

"Herdsmen beheld these angels bright
To them appearèd with great light,
And said, God's Son is born this night—
In Excelsis Gloria!

"The King is comen to save kind,
Even in Scripture as we find;
Therefore this song have we in mind,
In Excelsis Gloria!

"Then, dear Lord, for thy great grace,
Grant us in bliss to see thy face,
Where we may sing to thee solace,
In Excelsis Gloria!"

As the sounds died into silence there stood one in the icy streets and listened. No self-elected saint was he, scenting out treason to the Commonwealth, but a Cavalier from France, with his love-locks shorn for sweet prudence' sake, and a mighty mantle enveloping him from head to foot. If Annis Vane had waited and hoped and built up her faith in the cheer of Christmas night, the joy she coveted was very near at last. After lingering a few moments, as though on the chance of hearing more, the stranger advanced and knocked sharply at the heavily-barred door. It was opened in due season and with great caution by old Catherine, who evidently thought the hour ill-chosen for a new-comer, and mistrusted sorely the purpose of his visit. He allowed her scant time, however, to threaten or expostulate, but, putting her gently on one side, stepped to the inner room. There, pale with anxiety and terror, Mistress Vane leant forward in her chair, while Cicely, half-frightened, half-defiant, grasped her mother's skirt. Before the fire stood Annis, her blue eyes shining like stars, a round red spot burning feverishly in each cheek, her lace ruff rising and falling distressfully with the heaving bosom within. The mandolin had fallen from her hands; the ruddy firelight lit up her slight figure and fair, disordered curls. She stood thus for a moment, swaying breathless be

twixt hope and fear, then, with a low, joyous cry, sprang forward into her lover's arms.

Welcome now the good cheer of Christmas night! Welcome the Christmas-pie, the pasty of venison, the pudding stuffed with plums, and the flagon of old wine. Love is a brave appetizer when backed by long fasting and a ten hours' ride, and Captain Breton brought all the vigor of youth and happiness and of a noble hunger to bear upon the viands. The glow of the cheerful room was infinitely comforting to the tired traveller; the sight of Annis' happy face put fresh hope and courage in his heart. He had much to tell of the gay court of France, and of the royal exile, who should one day, God willing, sit on his father's throne. Nor were there lacking adventures and dangers of his own to give flavor to the narrative, nor plans for the future, colored with all the happy confidence of youth. He had come home to win his bride, and to carry her away to brighter scenes until this soured and gloomy England should be merrie England once more. "He who would keep a light heart within London walls," said he, "must needs be very sure of heaven, as are Master Prynne and Master Philip Stubbes, or very much in love, as am I. It lacks but a covered cart and a bell in every street to make one feel the Black Death is upon us. If you can laugh in such an atmosphere of melancholy, Annis, what will you do in France?"

"Mayhap if I laugh enough in sober London I shall grow too giddy and forward in foolish France," returned Annis gaily; "unless—"

"Unless what, dear heart?"

"Unless while I am safe in Paris you are fighting the battles of the king in England. Then tears will come easier than laughter, as in truth they have done of late."

"Wherever I may be, your prayers will prove my bulwark," said Captain Breton confidently. "It would take more than a silver bullet to find its way to my heart while you are besieging heaven's doors in the tumultuous fashion that only women can attain. I bear a charmed life as long as you remember your petitions."

Annis answered with a look, and Cicely, nestling by her mother's chair, watched her sister with wide, serious eyes. To the child standing on the threshold of womanhood the presence of love carries with it an intoxicating flavor of mystery. It is something that fills her alike with envy and a vague resentment, with wonder and an indefinable desire. Its commonest expression is a perverse antipathy to one of the lovers, with an irra-

tional increase of affection for the other; and in this case Captain Breton came in for his full share of Cicely's smothered anger and disdain. He, meanwhile, in happy unconsciousness, chancing to meet the brown eyes lifted dreamily to his own, and noting the upward curve of the short, sweet lip, thought within himself that this elfish little Cicely was growing almost as pretty as her sister —a judgment which proves conclusively the blindness of love; for Annis, though fair and comely to look upon, came no nearer to her young sister's beauty than does the pink-tipped daisy to the half-opened rose-bud uncurling slowly in the sun. At present the girl, seeing that she was watched, turned away her head pettishly and eyed the leaping flames.

"Annis said to-night there was but one thing lacking to her Christmas cheer," she remarked after a pause, and with the too evident intention of saying something vexatious.

"And that was I!" interposed the Cavalier, with the ready assurance of a lover.

"It was not you at all," returned Cicely, "but the mistletoe. We gathered the other greens ourselves, but there was no mistletoe to be found within or without the gates of London."

"By a happy chance we can proceed as though we had it," said Captain Breton contentedly, while Annis crimsoned like a rose. "It is a welcome little plant, and carries a merry message; but if it be banished in these saintly days we obstinate sinners must kiss without its sanction."

"But the maid who is not kissed on Christmas night beneath the mistletoe will never be a wife during the coming year," persisted Cicely, who had laid down her line of attack and was not to be driven therefrom.

"Now, will you wager your ring or your new ear-drop on that, little sister?" said the captain, laughing at the threat. "Or have you a trinket that you value less to risk in such a cause?"

Cicely, deeply affronted, puckered up her brow and drew closer to her mother; but Annis, far too happy to be vexed, leant over and kissed the pouting lips. With her, joy meant thanksgiving, and her heart was singing—singing the song of the angel of Judea: "In Excelsis Gloria!"

Legislative Library Ontario

A TOUR IN CATHOLIC TEUTONIA.

THE Rhineland, Bavaria, Austria, and German Switzerland are, of all countries peopled by Teutonic races, the most full of interest for the Catholic traveller. In Germany and Switzerland he may witness inspiriting results due to the Kulturkampf persecution, while in Austria he may contemplate unique examples of the survival to our own day of religious institutions which were already flourishing at a time when Gothic cathedrals and barefooted friars lay undreamed of in the womb of a remote future.

On the great grouse festival of the present year (August 12, 1885) we started from London to visit places which for a quarter of a century we had desired to see, but which recent political and religious struggles and the dangers of future revolutionary legislation had made yet more interesting and desirable to visit.

Rapidly passing by Brussels, Köln, and Mainz, our first halt was made at the capital and seat of the venerable and renowned prince-bishopric of Würzburg.

After leaving Mainz the line, passing by Darmstadt, traverses a flat and uninteresting country (only the hills north of the Main being visible in the distance) till Aschaffenburg is approached, when it becomes undulating and woody, and then the road makes a steep ascent amidst fir-clad mountains—relics of the great Hyrcanian forest described by Julius Cæsar. Towards the summit is a long tunnel (which even first-class passengers have to traverse in darkness), and then begins a rapid descent, first by the river Lohr and then the Main, to Würzburg, which was reached at 2.34 P.M., Köln having been left at 6.5 A.M. As the city is approached the traveller is struck by the enormous quantity of vineyards on every side, and which gives to the surrounding hills, when viewed from the city, the appearance of having been clothed with some textile fabric covered all over with gigantic but admirably-executed "darning." The low grounds about are occupied largely with the famed Bavarian hops, not growing on poles only, as in England, but also extending horizontally round small cords attached to the summits of their supports.

The view of the old episcopal city, with its many spires and towers, is picturesque and attractive, and on entering within its bright and clean appearance confirms the good impression produced by its external aspect. We went to the Kronprinz Hotel,

admirably situated opposite the Residenz, or palace of the prince-bishops. For a room on the first floor, facing south and looking into a garden and towards part of the Residenz, the charge was two and a half marks. The *table d'hôte* was three marks, one mark for a breakfast of coffee and bread and butter, and one-half a mark a day for attendance.

The first visit to be paid was, of course, that to the cathedral —a very ancient and originally Romanesque structure, which yet preserves externally some of its old architectural features, but which is entirely transformed within by elaborate stucco additions in the taste of the eighteenth century, and is ablaze with gilding. The floor of the choir and transepts is raised to a considerably higher level than that of the nave. Prince-bishops ruled in Würzburg for more than a thousand years, and their monuments, like those of the archbishops of Mainz, are set against the sides of the pillars of the nave, save the west side of each, which is occupied by an altar. As at Mainz, the successive monuments exhibit (but to not so great a degree) the changing taste of succeeding centuries, but the great majority consist of erect, life-size figures in stone in high relief, vested for Mass, and, although only bishops, yet with a pallium-like ornament above the neck, but bearing some inscription instead of the crosses of a pallium. Almost all have a sword, symbolical of their temporal jurisdiction, in their right hand, and a crosier in their left. The figure of the earliest monument, however, that of A.D. 1190, has no sword. That next in date (1198) has a sword, but it lies against the bishop's chasuble and is not grasped by him. But the next bishop, and each of the long line of bishops which follow till modern times, firmly grasps his temporal weapon. The figure of one late prince-bishop has much resemblance to Cardinal Richelieu; it is supported by two weeping cherubs, one of whom holds his ducal-electoral crown and the other his mitre. Somewhat droll, and yet pathetic, is the monument of a bishop who died in 1780. He is only represented by his bust, which, however, instead of having an appearance of passive repose, turns the face, with a deprecating expression, upwards to a great figure of Time who is about to place a cloth over it; and one cannot but pity the poor bishop, who has got no arms wherewith to push the obnoxious cloth away! There are three monuments to bishops since the Revolution—one to the bishop who died at Rome during the Vatican Council.

There are also many figures of canons (and a few of bishops also) in bronze, in low relief, and the cloisters of the cathedral are

rich in sepulchral monuments. At present the cathedral is provided with ten canons. Vespers, however, are only sung on Sundays and great feasts, the office otherwise being recited in monotone.

The chancel, or choir, is separated off by an iron screen, and a rood (without the Mary and John) is suspended over it from the ceiling. The walls of the choir are all white and gold. The worldliness of the eighteenth century makes itself plainly manifest in the decorations. Over two of the altars are the coats of arms of prince-bishops, with their crests on helmets. One has seven helmets, each with a crest, save the middle one, which bears his mitre. The high-altar itself has a baldacchino, which is surmounted, and almost crushed, by a gigantic ducal-electoral crown. Towards the west end of the nave is an ancient bronze font very well deserving careful inspection.

Next in interest to the episcopal church, as left us by its prince-bishops, is their own former stately palace. The existing bishops inhabit a modest house near the east end of the cathedral. Their princely predecessors inhabited a "Residenz" which is a miniature Versailles. Most magnificent is its entrance-hall, into which carriages can drive and set down at the foot of a truly regal staircase. Its painted ceiling represents one of the prince-bishops—that is, his portrait in a frame—with wig and bands, being carried upwards to Apollo enthroned aloft. Some of the bishops' rooms are said to retain their ancient furniture, and one is entirely lined with looking-glass, in part painted over with flowers and birds. The portraits of most of the bishops are very dignified, and several are represented habited in a black cassock with a royal mantle, lined with ermine, over it. The rest of the rooms are furnished in the style of the first Napoleon. Gardens, partly in the French and partly in the English style, adjoin the palace, ornamented with mythological statues in the taste of the eighteenth century. They are now open to the public, and a military band plays there several times a week.

Würzburg has not been so long under the sway of its prince-bishops in vain. It is a very Catholic city—as much so as Munich, or even more so. There are Madonnas and statues of St. John Nepomuk outside the houses at every turn, and they are all in good condition and seem well looked after. The city contains Capuchins, Conventual Franciscans, Carmelites, and Augustinians. The last-named make use of the ancient Dominican church and monastery, but the Conventual Fathers, of whom there are about a dozen, inhabit a house which has been theirs,

though rebuilt, since the days of St. Francis himself. Their old Gothic church has been of late rather well restored and decorated. The interior of the Carmelite church is repulsive from the dolls in glass cases and other analogous objects of a degraded taste. A church close beside the cathedral has a very interesting crypt, in daily use, in which St. Kilian is said to be buried. Most of the churches are overloaded with gilding, applied in large masses, and some are quite dazzling. The most interesting and beautiful is the Marienkapelle, in the market-place. It is an elegant mediæval structure of the last pointed style. It has a beautiful spire of stone tracery, and a curious open-work stair-turret is placed externally at the angle between the chancel and the nave, on the south side. Within the tall pillars have no capitals, but are surrounded by images of saints a little below the position where capitals would ordinarily be placed. The chancel is separated from the nave by an open iron screen, above which a rood is suspended.

The city is surrounded by pleasant garden-walks in the place of fortifications. The handsome stone bridge which spans the Main supports a dozen stone effigies larger than life. They mostly represent saints, of which one is St. Frederick, and another, of course, St. John Nepomuk.

An immense mass of building, which was formerly the seminary and the Jesuits' establishment, is now the university and library. Science is well represented at Würzburg, which enjoys the advantage of professors no less eminent than Kölliker, Semper, and Sachs.

On the morning of the feast of the Assumption we hastened to the Marienkapelle, where, we were told, the bishop would sing High Mass at eight o'clock. We found it but three parts filled, there being still vacant places on the comfortable benches. Here, as in the other churches, they had both backs and kneeling-boards —a long spittoon, filled with sawdust, extending in every case in front of the kneeling-board for its whole length! Punctually the bishop arrived and the church became crowded. He is a strong, rather young-looking man, with a typical German countenance. Only a single priest descended to the door to receive him, and the Mass turned out to be merely a low one, said by the bishop and accompanied by congregational singing in German.

The cathedral High Mass was at nine o'clock. There was an assistant priest in cope, as well as deacon and subdeacon. Five canons assisted in the stalls, but no minor ecclesiastics, so that the great choir had a very deserted appearance. The singing

took place in a gallery on the east side of the north transept, and women bore part in it. The rite was purely Roman, save that the deacon sang the Gospel from a lectern placed medianly, standing with his back to the congregation. The latter filled all the benches of the nave, but plenty of standing-room was unoccupied. A *Missa cantata*, with good music, was sung at the chapel of the Residenz at half-past ten.

The road from Würzburg to Nuremberg is uninteresting, and the traveller will do well to make use of the evening for that journey. It is true that at Kitzingen, which is much elevated, a good view may be obtained of the windings of the Main, and there is a considerable amount of forest; but it is all pine, and therefore monotonous, and the trees are almost all slender and insignificant. Nuremberg has a bad sanitary reputation, and is said to contain almost as many cesspools as houses. The careful traveller may, then, follow our example and put up at the Würtemberger Hof, close to the railway station and just outside the city walls. But Nuremberg has also a great reputation as an old mediæval city surviving all but unchanged; and it is true that this is deserved with respect to certain buildings—notably St. Lawrence's Church, and fragments of the old city walls, and towers with high roofs covered with red tiles. Nevertheless Nuremberg, as a whole, is now so modernized as to be disappointing to the lover of old ways. Its wide, newly-built suburbs quite overpower the old central core of the city, and even the latter is now much modified. Its modernization was especially marked at the period of our visit. A great universal exhibition of medals (which had filled all the inns) was being held every day, while every evening a concert took place in its adjoining gardens, illuminated by the electric light. On listening beneath that light to airs of Meyerbeer and Wagner, within view of some of the old city's towers and spires, one could not but be impressed with a sense of the mutability of human life, and feel that mediæval times were indeed distant from us. But while thinking on the changes with a certain sadness, supported by the phenomena around, the moon suddenly emerged from a cloud and shone brilliantly over the whole scene. Immediately the conditions and events which before seemed so remote became but matters of yesterday; for what was the oldest antiquity of mediæval times compared to the abyss of the ages which have elapsed since that luminous but dead and drear satellite was a living world with its winds and waves, and probably an abode of life?

Sunday was our only day for visiting the sights of the city,

and any traveller so circumstanced should know that the beautiful old churches of St. Lawrence and St. Sebald cannot be seen after nine o'clock till their Protestant service is over. The former church is more interesting than words can express, and it is well worth a journey from London to Nuremberg to see it alone. It is a most wonderful instance of "survival"—a mediæval Catholic church perfectly preserved in its primitive state, as it were fossilized!

The crosses and candlesticks, and even the cloths, remain upon all the altars, as do all the images in their niches, with their lamps before them. The rood is most beautiful, and the curious, more than life-size, hanging figure of the Annunciation is, we believe, unique. But these and the wonderful sacraments-house are described in all the guide-books. There is a little renaissance work, showing the last efforts of Catholic zeal before the Reformation movement, so blighting to religion, but so fortunate so far as concerns the preservation unchanged of these Nuremberg fossils. St. Sebald's Church has a nave of very early pointed architecture, interesting from having a western apse and altar. The well-known and beautiful shrine of St. Sebald, where his relics still repose, had all its candles lighted during the Protestant service. This very surprising phenomenon (and perhaps also that of the many candles alight on the altar) was explained to us as a practice due to its being a legal condition for the holding of certain property. It is not probable, however, that it is any such condition which causes the Madonnas of the street-corners to be still preserved unmutilated and even bearing their ancient crowns.

The principal Catholic church—the Frauenkirche—is in an admirable state of repair and decoration, the whole of the latter being in correct mediæval taste. There is a rood-screen of open metal-work, apparently new, above which the rood is suspended. The whole nave is of one height, that of the aisle being as high as the central portion. The sermon preceded the *Missa cantata* and lasted the best part of an hour, the church being crammed to the very doors. Another smaller Catholic church, recently acquired, we believe (near the gate leading to the railway station), is in the early pointed style and remarkable for the small size of the apse, which projects out from the extensive eastern wall. Very devout and edifying was the congregation assembled within it for afternoon service—prayers, rosary, and benediction all said and sung by the congregation in German.

A very beautiful mediæval fountain, with images of saints,

stands near St. Sebald's Church; but another mediæval one near the Frauenkirche is very singular. Various small female figures are placed round its central stem, and a tiny stream of water issues from either breast of each figure. The cemetery is one of the most celebrated in Germany, and is crowded with monuments and plain tombstones, all we noticed bearing inscriptions touching from their simplicity and the absence of all exaggeration. Except the Jews, people of all religions or of no religion are buried side by side, no portion being separated off for any creed.

The old castle of Nuremberg deserves a visit, if only for the sake of its two superimposed chapels, which are very interesting architecturally, and so ancient that the more modern one is said to have been built by Frederick Barbarossa. A magnificent view of the city and surrounding country will also repay the visitor, who can, if he pleases, drive all the way up in a carriage. In an adjacent tower are shown the various instruments of torture used here till the year 1780. They are so well known as to dispense us from the task of their description—the rack, the back-tearing ladder, the spiked seat, the Spanish ass, Spiteful Bess, etc., etc. There are also engravings illustrating their use and many other horrors besides. In another chamber is the well-known "iron virgin," standing over the "oubliette" in the middle of the room, in which the person sentenced to die by her had to sleep (or try to sleep) the last night of life in a sort of wooden crib. The last person thus done to death by the Eisenerjungfrau's internal daggers was a lady of Nuremberg, executed in 1787 for the murder of her child.

It should always be recollected that if these revolting practices existed during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries at Nuremberg, they so existed at a time when no Catholic was allowed to live within the city's walls, as also that the vile machines are all *post*-mediæval in date.

The journey to Regensburg (Ratisbon) is best made at night, as it can then be made in two hours instead of in six. Bidding adieu at eleven to our hotel, which was no dearer than that of Würzburg, we got to our quarters at the Grüner Kranz (the green garland) in Regensburg soon after one o'clock in the morning. Its charges were somewhat cheaper still, and it is conveniently situated in a central position; but here, as at Nuremberg, the *table d'hôte* is at half-past twelve.

Our first visit next morning was, of course, to the cathedral, and we greatly regretted being one day too late to hear the celebrated chant. Very striking is the magnificent Gothic church's

elaborate west front, with its two noble towers and spires, a landmark on all sides for many miles around, and which have been completed but fifteen years. The cathedral was, we believe, once full of rococo altars and ornaments, as is that of Würzburg now; but they were removed by King Ludwig of Bavaria, who did much to restore the church. Each aisle ends eastwards in an apse and altar, but there are four altars against the side-walls of the nave (two on either side) which are very puzzling. Each is surmounted by a Gothic baldacchino supported on four columns, and each is entirely mediæval in style and appears to be really ancient and unchanged. Nevertheless the altars do not stand east and west (as do all the other mediæval altars we know), but are so placed that the celebrant faces north in those on the gospel side of the nave, and south in those of its epistle side. It would be very interesting to know for certain whether or not they have been changed in position. We were shown in the treasury a number of relics* and precious articles, amongst them a large chasuble said to have been worn by St. Wolfgang, and a peculiar vestment, called a "rationale" (in shape like a very short French dalmatic without the shoulder-flaps), which had been sent by the pope to certain of the bishops of Regensburg. We were told that only the bishops of ten bishoprics had ever received it, whereof the bishop of Paderborn was one. It was worn over the chasuble.

The two very ancient and very small churches attached to the cloisters must on no account be left unvisited by any lover of old architecture or of Catholic antiquity. They are duly described in the guide-books. Very noteworthy are the wonderfully rich inner mouldings of the windows of the cloister, with figures and tracery in very high relief and showing an incipient renaissance influence. There are a good number of sepulchral monuments of varying degrees of interest and curiosity. One has a pair of Caryatides, each with a skull on the top and four transverse rows of breasts beneath it. On two other monuments are the oddest priests' heads. Each head bears a berretta and is placed at the summit of a swan-like neck which comes out through the top of a helmet!

After inspecting the cathedral we eagerly bent our steps towards the river to take our first leisurely view of, and our first walk beside, the Danube, which is here very wide (spanned by an ancient bridge), and with islands where good baths may be enjoyed.

* One of these was a skeleton of one of the Holy Innocents.

A pilgrimage to the church of St. James is a matter of obligation for every English-speaking Catholic, as it was the church of Scotch Benedictines from the eleventh century till within the last five-and-twenty years. It is a solemn, simple, and dignified basilica, built within a century of the abbey's foundation. It is well restored, and quaint and curious carving decorates its exterior on the north side. It serves now as the church of the bishop's seminary.

Last but by no means least amongst the ecclesiastical structures of Regensburg is the vast and venerable abbey of St. Emmeran, now—after enduring for twelve hundred years—the enormous palace of the Prince of Thurn and Taxis. The church remains as it was when the abbey was secularized, and is very curious. Like the cathedral of Würzburg, it is a very ancient church, disguised by a mass of stucco and gilding applied in the last century. The monks' choir is much raised and at the west end—like some of the Spanish choirs—and there is an altar at the east end of the raised part. This choir and the part of the west end of the church adjacent to it are separated from the rest of the edifice by an ornamental iron screen. The church contains many venerable and interesting monuments, but very strange was the manner in which we found treated the relics of two saints. Each lay at full length in a glass case over an altar. Bands of ornamental gilt metal-work were twined round all the bones and a gilt palm-branch placed in either skeleton's right hand. The skull, in each case, had a very peculiar decoration. Three large, elaborate jewelled brooches were placed, one in the hollow socket of each eye, and the third within the cavity where the nose had been. Beneath this a curved band of gold concealed the opening of the mouth, giving a horrible grin to the face. Altogether it was an odd and ghastly sight.

After inspecting all these ancient and mouldering fragments of the past of different centuries, our next excursion was a most dusty drive to the far-famed, marble, modern Walhalla, which looks down from wooded heights on the left bank of the Danube six miles below Regensburg. This temple of Teutonic fame, built by King Ludwig in imitation of the Parthenon, and of similar size and proportions, save that it is a trifle shorter, is internally gorgeous with its colored marbles and of great interest for its historic busts and statues. It was well to make this edifice rather a pagan Walhalla than a Christian temple, considering who and what were some of its more conspicuous inmates. Thus Catherine II. of Russia is in the same division of the build-

ing as the pious Empress Maria Theresa, while close to the bust of the latter is that of her enemy, Frederick the Great, though they have been considerately so placed that they could not, had they vision, see one another!

It was not without regret that we left the venerable city of Regensburg, the general aspect of which we thought quite as interesting as that of Nuremberg. In its old Rathhaus may be seen the historic chamber where for nearly a century and a half (1663–1806) the diets of the empire were held. There also may be seen a collection of instruments of torture and dungeons more repulsive than the celebrated ones of Venice. Though Regensburg is so Catholic a city, the images at the street-corners are much less numerous than those of Würzburg, so full of modern life, or than the fossil ones of Nuremberg.

A tedious journey of nearly five hours brought us to that frontier town of Bavaria and Austria—Passau. For a very long time the twin spires of Regensburg's cathedral visibly dominated the plains we traversed, and when lost to view the Walhalla still shone out as a brilliant white spot in the dark-green eastern boundary of the Danube, soon becoming the mountain boundary of Bohemia. The land on the western side of the rail is quite uninteresting, and the only town worth notice that we passed was Straubing, with its lofty church tower and more remarkable towers of its Rathhaus, surmounted by no less than five pointed spires. In a chapel in the churchyard of St. Peter's, which stands outside the city's walls, is the tomb of that unfortunate and virtuous *teterrima causa belli*, the fair but humble maid, Agnes Bernauer, who was thrown into the Danube in 1436, by order of Duke Ernest of Bavaria, for having gained the heart and hand of his son Albert—an act which drove him to rebellion and long civil war.

As the railroad approaches Passau it skirts the Danube, which here appears surprisingly small and insignificant. The houses take on a Swiss character, with large, overhanging eaves. The long-esteemed and well-known house, the Wilder Mann, having ceased to be an inn, we went to the Bayerisher Hof at Passau—a house centrally situated and with charges similar to those made by the inn of Regensburg, and a *table d'hôte* at half-past twelve.

The darkness of the streets rendered any exploration of them on the evening of our arrival unprofitable, but the sight which daylight afforded justified an early rise for its enjoyment. Passau has a wonderfully fine situation at the junction of three

rivers—the great Inn (which has rolled here from the Engadine through Innsbruck), the relatively small Danube, and the tiny Ilz. Its commanding position was keenly appreciated by the Old World's conquerors when it became the *Batava Castra* of the Romans. In mediæval times the seat of a prince-bishopric which endured till the peace of Lunéville (1801), it has, besides the cathedral, its stately Residenz, which must, however, yield in stateliness to that of Würzburg. Both stand on a lofty eminence overlooking the Inn, on the opposite shore of which is the pilgrimage church of "Maria-hilf," on a corresponding eminence. Externally the late pointed choir of the cathedral gives a prominence which the interior belies, as within it is completely disguised with stucco, rococo ornaments. The externals of Catholicity are not conspicuous in Passau, and its priests no longer wear cassocks in the streets, but black coats, round hats, and ordinary trousers, which are Austrian fashions adopted in this frontier Bavarian town. At three o'clock we started in a comfortable steamer for Linz, which we reached before eight, after a journey so cold that it might have been the 19th of November instead of the 19th of August. The hand-packages (and such were our only luggage) were examined—or supposed so to be, for ours were not—by Austrian officials before embarkation. The Danube between Linz and Passau compares, in our opinion, advantageously with the Rhine. It is true that the Danube's castles are both much less in number and less picturesque; but what it may lose in this respect it gains in wildness and natural beauty. The Rhine, in spite of its noble mountain boundaries and picturesque turns, has an artificial aspect from the multitude of vineyards which clothe its banks, and signs of man's habitation are otherwise evident at every turn. On the Danube the vine is absent, and its place is taken by abundant forest, while towns and villages are few and distant; so that the aspect of this majestic river (swollen below Passau by the addition of the Inn) is as wild, for long stretches of its course, as in the days of Tacitus, when its lofty, frowning left bank was known as the *Frons Germanica*. It winds in many sharp, serpentine curves, amidst lofty, wooded mountains, for a distance of thirty miles, when it spreads out into a wide, watery expanse with low banks and many islands. Shortly before getting to Linz, however, the hills again advance and close in upon the river, so that another picturesque defile is traversed before reaching the last named city. On its left bank is the birthplace of the Emperor Otho II., and on its right a Cistercian monastery, relaxed in

discipline, we were told, and now containing only some eight monks. At Linz we went to the very conveniently-situated and well-appointed hotel, the Erzherzberg Karl, close to the steamer's landing-place, and from the windows of which we looked out on a charming view of the hills and mountains on the other side of the river. Here we met with higher charges and no *table d'hôte*, but we supped excellently well on a piece of saddle of roebuck and pancakes (*pfankucken*), which we found generally so excellent in Germany and Austria.

After a good night's rest we looked eagerly out to enjoy the charming view of which we had had but a glimpse in the evening twilight. To our amazement we could see simply nothing. A dense fog, as dense as any of London city—though, of course, not yellow—made every object invisible at six yards' distance from our window. The Vienna steamboat could not start till an hour after its proper time, when the mist began to lift and slowly dissipated itself. After looking in on the church and the small cathedral, both renaissance structures with rococo ornaments, we made our way to where a new cathedral is rapidly rising. By good-fortune we overtook a priest, who with much amiability entered into conversation and took us into and all about the fast-rising structure. The lady-chapel, at the east end of the choir, is finished and in use, and the whole choir was expected to be in a similar state by the end of September. When completed it will be a very fine Gothic edifice, quite traditional in all its arrangements, and with the altars and stained glass of its chapels all in very good taste. Beneath the choir is a fine, well-lighted crypt intended for actual use. In its midst is fitly buried the worthy Bishop Rudiger, who began the work. Our guide, who turned out to be the capitular preacher, informed us that there were but seven canons, and that they said office in choir at nine and at three, except on Thursdays. Linz boasts a convent of Capuchins and another of Carmelites, but the most famed religious establishments are not within the city, more or less remote from it, and it was mainly to visit these that we had come to Linz.

Accordingly we started at half-past twelve, in an open carriage and pair, for the great Augustinian monastery of St. Florian. The day was delightful, the carriage well stuffed with easy springs, and our smart, well-behaved coachman, with his black cockade, took our well-groomed horses at a spanking pace along an excellent road; and it was with no small degree of pleasurable excitement that we found ourselves at last so near the accom-

plishment of a journey we had longed to take since boyhood's days, when in the paternal library we had read the interesting account given by Dr. Dibdin, the bibliographer, of his visit to the same place in the year 1818.

The road at first for a considerable distance skirts the railway to Vienna. It then diverges southward, and, ascending between some hills, traverses an extremely pretty wood, which reminded us more of our English woodlands than anything we had seen since we had left our own shores. Though the season was advanced, there was no scarcity of wild-flowers. Conspicuous beyond all others were the brilliant spots of color, amidst the greenery around, due to the multitudinous flowers of *Melampyrum nemorosum*. The pendent (true) flowers were of a very brilliant yellow, made the more conspicuous by the crown of brightest blue-violet bracts (or false flowers) at the summit of every stem. Nowhere during our wanderings did these flowers gladden our eyes save in this welcome wood on the road to St. Florian.

After less than two hours' drive two distant towers and cupolas began to appear over distant woods which bounded our view westwards. These were the western towers of the monastic church, and soon the huge, palace-like edifice itself appeared in view. Like the other monasteries I subsequently visited, St. Florian has lost all traces of its mediæval structure. It was entirely rebuilt in the last century.

We drove through the outer quadrangle, and, ringing at an inner gateway, gave in our letters of introduction (from the bishop of Newport and Menevia and the abbot of Buckfast), and were at once admitted. The Herr Prelat, or abbot, was then at Vespers, and we were introduced into the interior of the abbey church—a very handsome building of its kind, rich with many marbles, deftly inlaid, and costly woods and copious gilding. The nave was filled with handsome and commodious pews with doors, but without spittoons—items of church furniture which we left behind us in entering Austria from Germany. Vespers were being recited in monotone by fifteen religious, who occupied the stalls and wore short surplices over their cassocks. When Compline was finished we were invited into the abbot's presence—a tall man of pleasing aspect and about sixty years of age, whose manner was a happy mixture of benevolent courtesy and dignity. These Austrian abbots may well be dignified, for they are really lord-abbots, possessing still their ancient territorial possession, and neither disestablished nor disendowed. They may well serve to give us a notion of what some of our old

English monasteries might now have been had there been no change of religion in Britain, and had Glastonbury and St. Edmunds remained side by side with the still surviving hospitals of St. Cross and the various diocesan properties. He, in common with the other monks, was habited in a black cloth cassock, over which was suspended, both in front and behind, a long, narrow strip of linen, the two strips being connected by a narrow tape round the neck. This singular ornament appears to be a case of ecclesiastical survival in garments, and to be a rudimentary structure representing a white scapular of the normal kind. The abbot unfortunately spoke neither French nor English, so that we were reduced to converse in our very imperfect German. We accompanied him to the abbatial apartments, and waited in a very handsomely furnished drawing-room while he retired to read our introductory missives. He then conducted us to the library, where the venerable librarian, Father Albin Axeray, showed us some of the most interesting works out of a collection of no less than fifty thousand volumes. Amongst them we were greatly interested to behold the three volumes of Dibdin's bibliographical tour, sent by the author as an act of courtesy to his monastic hosts.

The monks' refectory is a noble room, and there is a gallery of pictures of moderate value. The abbey gardens and conservatory are thrown open to visitors on all days except great feasts. The royal apartments are extremely handsome, but very rarely used. Fourteen years ago, however, the Emperor Francis Joseph paid a visit and occupied them for a short time.

By the great kindness of the abbot a special performance took place on the magnificent organ of the church. There are three hundred pipes, which look as if of burnished silver, and it has more stops than has any other organ in Austria. We sat in the stalls with the kind abbot and librarian, and enjoyed for nearly half an hour a high musical treat, during which the delicacy and sweetness as well as the prodigious power of the instrument were well displayed. Lastly we descended to the crypt beneath the church, wherein the bodies of past abbots up to the very last lie above ground, enclosed in bronze sarcophagi, as also those of a few benefactors of the abbey. These are disposed around the central space, which is devoted to the sepulchres of the simple monks, their coffins enclosed in recesses (much as in the catacombs of Kensal Green Cemetery), each closed by a stone inscribed with the name and date of the death of him whose body lies within it.

Ascending to the upper air, we took our leave of the courteous Herr Prelat, Ferdinand Moser Profst der reg. Chorhaustifter St. Florian, who committed us to the librarian's care, that we might see the abbey farm. The monastery, to which belong ninety monks, has the right of presentation to no less than thirty-three livings. These are served by religious sent out from the house, which, of course, much reduces the number of its actual inmates. Such incumbents are liable to recall at any moment, and can themselves generally obtain a recall should they greatly desire it. The abbey lands are farmed by the monks themselves by means of hired labor, and are not let out on lease or by the year to tenants. The farm buildings are very spacious and in excellent condition. Within them were no less than sixty-seven cows in their stalls and twenty-six horses. In another building were no less than forty-eight pens for pigs, and some were shown us recently imported from England. The abbot, as becomes a wealthy prelate, has his own carriage and horses.

The existing superior has held his office fourteen years. At the death of an abbot his superior is freely elected for life by the community, and neither the government, the bishop, nor the pope can interfere with the election further than the circumstance that the government has the right to veto the election of a monk to whom it has any great objection—a right which, we were assured, has been very rarely exercised.

The community is a most ancient one, having a few years ago celebrated the thousandth anniversary of its foundation. Although not practising any remarkable austerities, this institution of canons regular of St. Augustine is in a very flourishing condition and enjoys a considerable reputation for learning, on which account it is called upon to supply not a few seminaries, colleges, and schools with professors—an office readily undertaken, and is one of the main ends of the institute as at present existing. We bid adieu with regret to the very kind father-librarian—a venerable man, who had passed forty-three years of his life in religion.

Our horses carried us back very rapidly to Linz, to our great contentment, as very threatening clouds began to appear on the horizon and rapidly approached. We were safely housed and occupied in noting down with much contentment the events of the day, when we were suddenly half-blinded with light and stunned by a deafening peal of thunder. The storm before anticipated had broken quite suddenly over the city. The reverberation of the thunder-peals amongst the mountains was most

impressive, and flash after flash lighted up the landscape with a most weird brilliancy. Soon torrents of rain descended, and the storm ceased as suddenly as it had begun, leaving us not without the hope of being able to pay on the morrow the much-anticipated visit to the great Benedictine monastery of Chremsminster.

A CABLEGRAM, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

A BRIGHT morning in the December of 1884. A bright breakfast-room in No. — Fifth Avenue, New York. The fire sparkles; the brasses around it glitter. The napery is whiter than the snow outside. Each plate, each cup has hold of a dancing sunbeam, while the silver cover-dishes, and the knives and forks and spoons, are dazzling to gaze upon.

A trim little maid, whose cap would make a fortune for a stage soubrette, noiselessly enters, bearing a telegraphic despatch upon a salver:

"If not detained at Quarantine the SS. *Aurania* will arrive at her dock, Pier No. 19, North River, at 11 A.M.

"MANAGER MARINE DEPARTMENT."

This telegram is hurriedly opened and rapidly read by a very plump, pink-faced little lady in the fifties, who, during its perusal, holds a gold eye-glass to one eye in a fat, white, dimpled hand.

"The *Aurania* is in."

"She arrives on the anniversary of—"

"Bother your anniversaries, George W.!" explodes the little lady.

"I repeat, madam, that she arrives on the anniversary of the crossing of the Delaware by our immortal Washington." And a dapper little gentleman, a double pink, bald, stomachy, and shiny, rises from the breakfast-table, and, turning his back to the musically sputtering logs, and his coat-tails over his arms, stands in a Bluff King Hal attitude, as he vainly endeavors to get up a frown for the annihilation of his better-half—for in this happy relationship does the rosy little lady stand to him.

This oleaginous little man is George Washington Trubsome,

known all over the length and breadth of this vast continent as the most uncompromising of Americans, and whose animosity to Great Britain and Great Britainers is as rampant to-day as ever was that of his grandfather, Ichabod Trubsome, who handled a particularly troublesome musket "on that day at Bunker Hill."

Every notable event in the chain that led up to the evacuation of New York by the redcoats finds an abiding-place in Mr. Trubsome's heart, and all the anniversaries are celebrated with becoming pomp, punctiliousness, and patriotism. On the "Glorious Fourth" it is Mr. Trubsome's custom to attire himself in the uniform of a Continental, and, shouldering his grandfather's musket, to go on guard for certain hours upon the piazza of his charming villa at Tarrytown, from whence fireworks are lavishly delivered to the small boys of the surrounding country, with stern injunctions that a cheer for American independence must accompany each and every explosion. The anniversary of Washington's death sees Mr. Trubsome in deepest mourning, while that of the birth beholds a full-blown rose in his button-hole, and other and various indications betokening much inner jubilation.

Mrs. Trubsome, who thoroughly enjoys three meals a day and is not averse to a quail on toast towards midnight, imagines herself an invalid, and has visited every spa and spring of note on this continent in search of that which she possesses in the rudest possible degree—health. Her annual desire to repair to Carlsbad, Marienbad, or some other European healthery of fashion is annually stamped out by her *caro sposo* with the emphatic expression:

"If you can't find a spring in this glorious country that will cure you, there's not the ghost of a chance of a spring anywhere else."

One child, a son, who presently comes upon the scene, is the single olive-branch, while the household is completed by an orphan girl, Florence Maitland, immensely wealthy and somewhat capricious, who was placed under Mrs. Trubsome's care on the annihilation of both her parents in that dire Ashtabula railway smash-up of nine years ago.

"You will go down to the dock, George W.?" observes Mrs. Trubsome.

"I would, my dear; but this being the anniversary—"

"Then Wash must go, and at once. Somebody must meet this young lady. Wash must hurry up!"

At this moment a tall, 43-inch-chested young fellow enters the room, a very tower of youthful strength and vigor.

"Good-morning, mummy." And he kisses his mother, to the utter disarrangement of her breakfast-cap. "Good-morning, father. What a—"

"This is the anniversary of the crossing of the Delaware, Wash," bursts in his father.

"So it is." And the young gentleman energetically attacks an egg.

"On this day, one hundred and—"

"Read that, Wash," cries his mother, tossing him the yellow despatch.

"Oh! the *Aurania* in. Won't Miss Lawson have a splendid sight coming up the bay this sunshiny morning!"

"Staten Island is covered with snow, and the ice—"

"Was pretty thick in the Delaware on this day, one hundred and—"

"Bother the Delaware! Wash, you will go down and meet her."

"But I don't know her, mummy!"

"You can pick her out. The captain or any of the officers will show her to you."

"Yes; but what a stupid thing—fishing about for a young girl! None of you can tell me if she is tall or short, slim or stout."

"If she is like her father," says Mr. Trubsome, "she will be particularly pudgy. Poor Ed Lawson! He and I made money together on a water-works contract. Then I got hold of a Florida canal, and he went to India and froze to a railway. He then plunged into indigo, and I took a plunge at cotton. He made some money, I made a lot. It was a queer thing, his thinking of *me* on his death-bed. Lawson was a shrewd chap, and I'll bet a double dollar that he has laid pipes for a match for you, Wash, and this girl, his daughter, who is now in Quarantine—"

"If that's the case, sir," sputters young Trubsome, his mouth very full, "I hope the ship won't come any farther up the bay."

"*My* son marries Florence Maitland," cries Mrs. Trubsome.

"*My* son will marry whom he pleases, always provided that she is well raised and has not a drop of British blood in her veins."

"*Our* son," laughs Wash, "won't marry anybody till he's what the barometer registers on the window-sill there—thirty-seven in the shade."

"This may be a designing girl, an artful minx, coming right over here to capture our boy," exclaims Mrs. Trubsome; adding angrily: "It is really quite too provoking to be hampered with

girls in this way. One, goodness knows, was enough. My health won't stand the worry of two. You should have thought of *me*, George W., before you wrote asking this Miss Lawson to come over. *I* am *never* consulted."

"Why, Maria, didn't you burst out crying when you read her letter, and beg of me not to lose a mail!"

"That was all my poor nervousness."

"Anyhow, the girl is here, and whether she *goes* for Wash or not, he'll have, in less than ten minutes, to *go* for her." And the old gentleman laughs and shakes at his own joke till a couple of oily tears steal calmly down his ruby cheeks.

"I don't fancy this job," cries Wash, pouncing upon a cutlet. "Can't Florence Maitland go and meet her?"

"That is just what Florence is ready to do."

The girl who utters these words is strikingly haughty, strikingly good-looking. She would be handsome, if the expression in her eyes were more soft and that of her mouth less hard. She is attired in a sable coat that would bring water to the mouth of a Russian archduchess, while a hat of the same costly fur sits jauntily on her shapely and Juno-like head.

"Are *you* going down to the boat?" asks Mrs. Trubsome.

"Yes."

"Won't you have some breakfast?"

"I have had a cup of coffee. I shall breakfast with my fellow-orphan."

The servant announces the carriage.

"Won't it be fun trying to pick out our girl!" laughs Florence, as, disdaining all offers of service, she trips down the steps. "Let us have a bet on it, Wash."

"All right."

The *Aurania* is being warped in, the dock appearing to move instead of the leviathan steamer.

"She has had a rough passage," observes Wash. "See the smokestack all white."

"Ay, and ice in the rigging."

"Look out for a girl in black."

"I see one!" cries Miss Maitland excitedly. "See, over there; next to— Pshaw! it is an old woman."

"Do you observe a black hat and veil next to that tall, bearded man in the Scotch bonnet?"

"Yes, yes!"

"I'll bet—"

"She has a pink necktie."

"Crushed again!" laughs Wash.

A long row of faces appears above the bulwarks—a row extending from stem to stern of the ship.

"Just fancy, Wash, that behind that wall of wood may be standing your future wife!"

"I don't fancy it at all."

The magnificent floating palace is at length moored to the dock, and Miss Maitland with her escort is hustled up the gangway—hustled in good sooth, for there are those on the quay who are madly eager to clasp their loved ones, separated from them by three thousand miles of ocean, to their gladdened hearts. Some there are who advance to offer the inestimable boon of sympathy to sorrow and suffering; some, with blanched lips and dilated eyes, who rush forward to learn the worst.

"There she is!" says Wash, pointing to a tall girl in a black ulster who calmly stands by a pile of state-room luggage. "Nice, but hard-looking."

"Go over and make yourself known."

He advances awkwardly enough.

"I am looking for Miss Lawson," he says with a bow.

"Are you one of Mr. Trubsome's family, sir?"

"I am Mr. Trubsome's son."

"Miss Lawson is on board, sir."

"Am I not addressing Miss Lawson?"

"I am Stokens, Miss Lawson's maid, sir. I shall go and acquaint my mistress. Would you be so kind as to have an eye to the baggage, sir?" And she trips away to disappear.

"Well?" asks Florence.

"A nice mess I've made of it. That's Stokens, Miss Lawson's maid."

Miss Maitland laughs till Stokens reappears, following a young girl who is very tearful-eyed, very red-lipped, and very pale. She is petite, a great pilot coat with hussar black braid almost eclipsing her.

She advances with womanly instinct to Florence, who takes to her at once.

"Are you Miss Trubsome?" she eagerly asks.

"I am just as good, my dear!" exclaims Florence, folding her close to the sables and kissing her. Then the two cry a little, and Wash asks Stokens about the passage.

"Awful bad, sir. My mistress was sick the 'ole way over, and I was 'orribly 'elpless. Ha! would you?" This to a deck-

hand, with a rap on his knuckles from a bundle of umbrellas, who is for removing the baggage to land.

It is Wash's turn now.

"We are very, very glad to see you, Miss Lawson," he says, "my father and mother and Florence here, and—and—I—we'll all do our level best to make you feel at home."

She takes his hand in both of hers, only covering two of his big fingers, and gratefully presses.

"I refused to go anywhere except to you, for it was poor papa's last request. I have relatives in Scotland, who wanted me to come to them, but—"

"You will be much happier here, dear," cries Florence. "Come along; the sooner you get rid of the ship the better. Wash, you can stay with Stoker—"

"Stokens, if you please, miss," interposes the maid.

"Stokens, and get the baggage passed through; and I will take dear little—what is your given name?"

"Given name?" asks Miss Lawson in surprise.

"Well, Christian name?"

"Marie. I am dedicated to Our Lady."

"I don't know what that means, Marie, for I am a—well, I can't tell what I am—nothing. It depends very much on how they heat the church in winter and cool it in summer, or the side-whiskers of the pastor. Don't be shocked, dear. After a good breakfast, a talk, and a rest, I'll take you out for a sleigh-ride."

"Would you mind driving me to some Catholic church?"

"Now?"

"Yes."

"What for?"

"To return thanks to God Almighty for my safe passage."

Miss Maitland stares at her in silence; then she turns to the coachman.

"Thomas, do you know of a Catholic church on the way to the house?"

"Five or six, miss."

"Then stop at the best—at the *best*, mind you." And she bangs the door.

"Glory be to God! ye'd think it was a store I was to drive to," mutters the honest Jehu, "instead of to the house o' God. The *best!* That's the way wid them, blown about be every windy docthrine, as Father Cassidy says."

A family jury sits upon Miss Lawson after she has retired for the night.

"A most ignorant little girl," exclaims Mr. Trubsome. "She knows nothing of American history, and couldn't tell me the date of the evacuation of New York by the British. It is my opinion that she never heard of the country at all till poor Ed, her father, mentioned *us*."

"I asked her about those wonderful Cheltenham pills for the nerves. She could tell me nothing. She hasn't a single patent medicine with her," moans Mrs. Trubsome.

"She's none the worse for that," laughs her husband.

"She's a quiet little darling," bursts in Florence, "that wants a shaking up. She's awfully good—she's a Catholic, you know. It's a dead pity that she's in deep mourning, for I could have given her *such* a time—the Patriarchs' ball on Monday night, Mrs. Astor's on Tuesday, Mrs. Bradley-Martin's on Wednesday, Flossie Bild's rosebud luncheon on Thursday; on Friday"—she counts on her bejewelled fingers—"what is there on Friday?—oh! a sleighing party and dinner at Jerome Park; Saturday—"

"I just imagine that Miss Lawson, whether in mourning or not, wouldn't care to go in for that rattling programme. Good-night! I'm off to the club." And Wash dutifully kisses his mother and strides out.

A month has rolled onwards. Christmas has passed. Marie has made a real English plum-pudding with her own dainty hands, of which Mr. Trubsome innocently partakes, and gets laughed at when his anger at being led into eating anything English bursts forth. Every morning, rain or shine, beholds Marie at the eight-o'clock Mass at the Cathedral, Wash of late escorting her thither, no matter to what "wee sma' hour" he has been detained at the Union. She does not desire this, and attends an earlier Mass at St. Stephen's. He is not to be baffled, however, and on Christmas morning attended the first Mass, although he had been "on revel" to a very advanced hour.

"You will spoil your complexion, Marie."

"You will catch pneumonia."

"You will slip on the ice and break your bones."

"Malaria hangs around in the early morning."

She only laughs as batteries such as these are opened upon her, and continues to hold the even tenor of her way. Morning after morning when she returns from her orisons, rosy, bright-eyed, fresh as May dew, she is met by her maid with "Please, miss, would you step into Miss Maitland's room?"

There lies Florence, hollow-eyed, yawny, languid, if not feverish, after this ball, or that hop, or the other theatre party.

"I *do* think that I will give this all up, Marie," she yawns; "it unfits one for anything else; it makes one feel a hundred; it wearies. Bah! the same round, the same people, the—yes, Charlotte," to her maid, "I'll wear heliotrope to-night at Mrs. Paran Stevens'."

Wash turns in for afternoon tea now, spreads his immense legs under the gipsy table, looks happy, and says very little. He dines at home muchly, and finds fault with the cookery with the air of a crucial connossieur. Mr. Trubsome holds Marie as the Ancient Mariner held the wedding guest, every morning after breakfast, to narrate unto her the grand and thrilling story that led up to the signing of the Declaration of Independence; and she now knows the portraits of the signatories without once glancing at the key, a proof copy of the celebrated picture hanging in Mr. Trubsome's study between George Washington and his comely dame Martha. Mrs. Trubsome is scarcely reconciled to her guest. Marie is too healthy, too nerveless to evoke sympathy. Of patent medicines she knows nothing, of spas and healtheries about the same. The only theme that interests Mrs. Trubsome is the illness of Mr. Lawson, which, she insists, would never have ended fatally had the lamented gentleman partaken of "Jobson's Blood Tingler," or "Medcup's Nerve Twitcher," or even "Tomtod's Stomach Desiccator."

One afternoon, while Wash is engaged in playing a game of chess with Marie, a servant hands that young lady a card. She reads aloud, half-unconsciously, "Captain Belfort, Third Dragoon Guards," adding, with a very pleased expression:

"Show him in, please."

Wash frowns and looks very rueful.

"Won't you excuse me?" she says. "Captain Belfort is the son of my kinsfolk in Perthshire. We can finish our game later on."

"Oh! don't let *me* interfere," says Wash almost bitterly, upsetting the chess-board and then the table in an awkward effort to rise.

Captain Belfort enters. He is tall, inclined to obesity and baldness, but is a thorough "plunger" from his boot-heel, which he digs into the Aubusson carpet, to his tawny moustache, to which he administers a preliminary twirl.

"Awfully glad to see you, Miss Lawson. Awfully sorry for your loss. Awfully—yaas, awfully. Am here for a look at this shop. Awfully rum shop it is."

"Captain Belfort, let me introduce Mr. Trubsome."

The two men acknowledge one another by a nod.

"When did you arrive?"

"This morning."

"Had you a good passage?"

"Awfully blowy and rolly and wavy, you know—yaas, awfully."

Then she asks him after her kinsfolk, who are, according to the gallant warrior, "awfully fit."

Florence comes in and Belfort is duly presented. After he regains his seat he screws a rimless glass into his left eye and peers at her. She, in order to meet him on equal terms, adjusts her *pinces nez*, and the two glare at one another.

Yes, the captain has been in Egypt, and has been awfully knocked about by those *con*founded niggers. Yes, he has been in India, and has been awfully knocked about by *those* confounded niggers. The two young ladies extract some talk from him, and then propose to administer tea.

"Wash," suddenly exclaims Florence, "is your father dining out to-day?"

"I don't know," replies Wash gloomily, his first words in half an hour. "Yes, he is," he adds with sudden vivacity. "The Bunker Hill Club dine to-day," with a hard glance at the British warrior; "it's the anniversary of—"

"That's all right, Wash. I want to give a little dinner at Delmonico's to Marie's kinsman," cries Florence. "Go and order it. *You* pretend to know a lot about dinners; let us see how you'll come out. Secure the round table in the corner window. Be off! Captain Belfort," she adds, "my dear guardian, my second father, is very peculiar on the subject of—well, he don't like Britishers, and will not have them at any price. We can do nothing with him. He actually imagined himself ill because he ate some English plum-pudding on Christmas day made by Marie here. We are powerless, but we want to do all that we can for you."

"What an awfully extraordinary old fellow!" exclaims the captain. "And you mean to say that because of things that happened five or six hundred years ago he keeps it up? By Jove!" And he pulls dreamily at his moustache, as if it were candy.

They sip their tea, and contrive to get out of Belfort that he is stopping at the Brevoort; that he hopes to pot buffalo; that he is in no hurry, having six months' leave of absence from his

regiment; that he has a "pal" with him, who is going to look at a ranch in Wyoming, and that he hopes for a lot of sleighing and canvas-back ducks.

"Who's talking of canvas-backs?" asks Mr. Trubsome, senior, who rolls in, smiling all over and rubbing his hands gleefully. The girls glance at one another. The captain rises and tugs vigorously at his moustache.

"Mr. Trubsome," palpitates Marie, "let me introduce Cap—Captain Belfort, who has just arrived, and—and brings me good news of my dear friends in Scotland."

"Humph!" And Trubsome glares at the British warrior. "In the English army, sir?"

"Yaas, the K. D. G.'s"; hastily adding in reply to a questioning glance, "the King's Dragoon Guards."

"I know them, sir. They were over here in 1774–5 and '6 and '7. In the spring of 1778 they were in Philadelphia, but they abandoned that city in June to come along here. In 1780 they were in West Point with that black-hearted traitor, Arnold. Have you ever heard of Yorktown, sir?"

"I have—aw—been quartered at York; a doosidly good billet, too. Awfully good club, awfully hospitable people, and the hunting keen. The regiment hunted at York—"

"Well, sir, they were *hunted* at York—town, and—"

"Papa!" bursts in Florence.

"This is only history, my child. I'm giving the captain the history of his regiment."

"You are *very* good, sir," says Belfort stiffly.

"On the 17th of October, 1781, Yorktown surrendered, and the K. D. G.'s with it. Why, sir, we had the most splendid celebration here on the centennial—the 17th of October, 1881. It lasted for days. I attended, and wore a uniform and carried a musket that belonged to my grandfather, who fought *in* one and *with* the other at Bunker Hill."

Captain Belfort rises to take his leave.

"Papa," says Florence, "I am giving a little dinner at Delmonico's to Captain Belfort, our dear Marie's friend, as I know your prejudices and—"

"How *dare* you do such a thing!" pulling her ear. "Captain, you will dine *here*. You are my prisoner. I put you on parole that while in New York you will dine here as often as you can, provided always that you discuss with me over our walnuts and claret the glorious campaigning of a hundred years ago. To-night I dine with the Bunker Hill Club to celebrate the anni-

versary of our treaty with France, but my wife and son, and the little girls here, will entertain you."

"You are awfully good," says the captain, "and, by Jove! I'd like to hear a lot about Buncombe Hill—"

"Bunker." And he spells it for him, and briefly describes the fight.

"I have engaged the table by telephone and ordered the dinner," observes Wash.

"You can dis-order it, my son. Captain Belfort dines here. I feel it a duty to feed a British officer, we had them on half-rations for so long."

Wash gives Florence a look that plainly says, "What next?"

Wash does his best to be civil to Belfort—puts him up at his club, brings him to several smart dances, and lends him a sleigh and pair of horses. But he cannot get him to leave New York, or yet No. — Fifth Avenue, although he endeavors to picture the glories of Niagara in its gigantic mantle of ice; of Florida, with its fragrant orange-groves; of Boston, so British, and its "boys" so well up to the mark all round. The only thing Wash admires about the captain are his clothes, and he, despite the thirty degrees, goes about in a tight-fitting frock and gaiters and varnished boots, his nose as blue as indigo, his cheeks blanched with cold. Belfort's companion, a Mr. Dyke, leaves for Wyoming after a vain endeavor to uproot the gallant captain.

"How Marie can find patience to listen to the nonentities of this fat fool is more than I can imagine, mummy," Wash exclaims about ten times a day to his mother, who invariably replies: "Love, my dear boy, is always blind. The very brutal health of these two people establishes an affinity."

Belfort makes himself as agreeable as possible to the old lady, and has cabled to Cairo for some desert water used by the Arabs and considered by these nomads as possessing wondrous healing powers. He listens to her nervous woes, and lets her warble on, while he gazes with rapturous eyes upon Marie, who is ever at home and ever at work.

"That's an awfully swell frock you are embroidering, Miss Lawson," he exclaims, as one evening Marie is engaged with bullion-thread and seed pearls.

"It is a robe for the Madonna. The church in which this statue of Our Blessed Lady stands is very, very poor."

"Do they want coin?"

"Oh! indeed they do."

"Would you mind writing the address down in this book for me?"

She writes it in a bold, large, generous hand.

"Thanks awfully! I suppose that fifty pound wouldn't do 'em much harm?"

"Make it a cool hundred, Captain Belfort," laughs Florence.

"Oh! this is too bad," interposes Marie.

"Not a bit; he is one of you. In what better way could he spend his money?"

It should be mentioned that Belfort is a Catholic. At first he used to present himself at the pew in the cathedral which Wash had secretly rented for Miss Lawson, late for Mass. Marie gravely took him to task, and on the following Sunday he was there before her. Then he knelt very little. For this he was also impounded. Then he was minus a prayer-book—a want speedily supplied by his uncompromising neighbor. He was for asking questions and for turning round to gaze up at the choir, but he soon relinquished such practices. And lastly, under Marie's admonition, instead of making an absurd motion with his thumb anywhere about the regions of his throat or chest, he gravely and faithfully blessed himself.

Miss Lawson was absolutely her own mistress. She came and went, and there was no one to question her. Florence would sometimes jest with her anent her prolonged absences.

"If you would only come with me, Florence, and give up some of those eternal matinées, those perpetual visitings, which you acknowledge are dreadfully boring, you would be more of what God intended you to be, with *your* brain and *your* heart and *your* wealth—a useful woman."

"Wait until Lent, Marie. I shall be a different person, I assure you. I shall dress in sombre colors, violets and grays; and I don't mind going to church with you twice a week. And for the first and last week I shall not enter a theatre. There! isn't that next door to conversion? Who knows but I may 'vert' some day?"

Lent arrives. Captain Belfort beats a retreat to Boston and Niagara, and lastly to Saratoga, where Mr. Trubsome joins him in order to go over the battle-fields that led to Clinton's surrender. Trubsome and the British warrior get on wonderfully well. Belfort has posted himself through the medium of a work technically written by an English officer, and worries the ardent American with military phraseology. In all this, however, Trubsome recognizes a keen intelligence and a foeman worthy of his steel.

Wash threatens voyages round the world; trips to India to pot tigers; to the East to visit scimitar-guarded Mohammedan cities; to the North Pole, if an expedition be gotten up; to the top of Chimborazo. But—he never stirs. His toilets are refulgent, his manners morose. He smokes a great deal too many cigarettes, and his mother intends asking Miss Lawson to request of him as a favor to cut down his daily allowance at least one-half. His club knows him not; he takes long walks in the snow, and at times cannot be induced to leave the cosey little room attached to his bed-room.

"Faix, we have wan Christian in the house, anyhow," observes Mrs. Trubsome's cook, as she prepares a piquant entrée for her "delicate" mistress, "an that's Miss Lawson. *She* fasts, an' no mistake. It's rale Lent with *her*. It an't soup that *pretends* to be flour and water; it an't fish, done up to the queen's taste, at two dollars a pound; it an't ducks, that's neither fish or fowl or flesh; nor flim-flams that's full of sherry wine, and port wine, and Maydarial wine. No, the darlin'! it's dry toast, and no milk in her tea, and everything for to correspond. There's luck and grace in this house as long as she's in it, God bless her!"

Florence Maitland is as good, ay, and better than her word. She refuses every invitation; and, if her sackcloth be tailor-made and her ashes somewhat fragrant, she strides forward on a rougher but, after a while, a less wearisome road.

"O my!" she exclaims, "if Susie Blyde or Mamie van Strope were to see me now." This, as with Marie she enters a poor tenement-building, bringing comfort to the sickened heart of the helpless mother of six little children. The girl's check-book is ever in her hand, and the generous impulses that have hitherto only blossomed under the sunshine of fame and fashion now bear fruit in obscurity and shadow.

Lent over, Captain Belfort returns from the Rockies. Florence Maitland, being one of the leaders of fashion, flings herself into the whirl and spins as giddily round as any dancing dervish.

"Bah! it's all Dead Sea fruit," she will say. "The moment the season is over, Marie, let us take Wash and our maids and visit the great shrines of the world, from Monserrat to Mecca. *That* will be doing something."

An April shower catches Miss Lawson on her way to early Mass. She remains in her damp clothes, and comes home chilled. The family doctor is sent for, and an immense fuss is made by Mrs. Trubsome, who takes charge of her and furnishes her room

with a whole battery of bottles. She does not improve. Florence becomes a most troublesome but most affectionate nurse. She constantly awakes her patient to ask if she requires anything, and is then in despair because the girl cannot sleep. She fights pitched battles with Mrs. Trubsome, and sends for two additional physicians without consulting the family one. In a word, she is an amiable nuisance, is in everybody's way, and in antagonism to every human being she encounters about the house.

"You call everything fever here, by Jove!" says Captain Belfort—"a fever finger, a fever lip. We don't do that in England."

"Who cares what you do in England?" snaps Miss Maitland.

Marie has a request to make of Florence.

"I want you," she says, "as to-morrow will be the first of May, the month of Mary, to go to Our Lady's altar in the Cathedral and place a bouquet of white roses at her feet."

"I will—I will!" bursts Florence.

"And every day during the month."

"Yes, darling, yes!"

"And I want you to say one Ave Maria. It is a short little prayer. I will teach it to you." And she repeats it, the other girl breathing it after her, word for word, until it is committed to memory.

Florence faithfully performs this task. She goes nowhere else. It is a pilgrimage. Maria's chill has burned up into fever, and the doctors look very, very grave.

One day Florence is later than usual in visiting the altar of Our Lady. A man, bent in an attitude of the deepest devotion, kneels before it. Florence starts. It is Wash. She can hardly believe her eyes. She retires till he goes slowly away, and then makes her daily offering of pure white roses and says her simple prayer. But oh! so devoutly.

It is the "Glorious Fourth," and ninety degrees in the shade. Up and down the piazza of Washington House, Tarrytown, paces Mr. Trubsome, attired in a rusty uniform a trifle too small for him, and over his shoulder the celebrated musket that committed such fearful havoc on the British at Bunker Hill. He perspires to an alarming degree, and his complexion suggests apoplexy. Mrs. Trubsome is on a rocking-chair; it has very wide arms, and to each is attached a small medicine-chest. She now and then applies herself to the chest, takes out a particular bottle, and either inhales the aroma or helps herself to its contents.

Under an immense chestnut-tree on the velvety lawn hang two hammocks. One is occupied by Marie, the other by Flor-

ence. Beside the former, stretched on the greensward, is Wash; beside the other the British captain, who vies with Mr. Trubsome in color and moisture. A regiment of small boys, all with drums, their leader playing "Yankee Doodle" on a tin whistle of torturing shrillness, marches up the avenue, and, after giving three cheers for George Washington, departs laden with Roman candles, Catherine wheels, and rockets of every conceivable description. The Hudson is languorously dozing in the dayshine. The greenery everywhere is bathed in sunlight, while the dimpled hills seem as though composed of a beautiful film. A war-ship, on its way to West Point, causes Mr. Trubsome to fling aside his treasured musket and dash at a small brass cannon, to which he applies a match, his wife holding her bejewelled fingers to her ears. Bang! and Mr. Trubsome now hauls on a flag, dipping it in further salutation to Uncle Sam's "powder-boat," which salutes in return, to the worthy man's rapturous delight. Not a craft passing up or down the river fails to salute Washington House, and the banging of the cannon and the hauling on the flag in response to whistles from steamers, cannon and rockets and guns from sailing vessels, keeps the proprietor in a very blaze of frenzied exertion.

Marie, after peering through the bars of the gates of death, returned slowly to life, and her beautiful and holy resignation made so deep an impression upon the impulsive heart of Florence that she resolved to embrace the faith.

"I have a big, big surprise for you, Marie," she said one day as the girl was coming into convalescence. "I am to be received into your church to-morrow, and so is Wash."

Captain Belfort has obtained extra leave, and chuckles immensely over the letter that announces the furlough and his promotion to "major." One afternoon he asks Mr. Trubsome for an interview in the library.

"You were all wrong about that skirmish at Brooklyn, captain. The real facts of the case are these—"

"My dear sir, I concede. I yield everything. I want to speak on another subject."

"Oh! that's the way you try to get out of it. Now, my dear sir, George Washington, when he found that the alliance—"

"It's about an alliance I want to speak," gasps the major. "You have been so awfully nice to me, and your wife, and your boy, and Miss Lawson, and Miss Maitland, that I have to thank you most awfully. You see I have got awfully fond of the whole

lot of you, and why not? You see you have made my visit to this big country so awfully jolly that, by Jove! I really don't know how to thank you. You see, don't you know, that it's awfully jolly to be so well treated, and your cookery is so awfully excellent, and your cellar is so awfully fit; and you see, don't you know, that I have about £3,000 a year—$15,000—and a snug little place in Leicestershire, where I want you all to come and stop as long as you can, and I want Miss Maitland most awfully to stop all the time, as my wife, don't you see." And poor Belfort, after this prolonged intellectual effort, relapses into stolid silence.

"Am I to understand that you want to marry Florence?"

Belfort nods.

"I must search for precedents. I believe it was common enough for American girls to marry British officers after the war. Why, yes, to be sure, my own grandaunt married a Colonel Whepster, and I never heard that she was unhappy or badly treated. I'll think over this, captain—"

"Major, sir!"

"Major, then, and I'll see how the enemy is posted."

Belfort, in a fever of excitement, meets Florence as he emerges from the library.

"More battles, major?" she laughs.

"A victory, I hope," he blurts out, then follows up: "Florence, I have £3,000 a year, and a snug little place in Leicestershire—" and he stops.

"And you want me to share it with you," she cries in desperation.

"Yaas, most awfully."

"Well—yes. You see," she adds, "you are dreadfully stupid, but a good fellow. Oh! I know more than you think, and I know what a trump you are to your poor relations. I am bright enough for both," she naïvely adds.

Of Wash's wooing of Marie I shall not write one word. They are engaged. This is sufficient.

On Christmas morning next it is Mr. Trubsome's intention to read out at breakfast the following cablegram:

"If not detained at Quarantine the SS. *Aurania* will arrive at her dock, Pier No. 19 North River, at 11 A.M.

"Manager Marine Department."

And to add:

"And you refused to go and meet her, Wash!"

THE LEGEND OF SAINT ALEXIS.

PART III.

NOT far from where Euphrates, that great river,
From heights of Taurus seaward winds in flood
Its mighty youth replenishing for ever,
In days of yore a royal city stood:
Two lesser streams embraced it like two arms
That clasp some bright one in her bridal charms.

Around it gleamed Plane-tree and Poplar shivering
In Syrian gales tempered by mountain snows,
And gardens green traversed by runnels quivering
And Palms at each side set in columned rows:
High in the midst a church of ancient fame
There rose. Edessa was that city's name.

Before that church there stood five porches fair
Wherein the maimed and crippled sued for alms;
Likewise God's penitents, admitted there
As men beloved, might hear the hymns and psalms
Until, their penance past, once more the shrine
Received them, and they fed on food divine.

Within that fivefold narthex one there knelt
Of race unknown, and humbler than the rest,
His garment hair-cloth 'neath a leathern belt;
He deemed himself unmeet to stand as guest
Within that hallowed precinct whose embrace
Cherished the Veil all-blest and "Sacred Face."

For that cause, year by year, he dwelt without,
Although in spirit kneeling still within;
And neither civic pomp nor popular shout
Made way to him. Propping a haggard chin
On haggard hand he sat with low-bent brows
Absorbed in heavenly thoughts, unearthly vows.

Meantime o'er all the world's circumference
  Euphemian sent wise men to seek his son:
Some to Laodicea sailed, and thence
  Their way, like others, to Edessa won;
Near him they drew; upon him turned their eye,
And knew him not; yet passed him with a sigh.

There were who turned again, and, instinct-taught,
  Lodged on those fingers worn a piece of bread;
And he with gladness ate it, for his thought
  Grew humbler daily; breaking it, he said
"Thank God that I have eaten of their hand
Whom once I fed and held at my command!"

So thus by patience and long-suffering first,
  And next through heart self-emptied to its core,
The inmost of Christ's Teaching on him burst;
  And "Blessed they who mourn," "Blessed the poor,"
Lived on his lips, as he in them with awe
The shrouded Vision of God's greatness saw.

He saw the things men see not. In a glass
  Nearer to God than Nature's best, in Man
He saw that God Who ever is and was:
  In those whom this world lays beneath her ban
The halt, the stricken, saw their Maker most:
The saved he saw in those the fool deems lost.

Now when those years were past, within the church
  One day, as vespers ceased, was heard a Voice,
"Bring in My Son who kneeleth in the porch:
  The same shall see My Countenance and rejoice."
Then forth God's people rushed, both old and young,
And haled the man to where that picture hung.

Instant that Pilgrim fixed his eyes thereon,
  And saw that Countenance through its mist of blood
Which many see not: still, ere set of sun,
  A change miraculous swifter than a flood
O'erswept it. Grief and shame far off were driven:
It shone as shines the Saviour's Face in heaven.

And still he said: "Behold, these Faces twain
Reveal the portions twain to man allowed;
For one of these is earth and Holy Pain,
And one is heavenly Glory, when the cloud
Of time dissolves." And still his prayer he made
For those far off: "Aid them, Thou Saviour, aid!"

'Twas needed sore. The day Alexis fled
His mother sat in ashes on the ground,
And thenceforth day by day; and still she said,
"Lo, thus I sit until the Lost is found!"
And night by night murmured the one-day bride,
"His wife I am: faithful I will abide.

"I will not muse, as once, in groves of Greece,
Nor dance, as once, in palace halls of Rome;
Until this wedded widowhood shall cease,
Here with his parents I will make my home:
I must be patient now, though proud of yore:
He called me 'Child!' He said, 'We meet once more.'"

While sinks the sun, nighing his watery bed,
The shadow reacheth soon the valley's breast;
More late it climbeth to the mountain's head—
His loved one gone, Euphemian hoped the best:
Not yet the shade had reached him. Every morn
He said: "Ere night Alexis may return!

"The day my Son was born—the self-same hour—
I shook the dust from many a treasured scroll
Precious with that which time would fain devour,
The great deeds of our House. In one fair whole
To blend those annals was my task for years:
They bled full oft: they cannot end in tears."

But when his messengers from all the lands
Returning, early some, and others late,
From Gaul, Iberia, Thrace, from Syrian sands,
Red Libyan coasts, and Calpé's golden gate,
Brought back the self-same tidings as the first,
That grief which reached him last was grief the worst.

Silent he mused: "Were these our prayers of old?
Sent was our child, that late-conceded boy,
To be the lamb unblemished of our fold,
Then vanish, and to by-word change our joy?
Had he but won the martyr's crown and fame!
But now God's Church shall never hear his name.

"O ancient House, revered in days of yore,
Then dark, yet just, I deemed that years to be
Fourfold to thee, now Christian, would restore
What time or heathen hate had reft from thee,
And of thy greatness make a boon for all—
That dream is past! Now let the roof-tree fall!"

Thus as his father mourned Alexis knelt
One day before that picture-hallowed shrine,
When suddenly he heard at once and felt
A voice oracular, awful yet benign:
"This day in prayer be mighty for those Three,
Since what to them I grant I grant through thee."

Then prayed the Saint as Saints alone can pray;
And on that far-off Three, they knew not why,
There fell a calm undreamed of till that day,
As when some great storm ceases from the sky
Sudden, and into harbor sweeps the bark,
And green hills laugh around, and sings the lark.

Thenceforth for things gone by they hungered less,
And of the joy to come had oftener vision;
Thenceforth self-will inflamed not heart-distress,
Nor pride, dissolved in some strange soul-fruition:
The parents saw their son once more a child;
The wife, as when he saw her first, and smiled.

Two years passed by: once more within his heart
That son received an answer from his God:
"Go to the great sea down, and thence depart
To Tarsus, where My servant, Paul, abode;
For I will show thee there by tokens true
The things which thou must suffer and must do."

The man of God arose, and gat him down
To where Laodicea's mast-thronged bay
Mirrored that queenly city's towery crown,
And found a ship for Tarsus bound that day,
And sailed till o'er the morn-touched deep arose
Her walls, and hills behind her white with snows.

Then from those hills a storm rushed forth, as when
An eagle from great cliffs has kenned its quarry;
And the black ship before it raced like men
Who flee the uplifted sword they dare not parry,
With necks low bent. So fled that ship: each sail
Split; and the masts low leaned like willows in the gale.

Amid the slanted rain of falling spars,
And roar of winds and billows far and near,
Astonished stood those sea-worn mariners,
And hushed, since none his neighbor's voice might hear:
Then heard God's Saint: "For all this company
Fear nothing. Of their number none shall die.

"Fear not for thine own self: this storm is Mine,
And it shall lay thee by thy father's door:
There shall the great storm greet thee—storm benign,
For what I take, that fourfold I restore."
Next morn they entered Tiber's mouth: at Rome
He stood ere noon, and saw his father's home,

Saw it far off whilst yet upon his way
To earth's cathedral metropolitan,
"Mother and Head of Churches," there to pray
That what to him remained of life's brief span
Might, through God's help, accomplish God's decree,
And praise His Name for all eternity.

Entering, he knelt before that crypt cross-crowned
Where, in a subterranean chapel small,
Reposed, awaiting God's Last Trumpet's sound,
The sacred bones of Peter and of Paul:
A child, before those portals he had prayed,
Nor e'er had lacked in prayer the Apostles' aid.

Evening drew nigh: he left the Lateran:
Anon, as slow he paced Rome's stateliest street,
From Cæsar's palace issued forth a man,
Though bent, majestic, with attendance meet.
That man Alexis knew. With steadfast eye
The sire drew near the son; and passed him by.

Then cried that son with anguished voice and face
"Servant of God, revered and loved of all,
Within thy house yield me a little place
That I may daily eat the crumbs that fall
Down from thy table." And his sire replied:
"So be it, Pilgrim: walk thou by my side."

Through lonely ways dimmed by the day's decline
That sire and son made way, and neither spake,
Till, step by step climbing Mount Aventine,
They reached that well-known mansion. Flake by flake
The snows were falling. 'Twas not like the day
Of that fair bridal in that far-off May.

Alexis spake: "A stripling, sir, I saw
Ofttime thy house; memory thereof I keep:
Beneath the great stair, on a bed of straw,
Slept then a mastiff: there I fain would sleep."
And answered thus Euphemian: "Let it be!
Long since he died: his place remains for thee."

Once more the son: "Footsore and weak am I:
'Tis time to sleep: my pilgrimage is made:
The mastiff died: the Pilgrim soon will die."
Then down upon the straw his limbs he laid,
And sank asleep. Whole hours, as there he slept
Two women by his couch their vigil kept.

Down from the head of one, silk-soft, snow-white,
Rolled waves of hair: the younger kept her bloom
Though worn. They sat beside him till twilight
Was wholly lost in evening's deepening gloom,
And longed that he might wake and eat; and spread
Their silks and velvets closelier on his bed.

At morn he woke. Sickness and crippling pain
Fixed each its eye thenceforth on that sole man;
And like to dead men on the battle-plain
Silent he lay. In pain his day began,
In pain worked on till daylight's last had fled,
As though great nails had fixed him to his bed.

And ever by his couch they ministered
Who loved that sufferer well yet knew him not:
For at the first note of the wakening bird
That mother came who o'er her infant's cot
Ere break of day so oft had peered; at noon
His sire drew nigh: and when the rising moon

Flung o'er the marble floor a beam as bright
As that long path wherewith it paves the sea,
Softly she came upon whose bridal night
So black a shade had fallen so suddenly;
And by his bed sat in the white moonshine
Like one that inly says: "This place is mine."

Some deem they knew him not because so long
That Syrian sun his wan face had imbrowned;
And some because, at God's high Will, there clung
A mist illusive still their eyes around;
While some are sure that mist, those long sad years,
Was unmiraculous, and a mist of tears.

Yet one avers that, gazing evermore
Year after year upon that Sacred Face,
Its semblance spread that Pilgrim's countenance o'er,
Its anguish fixed, its gleams of heavenly grace,
So that who saw the living face, beneath
Its veil saw, too, the Face of Christ in death.

That sufferer at that hour when Jesus died
Saw still the Three Hours' Darkness move o'er earth;
And at that hour when rose the Crucified
He saw God's Universe in angel mirth
Flash forth, created new, and heard that song
The Immaculate sing, the singing spheres among.

And Thrones he saw in Heaven; and, near those Thrones,
Three, for those Three he loved in glory set:
His father's was the loftiest, for his groans
Had risen from crypts of grief profounder yet
Than theirs; and near he saw a fourth, low down,
Smaller; and o'er it hung a lowlier crown.

But when his parents at high festivals
Serving the mighty Rite were absent long,
A slave, not Christian, reared in those great halls,
Of him had charge. At times he did him wrong;
Then cried, that wrong rebuked by no complaint,
"The man's a fool! Not less the fool's a Saint!"

And oft to that low couch a man there came
Old ere his time, with haught yet pleading eye,
Who spake: "My sires to me an ancient name
Bequeathed. When I am dead, that name shall die."
And he made answer: "Household none on earth
Can last, save Christ's. The rest are nothing worth."

And oft a woman sat beside that bed,
Meek-eyed, with soft white hair: "A child had I:
The twentieth winter now is past and fled:
That child returns not. O that I might die!"
And he replied: "Have courage, and endure;
Pray well; and find thy children in God's Poor."

And many a time low-bent beneath the rod
A weeper wept, still fair as fair may be,
But bright no more: "Pray well, thou Man of God,
That, living yet, my husband I may see,
A living man!" And thus he made reply:
"Yea, thou shalt see thy husband ere thou die!"

And ever when those Three were set at meat
Euphemian sent him viands, meat and wine,
But he of barley crusts alone would eat:
And still he spake to them of things divine;
And still, when back he sank and ceased from speech,
Musing they sat, or staring each on each.

For others spake of great things through the ear
Divulged to faith: he spake of great things seen
Clear as the stars of heaven through ether clear,
Clearer for frosty skies and north wind keen:
The Martyr means the Witness: such was he,
Martyr, not slain, of selfless charity,

Which, loving well, not self, but Man, our brother,
For that cause loves its God better by far
Than Man; nor suffers mortal loves to smother
The immortal Love with lawless loves at war.
Such men there lived of old: such man was he,
Bondsman of Love, thence setting many free.

At times the old passion in their bosoms burned;
At times the wound half-healed welled forth anew;
Then to that man of woes those strong ones turned,
Child-like; and thus he gave them solace true:
"God yearns to grant you peace, yet waits until
Your wills are one with His all-loving Will."

And when they said, "Weary we grow of prayer
Because God hath not given us that we sought,"
He answered: "Love in God, and work, and bear;
Let no man say, 'Serve they their God for naught?'
Pray for great Rome; for him your Lost One pray,
That he be faithful till his dying day."

Suns rose and set; the seasons circled slow;
Upon that house settled a gradual peace
Breathed from that spot obscure and pallet low;
Yea, as the dews of midnight drench a fleece
So drenched was every heart with that strange calm,
And wounds long festering felt the healing balm.

Now when the years decreed had all gone by,
There came from God an answer to His Saint:
"Rejoice! Thy work is worked, and thou shalt die:"
Then thanks he gave in happy tone though faint,
And, turning to that slave with quiet smile,
Demanded parchment scroll and writing-style.

Then wrote he down the story of his life,
And God's Command, in love that spares not, given;
And ended thus: "O Parents, and O Wife!
We meet ere long: no partings are in heaven.
God called me forth; He said, 'Work thou My Will.'
In part I worked it, and I work it still.

"Farewell! God sent you trials great below
Because for you He keeps great thrones on high:
Likewise by you God willeth to bestow
New gifts on man. Each dear domestic tie
Whereof so many a year ye stood amerced
Shall yet rule earth—but raised and hallowed first.

"Because ye loved your God as few men love,
He called you forth His witnesses to be
That Love there is all human loves above,
A Love all-gracious in its jealousy,
That, all exacting, all suffices too;
The world must learn this lesson, and from you."

When all was writ he crossed upon his breast
His arms, and in his right hand clasped that scroll:
And as the Roman monks arose from rest
Nocturns to chant, behold, that dauntless soul,
Cleansed here on earth by fire expiatory,
When none was near went hence into the glory:

Next morning, in the Lateran basilic,
Blessed Pope Innocent, who, throned that day
High in Saint Peter's world-wide bishopric,
O'er all the churches of the world held sway,
Had sung at Mass that text, though dread, benign,
"Unless a man leave all he is not Mine."

That moment from the Holy Place a Voice
Went forth: "All ye who labour, come to Me:"
And yet again: "All ye that weep, rejoice!"
At once that mighty concourse sank on knee,
And each man laid his forehead near the ground:
Then, close to each, those pillared aisles around,

Distinct and clear thus heard they, word by word:
"Seek out My Saint, and bid him pray for Rome:
Yea, if he pray, his pleading shall be heard;
That lighter thus My judgments may become,
For now the things concerning Rome have end.
Seek in Euphemian's house my Witness and my Friend."

Straightway uprising in procession went
The Roman people. With them paced that day
The Emperors twain, and holy Innocent
Between them, higher by the head than they.
Their crowns Arcadius and Honorius wore,
His mitre Blessed Peter's successor.

Arrived, they questioned if beneath that roof
There dwelt a Saint. All men replied: "Not here";
All save a pagan slave that stood aloof,
He who had watched the sick man all that year:
He spake: "A Saint is here; I did him wrong,
Yet never heard from him upbraiding tongue."

Then to that marble stair Euphemian ran,
And passed beneath its central arch; and lo!
Dead on his small straw pallet lay the man;
And on that face, so long a face of woe,
Strange joy there lived and mystical content;
And o'er him with wide wings an Angel bent.

Aloud Euphemian cried: they flocked around
And saw and knelt. But some that stood espied
That parchment in the dead hand clasped and wound,
And strove to loose it. To that pallet's side
Drew near the brother Emperors: each was fain
To win it from his hold, but strove in vain.

Lastly Pope Innocent approached, and spread
Softly upon the dead man's hand his own;
And instant dropped that parchment on the bed;
Long, standing by that sacred head alone,
The Pontiff eyed that scroll: at length he raised;
While each man, rising, nearer drew and gazed.

He spread it wide: he read with voice that trembled;
Then beat each heart, and every cheek grew pale,
And strong men wept with passion undissembled;
For short, and plain, and simple was that tale:
No praise it sued; no censure seemed to shun:
Record austere of great things borne and done.

Now when Euphemian saw these things, and heard,
Motionless he remained as shape of stone;
Ere long he stood a-shivering without word;
And lastly fell upon the pavement prone:
But, when kind arms had raised him, on the dead
He fixed unseeing eyes, and nothing said.

Next through that concourse rushed the Mother, wailing,
"Let be! Shall I not see the babe I bore?"
And reached the dead; and then, her forces failing,
Sank to her knees, and eyed him, weeping sore;
And as a poplar sways in stormy air
So swayed she; and back streamed her long white hair.

A change—she stood. She who, her whole life long,
Had lived the soft and silent life of flowers
Pleased with the beam, patient of rain and wrong,
Had held, unconscious, all those years and hours,
A fire within hidden 'neath ashes frore:
It rose—to speak but once, and speak no more.

It spake reproach: "Ah me! thy Sire and I
Sought thee while near thou lay'st, but vainly sought
Likewise a household slave right ruthlessly
Smote thee at seasons: thou didst answer naught:
Thou didst not dry our tears! O Son, O Son!
Make answer from the dead, was this well done?"

Last, with firm foot drew near the one-day Wife,
And looked on him, and said: "I know that face!
Dead is the hope that cheered the widow's life:
'Tis time the Wife her Husband should embrace!"
She spake, and sank in swoon upon his breast,
And in that swoon her heart—then first—had rest.

But by the Dead still stood Pope Innocent;
His deacons placed the mitre on his head;
And on his pastoral staff the old man leant:
Upon that throng his eye he fixed, and said,
"Henceforth I interdict all tears. A Saint
Lies here. Insult not such with grief or plaint.

"This man was God's Elect; for from a child
He walked, God's prophet in an age impure:
Ye knew him, sirs: harmless and undefiled
He nothing preached. To act and to endure,
To live in God's light hid, unknown to die—
This task was his. He wrought it faithfully.

"This man a great work wrought: its greatness fills
True measure since *His* Work Who still divides
To each man severally as He wills;
He common souls in common courses guides:
To some he points strange paths till then untrod:
This thing had been ill-done had it not come from God.

"Behold! He spreads the smooth and level way,
And blesses those that walk there pure and lowly:
Behold! He calls, 'Ascend My hill, and pray,
And holy be ye, for your God is holy:
Let each man hear My Voice and heed My Call;
For what I give to each I give for all.'"

He spake, and ceased. Then lo! an angel strain
At first breathed softly round that straw-laid bed
Swelled through those halls: and in it mingled plain
That voice long loved of him so lately dead
Then when, a child, he poured that vesper hymn,
"Salve, Regina," through the twilight dim.

Again and yet again that strain ascended;
And in it, sweeter each time than before,
The child-voice with the angelic met and blended;
The courts, the garden bowers were flooded o'er,
Till sorrow seemed to all some time-worn fable,
As when, to lull sick babes, old nurses babble.

It ceased. The Emperors gave command, and straight
Men stretched the Saint upon a golden bier
For kings ordained; and passed the palace gate;
And laid him in a church to all men dear;
And lo! that night blind men who near him prayed
Made whole, gave thanks, departing without aid.

But in that palace where their Saint was born
Till death those mourners, sad no more, abode;
And, yearly as recurred her marriage morn,
That wife put on her wedding-dress, and showed
A paler, tenderer reflex, many said,
Of what she looked the morning she was wed.

Serving their God—all lame half-service past—
Serving their God, and, in their God, His poor,
They lived; and God, Whose best gift is His last,
Suffered not these that anguish to endure
Worn patriots feel watching their land's decay:
Ere Rome had fall'n they died—on the same day.

But two years later came that Scourge from God,
Alaric, and those dread warriors, Goth and Hun,
Whose fathers bled beneath the Roman rod.
Above the city walls at set of sun
They laughed a dreadful laugh. At twelve that night
Men whispered, each to each, with lips death-white.

The carnage o'er, they passed to farthest shores,
Exiles or slaves, maiden to matron bound,
Noble to knight, and hoary senators:
Yet through God's saints who slept in Roman ground
God spared most part; and scathless towered o'er all
The basilics three of Peter, John, and Paul.

Euphemian's latest act had given command
To raise, where stood his Fathers' house in pride,
A church to God. This day that church doth stand
Honoring the spot whereon his dearest died:
Of that huge house remains that stony stair
Alone, which roofed the dying lion's lair.

The Romans bring their infants to that spot;
Young children glance therein, then shrink away
Between those columned ranges twain that blot
With evening shades the glistening pavements gray;
And oft the latest lingerer drops a tear
For those so sternly tried, and yet so dear.

But ever while the bells salute that morn
When from the darksome womb of mortal life
Their Saint into the heavenly realm was born,
Old Aventine with bannered throngs is rife;
They mount o'er ruins where the great courts stood:
They mark old Tiber, now a shipless flood.

They reach the church. Star-bright the Altar stands:
The Benediction Hymns ascend once more:
They press yet nearer: Apostolic hands
Uplift the Eternal Victim: all adore.
The world without is naught: within that fane
Abide the things that live and that remain.

There still thou livest, Alexis! livest for ever
There and in heaven, rooted in endless peace—
Thou, and those Three—like trees beside a river,
That clothe each year their boughs with fresh increase
Of flower and fruit embalming airs divine:
In that high realm forget not me and mine!

THE FAULT OF MINNEOLA.

ON a beautiful lake connected with the Upper Missouri by a slender stream of water, and in full view of a mountain called Harney's Peak, stood an Indian village. The Indians were the last remnant of the Pottawatomies. They were no longer warlike; they had long ago buried the tomahawk, and the white-haired Jesuit, Father Duranquet, who had baptized them in the Catholic faith, found in their docility and devotion a sweet recompense for his many years of hardship in the wilderness. Thrice every twelvemonth he visited his dear Pottawatomies, and when to-day this Christmas day is ended he will depart to visit other missions many miles to the south.

But his countenance this morning does not wear its wonted look of cheerfulness. The government agent, whose duty it is to supply the Indians on this little reservation with provisions and blankets for the winter, has not made his appearance; game is extremely scarce; the buffalo are well-nigh exterminated; a piercing wind is blowing from the northwest; his flock is cold and hungry.

"Father," spoke a young woman, as the priest was walking toward a small church, built of logs, where he was about to offer up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass—"Father, see what a pretty stone I picked up a moment ago by the lake. At this season there are no flowers to decorate the altar; but this stone is so bright and shiny 'twill take the place of the flowers. Do put it upon the altar as my Christmas gift."

The missionary felt a cold chill through his veins and his face grew deathly white at the sight of the golden nugget. "Minneola," he whispered, "you have never disobeyed me. Hasten to yonder air-hole in the ice-covered lake, and through that hole drop this stone. The water is deep; 'twill not be found again. And I bid you to tell nobody." These words surprised Minneola. Why did Father Duranquet reject her Christmas gift? Why did he speak in low, faltering accents, and look as if she had shown him a rattlesnake?

But she was always obedient, and without a murmur she turned her steps toward the frozen lake. Minneola had almost got to it when she met a young chief named Bald Eagle. He was her husband; they had been married only a few months. All his happiness was wrapped up in her. Many a mile had he roved over the snow-covered prairie in order to procure food for Minneola, but not an antelope, not a bison had he seen. She was growing thinner and weaker; starvation was coming. Can we wonder that Bald Eagle this Christmas day had a fierce gleam in his eye?

"The black-robe tells us," he said, clutching her arm, "to love those who do us wrong. But how can I love the wicked agent who has kept back from us our rations and our blankets? O Minneola! I don't want to go to heaven, if I must meet pale-faces there."

"Hush! Speak not thus," exclaimed Minneola, with a look of tender reproach. "Among the pale-faces are good men as well as bad. Is not Father Duranquet good?"

"Ay, true," answered Bald Eagle. "If all were like him we poor Indians would not have been driven further and further

from the hunting-grounds of our ancestors. But how few are like him! Why, I once heard a pale-face say that the only way to civilize an Indian was to kill him. And the dishonest, robbing agent will, no doubt, kill you this winter. But, Minneola, if you freeze or starve to death I vow to place upon your grave the agent's scalp. I will redden the snow on your grave with his blood. By the Great Spirit I will!"

"Go to church—go!" said Minneola. "It pains me to hear such threats. Mass will begin presently. I will join you in a few minutes." And she strove to push him gently from her.

But Bald Eagle espied something in her hand and asked what it was. "Let me see that glittering thing," he said, "and then I promise to go to Mass."

Minneola opened her palm and showed him the nugget, but did not give it to him.

"Let me have that pretty stone," he continued.

"I cannot. Father Duranquet bade me throw it into the lake," said Minneola.

"Let me have it," repeated Bald Eagle—"let me have it."

More than one pale-face in Wildcat Town had asked him if he ever found such bright, yellow stones on the reservation. Here at last was one of those very stones. It might, perhaps, buy food and clothing for Minneola.

"Well, do not tell Father Duranquet that I disobeyed him," said Minneola, after Bald Eagle had entreated her to surrender the nugget, and then changed his tone and declared that she must give it up.

Poor Minneola! There was a heavy weight on her heart as she knelt at Mass this Christmas morning. She could not sing the "Adeste Fideles" as she used to sing it. Her mind was distracted with vague alarms. Nor did Bald Eagle, who knelt by her side, pray much either. He heard the northwest wind howling round the church, he saw his wife's hollow cheeks, and he determined, as soon as Father Duranquet should have set out for the other missions—which he would doubtless do despite the intense cold—to hasten to the nearest pale-face settlement with the bright, yellow stone and try to exchange it for food and blankets.

On the morrow Father Duranquet bade farewell to the Pottawatomies, and as he went away shivering in his buffalo-robe he wondered how many of them would perish with cold and hunger before spring returned. It was too late to send a complaint to Washington. His unhappy flock must abide their fate.

But within half an hour after the priest had departed Bald Eagle left the village in another direction. He was young and active, and swift was his pace to the nearest town of the pale-faces. He reached it at dusk, and the first person he met was Bob Gould. Gould had more than once tried to persuade him to smuggle brandy into the mission, but Bald Eagle had always refused, and Gould knew that it was because Father Duranquet had forbidden him. Now, Gould was in the liquor business and hated the priest. "Only for him," he used to murmur, "I should be much richer than I am." And it was this very Gould who had once said, in Bald Eagle's hearing, that the only way to civilize an Indian was to kill him.

For these words Bald Eagle hated the publican. But this winter evening the crafty white man perceived his advantage, and, taking the young chief by the hand, he addressed him in winning accents. "Come to my fireside and I will warm you and feed you," he said. "I heed not the cold," answered Bald Eagle. "But my kinsmen are suffering. The agent, who should have come to us six weeks ago with supplies, has not come. I must have food and blankets. Is this of any value?" As he spoke he held up the nugget.

Gould, self-possessed as he was, could with difficulty preserve a composed countenance at the sight of the gold. It was almost as big as a pigeon's egg. But when he answered his voice betrayed no excitement. Yet a keen ear might have heard his heart thumping. "'Tis a pretty enough bauble, and will do to ornament my mantelpiece," said the tavern-keeper. "I will give you a sack of flour for it." Bald Eagle eagerly pressed the nugget into his hand. Then, being asked where he found it, he said that his wife had found it by the shore of the lake. "And I remember," he added, "that before the frost set in, while I was digging for roots near a muskrat-hole by the water-side, I saw a number of stones exactly like this one, although not quite so large. If I see any more shall I bring them to you?"

"Hardly worth the trouble," answered Gould carelessly. Yet his hand quivered as he dropped the precious metal into his pocket. What visions of wealth were rising up before his mind's eye! "I may soon be worth millions," he thought to himself, while he led the innocent Pottawatomie to his drinking-saloon, where, after refreshing him, he sent him home rejoicing with as much meal as he was able to carry. "And expect me to-morrow with a sledge-load of flour and blankets," said Gould, into whose

mind an inhuman thought had just entered—a thought which only a demon could have inspired.

And now all night long across the desolate prairie—abandoned even by the wolves—Bald Eagle travelled. No rest did he give his weary limbs: Minneola was famishing. And when Harney's Peak flamed in the morning sunshine he greeted his loving spouse with a cheery voice as she ran to meet him. But it was not until Bald Eagle had pressed her hand and ridiculed her foolish scruples that Minneola consented to taste the food which he had brought. "My sleep last night," she said, "was disturbed by a mournful dream. I saw an Indian passing by me. Then came another and another of our dwindling tribe—all in solemn procession, with heads bowed down as if in grief. Alas! I fear that some calamity is approaching. And 'twill be all owing to me. Oh! why did I disobey Father Duranquet?"

"Silly woman, eat and be happy," answered Bald Eagle. "The priest is a holy man, but he is not wise, or he would not have bidden you to throw away the pretty stone which you wanted to place upon the altar for a Christmas gift. Why, 'twas that very stone which purchased this food; and we shall all have enough to eat ere long, and blankets too." But Minneola shook her head, and there were tears in her eyes as she sat by his side eating; for while she ate she could not help thinking of her mournful dream. It had left a deep impression on her.

This day Gould did not arrive with blankets and provisions, as he had promised. But he appeared the following day, and the villain inwardly chuckled as Indian after Indian took a blanket, then gratefully shook his hand.

Ere he went back to Wildcat Town he examined the shore of the lake, marking well the spot where Minneola had found the nugget; it was close by the muskrat-hole where Bald Eagle had seen so many little yellow stones.

"Thousands of miners will soon be flocking hither," thought Gould. "But my claim will be the richest claim of all." Can we wonder that he felt elated? He did not doubt for a moment that his hell-inspired scheme for exterminating the Pottawatomies would succeed.

Poor Minneola, loath as she was to partake of the food which had been got in exchange for the nugget—the nugget which Father Duranquet believed to be at the bottom of the lake—yielded to the pangs of hunger and ate. But nothing could induce her to accept a blanket. She drew scornfully back when Gould offered her one; nor would she let Bald Eagle even touch

one of the blankets with the tip of his finger. Bald Eagle laughed, but let her have her way in this matter, for he had never known her to be so in earnest. There was an expression of fiendish delight on Gould's face as he went away, which Minneola perceived, and it made her tremble. And when Bald Eagle followed her into his wigwam and asked why she was moaning, Minneola only answered: "Woe is coming—woe is coming."

Two weeks later a figure on horseback might have been seen watching from a distance the stricken Pottawatomies. Cold as it was, Gould was willing to endure the cold in order to make sure that his scheme was succeeding. Indian after Indian had fallen a victim to a horrible disease. By and by not a Pottawatomie was left alive, except two, a man and a woman, whom Gould through his spy-glass espied wending their way to the westward. He ground his teeth when he saw that Bald Eagle and Minneola had escaped the plague. For, rude and lawless as were the citizens of Wildcat Town, even in their eyes he might appear a criminal worthy of being "lynched," if what he had done should become known to them. And Bald Eagle was not a fool. He must suspect the truth. Would he not make it known? Gould must not let Bald Eagle and Minneola escape. He did not follow them immediately, however, but went back to Wildcat Town for a supply of ammunition.

In Wildcat Town this winter the small-pox had broken out and carried off a good many people. But the greater the scourge the more brandy and whiskey had been imbibed. Gould's tavern had never been so popular. And now when he reappeared among his friends they set up a shout, and Gould so far forgot himself as to exhibit the nugget of gold. Then some one called his health and wished him good luck. His health was toasted uproariously, and, full of craft as Gould was, he himself drank more than was wise, and very soon it was noised abroad that where the Pottawatomie mission stood was a gold-mine!

Had a supernatural being dropped down from the sky and told the inhabitants of Wildcat Town that by simply shouldering a pick-axe and marching due west forty miles they might all become millionaires, the bustle and uproar could not have been greater. Straightway the small-pox was forgotten; on every side appeared new life and energy, while the telegraph flashed the exciting news to the remotest corner of the land. Then an unexpected thaw set in, the snow melted away, and, too impatient to wait for spring-time, an army of swearing, drinking, rollicking men, with pick-axes, pistols, and whiskey, turned their faces in

the direction of the Black Hills, and at their head was Bob Gould; for so anxious was he about securing the richest claim that he forgot to go in pursuit of Bald Eagle and Minneola.

Ay, gold there was, and plenty of it, just where the rum-seller had told them there was gold; and nuggets almost as big as his fist were unearthed. Into a trench the dead Indians were tumbled pell-mell. What was the life of a few score of red-skins compared with a gold-mine? Nobody cared to ask questions. And when, toward the end of March, a Catholic priest came among the miners and implored them to tell him how all this had happened—what had destroyed his flock? had they starved, or been frozen, or what? and who had pulled down the little church and the wigwams?—the miners were too busy to answer, except by a shrug of their shoulders. Where the church had stood a big hotel was being erected; countless gambling-hells and drinking-saloons were doing a flourishing business; a theatre would be opened in a week; there was even talk of a railroad; Wildcat Town would soon be a mere village compared with Auriopolis.

But Father Duranquet was not to be rebuffed; undaunted by scowls and gibes, he continued to ask questions, until finally he learnt that small-pox had carried off his whole flock except two, who had escaped and wandered into the wilderness. This much Bob Gould had divulged when tipsy to a friend less tipsy than himself. And it was this friend of his who now paused a moment digging for gold to speak a calm word to the heart-broken priest. "Gould himself," added the miner, "hasn't been seen in several weeks. He couldn't sleep at night; had something on his mind that troubled him; and the last I saw of him he was galloping off towards Harney's Peak, howling like a madman."

Father Duranquet, who knew the desperate character of Bob Gould, could not help suspecting that in some mysterious way he was at the bottom of all this ruin and desolation. He had heard enough, and, mounting his horse, he rode out of Auriopolis in quest of the two Indians whom the small-pox had spared. And as he jogged along he called to mind the nugget which Minneola had brought to him on Christmas morning. She had, no doubt, obeyed him and thrown it into the lake. Yet was it not strange that within a few months, and winter-months too, a gold-mine should have been discovered on the mission-ground? Perhaps after his departure Gould had visited the mission, and in an unguarded moment Minneola might have told him about the nugget. And then—*auri sacra fames!*—the unhappy Indians had been doomed. While Father Duranquet was thinking of this he met

a band of men carrying rifles and pick-axes. They had trudged all the way from Missouri, and they stared at him with curious eyes, and marvelled that he was not going in the direction of the wonderful gold-mine. In reply to a question they told him that two Indians, one of whom was a squaw, had been seen about a week before. "But reckon they're starved to death by this time." And with a heartless laugh they went on towards the Black Hills—for was it not enough to make them laugh that a white man should bother his head about a redskin?

The following day, near a grove of cottonwood trees, a shocking sight presented itself to the missionary's eyes. A man surrounded by wolves was crying for help and doing his utmost to beat them off. But the savage, hungry pack pressed closer and closer; nor could Father Duranquet do anything to save him: his terrified steed refused to advance, and in a few minutes the unfortunate traveller was torn in pieces. Then, strange to relate, one of the wolves separated itself from the pack, and, holding in its jaws the man's head, passed slowly within a very little distance of the priest. And lo! the blood-besmeared head was the head of Bob Gould.

This evening, as the sun was setting, Father Duranquet perceived on a low hill ahead of him—a buffalo. It was the first that he had seen in more than a twelvemonth, and, as he gazed on the solitary creature, he did not know that it was the very last buffalo left in that region. Of the millions that had once roamed over the plains of the far West, all had been destroyed except this one. As Father Duranquet was watching it slowly retreating behind the hill, his horse snorted and swerved to one side with such violence that he was almost thrown out of the saddle. Turning to look for the cause of its fright, what should he see, half-hidden by a clump of sage-brush, but an Indian; and the Indian was Bald Eagle! He was crouched at the foot of a mound, at one end of which was planted a little cross made of a broken arrow. His head reclined on his breast; dangling from his wrist was Minneola's rosary, and in his right hand he clutched a bow, from which he had aimed a shaft—perhaps at the buffalo on the hill. But Bald Eagle's strength had departed; the missile had dropped half-way. Then, sinking beside the grave of his beloved, he had gone, let us hope, to rejoin Minneola in the happy hunting-ground.

Used as the aged missionary was to scenes of woe and death, his eyes were bedimmed with tears as he knelt and offered up a prayer for the last of the Pottawatomies.

SOLITARY ISLAND.

PART FOURTH.

CHAPTER VII.

"WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT IT?"

THAT was a miserable day for Ruth Pendleton which witnessed the vulgar outbursts of Barbara Merrion and showed to her the real character of the woman in whom she had confided. There was nothing to prevent her from telling the story to the whole world; and in her heart there was the dread of its reaching Paul's ears, as it must if he remained long in the town or if Barbara encountered him. She was compelled to believe that Paul thought no more of her than of any other woman, in spite of Barbara's gossip. His manner had always been cordial, respectful, and distant. He had never sought her out, and he so near; had never presumed to any of a lover's boldness or familiarity; had always been as distant as a polite acquaintance could be, and talked of New York and his visit to her convent as common things, which they were not to her. Was the bit of Bristol-board a fancy, then? She looked at it many times a day. How it would amuse him when Barbara related its history! Her cheeks burned at the thought of the humiliation. The squire assured her that he had arranged it with Barbara nicely, and that night Barbara came herself with Florian to protest against the conduct of that day and to declare that the secret would be a secret for ever.

Ruth was fain to be satisfied, but could not trust Barbara until she heard that Paul had also departed from Clayburg. It was a delicate and thoughtful act on the poet's part, and well deserved its intended effect. Ruth rejoiced over it from one point of view. It was hardly probable that he had met Barbara. If so, and she had told him, there was no dread of meeting him again in this world. Her dream was faded into the chill reality of day. Resignation was Ruth's stronghold, and she bore this sorrow as sweetly as she had borne many others in her placid life. The winter wore away, until blustering March began to hint at the warmth of spring. Clayburg was deep in snow and ice still, and

won many a malediction from the genial Peter, as he surveyed the wintry desolation from the office of the hotel on the morning after his arrival.

"The whole place ought to be ceded to the British government," he said to the amused bystanders, "for a compensation, of course. You might take it back in the summer, but in winter a Yankee ought to be forbidden to enter it. If ye had steam now under the streets to keep the snow melting there at least, it wouldn't be so bad. Ye look like Esquimaux."

"We air Esquimaux," said a shrewd youngster, "except in the matter of whiskey. *That* don't freeze, anyway."

"Yer right, b'y," said Peter, with a wink; "and that reminds me," giving a mighty cough, "that I must take something for this cold, if I hope to escape consumption. Step up, lads."

Peter was interrupted in his approach to the bar by the sudden opening of a door near him and the immediate appearance of the squire in his very path. It was as if the world stood still with surprise when the two old worthies faced each other. The squire walked haughtily away in one direction, and Peter as haughtily in the other, with his eye flashing and a certain weak but consistent inclination to turn back and address his enemy, visible in the uncertain movement of his legs towards the bar-room. He came to the door once, with the "tears of Erin" in his hand and his eye hinting at an invitation; but the squire was deep in the weekly paper, and looked savage. He was examining the hotel register when Peter came again to the office, and had put on his glasses to read Peter's new name.

"Masquerading," he snorted; "nothing more! His name's no more Parker C. Lynch than mine is. I know him. The greatest natural fool that ever was born inside Ireland. He's Peter Carter the world over, and he'll die so."

"Here's my card," said Peter, at his elbow, "and there's my reference," laying his finger on Paul's name. "I've come all the way from New York to apologize to your daughter for certain conduct unbecoming a gentleman—"

In some way unknown the squire got self-possession enough before this speech was well begun to seize Peter's hand joyfully and crush his words out of hearing by loud and joyful shouts of welcome, while at the same time he pushed him out of the office into a private room.

"This is amazing," said Peter, "and unexpected. After our long estrangement, to meet in this friendly way—"

"It *is* amazing," said the squire, with a groan, "and I shall

end the whole matter with shooting you. What do you mean by shouting out in a public room matters concerning your private life and mine? How dare you speak of my daughter as you do in public? It is enough to drive a man mad; and if you don't shut up and get out of this town at once, or never say a word of me or mine until you are dead, I'll arrest you as a swindler and give you six months in jail. I'm the sheriff of this county, and I can do it. Carter, you're a fool, and you never were a gentleman."

"I'm a fool, I admit," said Peter in deep astonishment, "to stand the like o' this from you, you red-faced country nabob, with as much sense in your system as there is in my nose! You must know once for all that I shall talk as I please, about anybody I please, and where I please. I'll go out this minute," said Peter, rising, "and detail the whole story of your daughter to the world. I'll put it in the paper."

The squire drew a pair of handcuffs from his pocket and stood before the door jingling them.

"You're going to jail, Carter, this instant," said he determinedly. "I am not going to endure you any longer."

"O—ah!" quoth Peter, with a long stare at the handcuffs and the situation. "My name's not Carter," he said after a pause, "but just what you saw written in the register—P. C. Lynch—and I'm the husband of Madame De Ponsonby, and the father of that sweet girl Frances. Paul Rossiter will swear to it. I'm sure you wouldn't put a born gentleman in jail. 'Twas yourself brought the trouble on. I know what it is to be a father, and I came up here to apologize to Miss Ruth for the mean advantage I took of her some time ago when looking for Paul."

The squire could not but feel his sincerity, and with a slow, uncertain movement he put away the handcuffs.

"Why do you make such a fool of yourself, then," said he, "shouting all you know to the world, and dragging a lady's name before the public in a bar-room?"

"I didn't do that," Peter stoutly asserted. "Did I, though? Well, if I did—and yet I can't believe it—I'm heartily sorry, and I'll drink to me own repentance, with your kind permission. After that I'll call on Miss Ruth, explain myself, and retire."

"No, you needn't mind, Carter, or Lynch. I'll bear the apology. Miss Pendleton is not anxious to see you again, and it would disturb her too much. I am sorry we can't offer you the hospitality of our house, but it would only end by carrying you off to jail. I'm the sheriff now, and I don't stand any more nonsense."

"Just so," said Peter dubiously. "Man dressed in a little silly authority commits such absurdities as make fools weep. Who asked you for your hospitality, Pendleton? Haven't I money to pay me own way? You may be sorry you can't offer it, but you have saved me the trouble of declining. And this idiot was once my friend!"

"And would still be your friend, if you knew enough to keep your mouth shut," the squire snapped in a savage way.

"Would you, now?" Peter asked earnestly. "Then hear me. I close my mouth now and for ever. If my mouth is all that separates us, I'll do away with it. I'll sew it up or deposit it in a bank as far as I can."

"There's enough of it to draw big interest," said the squire, softening.

"D'ye say so?" Peter roared. "Then we're reconciled. I'll have in a punch to cement the glory of this day, and as long as I am in this town we'll make the night rosy as the dawn with feasting. Don't be afraid, squire, of my peaching on ye henceforth. As long as I stay I'll act like the gentleman I am by birth, and—and—and—I can't think of the other word, but ye can depend on me."

"What are you doing here, anyway?" said the squire suspiciously.

"I came up with Paul; ye know Paul Rossiter? Be George! I forgot all about him"; and, as if a sudden thought occurred to him, "Squire, I'll bet ye ten dollars I'll sleep under your roof to-night."

The squire shook his head gravely, and yet with a lingering sense of uneasiness. What could the old fellow mean?

"Don't get that idea into your head," said he.

"I haven't got the idea, squire. I won't go till you ask me, of course. That's what I mean. But I'm sure ye'll ask me. Never mind; we'll not talk of it. Come on for a game of euchre; and mind, it's double the stakes after every deal."

In the excitement of a favorite pastime the old gentlemen forgot all unpleasantness, all idea of time, past or future. The dinner-hour passed unnoticed, and its noisy herald, the bell of the establishment, made no impression on their ears—circumstances leading to complications and encounters the results of which found point and emphasis in the fact that Peter laid his round, jolly head on one of the squire's pillows that night. For Ruth, having dined alone, and certain that her father would not return to dinner, took advantage of the clear, bright day to visit some of

her poor. *They* met at the post-office—Paul hearty and loud from a consciousness of the happiness to come, she a trifle pale and saddened on many accounts. It was:

"Miss Pendleton, are you not glad to see an old face to-day?" and "Mr. Rossiter, this is an unexpected pleasure," with bows and tremblings and heart-beats innumerable, and many inquiries about nothing at all, until Paul said:

"I am going to visit you this evening, with your permission, and I shall bring with me, if you like, an eccentric friend whom you may have met—Mr. Peter Carter, as he is commonly known."

Ruth smiled an assent while she tingled with shame, and the scene faded for an instant from her vision. He must know all, then, to be here at this season and in the company of this dreadful old man!

"His rightful name," said the poet, "is Lynch, and he is the father of that Miss Lynch who was to be the wife of our friend Florian."

"Who was to be?" she repeated. "Is, then, that story true which we have heard of her cruel desertion?"

"Unfortunately, yes"; and he added in a lower voice, "You may wonder at my return in this rough season, but I come on a matter that concerns us both."

"Had you not better wait?" she said politely, glancing around, while inwardly she grew hot and cold from shame.

"I merely wished to give you a hint," he said, "of what you are to expect." And the cruel fellow knew all the time the double meaning in his words and watched her confusion with secret delight. "The island has another solitary."

She cast a startled look at him.

"Florian has come back a penitent, thrown up the world and its honors, and proposes to live and die, as did his father, in the obscurity of that island."

"I am dazed," she replied; "I cannot understand such things."

"They are as true as they seem, Miss Pendleton. This evening I shall explain them. Florian is on the island, has been there for ten days, and Mrs. Merrion has married a Russian count and gone to Europe. You are still more surprised. Let me say good-day to you, and do me the honor of being at home this evening."

He raised his hat and allowed her to pass on her way. At the hotel he found the squire and his partner still deep in their game, with faces excessively red from hot punch, and no idea of the state of time and their own stomachs. The squire shook hands with Florian's rival gruffly.

"I suppose you have dined," said the poet. "I am a little late."

"It's hardly ten o'clock," said Peter. "Come, squire, double the stakes." But the mention of time had struck the squire like a blow. He looked at his watch, and tossed the cards pettishly at Peter, who tossed them back again, and finally threw them over his person in a shower.

"I'm late again," said the squire. "This card-business is too much for me. And now what will Ruth say?"

"Papa," mimicked Peter, who was now in the mood for royal fun, "why do you return when the praties are cold—"

Paul laid his hand on Peter's arm in time to check his imprudence. "We shall all dine together," said he. "Squire Pendleton, will you accept an invitation to dinner?"

"Thank you," said the squire ungraciously. "There's no help for it now. I shall be happy."

"And mind," said the jovial Peter, as they proceeded to the dining-room, "that you're going to entertain *the* dignitary of the county—the man who may have yet the privilege of hanging you."

Very doubtfully the squire received the poet and Peter at his home that evening. Ruth blushed on greeting the latter, but his apology was so utterly wanting in eccentricity, so suited to the occasion, and his manner afterwards was so modest because of Paul's warnings, that both father and daughter were put at their ease. Ruth was again deceived. This visit concerned only Florian, she thought, and consequently there was no reason why she could fear that Barbara had exposed her. Talk drifted into the usual channels, and presently Peter coaxed the squire to a glass of cider in the back room and a quiet game of cards. The door was left open for various reasons quite patent to all present, but the reasons were deprived of their force by the continual noise which the veterans made. In the midst of it, and in spite of it, Paul related the circumstances which had led to Florian's flight to the island, and gave Ruth a description of his experience with the penitent that morning.

"It is a wreck you have seen, not Florian," she said, with the tears in her eyes; "but out of it the old Florian will come back to us. Thank God! I hope Linda and the prince know this day of joy."

"It is quite impossible," said Paul, "that he should take up the life his father led. He is too useful. Yet it fits him wonderfully; and to see him you would think the prince was revived."

"We shall leave Père Rougevin to settle his future. He will make it easy for him to resume the old life without violence to the grace which he has received. I shall make bold to visit him to-morrow."

"Double the stakes," came Peter's voice through the door, "and fire away."

The squire cast a satisfied glance at the polite manner of the poet. No sign of the lover there!

"I shall have the honor of accompanying you," said Paul, "if you have no objections. I am going to the island myself. My two reasons for coming here were—"

"Three games out of four!" shouted Peter. "Paul, b'y, New York against the world! I'm waxing the Clayburg heathen."

"Hard work," thought the squire, "to make love with Peter around."

"I wished to make certain of what had happened to Florian, for the sake of Frances," continued the poet.

"Poor girl!" said Ruth, "she will be his salvation yet."

"Indeed she will, Miss Pendleton. I believe his heart turns that way still. No great heart like his could ever find content in such a creature as Mrs. Merrion. And my other reason was to remove any misunderstanding between you and me."

"Misunderstanding!" said Ruth, greatly surprised.

"I have loved you a long time, Miss Pendleton—fully eight years. I have tried to keep it a secret, to bury it for ever from your knowledge, and yet I could not. I could not leave you without having spoken. God knows if I might not have made a mistake in so doing! It would be an eternal regret to me, and so I wish to know from your own lips, Ruth, if I must part from you for ever. It rests with you to give me the greatest happiness or the greatest sorrow of my life."

"I shall be compelled to give you—" She hesitated, for her emotion was strong, and she dreaded an exhibition of tears before Peter and the squire. Paul trembled in spite of his confidence in Barbara's story.

"I shall be compelled to give you," said Ruth calmly, after a time, "what you call the greatest happiness of your life." And she laid her hand in his for an instant, while their eyes met and exchanged the thoughts too true and sweet for expression. His face was radiant, and he made no demur when she begged to be excused and withdrew to her own room. God had been very good to her. In the very moment of her resignation to his will he had honored and blessed her beyond belief. The squire saw

her depart with a hearty delight, and thereafter accepted triumph and defeat with indifference; but his heart fell when Paul, in the presence of the journalist, made a formal demand upon him for his daughter.

"You needn't hesitate," said Peter; "the two were made for each other, and no man can part them. Didn't you and I try it in New York, like the foolish boys we are? Didn't I keep on trying it for years afterward? If love can more than match two such giants as we, where's the use of fighting it? Come, now, surrender. New York is at the pinnacle of glory to-night. Beaten in cards and love under your own roof, the least you can do is to come down gracefully, and then select your monument. There's no room for ye here after to-night. Ye poor old squire! Ye were always a fool, but I never saw ye look so much like one as now."

"I had thought Ruth's idea of marrying was over," said the squire sadly; "but if you've made it up between you, I have only to say yes."

"So you may go to the hotel, Paul, b'y," said Peter, "for the old boy won't be able to stand the sight o' ye for a week, and I shall stay here to comfort him. Be off, now!"

The squire felt the need of consolation and made no objection to Peter's proposal. The poet modestly withdrew, not at all disheartened by the squire's reluctance to receive him as a son-in-law, while the old man proceeded to drown sorrow and time in Peter's fashion, without any regard for the morrow. The stakes were doubled innumerable times before the winter's dawn stealing coldly into the room displayed the empty pitchers, scattered cards, and chairs upset in cheerless outline.

Florian easily guessed the relation existing between the two who visited him the next day. Ruth's manner was always so clearly marked in its modesty and reserve that her intimates might soon discover any variation in it. The new hermit accepted the position quietly and without so much as a single reflection on what might have been. He did not look for any surprise on the part of those who came to see him, nor did Ruth manifest any. It was as if he had been there ten years. Paul gave them an opportunity to talk alone.

"I congratulate you," said Florian gravely, "on your present happiness. You are every way deserving of it."

"And I congratulate you on yours," said Ruth. "Our island seems destined to have a tenant always."

She would have wept, had she been alone, at his sadly altered

appearance, stooped, pale, hollow-eyed, and the firm lips quivering. But better that way and dear to God than in the pride of his physical strength and political glory!

"Yes, this is a place for happiness," he said, looking around the homely room. "It healed my father's heart—"

"And it will heal yours," she added for him as he left the thought on his lips unexpressed. He smiled as if she had reproved him.

"I hope so. You have not known all my wickedness, Ruth. I deserted Frances—"

"I know it all, Florian. Do not distress yourself with recounting it. Your reparation will be all the sweeter to her, poor girl."

"How can I make it?" he said humbly. "I have put a shame upon her which only marriage can take away; yet I could not ask her after the wrong I have done."

"Do not think about it at all," said Ruth with emphasis. "Go to her, tell her your sorrow and your resolutions. Her love will find a way through difficulties. Linda would rejoice to see this hour," she added. "O Florian, what a time it has all been! What a treasure we missed finding! I cannot forgive myself for not knowing in time!"

"I came near missing it altogether," he said in turn. "I was but little disturbed at his discovery and death. What a fate is mine! Had I remained in Clayburg he would have made himself known to me. Had I even been faithful to God while in the world he would have granted me the favor. Had I *tried* to discover him, and not feared it, I would have found him. Had I been faithful to Frances he would not have died. My ambition, avarice, disloyalty to the faith, and desertion of my promised wife have been almost balanced by the fact that I am his murderer. I would never have known my dreadful share in his death had I responded to the feelings which decency and grace prompted in me when I was last on the island after his death. But no; I went back to evil, and thus was I turned from it. May God and my saintly father help me; but indeed, Ruth, I am a most miserable man!"

His cheeks flushed while he was speaking, and Ruth's tears fell slowly. It was his first outburst of feeling in mortal presence since the night his crime was fixed upon him. He bowed his head upon the table and wept in silence.

"Thank God, as I do, for these tears," she said. "Yours is a strong nature, Florian, and once turned from the right it would

require just such means to bring you back. I am not sorry for your sins, since I see your repentance. Your father cannot regret his sad ending, nor your share in it, when he sees your tears falling into the hand of God. O Florian! be of good heart: all your sins are forgiven you."

It was a haggard face that he presented on rising.

"I know they are forgiven. I am very fortunate. Pardon me for intruding these things on you. It is not a day for tears."

The sun was shining maliciously on the helpless snow, whose white fingers clung in vain to the spruce-trees and the rocks, and with much weeping lost their hold and fell out of sight. Patches of gold color lay along the ice, and big shadows stole around the islands, retreating from the sun. The air and earth sparkled. A soft wind blew from the south in gusts and filled the narrow channels with music. It was not a day for tears, as Florian had said, but the sight of that lonely grave upon the hill was ever in his eyes, and the beauty of the world lay under its shadow. For him the sun rose and set behind it, and beyond it he saw heaven and hell, the eternal truths of religion, and the path that led to heaven. He could not but be a little gloomy, and the presence of men augmented the gloom. His friends parted from him with many kind wishes and hopes for the future. Like his father, he said nothing and watched them until they were out of sight. What was he thinking of? The poet thought it might be of the days when the rights now exercised by another over Ruth belonged to him. The poet was wrong. Florian was wondering if his repentance would bring him the peace of heart which attached to the former hermit of Solitary Island!

CHAPTER VIII.

REPARATION.

THE oldest inhabitant of Clayburg, mindful of that day, years back, when Florian had received a public reception from his townsmen, and particularly moved by the physical and moral grandeur of the man at the time, had he seen the figure which one April day walked to the residence of Père Rougevin would have been overcome with resentment and shame. Still pale and emaciated, stooped and shambling in his walk, as plainly clothed as a workman, Florian proceeded through the streets of the town

as calmly as if it was a custom with him so to do. People stared at the stranger and wondered at his likeness to "their boy," speculated as to who he might be, and were mystified when no one knew him. Florian was more than disguised. It was another person who walked the streets that day on his pilgrimage of reparation. Père Rougevin received him with respect, yet distantly. Since the days when he had been his altar-boy affection had not existed between them to any degree. Florian had not desired it, and the polite priest had never intruded. He had not even presumed on his knowledge of Florian's antecedents, holding himself as a disinterested spectator when his official character was not dragged in. The priest was not a lovable man commonly, being prudent and diplomatic and stern, but his character was one that drew out the esteem of his neighbors and held the interest of his people. Its intellectual side was uppermost, which fact sufficiently accounted for the repulsion he and Florian exercised on each other.

"You are aware," said Florian, without any preface, "of all that has happened to me. I suppose Mr. Rossiter told you. You will not be surprised at my visit, then. I come to ask your pardon for much that I have thought and said and done against you, and much more for the lack of gratitude I had for your services. My father thought you a valuable friend, and your fidelity proves that he did not esteem you too highly. Will you believe that I regret most sincerely my past conduct?"

"Certainly," said the priest, with some constraint; for he saw that Florian was in an odd mood, one that he could not then conceive to be natural. Both Ruth and Paul had urged him to influence Florian against his resolution of living on the island, but he saw no way to begin. He was farther removed from the politician than ever, and when he said no more Florian rose to go.

"I heard a rumor," said Père Rougevin then, "that you intended to spend the rest of your life on the island."

"It is true," said Florian simply.

"As an act of penance?" inquired the priest.

"And from inclination, too," answered the penitent.

"It is a rather violent change," suggested the other. "Are you sure it is an act agreeable to God? One should hesitate and seek advice before rushing into positions of that kind."

"Is not inclination a good adviser?" Florian asked.

"To a penitent it is a great enemy. Inclinations for a long time bad or erratic do not lead to good in an instant."

"I am ready for advice," he replied humbly. "Would you advise me?"

"Then tell me minutely your reasons for leaving a life which had become a second nature," said the père, with business-like alacrity, "and turning to one so trying and unusual in our day."

Without emotion or affectation Florian laid bare his most secret thoughts to the priest and made plain his reasons for living on the island as a solitary.

"I did not think it unusual after my unusual career," he said in conclusion. "It seemed a fitting close to a life so full of error."

"Perhaps it is," the priest said doubtfully, "and you can wait. A few months hence it may be easier to arrive at a decision. In the meantime you can continue to follow those impulses which God may give you. I can say nothing more now."

These words Florian received as a command, although the priest was himself surprised at them. He had already arrived at a speculative decision in the case, but Florian's simple narrative had made a great impression on him, and, obeying a strong momentary impulse, he resolved to attempt no interference in a matter which Providence seemed to have taken into its own hands. Florian, therefore, went away uninstructed. He took the morning train for New York, buying his ticket with the squire's startled eyes fixed on him fearfully. Was this a ghost? the squire asked himself. He did not venture to address the figure, and Florian did not observe him, while the more he looked at the undressed beard and the lean form the less resemblance could he see to his famous boy. The eyes of New-Yorkers were not so easily deceived. Passing through the streets to his long-deserted office, he met but a few acquaintances, and all recognized him, offered him their sympathy for the illness of which they had heard nothing, and wondered at the odd manner in which he accepted their condolences. Just then he was a political cipher and was not troubled with the presence of old adherents. A paragraph in the paper announced his return to the metropolis, and brought fear and trepidation into the De Ponsonby household, but in no other circle did it create any excitement. Peter read the notice from the paper with considerable satisfaction in his garret.

"It's the season of marriages," he said to himself; "and since Paul is going, I'd like to see Frank, poor creature, going too. She has a large heart, that girl, and may be she could supply him with a little—poor divil! he needs it. I'd not grudge him some of my own, if it could be transmitted like the transfusion of

blood; but it can't, and, anyway, how do I know that I have so much of it to spare? I lost some on Maria, the poor thing—it's little she appreciated it. What grand opportunities ye lost, Peter—no, Parker, old b'y, since ye lost the first; that was when Adam took a bite of the apple, poor fellow. There's more of him in us than original sin. Hey, Paul, b'y, what d'ye think of him turning up—the man with a gizzard instead of a heart?"

Paul had just entered for a chat, and the paper was waved at him triumphantly.

"Is it so?" said he in excitement. "Let me see."

"There, now, don't be impatient, and I'll read it for ye. Now that Ruth is yours ye have no reason to be hasty for the rest of your days."

"Thank you," said Paul, after hearing the paragraph; "I can't stay." And he was out of the door so swiftly that Peter had barely time to throw on his coat and follow him with a burning curiosity. He saw the poet rush around the block and enter the boarding-house, and he followed more leisurely to arrange for his own safety in entering it. Frances was already acquainted with the fact so eagerly communicated by the poet, and looked helpless and delighted.

"We must get your mother into humor some way," said Paul; "why, we may not have a minute to spare."

"I am afraid," said Frances tremulously, "that she never will forgive him—never."

"Don't fear, Frank. I have a last resort—your father. He will surely make a break of some kind if we get into difficulties. I must see madame instantly. Depend on me."

The poet was full of joy and excitement as he sought out madame, but he repressed it into its ordinary limits as he entered into her parlor. The stern image of Parker C. Lynch, ever before her eyes like a fate, also concealed the smile which the poet's presence always brought to her lips.

"I have a bit of information to impart, madame," said he modestly, "which may surprise you. I am soon to be married."

"Agreeable information," said madame, interested. "And who is the fortunate lady?"

"Miss Ruth Pendleton," he replied. "You recall her, do you not?"

With a slight frown madame said she did, and looked as if she did not care to hear more; but the poet's purpose would take no hints at that solemn moment. Half-laughing, he went on to wring her heart still more.

"She was here one winter some years ago, and later still while I was rambling north. She stopped at Mrs. Merrion's. I hope it's not to her detriment in your mind that she was once engaged to Florian Wallace."

"Not at all," said madame severely; "but I would prefer his name to be left unmentioned in this house."

"It *has* merited the opprobrium of silence," Paul admitted jauntily, as if pronouncing sentence on a professional criminal. "What he made poor Frances suffer he has endured himself at Ruth's hands, only reasons differed in both cases. Now he is just after receiving a second instalment of justice, and I am glad of it."

So he was, but not in the sense which madame apprehended, and at the same time she could not repress her curiosity.

"What was the instalment?" she asked.

"Haven't you read the newspapers? His charmer, Mrs. Merrion, married the Russian count and went to Europe."

"Oh! yes, I heard that. It was deserved—well deserved."

"Those who knew his dealings with the beauty did not get the whole truth. It was he who deserted her."

"What more could be expected of him? However, he had a sensible woman to deal with. If Frances only had her spirit!"

"The funniest part of the story is his motive for acting as he did. Some miracle of grace was worked in him. He threw up Mrs. Merrion of his own free-will, threw up his political life, and retired into a northern solitude to begin a lifelong penance. What do you think of that?"

Madame surveyed the statement and the poet with keen eyes and keen judgment before answering.

"On the face of it there is something strange, and in him revolting," said she. "I see that he has returned to New York."

"Why, he has a notion that a penitent sinner is bound to make as great an atonement as possible, and he is going about asking pardon of those whom he has injured, and offering restitution. He asked pardon of me and several others. What an idiot!"

"You saw him, then?" said madame coldly.

"I did, for I followed him to his retreat while pursuing my affianced in the icy north. I was shocked at his appearance. He looked as if he had suffered from a fever. He was living on bread and water. His hair and beard had grown, his elegance was gone, and I feared he was a little off—that is, insane; but he wasn't. Ruth told me he was very sensible. Do you remember seeing Miss Pendleton, madame?"

"Why, I have an idea," said madame, "but not a very distinct one. Of course there is no other woman like her in the whole world."

"She is the soul of truth. She told me of many things concerning Mr. Wallace, and she hinted that he was coming to see you to ask your pardon and Frances'. She asked that you would receive him kindly for the sake of his late repentance. In this point I differ from Miss Pendleton. You owe it to yourself and your daughter, madame, to dismiss him the moment he makes his appearance. I give you Ruth's message, as in duty bound, and my opinion along with it."

"Your opinion is a little harsh," said the lady. "I could not deny him the satisfaction of asking pardon for a great wrong."

"Oh!" said Paul, agreeably disappointed, and he saw that it was safe to let the great man plead his own case. In another room Peter was arguing the matter with his daughter. He suspected, in some fashion, that Florian was coming to renew his suit, but Frances would not admit it.

"And if he does, I am sure, Frances, you will receive his attentions kindly." Peter made a strong effort at pure English in speaking to his daughter. "I wouldn't blame him so much for his former behavior. These American politicians with equality in their mouth all the time have a great love for blue blood and rank. I can't find fault with him for not wishing to marry my daughter. *I'm* disreputable. And he was nothing but a Yankee wire-puller."

"Doesn't blood tell, and wasn't he a prince?" said Frances.

"Not at all," blurted Peter, trampling the objection to death. "Not at all, not at all! What are these Russians, even the best of them? Tartars, Mongols, candle-and-oil-eaters, savages masquerading! Blue blood in *them?* No, sir! No, Frances, not even in their czar! So don't mind his display of plebeian horror, but take pity on him if he asks for it."

"I have always pitied him," she said, smiling.

"That isn't the kind of pity I like. Pity smiling! Such pity is barbarous! The savage smiles murdering, and coquettes smile in breaking the hearts of honest men! Look at me! I'm the victim of coquettes, of pity with a smile in it, like a bee with his sting."

"And you are quite broken-hearted, papa?"

"Broken-hearted!" exclaimed Peter with a wail. "No, but splintered-hearted. It's been chipped away. Don't give Florian any of that merchandise, for no man will buy it. No, Frank;

receive him this way if he comes: put a smile on your sweet little mouth, so"—and Peter threw his mouth into position—"throw your little hands out so, and say"—Peter piped the words—"'O me beloved! all is forgiven, all forgotten. I am yours for ever!'"

Then he fell into a fit of roaring over his own humor which even Frances could not quiet.

"I am in earnest now, Frank," he went on. "Ye ought to return him good for evil; and once a woman loves, sure she loves for ever. I know Maria's heart yearns for me, but she can't accept what is disreputable. You'll be kind to him now, Frank; say you will."

A well-known voice in the hall startled Peter out of attending to her reply. With a hasty glance around he plunged into a convenient room in time to conceal himself from the wrathful glances of madame just entering. Paul followed close, to give her no opportunity of speaking to Frances that evening, and they settled down there to a comfortable game of cards, which was enlivened for two of the party by glimpses of Peter's subdued and rosy face as he looked out helplessly from the *cul de sac* into which he had precipitated himself. Certainly none had any idea that Florian would visit the boarding-house so soon after his arrival in the city, and Paul was counting on that supposition to get madame into a reasonable frame of mind. All were surprised when the servant laid Florian's card in the mistress' hand and heard his name.

"Send him up," said madame promptly, while Paul rose to go. "No," she continued, "you may remain. This matter is as public as was his engagement. I wish it to be so."

The poet sat down disturbed in mind, so poorly did this promise for the result of his scheming. Frances was in a state of agony utterly beyond her will to control, but madame never once alluded by word or look to her nervous manner. It was a formidable court before which the penitent presented himself, and its humiliation was fully completed by the unseen figure listening and observing from the room beyond. Yet Florian entered as indifferently as if he were in the lonely island cabin, and, after saluting the three gravely and politely, sat down. His appearance astonished madame greatly, and drew a quickly-smothered sob from Frances, but all signs of emotion were presently buried in a dead calm, which grated upon Paul's nerves like saw-sharpening. He was bound by circumstances and could say nothing and do nothing to alter the condition of affairs. The

battle lay between madame and true love! If Florian suffered from any emotion it was visible only in the long interval which followed his entrance before speaking. Like a true and determined enemy, madame said not a single word while waiting for the parley to begin, until Paul in his hard indignation felt that a battery would not be too much to bring to bear on this feminine obstructor to the natural course of penitence and love. Occasionally Peter surveyed the scene in blank astonishment. Florian he recognized only from hearing him addressed, and the mystery aggravated his imprisonment.

"I have done you and your daughter a great wrong, madame," Florian said with simple directness, "and I thank you for giving me this opportunity to express my sorrow and ask your pardon. I deserted Miss Lynch for another far beneath her in real worth. It was a heartless act, but at that time I found such acts of mine easily justified. My eyes are opened. I have no words to express my sorrow for what I have done. I hope you will forgive me."

"You were forgiven at that time," said madame gently—so gently that Paul's heart leaped with hope.

"I owe it to you to say," continued Florian, bowing, "that my feelings towards Miss Lynch have never changed. They have only been obscured. I believe sincerely that at one time these feelings your daughter returned. Although she released me from the engagement, I do not think she lost those rights on me which it gave her. I am glad to make the poor restitution of renewing the offer which I once had the honor to make to her. I do it fully conscious of my own unworthiness. I beg of you not to misunderstand my motives."

Madame never hesitated in her reply, although while Florian was speaking she had caught the petitions of three appealing faces, the third being now visible through the half-open door, where Peter was listening, impatient and interested.

"I do not pretend to know your motives," she said calmly, "but your offer we reject for good reasons. It is quite impossible that my daughter should ever again consider marriage with you."

The face of Frances grew pale as death, but her lips were pressed tight in determination. Paul growled and Peter started forward, then drew back. Madame crushed these signs of rebellion by her proud and confident indifference.

"Perhaps it is best," Florian said after a pause. He had received her answer without any surprise, as if he considered it

a very proper thing. "There have been many changes in my life which might not be agreeable to you. In no way am I the same as when I first had the honor of proposing for your daughter's hand. I will never again be the same, I trust. I have done all that I know how to do in atoning for a great injury. You have forgiven me. It would be a great pleasure to know that in your opinion I have done all that is possible."

His wistful gaze and simple words disconcerted mamma considerably. She was half-convinced that the man was acting, but his motives were hidden, nor could she discover them. There was no adequate motive to explain all this masquerade.

"You could not have done more," she answered steadily in a tone that closed the interview. Florian rose and bowed his farewell. Peter stood expectantly in the doorway, as if waiting to hear a protest from the interested others. When it came not he entered the room with his usual bravado and seized Florian's hand. Had he known the precise condition of the politician's affairs, his grasp might have been less hearty and the scene about to follow prudently deferred. Standing in the doorway, he confronted madame.

"Some time ago I did not favor the attentions of Mr. Wallace to *our* daughter"—a shade of disgust passed over madame's scornful face—"but my feelings have changed, *Maria.* He has acted like a gentleman; his love is sincere, and I hereby declare he shall not leave the room until the late unpleasantness is smoothed out for ever."

Paul would have cried "bravo" to Peter's speech but for its unfortunate ending, which left him mute. He ventured, however, to second Peter in his open rebellion.

"Had not Frances better speak for herself?" he murmured gently to take the sting from the suggestion. He looked timorously at madame's face for the *Et-tu-Brute* expression, but Peter, like the bull in the china-shop, left no time for expression.

"The head of the family is speaking for her," said Peter sharply, yet with dignity, "and ye may know that the paternal authority still reigns supreme in spite of a foolish attempt of woman to usurp me throne. Mr. Wallace, ye are welcome to join your fortunes to ours at any time that Frances gives the word; and that she will give it I pledge me sacred word of honor."

Peter looked at madame after this declaration of war, but the lady was deeply interested in a book at that moment, and Frances had buried her shamed face in her hands. It was an awk-

ward crisis, and even Peter's blatant courage fell flat before that ominous silence.

"Well, come again," said he sociably to Florian, "and we'll settle it more suitably, d'ye see."

And he winked at the grave gentleman, drew his arm in his own, and conducted him out of the room and down the stairs. A happier ending to a tragic comedy could not have been conceived, and madame joined Paul in the hearty laugh which he indulged in, escaping to her own apartments, however, to avoid further talk on the matter.

The poet went down into the hall and found Peter standing there in a deep study, shaking his bullet-head.

"It's no use," said he; "Maria's moral superiority is beyond mine, and I must cave every time. What's to be done? I'll carry her off, abduct her, and have her married from me own residence in the top story of No. 49. Wouldn't that be glorious, and such a joke on madame! Poor Maria, I can't help but admire her. When she was Frances' age they were like as two peas in looks, but in moral character they no more resemble each other than—than—than—I've lost every simile I ever had to-night."

"We made a mistake one way," said Paul musingly, "and another way it's all right. Peter, I want to bet with you that there will be two marriages in Clayburg within a twelve-month."

"Done," said Peter. "But, as I'm sure to win, lend me a few dollars in advance, and take it out of the wager."

"Dear old boy!" said Paul the indulgent, in admiration, "who ever found you untrue to your colors?"

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH.

THE APOLOGY FOR JOHN BROWN.*

THERE is a small company of New England Radicals who have been posing for the past quarter of a century as the special depositaries of Divine confidence. It is upon the question of negro slavery that they assume to have shared the secrets of Providence. They advocated the most violent of all measures of emancipation while slavery was established by law. War and a servile insurrection, according to them, would have been at any time an appropriate remedy for the evil which stirred their indignation; and to think as they did about the matter was the last test of Christian sincerity. When slavery at last was swept away they began to believe that they had done it all themselves—that is, they and God together. It is true that none of their particular schemes were realized and none of their expectations were fulfilled. So far as the human eye could see, God, who governs the world in his own way, brought about emancipation by agencies which nobody could have anticipated or would have chosen. Freedom was secured, not by an insurrection of the slaves, but by an insurrection of the slaveholders; and the sentiment of Union, which the Radicals detested as the principal support of slavery, became the chief factor in its overthrow. So signally was the wisdom of man brought to naught by the events of the civil war that we all might have learned from that great social and political revolution to distrust ourselves and adore the inscrutable power which rules the world. But that, as we have said, is not the lesson which our Radical friends read in recent history. It is enough for them that slavery fell; and although they did less for its overthrow than any other division of the abolitionists, and were further out in their calculations than any other party whatever, they seem honestly persuaded that our Lord committed to them the regeneration of this country and gave them the foresight and courage necessary for so high a task. Partly on account of their connection with Boston literary circles, it happens that they have persuaded a considerable minority of the public to accept them at their own valuation; and as this easy acquiescence in an extravagant claim involves troublesome consequences, it may be worth while to pause a moment and pass under review a recent characteristic utterance of the Radical clique.

* *The Life and Letters of John Brown, Liberator of Kansas and Martyr of Virginia.* Edited by F. B. Sanborn. 12mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1885.

Of this complacent little company Mr. F. B. Sanborn has long been a conspicuous member. He is one of the few survivors of the Secret Committee of extreme abolitionists who supplied John Brown with the money and other means for his raid upon Virginia, and he appears to have known more than any of his associates about the precise form which Brown's enterprise was to take. His *Life* of the hero of Harper's Ferry has many glaring defects as a biography, but it is valuable as a statement of the principles by which an influential body of advanced political thinkers were governed at a very critical period of our history, as well as the judgment which nearly thirty years' experience and reflection induce them now to place upon those principles and their practical application. We do not purpose discussing the character of John Brown. Our business is with the doctrines of John Brown's biographer and apologists.

When Brown went to Kansas in 1855 Mr. Sanborn assures us that he had already been for many years engrossed with plans for a forcible attack upon slavery, and that he removed to the Territory because he saw there the best opportunity for carrying out his great object. It is not unlikely that this statement is substantially true, although it is not supported by Brown's letters. Five of his sons had settled in Kansas, and, like the rest of the Free State men, they were threatened with the loss of their investments—to say nothing of their lives—by the lawless incursions from Missouri. John Brown went out to join them, taking, for family use, a few rifles bought with money received from Gerrit Smith and other sympathizers. So far there was nothing to distinguish his action from that of hundreds of other anti-slavery settlers who hastened to the Territory in those disordered times. But in the fighting which followed Brown was the leader of a band, including his sons and a few other bold men, which won a wide celebrity. Sometimes they acted nominally as a part of the Free State militia; sometimes they operated independently under a curious compact, or set of rules, drawn up by their captain. Neither side was very particular about the authority under which it fought. Mr. Sanborn assumes that Kansas at that time was a theatre of war. In one sense this is true, for civil society had nearly fallen to pieces, and men were learning to obey no authority but that of military force. There was actual warfare, inasmuch as there was bloodshed and systematic violence. But this is not to say that there was any such condition of legitimate war as effects a suspension of the civil law and authorizes belligerent undertakings. It may be admitted,

however, that the equities of the case were obscure enough to puzzle unlearned frontiersmen, and that the readiness of the United States government to consult the interests of a political party rather than the demands of justice was the mainspring of awful misfortunes. Upon this we presume that impartial historians of all classes are now agreed. Impelled by President Pierce's fatal mistakes, pro-slavery men and anti-slavery men alike ruled themselves entirely by their own ideas of policy and right. Both ran off horses and cattle, foraged upon the enemy, made "requisitions" upon shop-keepers, captured and rescued prisoners, raided camps and settlements. A Kansas man writes to Mr. Sanborn: "I met John Brown on the evening before the battle of Osawatomie. He, with a number of others, was driving a herd of cattle which they had taken from pro-slavery men. He rode out of the company to speak to me, when I playfully asked him where he got those cattle. He replied, with a characteristic shake of the head, that 'they were good Free State cattle now.'" John Brown's eldest son, describing an attempt, with the aid of his brother Owen, to escape from a federal marshal, writes: "He [Owen] brought with him into the brush a valuable running horse, mate of the one I had with me. These horses had been taken by Free State men near the Nebraska line, and exchanged for horses obtained in the way of reprisals further south." Some time later Brown and his band formed part of an expedition which crossed over into Missouri to emancipate certain slaves. Besides bringing off the negroes they killed the owner and took his cattle. Brown conducted the fugitives to Canada, and on his way dispersed a marshal's posse in Kansas, capturing a number of horses belonging to the party. In one place Mr. Sanborn tells us that he gave these animals to some "Topeka boys" who had aided him; in another place he says that he publicly sold them in Ohio, "warning the purchasers of a possible defect in the title."

In the midst of the raids and skirmishes a tragedy was enacted which filled both sides with horror. Scattered along Pottawatomie Creek stood the cabins of five or six active pro-slavery men. They are said to have been ruffianly characters, and there is some testimony that they were threatening an attack upon the Browns. It does not appear, however, that the Pottawatomie settlers had recently been guilty of any special outrage. Between midnight and dawn on the 25th of May, 1856, the cabins were visited one by one by a band of armed men, and five of the occupants were roused from sleep, led out, and quietly put to

death.* Suspicion by common consent pointed to Brown. To the end of his life he denied killing any of the men, although he declared that he approved the "executions." Brown's New England supporters accepted this denial. All his friendly biographers down to Mr. Sanborn have likewise acquitted him of the crime. Dr. von Holst, in the volume just published of his learned *Constitutional History of the United States*, reviews the testimony (so far as he has read it) and is convinced of Brown's innocence. Yet it has been known for a few years past from the confession of one of the "executioners," and the fact is now put beyond question by Mr. Sanborn's avowals, that the deed was John Brown's. He planned and ordered the enterprise, led the assassins in person, entered the houses, pointed out the victims, and gave the death-signal. Whether he struck any of the fatal blows with his own hand or left that work to his subordinates is the only point now in dispute. The confession of Townsley, just referred to, asserts that Brown did take a personal share in the butchery. Mr. Sanborn appears to have satisfied himself that this assertion is not true. But testimony which satisfies Mr. Sanborn is not necessarily conclusive. Until Townsley's confession appeared John Brown was generally cited as denying that he was present at the Pottawatomie murders. After his death his son Salmon, who, according to Mr. Sanborn, was with him on the night in question, made a written declaration that John Brown was "not a participator" in the affair. When it became necessary to meet Townsley's statement, the witnesses revised their recollection of Brown's language, and remembered that he had denied only the killing, and not the participation. One cannot feel much confidence in this corrected testimony, nor does it seem to be worth the pains which Mr. Sanborn and others have spent upon it. The party under Brown consisted of his sons Frederick, Owen, Watson, and Oliver, his son-in-law Henry Thompson, Townsley, and a man named Wiener. The actual executioners were told off from this band. Their names have not been revealed, but we infer from Mr. Sanborn's comments that he knows them and has talked with them. The weapons were artillery cutlasses which Brown had obtained in Ohio. They were sharpened in the camp just before the "secret expedition" started. "No man of our entire number," says John Brown, Jr., "could fail to understand that a retaliatory blow would fall; yet when father and his little band departed they

* The horses which John Brown, Jr., mentions, in a passage cited just now, as having been "obtained in the way of reprisals," were stolen on this occasion by the murderers.

were saluted by all our men with a rousing cheer." The same authority is quite outspoken about the motive for the massacre. "The blow was struck," he says, "for Kansas and the slave; and he who attempts to limit its object to a mere settlement of accounts with a few pro-slavery desperadoes on that creek shows himself incapable of rendering a just judgment in the case." And Mr. Sanborn treats the affair as a justifiable and salutary act of retaliation for the murder of "five sons of liberty slain in the previous six months"—although, it may be remarked, none of the five were murdered by these Pottawatomie men.

It is not our place to judge the conscience of John Brown. Educated in the most savage school of Calvinism, he had brooded over the wrongs of the slave and fed his morbid imagination with the bloodiest pages of Old Testament history, until Jehovah appeared to his eyes only as a God of wrath and destruction. "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sins" was a text for ever in his mouth. "I think God has used me as an instrument to kill men," he said once to a lady; "and if I live I think he will use me as an instrument to kill a good many more." As the Almighty armed the Hebrew people against the hosts of the idolater, so John Brown held that he, too, had received a divine command to slay and to despoil, and that for him the dispensation of carnage was still in force. Fanatics of the same stamp have appeared in the world before. We need not inquire into the sincerity of John Brown's delusion. For our own part we readily admit it as to his general course, although his continued denial of the Pottawatomie murders is hard to reconcile with an absolute faith in a divine commission to kill. But it is of some consequence how the intrinsic morality and reasonableness of his acts are regarded by the representative of a school of writers who exercise a deep and, we suspect, a growing influence upon contemporary thought; and so let us turn to Mr. Sanborn.

To begin with, Mr. Sanborn declares in the most dogmatic manner that John Brown in Kansas was "divinely inspired." We understand this not as a rhetorical flourish but as the deliberate expression of what the author regards as an ascertained truth. Elsewhere he speaks of John Brown as having been favored with a direct revelation from heaven shortly before his death. The world ought not to be expected to receive these remarkable statements merely upon the *ipse dixit* of Mr. Sanborn, and yet he does not offer to substantiate them. How does

he know that Brown was divinely inspired? If one were to put that question to him personally, he would perhaps answer, "Why, Brown told me so himself"; but even that authority leaves something to be desired. It reminds us of the intelligent juryman who voted for the acquittal of a thief in defiance of the evidence, and, when asked his reason, replied, "Why, the man *owned* that he was not guilty." As a matter of fact Mr. Sanborn's confidence in the theory of inspiration is not so great that he ventures to neglect other justification. If John Brown was inspired there is no more to be said. His savage deeds were dictated by the Almighty, and they could not be wrong. But the biographer undertakes a defence of the Pottawatomie murders in a series of purely earthly arguments, with which we must say that he makes a sorry show.

1. The victims were dangerous and vicious men. John Brown once said that if they had committed murder in their hearts they deserved to die; and, having satisfied himself that they had committed murder in their hearts, he naturally proceeded to their slaughter. This rule of conduct, that any man has a right to kill any man who has deserved to die, is so monstrous that we cannot conceive of a thoroughly sane person upholding it. We will not do Mr. Sanborn the unkindness of believing that he really does uphold it. But he puts it forth for the benefit of John Brown, and the plain truth is that whenever he attempts to discuss the conduct of his hero he involves himself in such a muddle of false sentiment and unregulated emotion that he is hardly responsible for the logical deductions from his language.

2. The murders had a good effect. They terrified one side and encouraged the other. "Upon the swift and secret vengeance of John Brown in that midnight raid hinged the future of Kansas, as we can now see; and on that future again hinged the destinies of the whole country. Had Kansas, in the death-struggle of 1856, fallen a prey to the slaveholders, slaveholding would to-day be the law of our imperial democracy." This is something worse than the hated doctrine that it is permitted to do evil that good may follow, for it is equivalent to contending that any deed whatever is just which God, in his inscrutable wisdom and boundless mercy, may finally overrule for our advantage. And if the Pottawatomie murders were right because emancipation was one of their remote and indirect consequences, why was not the secession of South Carolina right for precisely

the same reason? Yet it is upon this argument that Mr. Sanborn rests the principal weight of his defence. The grotesque assumption that the issue of the slavery question was decided, or even materially hastened, by the killing of five men on Pottawatomie Creek is a striking illustration of the narrowness of mind with which the Radical clique have always judged the incidents of the great national conflict.

3. The murders were acts of war. "Yet we, who praise Grant for those military movements which caused the bloody death of thousands, are so inconsiderate as to denounce Brown for the death of these five men in Kansas. If Brown was a murderer, then Grant and Sherman and Hancock and the other Union generals are tenfold murderers, for they simply did on a grand scale what he did on a small one. War is murder—in one of its aspects it is deliberate and repeated murder; and yet the patriot warrior who goes to battle in behalf of his country is not arraigned for murder, but honored as a hero. This is so even when by stratagem or midnight assault he slays hundreds of defenceless people, for the cause in which he fights *is supposed to excuse all atrocious deeds.* A like excuse must serve for this violent but salutary act of John Brown." Pray, who taught Mr. Sanborn the scandalous doctrine that the cause in which a soldier fights "excuses all atrocious deeds"? Where did he learn that the massacre of defenceless hundreds is an honorable occupation for a military hero? What warrant has he for the insinuation that Grant and Sherman and Hancock were capable of dragging unarmed citizens out of their beds and cutting them to pieces in order to strike terror into the enemy? Is this what Mr. Sanborn understands by war? In point of fact the whole argument is an after-thought. Until quite recently John Brown's friends agreed in denying that he had any hand in the affair. Then they looked upon it as an atrocity, provoked, indeed, by outrages on the other side, but not to be defended, and certainly not to be included among the operations of war. With the discovery that John Brown was the author of the dark deed their tone changed. To their minds John Brown could do no wrong; and they must find a defence for what they once considered indefensible. The words with which Mr. Sanborn dismisses the subject are suggestive: "Those of us who long refused to believe that Brown participated in these executions would not, perhaps, have honored and trusted him less had we known the whole truth. I for one should not, though I should have deeply

regretted the necessity for such deeds of dark and providential justice."

Brown returned to the East after this affair to raise funds for the further prosecution of the war, and what was known of his character and method of operations commended him so strongly to the New England party of action that, in spite of suspicions engendered by the Pottawatomie tragedy, he was trusted with money and arms to be used in Kansas practically at his own discretion. "Brown's purpose, as he disclosed it in Boston in January, 1857, was to equip and arm a hundred mounted men for defence *and reprisal* in Kansas; and it was upon this plan that the National [Kansas] Committee, when it assembled, held a warm discussion, in which Brown himself took part. His request was for arms and money, which he might be at liberty to use in his own way, his past conduct being his guarantee that he would use them wisely." There were various committees engaged at that time in promoting Free State emigration to Kansas, and assisting settlers with money, clothing, and arms. In the National Committee, whose headquarters were at Chicago, there was great distrust of Brown's violence. The temper of the Massachusetts Committee was much more radical. At the meeting of the former body, held in New York January 23, 1857, Brown's request for money and arms was presented by Mr. Sanborn as delegate from Massachusetts. The debate ended in a "compromise." The National Committee voted Brown a credit of five thousand dollars (of which, in the end, only a small part was paid), and transferred to the Massachusetts Kansas Committee two hundred rifles, which that committee, according to prearrangement, entrusted to Brown as its agent. But the expedition, from which the committees expected a great deal, was never organized, and one would think that even the most sanguine of Brown's friends must have felt their confidence in his practical sagacity severely shaken. With a small sum of money, contributed by various admirers, he travelled as far as Iowa, and after considerable delay he did enter Kansas, but without arms or followers. Most of his funds had been squandered upon an English adventurer named Hugh Forbes, whom he hired as a "military instructor" at one hundred dollars a month, paying him six months' salary in advance.

Moreover, it is clear that his interest in Kansas was giving way before a scheme for a more direct and romantic attack upon slavery. This scheme, out of which the Harper's Ferry enter-

prise was finally developed, contemplated the establishment of a series of fortified camps somewhere in the mountains of the border slave States, as rallying-points for fugitives and bases for offensive operations. From these secure posts emissaries were to visit the plantations and arouse the negroes, runaways were to be helped forward, and raiding parties were to swoop down upon "the enemy." Brown was infatuated enough to believe that a few determined men could hold the mountain fastnesses against any attempt to dislodge them. Drawing their supplies from the plunder of the plantations, and recruiting their numbers from the more courageous of the negro fugitives, they would gradually drive slavery back by making it insecure, and as it retreated southward they would follow it. "God has given the strength of the hills to freedom," he said to Frederick Douglass; "they were placed here for the emancipation of the negro race."

This was the plan with which he again came East in 1858. Mr. Sanborn gives an interesting account of the manner in which the project was laid before Brown's most useful friends. Mr. Sanborn, Theodore Parker, George L. Stearns, and T. W. Higginson were invited to meet Brown at Gerrit Smith's house, near Peterboro', N. Y., in February, 1858. Sanborn was the only one of the four who presented himself at the appointed time, and to him, to Gerrit Smith, and to Edwin Morton, the tutor of Mr. Smith's son, the plan of campaign was then divulged. Virginia was designated as the field of operations, the following May was indicated as the time, and a constitution which Brown had drawn up for the government of such territory as he might occupy was exhibited and explained. The biographer states that the little council was not only astonished but almost dismayed. The hopelessness of the undertaking was manifest, but Brown was not to be moved by objections; and after the debate, adjourned at midnight, had been continued through the next day, Gerrit Smith took Mr. Sanborn aside. "You see how it is," he said: "our dear old friend has made up his mind to this course and cannot be turned from it. We cannot give him up to die alone; we must support him. I will raise so many hundred dollars for him; you must lay the case before your friends in Massachusetts, and perhaps they will do the same. I see no other way." Concurring entirely in this judgment, Mr. Sanborn at once disclosed the plot to Parker, Higginson, and Dr. S. G. Howe, while Brown himself explained it to Mr. Stearns, who was the most liberal of his backers. A little later, in company with his eldest son,

Brown had a conference respecting the enterprise with Frederick Douglass, Henry Highland Garnet, and some other colored men. In March a "Secret Committee" was organized, consisting of Smith, Parker, Howe, Higginson, Stearns, and Sanborn. The money which Brown said he required—one thousand dollars—was easily raised, Mr. Stearns giving three hundred dollars, but more was afterwards called for.

In the meantime the costly Colonel Hugh Forbes had made trouble. He did nothing of consequence for his six hundred dollars, but he held Brown's secret, and he threatened to use it unless he were placed at the head of the enterprise and Brown dismissed. He professed, indeed, after some correspondence, to have betrayed the scheme to Sumner, Seward, and other Republican leaders at Washington. There is no proof that he ever did so, but he did tell something to Henry Wilson, and Wilson wrote to Howe, in consequence of which the invasion was postponed for a year and ostensibly given up. To baffle suspicion Brown was despatched again to Kansas.

This new turn of affairs drew attention to a highly embarrassing circumstance. The arms with which John Brown proposed to equip a slave insurrection in Virginia were those which had been entrusted to him by the National and Massachusetts Committees for the defence of the Free-Soil settlers in Kansas. Senator Wilson's letter required an answer, and Dr. Howe accordingly wrote: "Prompt measures have been taken, and will be resolutely followed up, to prevent any such monstrous perversion of a trust as would be the application of means raised for the defence of Kansas to a purpose which the subscribers of the fund would disapprove and vehemently condemn." The nature of these "prompt measures," as they are described by the ingenuous Sanborn, is rather curious. The Massachusetts Committee, to which the arms belonged, had spent its money and done its work, and in effect nothing was left of it now except Messrs. Stearns, Howe, and Sanborn, who held occasional meetings to finish off ragged ends of business. It was agreed by these three gentlemen, acting as the State Committee, that, in satisfaction of a debt, the arms should be made over to Mr. Stearns as a private individual; and Mr. Stearns, as chairman of the committee, having formally warned John Brown not to use the arms for any other purpose than the defence of Kansas, and to hold them subject to the orders of the committee, proceeded a week later, as a private individual, to lend the arms to John Brown, to be used in

his own discretion. Mr. Sanborn remarks that neither he nor Mr. Stearns nor Dr. Howe wished at any time that the arms should really be recalled, and, moreover, they knew very well that Brown would not give them up unless he chose. Such were the prompt measures by which Dr. Howe and his associates prevented the monstrous perversion of a trust.

The Secret Committee of six decided, after this affair had been disposed of, that it was better not to be burdened with a needless and inconvenient knowledge of Brown's plans. "They were willing to trust him with their money, and did not want him to report progress except by action." Thus it happened that none of them were consulted about the Harper's Ferry affair. They knew that Brown was preparing a foray somewhere on the Virginia line, but they knew neither the day nor the exact place selected for the enterprise. They raised about four thousand dollars, including liberal donations from Mr. Stearns and Gerrit Smith, and of this sum, says Mr. Sanborn, "at least thirty-eight hundred dollars were given with a clear knowledge of the use to which it would be put." Thus when Brown took up again his postponed project in the spring of 1859 he was well supplied with money and weapons, and there were no scrupulous committees to interfere with him. Dr. Howe, strongly disapproving of some of his latest actions in Kansas, had partly withdrawn his confidence, but did nothing to thwart him. Higginson appears to have lost a great deal of his original earnestness in the plot. Theodore Parker was in Italy, near his death, and no help was to be expected from him. Stearns, Smith, and Sanborn were the men upon whom the financial burdens of the enterprise at last rested. One can hardly help wondering what they thought of some of John Brown's demands upon them. At one time he asked for "a quantity of whistles such as are used by the boatswain on ships of war. They will be of great service. Every ten men ought to have one at least." Again he wrote to Mr. Sanborn: "I want to put into the hands of my young men copies of Plutarch's *Lives*, Irving's *Life of Washington*, the best-written *Life of Napoleon*, and other similar books, together with maps and statistics of States." Mr. Sanborn adds that Brown was very particular about getting the best edition of Plutarch. But the New England enthusiasts "who were willing to give to a brave man forcibly interfering with slavery, without inquiring very closely what he would do next," had not much reason to complain of his methods, even when he talked of freeing the

slaves with Plutarch's *Lives* and boatswains' whistles. Nor, certainly, could they reproach any one but themselves when he rushed into a mad and fatal enterprise for which they had furnished the means.

We shall not follow the story to its familiar conclusion, nor inquire too closely into the behavior of some of John Brown's accomplices when they were confronted with the deplorable consequences of their conduct. Twenty-five years ago abettors of the Harper's Ferry affair were naturally anxious to evade a responsibility in which they now glory. Our present concern is with the apology which after this long interval is put forth for John Brown's career, from his predatory raids and midnight slaughters in Kansas to his last outrages against the sanctity of human life in Maryland. The key to that career was his declaration that slaveholders had no right to live. Even Mr. Sanborn perceives that it needs an apology. "The story of John Brown," he says, "will mean little to those who do not believe that God governs the world, and that he makes his will known in advance to certain chosen men and women, who perform it, consciously or unconsciously. Of such prophetic, Heaven-appointed men John Brown was the most conspicuous in our time." He believed—elsewhere our author gives us to understand that he knew—that God had called him to a high and painful work. In carrying on that work it was his privilege to make his own code of ethics. The common laws of morality did not bind him. His deeds are "not to be judged by the every-day rules of conduct." That was the theory upon which John Brown acted, and upon that theory Mr. Sanborn defends him. To the case of John Brown our biographer fits the lines in Milton's "Samson Agonistes":

> "As if they would confine the Interminable,
> And tie him to his own prescript,
> Who made our laws to bind us, not himself,
> And hath full right to exempt
> Whom so it pleases him by choice
> From national obstriction, without taint
> Of sin, or legal debt;
> For with his own laws he can best dispense."

This, he continues, is high doctrine, applying only to heroes, but it does apply to John Brown. We might inquire what Mr. Sanborn means by applying this high doctrine to heroes. Milton's doctrine is that God is not the slave of the laws which he made

for men; Mr. Sanborn's doctrine seems to be that heroes are not subject to the laws which God made for other men. Milton holds that God may exempt whom he pleases from particular obligations; Sanborn holds that heroes may exempt themselves. This principle of action has obvious inconveniences. In the first place, before it can be put in practice a man must be able to look himself all over, inside and out, and decide that he is made of heroic stuff and fired with heroic impulses. Then, if he once begins to exempt himself from "national obstriction" and other restraints, there is logically no stopping him. He may do what he pleases, and to all remonstrance it will be a sufficient plea that the ordinary rules of conduct are only for ordinary men, but high doctrine is for heroes. To be sure the plea is befogged a little by reference to a divine commission; but the hero himself is the only witness to that commission; he alone authenticates his own credentials; he alone hears the inward voice and determines whether it is the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, or a whisper from the pit, or the vagary of a diseased mind.

Preposterous as it is, the "high doctrine applied to heroes" governed the conduct of a party of very respectable and highly-educated New England Radicals in a time of grave national disturbance; it led them to subscribe money for the promotion of homicide; it justified them to their own minds in sustaining what they believed to be a good cause by methods so violent and lawless that they had not the moral courage to look at them; and now, after years of peace should have brought them a calmer judgment, it figures again in an apology which fits the life of every insane fanatic who has ever disturbed society, as perfectly as it does the sins and delusions of the poor old Calvinist who was hanged at Charlestown—hanged because he reduced to action the principle virtually maintained in this book, that the final standard of right and wrong is every man's own fancy.

DOMENICO'S NEW YEAR.

I.

DOMENICO CAFFERATA stood on the hard, yellow beach that skirts the Gulf of Santa Eufemia at the lower town of Tropea. The mild December sun had not long risen, and the shadow of the high rock on which is built the city of Tropea proper lay on the lower town and stretched out over the surface of the gulf towards Capo Vaticano. Tropea at this early hour still slept, but the lower town was already wide awake, and the mothers, wives, sisters, and daughters of the fishermen whose homes were there moved about at their work. In front of a white-washed cottage not far from where Domenico was standing a fat, white kitten was chasing a wooden float at the end of a net which a young girl was slowly drawing towards her as she mended it mesh by mesh. Starch-like, vase-shaped masses of jelly-fish lay about on the sand where the tide had left them. Out near the horizon the brown lateen-sails of the small craft plying between Stromboli and Naples bellied before the fresh breeze that was rippling the blue water. Several men in green and white-striped sleeveless jackets, with scarlet cloths wound in turban fashion around their heads, were up to their waists in the gulf hauling in a seine, and above them a covey of gulls hovered in the air, waiting to make a meal on the worthless anchovies that would be cast aside on the beach.

On a shelf of rocks under the cliffs was a cluster of houses better built and more neatly kept than the somewhat shabby fishermen's huts that straggled lower down. They were the homes of the wealthier inhabitants of the lower town, of the masters and mates in the shipping trade along the coast from Taranto to Naples and to Sicily and the Lipari islands. This trade was mostly in silk, cotton, wine, earthenware, raisins, currants, and figs. But it had fallen off greatly. For Garibaldi's expeditions had interfered with the legitimate commerce of the coast, and, though the heavy taxes imposed by the king of the Two Sicilies were still levied and exacted, the revolutionary excitement had cut off the resources with which to meet them.

Domenico was just turned eighteen. He was a handsome youth, not tall nor brawny, but of medium height and of that neat

form which utilizes the essentials of physical strength to the best advantage. He was dressed in a short jacket and wide trousers of dark blue velveteen; a red knit cap, the point and tassel of which hung jauntily down over his left ear; low shoes of russet leather, showing above them woollen stockings knit with clocks of many colors. His jacket, buttoned at the top, opened over an embroidered brown linen shirt, and a silver crucifix on his chest was suspended from his neck by a silver rosary. His hair was black and his skin a clear, light brown. His features, though masculine, were perfectly regular, the nose straight, the wide-set, black eyes full of intelligence and looking directly at whatever interested them, while the long, moderately thick lips parted over white teeth that always took a share in the young man's smiles, which ordinarily were frequent.

But just now Domenico was not in a gay mood. Except when watching the headland of Capo Vaticano, he was embracing his mother with great warmth and addressing to her in the dialect of the region words very many of which were affectionate diminutives. He was telling his "dear little mother" that he would always be "a good little boy" and say his "little prayers," so that the "dear little most holy Virgin" should have no cause to be displeased with him, and that in a very little while—by the next New Year after the coming one—a mere *pezzino* of time, he would be back again, etc. It was such a story as many a son of every race has told his mother to cheer her at parting, in every language and dialect of civilized man. But Domenico's mother, like all mothers under similar circumstances, refused to be comforted.

Agata Cafferata had done her best to bring up the children that her late husband, the master of a felucca, had left to her care. But the Lord had taken them one by one away from her, all but this last, Domenico—her baby, *bambino carino*, as she still called him. Her savings had dwindled away in the general depression of trade, and she had been forced to dispose of the felucca for a very small sum, and that sum was going fast.

News came from time to time that far away across the ocean, in the land which the Italian sailor, Cristoforo Colombo, had discovered for the good of the church, the people, for some inscrutable reason, were in arms. The accounts were vague, and the geographical notions which the generality of the inhabitants of Tropea, even the navigating ones, had of America were anything but definite. Still something of what everybody continued to say must be true, and all agreed that though a war was raging

in the far-off Stati Uniti di America—was it North or South America? no one was certain—money was circulating plentifully there, and strangers might take their chance of earning great wages without being involved in a war in which they had no interest. Several young fellows of the Tyrrhenian coast had gone, and were sending back to their families more money than they could have touched in ten years of toil between Naples and Taranto.

Domenico's ambition had been fired by these reports, and after many arguments he had prevailed on his mother to consent to his going to America. In the long leather bag that lay near him Agata, besides his working-clothes, had put a few souvenirs of herself and of the kindly old priest of the parish, who was too feeble to come, as he had intended, to give a blessing to the boy on his departure and to the boat that was to carry him on the beginning of his adventure. Among the rest was a little prayer-book; for Domenico could not only read Tuscan but could say the Credo and the Pater and Ave in Latin, and had several times been permitted the privilege of serving the *curato's* Mass.

"*Eccolo!*" murmured the cousins and second-cousins and other relatives clustered in a group which held itself delicately apart from the mother and son, who had now but a few moments to be together before the wide ocean should begin to divide them. The blades of a pair of oars rose and fell from the side of a yawl that was heading in towards the beach.

The thin waves were leaping lightly in the sun, and the foaming edge of the brine with every ripple came further up the strand. It was the coming-in of the tide that going out would bear Domenico away to Naples in the trader anchored beyond the mole.

Poor Agata's head rested on her child's shoulder and all else but he was forgotten. The boy's quick ears, however, caught the dip of the oars, and as he turned to look the boatman, who was grinning recognition at the crowd on the beach, called out to him, "*Presto, ragazz' mio!*"

A hearty embrace for old men and women, youths and children—kinsmen all. And then the final good-by to the mother. To save beaching the boat Domenico would have rushed through the gentle surf, but the stout fellows about, unwilling that he should spoil his fine clothes, lifted him up and bore him out.

"*Orsù!* Agata," said the men. "Have courage; Domenico will come back rich and wise." The women sighed, "*Povera* Agata! *povera madre!*"—a mother to be pitied, for she was los-

ing her son. And then for Domenico the women and children, falling on their knees, begged Mary, Star of the Sea, to direct his voyage safely, while the men waved their caps and shouted after him: "*Buon viagg', carino; iddio e la Santissima Vergine ti tengon'!*"—Good-by, Domenico. You need the help of God and the prayers of the saints indeed on the voyage of life you are beginning.

II.

It was the spring of 1863. South Street, New York, and the streets opening out of it, were not so brisk as they had been. There was no longer the dense forest of masts, extending from the ferries at the Battery to Corlears' Hook, that used to excite admiration. And from the peaks of the thinly-scattered vessels lying at the docks it was no longer the American ensign that almost everywhere caught the eye. The English-built Confederate cruisers and blockade-runners had changed all that.

Yet the day was bright. The clear, ringing sledge-notes from the forge in Roosevelt Street, alternated by the lighter taps of the smith signalling to his helper, were taken up by the redbird in his cage against the front of the "Anchorage," two doors beyond.

Two rough-looking fellows sat side by side on a chain cable coiled on the sidewalk near the smithy. One of them, a squat, red-faced, sandy-haired man, carried in the leather belt he wore around his waist a long sheath-knife, which stuck out from beneath his dark blue reefing-jacket. His clasped hands rested between his knees, and he measured off his slowly-spoken sentences in an accent that showed him to be from the south of England. The other was a strongly-knit man also, but better-shaped and of more regular features, swarthy of complexion, and having black eyes with a red glitter. He would be pronounced an Italian by any passer-by.

They both savored of the salt sea, but, though they were once sailors, they were now crimps, and as conscienceless a pair of rascals as ever recruited a ship's crew. The metallic sparks which swarmed out of the smithy doors like flies warned the pair that honest workmen were near, and they carried on their conversation in a low tone, occasionally looking towards the Anchorage.

The Anchorage in Roosevelt Street was a gabled brick house, and bore the marks of having once enjoyed greater respectability than it appeared to possess now. But whatever the house may have been at the beginning of the century, it was now

and had long been a sailors' boarding-house. The sign that swung from the tall post on the curbstone had a faded picture of a ship in a chopping sea letting go her anchor, and, beneath, the words, "The Anchorage. By Keziah Winslow.' But the house was familiar to every Jack-tar that the winds brought to New York as "Mother Winslow's."

The Widow Winslow liked the nickname "Mother," and she sincerely regarded her coarse and often boisterous boarders as "her boys," and never hesitated to enforce discipline among them. She was tall but rather gaunt, yet had the physical ability to compel an acceptance of her ideas of deportment. If a newly-landed salt, after spending the day trying to get his sea-legs off, only to get a drunken pair on, reeled up the two steps from the street and bore down upon the bar with many a tack to starboard and port, she merely gave a wink at the bystanders and put the man before her, just as a policeman would do, and stranded him on his cot safe and sound for the night.

Mother Winslow was a thorough Yankee—"a giniwin wooden nutmeg from Connecticut," she was proud to say—and as brackish as any of the weather-beaten men she provided with board and lodging. She took her name of Winslow from an ambitious New London mariner who had tired of coasting work and gone off as mate on a whaler, but, dying on a prosperous voyage, had left to his widow, Keziah, his share in the oil, blubber, and whalebone. She was the daughter on both sides of seafaring people of many generations. Perhaps her ancestors in the direct line had never given up their dislike for dry land since the first of them took refuge with Noe in the Ark. Keziah Winslow herself would have shipped before the mast when she became a widow, if any skipper would have encouraged the notion; but as her sex forbade her being a sailor, she took her husband's legacy with her to New York and bought out the Anchorage. She was rich and had shares in some of the best-paying vessels in the coasting trade. But that trade was in a bad way now, though the coasting vessels were again beginning to thrive as transports for troops and supplies in the government service.

Occasionally, however, her coast-wise boarders at night, when "half-seas-over," were inclined to "raise the roof" with their "chantee":

> "I wish I was in Mobile Bay,
> Ah, hay! ah, hoy!
> Screwing cotton by the day"—

but the "Belay!" of a gruff voice would very likely end the

wish with "Mobile Bay, eh? Mates, there an't any Mobile, or Charleston, or Wilmington, or Savanny for us any more, unless you want to ship on one o' them lime-juicer Britishers. They've got the whole coast; they have, d—n 'em!"

But Mother Winslow was hopeful. "Wall, boys," she would remark, "the critters what's fightin' to keep the stars and stripes out o' them harbors down there an't got good sense. I'm not afeard about the Johnny Bulls keepin' the trade nohow. It an't in good reason that this coast from the Saint Lawrence to the Rye-o-grandy hadn't ought to be all one coast, and there an't any power on earth as can make a dividin' line in it and say: 'This here's one country and that there's another.'"

Mother Winslow's only child, Amos, a strapping fellow, who had sailed as mate between New York and the lower coast, had felt disgusted at the idleness in the trade that followed the outbreak of the war and the depredations of the cruisers, and enlisted in the Union army, much to his mother's regret; for whereas she could formerly see him once every few weeks at least, months sometimes passed now that she could not even hear from him. She was discussing with some of her guests the wages offered on the transports.

"If Ame hadn't been such a blamed fool," said she, "he could 'a' had a good berth on one them transports. And there's that young Eye-talian over there. Just see how he sets and grins! He's a nice-lookin' boy, though, and I'm afeard o' them crimps if they git him. They an't none o' you knows his lingo, eh?"

But none of these coasting mariners had the polyglot abilities requisite, and Mother Winslow was forced to do what was evidently against her inclination. She went to the door and called "Maltese John," the swarthy one of the worthy pair who were sitting on the chain cable near the blacksmith's.

As the Maltese entered the barroom he glanced about in search of the foreigner whose language he was expected to interpret, and he instantly descried the young Italian whom Mother Winslow seemed to take a warm interest in.

It was Domenico; not quite so open of expression as when he had sailed away from Tropea six months before. He was evidently growing wary, or thought he was.

"Eh!" exclaimed the Maltese with the soft, guttural sound which the Italian language affords to its playful speech. "*Tu vuoi farti ricco Americano?*" and, turning to Mother Winslow, "Dis a boy want to be a rich-a American like-a you and me." And he chuckled at the innocent manner of the young man.

Domenico glowed with joy on hearing the sounds of his native land, even though in a dialect not so soft to him as his Calabrian. At Tropea, it is true, the Maltese were not favorites, but then that was a surviving prejudice, a memory of the days when the mixed race of Malta were Saracens and Christians by turns, and corsairs and freebooters whatever their religion. Domenico told the Maltese all: how, on his arrival in England, he had been robbed of his money, and then been deceived by crimps, who, pretending to get him a berth as a sailor before the mast, for his passage, to New York, had really shipped him on a voyage to Quebec and return, and had arranged between the rascally Liverpool boarding-house keeper and the equally rascally master of the vessel to divide up all of his pay between them in advance. Now he was at last in New York, after several other mishaps and three voyages across the Atlantic instead of the one he had expected. He wanted advice now, he said, and assistance to secure work in the transport service.

The Maltese listened in silence to the young Italian's voluble utterance, and when it was ended promised with a grunt that he would see what could be done.

"Well, Maltee," Mrs. Winslow asked, "what's the young man want to do? Ship?"

"Yes," replied the crimp; "he want to ship-a on transport. Sometin' Jim Piper tell-a me about do jus' right for him, I t'ink."

"Now look here, Maltee," exclaimed the widow, reddening with anger at the mention of the English crimp, "don't you dare to help Jim with any shanghain' business on this here boy. But you're afeard o' that little Englishman. Yes, you are; you know you are," as the Maltese shrugged his shoulders almost to the rings in his ears by way of protest. "That young fellow's a countryman of yours, too."

"He?" queried the Maltese. "Why, he's an Eye-talian, a Calabrese, and I'm from de island of Malta."

"Well, there an't any difference worth talkin' about; and anyway he's a countryman of mine, because he's got a mother what he likes, and he's away from her. I know it. I seed him lookin' at her pictur not long ago. He has her pictur hangin' round his neck, painted very pretty. His mother has red hair. There, he's lookin' at it now."

"Dat's de Madonna de boy got dere," the Maltese corrected her, and a certain softness in the tone of the man's voice seemed to speak of youthful recollections—of the innocent days of early piety, perhaps.

"Well, I know such a boy as that's got a mother, anyway, and I know I sh'd hate to have my Ame get into the grip of a lot o' land pirates. But Ame's too sharp for that. I wish he was here now to git this boy a good send-off. Maltee, you git him a berth and do the square thing by him. There an't any man ever sailed the sea can say I went in hooks with a crimp or a ship's master to rob him of his wages, or let it be done without raisin' a row about it."

"All-a right," was the only response the Maltese made as he darted out with a laugh.

III.

The weather had been mild during most of the final month of 1863. On the last day of the year a soft fall of snow had whitened Thorofare Gap and all the country round about, but in the dusk of approaching night it was difficult to distinguish its few patches remaining on the warm ground from the hoary masses of granite and basalt that at frequent intervals overhang the pass.

The main turnpike road as well as the principal railroad connecting the portion of Virginia which reaches from the lower Potomac to the lower Rappahannock with the Shenandoah Valley and those other pleasant valleys nestling along the eastern fringe of the Blue Ridge, cross the short range known as the Bull Run Mountains by means of Thorofare Gap. One would have to go many miles to the north or south of that great pass to find another rift in the range where even the most sure-footed of men and beasts could with any ease make their way from east to west or from west to east. Thorofare Gap, consequently, was of immense importance in the military operations of Virginia during the Civil War. It was the scene of many an adventure, of surprises by one and the other of the opposing forces on its antagonist, of scouts and reconnoissances without number, of conflicts more or less serious. Sometimes the pass was in the possession of Federal troops, sometimes of the Confederates; frequently neither held it but both disputed for it.

Historic Bull Run courses through the pass on its way towards the broken ground between Centreville and Manassas Junction, where it gave the name to two great battles and to several skirmishes in the four years' contest. In the pass, however, Bull Run is a limpid brook flowing in a shaly bed, now beside, and now under and across, the railroad and turnpike, which run parallel between the rugged eminences at either hand.

As the last night of the year settled down the wind shifted towards the northwest and whistled sharply through the tall pines and the laurel shrubberies that grew here and there on the steep declivities of the gap, sending into the air little whiffs of the now fast-freezing snow that had been clinging to their branches. The sky was cloudless, and as the atmosphere more and more filled with frost the stream sparkled back reflections of the stars from the film of ice that was forming on its surface. The soft ooze of mud that had lain for days on the turnpike road was now as hard as stone, and the echoes were acute and rapid.

It was a cruel frost that was preparing to usher in the new year, and so thought a knot of men in Federal uniform who were gathered about a roaring fire near the western end of the gap. Except for the sparks that rose straight up in the air whenever one of the men struck his heavy boot into it to rouse it, no one coming from the west would have suspected the existence of the fire, for it was sheltered from sight in that direction by a projecting rib of rocks.

These men were an outpost from a New York infantry regiment that was quartered in the gap, and were the connecting link between a stronger post nearer the regiment and other but smaller groups skilfully placed on the cliffs and out in the open beyond the mouth of the gap. Twenty loaded muskets rested against the perpendicular rock. Some of the men were reclining with their limbs extended in the warm bed of ashes that surrounded the fire; the shadows of others, who, with their overcoat-capes pulled over their heads, were trotting up and down to keep their blood in circulation, were thrown upwards against the high embankment of the railroad in grotesque and ever-changing postures. The lieutenant who was in command of this post and of its outlying pickets sat alongside of the sergeant a little apart from the rest.

It was very still except for the sighing of the trees, and the creaking of the ice in the now solidly congealing stream, and the coughing now and then of the sentinel from the outpost keeping his two hours' watch in the road beyond the glare of the fire.

Most of the men were veterans, but there were several who had recently joined from the recruiting rendezvous, and these were distributed about at the different posts, in order to give them a good initiation into the roughness of the service. The sergeant had just returned from relieving the outer line, and was discussing with the lieutenant the merits of the new men he had placed.

"How about No. 3 Post?" inquired the officer. "That's the riskiest of all, and I hope they'll not fall asleep with the cold out there before I can make the 'rounds'; for the 'reb' cavalry were at Aldie this morning, and they may come down the 'pike before the night is over to try us."

"There's a mighty good corporal at No. 3, lieutenant," said the sergeant, "and he has three pretty good men with him. But he has one of the new men, too, that I don't know anything about. He's an Italian, and is almost as black as your cook. He seemed a little excited when I was out there; his ears were pricked up at every sound, and his eyes were as wide open as saucers. It's not a very easy place out there in that open field. If the 'Johnnies' come it is fight, die, kill, or surrender; not much chance to run into the gap, unless a man studies the ground well enough to fool those Virginia horsemen, and that's not easy either."

"I wonder how much that Italian cost the country?" the lieutenant sarcastically remarked in reference to the large bounties then paid, as he filled his brier-wood pipe and thrust a stick into the red embers of the fire for a light.

"I don't know," the sergeant answered, "but I guess he cost a good deal more than he got; for I hear that he and some others of the same batch of recruits were swindled out of their bounties by the substitute-brokers."

A crackling of dry branches overhead brought everybody to his feet, and a rush was made to grasp the muskets. All eyes were turned upwards towards the jutting cliff, but the strained nerves relaxed again as a familiar voice spoke out from the darkness up there:

"Be gobs, b'ys, it's ye that's comfortable and aisy wid yer feet to the finder. Ye're more like salamandhers than soldiers, so y' are, rowlin' in thim ashes. The divil a bit ye care if Post No. 1's froze as shtiff as pokers."

"Now, Flanagan, what's the matter? What are you doing away from your post?" demanded the officer severely as the owner of the voice and the brogue—a very fat man, seemingly, from the loose way in which his overcoat was bundled around him—came into sight at the edge of the rock and cast a longing look at the cheerful blaze almost directly beneath him.

"Well, leftenant," was the answer, "the carporal bid me tell ye we've been hearin' harses' hoofs on the 'pike beyand, though it's so black out there that sorra bit o' gray can we see. Ah! but that's a fine fire y' have there, leftenant." But, noting calmly the

officer's impatience, he said: "Annyhow, the carporal and us b'ys does be thinking thim b'ys to the left o' the 'pike, in the open field beyand, 'll be in throuble shortly if they don't mind." And so saying he disappeared in the darkness, and his return up the steep hillside to rejoin his comrades on the lookout was marked for a minute by the glint of his bayonet.

"Put out the fire!" was the officer's order at once, and it was obeyed, though with reluctance, and with not a little growling in undertones at Flanagan as the messenger that had disturbed their repose. But Flanagan's was a clear head if not a cool one, as they knew, and the corporal was a brave fellow not likely to be overcome by the fidgets or to take alarm at nothing. The scattered embers of the fire were stamped out; cartridge-boxes were opened and the flaps buttoned up so as to leave the cartridges handy; the priming of the muskets was examined, and quietly the men, under the low-spoken orders of their officer, fell into ranks and moved through the ditch beside the railroad to a rude breastwork of logs, which was covered in front with branches to conceal the purpose of the construction.

It was nearly midnight, and at midnight, as these soldiers knew, the moon would rise with the new year. Already, indeed, a white light was illumining the crests on either side of the gap, and one wide moonbeam fell slanting athwart the turnpike-road beyond the mouth of the gap, and showed, though indistinctly, some human figures motionless near a ruined log-house. That was Post No. 3.

The moon is rising now clear above the tops of the mountain, but a cloud that is passing across keeps the turnpike in darkness where it issues from the gap to the west.

There was a flash at the log-house! There is another! Ah! now they are coming. "Hi! hi! hi!" The Confederate yell and the rattle of hoofs over the stony field threaten the isolated picket-post with destruction. The flash of the muskets at the log-house is almost as rapid and their crash as spiteful as if fifty infantrymen were at that post instead of the five brave fellows. Now the cloud has passed from the moon, and the field is dotted with horsemen caracoling around the poor hovel, and there in the turnpike, with guidons flying, a solid column of cavalry is forming to charge into the pass.

All is quiet but ready at the breastwork, and hasty word has been sent to the rear to notify the main force. The Confederate yell in the field is answered by the angry and defiant shouts of the Federal picket-post, and the rattle of their musket-shots re-

sponds to the crack of the horsemen's pistols. But it is too much for the five men, and they are running towards the gap, loading their pieces as they come and turning about to fire. It is as light as day out there, or these agile infantrymen might escape without harm now. But the ground they are coming over is rough and deeply seamed, and the Confederate horses bound over it with the certainty of goats. One Confederate reels in his saddle and falls; the horse of another is maimed, and, stumbling, hurls his rider to the earth.

"Hurrah!" cry the running Federals exultantly, and they descend out of view into the hollow through which flows the stream. In the field beyond, the charging scattered horsemen are coming on, and the heavy stamping on the turnpike indicates that the solid column also is now advancing. Three infantrymen emerge from the bed of the stream and make for the breastwork. Breathless and almost broken they reach the shelter. The corporal and the Italian are missing.

The next morning a cheerful fire burned again behind the cleft in the rock near the mouth of the gap. A Federal soldier, whose shattered arm was set in a splint, was kneeling near the fire beside another Federal on whose sleeves the double-barred chevrons indicated the grade of corporal. In front of the breastwork, a few yards further out, lay the dead body of the lieutenant who was in command there at midnight. Nearly all who had occupied the breastwork then were still there or close by, dead or wounded. Flanagan was not dead, but he said he might as well be, with the ugly sabre-cut across his features to mar their beauty. Having fought cleverly as long as there was fighting to do, he was equally clever now in the useful occupation of nurse to his wounded comrades. A party of men in Confederate uniform were working with pick and spade to dig a long trench in the frozen earth to bury the dead, whom another party of Confederates were counting and arranging in rows, Confederates in one place, Federals in another. The battle-flag of the Southern Confederacy, a white field with a red saltire cross, waved from a staff on the railroad embankment. The Confederates were in possession.

"Do you know him?" a Southern surgeon asked the Federal soldier who was kneeling beside the corporal.

"Speak-a no Eenglees. Me Italiano," said the other.

"Well, if you don't speak English this letter which the man you are attending to has written speaks well for you." And the

surgeon chuckled with satisfaction at the lame pun he had made unintentionally, as he examined a closely-written sheet of paper folded and addressed without an envelope. "But," he said, "I used to know something of Italian, and here goes." And before he was through he learned from Domenico Cafferata—for it was he—of his many adventures since leaving Tropea.

"And this corporal dying here," Domenico told him in his Calabrese, which the surgeon contrived with much difficulty to understand, "is the only child of Mrs. Winslow, who keeps the Anchorage in New York, where I boarded when I was trying to find work as a sailor. But two men, who pretended that they were getting me a berth, took me over to an island near the city, and I was made to put on a soldier's dress. I told the officers that the paper I had signed was represented to me to be shipping-papers, but they did not understand and they only laughed at me. I was kept on that island for a long while, and made to drill four times a day. Then they sent me off along with others by railroad, and after a day we came to a city with a great white building with a dome—Vaschenton they called it. There we got out of the cars and were made to march across a long, ugly bridge over a wide river to a vast field, where we had to live in the open air like an immense drove of cattle, with soldiers galloping constantly around on the outside to prevent us from escaping. But I had no longer any thought of escaping. Where should I go? I knew not the country, and I had no money and no friends.

"One day they gave some of us little brass numbers and letters to fasten on our caps—like these." And he showed the Confederate surgeon his blue kepi with B, 4-th N. Y. V. on the crown.

"And so you wanted to be a sailor, and they made you a substitute in the army, whether or no, for some patriot, and then robbed you of the bounty?" the surgeon remarked.

Domenico nodded his head and went on: "We were put on board cars and rode for a little while towards the southwest, and were then ordered out and were marched to a camp a few miles the other side of this gap, and there I was assigned to Company B in the 4-th New York Infantry Volunteers. But I was happy when I found that I had chanced into the same company as Mother Winslow's son; for Mother Winslow is a very good woman, I am sure, or she would not have been so kind to me, a poor boy in a strange land."

"But she didn't save you from those rascals who deceived you by making you a soldier," interrupted the surgeon.

"Ah! but she did not know until it was too late; and she came over to the island in a little boat, and rowed it herself, just like any of our Tropean fisherwomen. She spoke to the officers, but they said they could do nothing for me; and then she came and kissed me—yes, and cried over me, as my mother might have done."

The wounded corporal meantime was rapidly approaching his end. He had been shot through and through the body, and his case was beyond the reach of treatment. The Italian's hand was in his. The surgeon, who had been busy with his associates since midnight, attending equally to the Federal and the Confederate hurt, was affected by the touching evidence of friendship between these two men, neither of whom understood the other's language. The one was a dark, emotional Italian boy, the other a rugged, full-grown Yankee, whose red beard covered his chest as he lay with his head pillowed on a knapsack.

"Doctor," said the dying man, "see that that letter—is sent —to my mother—and be good—to the Italian. He is a brave boy—and a Christian. He might have escaped—but he stayed to help me—when I was hit."

The Italian had moved gently aside to permit the surgeon to catch the whispered words of the fast-weakening corporal, and was gazing on the crucifix of the rosary which he had detached from his neck, where he still wore it, though under his clothes.

"*Sia buon' a lui, O Gesu Cristo!*" he muttered. "*Prega per lui e per madre sua—e madre mia, O Madre del nostr' iddio e di noi tutti!*" He did well to ask for the prayers of her who is at the same time the Mother of our God and of us all, that there might be comfort for two sorrowing mothers—one in America, one in far-away Calabria.

The corporal clutched the Italian's hand again, and, drawing it close to his face, pressed the crucifix to his lips. His groans lessened. Perhaps the representation of the dying Saviour of men soothed the excruciating pain of his wound. His strong features relaxed from the sensation of anguish, and as the blue tint of mortality touched them and the tips of his fingers, which were clasped in prayer across his breast, he faintly uttered, in seeming harmony with the Italian's word *madre*, "My mother!"

All the dead were soon buried, and as the bugles sounded "Boots and saddles" the prisoners were mustered, and such of them as were not too badly wounded to walk were formed in ranks, for the whole Confederate force was to be withdrawn immediately.

The surgeon approached Domenico, who was kneeling beside a rude cross of two sticks which he had set at the head of the trench at the part where Corporal Winslow was interred, and tapped him on the shoulder.

"You must fall in now with the rest," he said. "I shall find some means of sending through the lines this letter of your dead comrade to his mother."

He read and translated for Domenico a part of the letter in which the brave corporal, in the agony of death, had sought to offer some consolation on this New Year's day to his worthy mother. But the surgeon did not translate the final lines, in which Corporal Winslow related briefly Domenico's generous act of courage in risking deliberately his life and liberty to save a comrade, and in which he expressed it to be his dying wish that his mother should in future have for Domenico the same affection she had borne towards himself. "He is a good boy," he wrote, "and the best Christian I have ever met; and whatever you do for him, if ever you see him again, will be just as pleasing to me—if the good Lord after my death lets me know what is happening on earth—as if you did it for me."

Domenico took the place in the ranks pointed out to him, and the victorious Confederate column poured out of Thorofare Gap and bent its march towards the upper waters of the Rappahannock.

IV.

A year and more had passed since the Confederates had made their early New Year's call on the Federal troops stationed at Thorofare Gap—a year during which Domenico had grown ten years older, for he had spent the time in the great prison-pen at Andersonville. Perhaps he would have died, either from starvation or from the exposure and anxiety, only for a companion who had great ingenuity in procuring food, and whose cheeks never became too hollow for a smile nor his jaws too lank for a joke, though the jokes were often bitter enough at contemplation of the prospects.

The Confederate soldiers had little to eat for themselves; how could they be expected to provide amply for their prisoners? They would have exchanged the prisoners, but certain influences in the Federal cabinet, to forward a policy of their own, prevented any exchange.

Domenico and Flanagan were inseparable now. They slept together in the same hole in the sand, and the one thin blanket

was their protection against the chills of night. Domenico acquired a fluent facility in English, thanks to his talkative companion and his own quick, musical ears, which readily caught every sound and intonation. "Be gobs," he would say, "it's de fine English I shpake. Sure I have de best of tachers; it's Flanagan himself."

But Flanagan, who was somewhat advanced in years, finally sickened on the scanty, unwholesome fare, and his wound, consequently, refused to heal. Domenico was the grave-digger, and he mourned sincerely over the loss of this light-hearted and generous friend.

Deliverance came at length for all the captives in that ill-starred prison-camp, and Domenico could now look forward to a homeward-bound voyage—just as poor as when he had set out, and as good, but much wiser.

How his heart beat at the prospect that before long he would be gliding over the blue water of the Mediterranean; that, as he turned Capo Vaticano, he should see white Tropea perched on its lofty crag in the distance, the waves lapping the mole, and down there on the beach in front of the lower town his dear kinsfolk awaiting his arrival, and, best of all, his mother— But was she still alive after all these months of separation? Yet he felt a good deal of reassurance as he recollected her true piety and sincere trust in God, and her resignation to his will—the Italian *pazienza* that has provoked the sneers of many who do not understand it.

But he remembered the gallant, upright fellow who got his fatal wound that midnight at Thorofare Gap—a noble, faithful son, too, whose mother would nevermore see him. Yes, he must find Mother Winslow, cost what delay or inconvenience it might. That was a religious duty.

And he would like to put his hands—heavy hands again, for he was regaining his strength—on those scoundrels, Jim Piper and the Maltese. But no, he would not seek revenge; that would be unchristian, although he argued with himself that to punish crime is not necessarily to take revenge. But he set this aside with another ready phrase of the Italians, "*ma che?*" which practically means "do nothing" when nothing can be done. For the war was over, and it would be hard to convict a man now of an offence connected with the war, even if the witnesses could be found.

It seemed to Domenico an age before all the formalities of mustering, marching and counter-marching, and paying off of the

released prisoners were completed, and he was really at liberty once more to go whither he wished.

His eyes brightened and the color came to his cheeks as he gazed on Chesapeake Bay and inhaled the familiar air of the salty sea. At nightfall, as the steamer that bore him to Washington met the swell of the tide off Fortress Monroe, and the freshening breeze blowing straight from the ocean tossed his long hair about his face, he could have sobbed with joy. He saw far away to the east the flickering lights of Cape Charles and Cape Henry. As the vessel pitched and tossed in the trough of the sea he felt himself secure again, on an element which would not, like the treacherous earth, quake at some unforeseen moment and open to swallow up those who confide in it. Above him the pleiades twinkled in the heavens, and the Great Bear crouched, watching the pole-star. He took the course, as nearly as he could, of Tropea. "*Iddio mio; tanto lontano!*" Still he felt gay, for, long as was the distance to be travelled, he was now every day shortening it.

In New York how he flew across the city from the Jersey City ferry and down Maiden Lane to South Street! He looked about as he hurried along past the ships' stores on that street. He had known the street but for a few days, and that was months ago, yet everything seemed as if it had undergone a change. But he was young, barely twenty now, and at that time of life a few months are what a generation is to the older man.

Once he lost his way, and he inquired for Roosevelt Street of a spruce-looking, sandy-complexioned fellow with a shining white shirt-bosom on which a cluster of diamonds glittered. But Domenico's queer English, mingling an Italian accent with an Irish brogue, drew no response but a derisive laugh and a sneer. Domenico's temper was wrought up, and as he searched the face of his insulter he fairly screamed with rage, "Jim Piper!" and would have grasped the rascal. But the prosperous ex-mutineer, ex-crimp, ex-substitute-broker, now become an influential ward-politician, recognized Domenico at the same time and slunk quickly into a hall-way and disappeared. Domenico's first impulse was to pursue the man; but he recollected that he had promised the Lord to suppress feelings of vengeance, and he went on.

The Anchorage was no longer an anchorage for the toilers of the sea. The building had been repaired and remodelled, and a brisk dealer in ships' groceries, who now carried on business there, was standing at the door. He was a recently-discharged

soldier himself, and therefore took interest in the inquiries of Domenico, who still wore the military blouse with the brass buttons. Domenico was told that the Widow Winslow, to whose estate the property still belonged, was dead, but that if he would go to the Seamen's Savings-Bank he would find a gentleman who was administering the estate, and who could give all particulars about Mother Winslow.

Mother Winslow in her will, after reciting the noble conduct of Domenico, as related in the letter which her dying son had written, constituted Domenico her sole heir; though in case he should not survive her, or could not be found, she desired that the interest of her property might be expended in maintaining sailors' boarding-houses, where sailors could be protected from the dishonesty of recruiters for ships' crews. Luckily the widow had not a surviving relative to find a pretext in this whimsical proviso for breaking the will, and the stanch retired sea-captain, now a bank-officer, whom she had chosen to administer the estate, carried out the trust loyally.

One of Domenico's first cares after entering into possession of the respectable property so unexpectedly bequeathed to him was to make another journey to Virginia, and, after several days' examination of the western end of Thorofare Gap, he was rewarded by finding the exact spot in the trench occupied by Corporal Winslow's body. The remains were tenderly gathered and taken to New York, and interred in Greenwood, where a graceful monument commemorates the widow and her son. The inscription runs thus:

"To Mother and Son
By a Foreigner
Who Loved them Both
As if he were
Their Son and Brother."

Domenico sat beside Agata on the front gallery of their house in the lower town of Tropea, receiving the welcome-home of his kin and his townspeople, all of whom were proud of this young man who had gone so far and returned unspoiled.

"*Madrina mia*," he said to his mother as he took her hand in his "when I went around Capo Vaticano yonder on my voyage to America I would not look back, for I wanted to see you again; but I felt at the instant our boat was turning the cape that on the next New Year's but one I would be with you, and not before. But even this the good Lord did not permit. As it is, I shall never forget that New Year's day."

"Nor I either," said his mother softly. "I prayed that day you left me, and most fervently ever after, that, wherever you might be or whatever you might have to do, you would behave yourself like a man and a Christian. And the Lord heard my prayers."

OLD GALWAY.

"GALWAY!" is shouted out by the railway-guard, and the train, after a run of six or seven hours from Dublin, puffs its way into one of the finest railway-stations in Ireland. Big enough for London or New York, it was built in the days when railway-making was a sort of romance, and railway directors in Ireland indulged in ideas of making her people happy in their hunger by means of steam alone. Connected with the station is a hotel of corresponding proportions, which seems to look out from its blank and untenanted windows over the comparatively lowly roofs of the town, and down upon the little square in front of it (which one would think had dwindled from its natural size in its despair of rising to the dignity of the situation), with an air of aristocratic astonishment, as though it were wondering how it had come to be dropped among such indifferent company. Contrasted with their surroundings, hotel and station are in their history not a bad illustration of the brilliant hopes, the extravagant schemes, followed by the small performance, which have marked so grotesquely the history of nearly all sorts of enterprise in Ireland. At the time when the railway was built great things were going to be done for Ireland. Connaught, which had been an almost *terra incognita* to the rest of the world from the time when Cromwell had given it as an alternative place of refuge to the despoiled "papists" of the eastern counties, was to be opened up. Its mystical hidden beauties of lake, mountain, and valley were to be unveiled to the tourist; the romances of its ruined castles and the roystering life of its decayed gentry were henceforth to be learned not merely from the pages of the novelist; its resources of sea and shore were to be developed, and the picturesque barbarism of its people, of which the world had heard something in the vague rumors that had reached its ears of knee-breeches, poteen, and potatoes, was to be replaced by English roast-beef, baker's bread, tracts, and other triumphs of English civilization.

English capital, too, was to come and establish the manufactures which were to complete its prosperity; rags were to give place to broadcloth, repining to shouts of gladness; old things, in fact, were to altogether pass away, and all things were to become new. The picture may seem exaggerated, but in spirit, at least, it is not. How far any portion of it was realized it is not for us now to inquire, but, at any rate, none of the things promised ever came in sufficient quantity or numbers—not even the tracts or the tract-distributers—to utilize to any extent the railway-station or the hotel.

No one visiting Galway for the first time and taking a walk among its old-fashioned streets—everywhere pervaded with a sort of *Troja fuit* air, where a bit of crumbling wall may be all that remains of what was once a castle, where hoary and half-ruined mansions stand side by side with smirk plebeian dwellings, or cabins so far gone in decrepitude that they carry their chimneys as the typical Connaughtman is supposed to wear his *caubeen*—could believe that little more than two centuries ago Galway was the second city for commerce in the British Empire. Yet such, according to the testimony of Richard Cromwell (son of the Oliver whom Ireland has such sad reasons to remember), was Galway, now only a city of ruins and recollections, of pride and poverty, of ancient dignity in rags and a few *parvenu* pretensions in purple—or such substitute for purple as Galway purses will admit of, for every one in Galway, simple and gentle, does his best to walk in the way of ruin by trying to keep up appearances—shorn of almost every honor except the name still proudly applied to it by its people of the "Citie of the Tribes," and the dignity it enjoys as the capital of the poorest province in Ireland.

Starting from Eyre Square—the square whose modest pretensions the monster hotel looks down upon with such an air of superciliousness—we come into the principal street, passing by the commonplace name of Shop Street. This is the chief business street, as well as the leading thoroughfare of the town, and, though generally commonplace and vulgar enough in appearance, even for the petty transactions of Galway commercial life, has many features of interest for the antiquarian and student of history, as well as for the moralist whose pleasure it is to dwell upon the vicissitudes of things and the cynical mode in which Fate, chief amongst democrats, delights to show its contempt for human grandeur. A narrow and tortuous little street—tortuous enough, for its little length, to make one almost imagine it was trying at every turn to hide its littleness from the world, or had

become so tired of its puny existence, almost as soon as it had entered upon it, that it was trying, like many a human creature, to escape from itself—it has nothing of dignity in it as a street, but even in its present insignificance shows traces of ancient grandeur, relics of rare workmanship that look, from the position they occupy, like bits of lace seen among the rags of a beggar. Galway borrowed much of its architecture and many other things from Spain; for from an early period its relations with that country were numerous and intimate, and, while Spanish wines have filled its cellars and crowned its boards, Spanish beauty has often adorned its promenades and drawing-rooms. How Spain and Galway became so intimately connected it is hard to explain, but history as well as modern evidences attest the fact. Traces of the Spanish origin of some of its people may still be seen, no less in the lustrous black hair and dark eyes of its women than in a certain hidalgo-like bearing in some of its men. These peculiarities are most observable among its humbler classes, especially among the fishermen and their families, whose circumstances and position preserved them from influences which affected the higher or more conspicuous members of society.

The Citie of the Tribes is no longer so except in name. The "tribes," as such, have long disappeared; their individuality has been as completely broken as that of the ten tribes of Israel after the Captivity in Babylon. Of the fourteen families, or so-called tribes, who were once the chosen people and rulers of the city, the names of not more than four or five are to be found in the entire population. The rest have been scattered over the face of the earth, victims to the misfortunes which follow most things human, and more especially to the misfortunes which for generations have followed men and things Irish. The Blakes, the Bodkins, the Burkes, and the rest of the old magnates of Galway, though little in their greatness, were really great in their littleness. Their city was never at best very large, but they had their feuds and distinctions, no doubt, as the Montagues and Capulets had theirs in Venice, only all the more marked on account of the smallness of the arena. To this day, even, one may observe symptoms of jealousy in regard to their respective dignity between the representatives of some of the old families of Galway. Between Blakes and Burkes and Bodkins there is still many a private wrangle as to which of their names was greatest in the grand old times. But, whatever their relations towards each other, they were united in their hatred and fear of the "barbarian" who roamed like the Arab outside

their walls. For the "tribes" were of different race to the people among whom they dwelt. They were of English or Welsh origin, descendants of the men who had come with Strongbow and those who came immediately after him, who, having in their turn fallen under the frown of fortune, withdrew to the barren spot beside the sea where Galway now stands, and had built themselves a city, as the refugees from northern Italy had settled upon the lagoons and islands which afterwards, under their hand, became the city of Venice. Outside the city limits lay the country of the O'Flahertys, the O'Connors, and other septs of the Milesian Irish, against whom they had to be on continual guard, and whose attacks they feared so much that, not depending simply on their own prowess, they had placed over the western gate of the city the inscription: "From the ferocious O'Flahertys good Lord deliver us!" Like Venice, Galway, having no resources within itself, was a purely commercial community, and as such lived and throve in spite of the ferocious O'Flahertys, whom, however, they often contrived to appease by a scanty tribute or by gifts of the wine which it early began to import from Spain. With Spain was its chief trade, and through Galway the wines of the south of Europe became as well known at the tables of the Galway gentry, and of others farther away, as their native usquebaugh.

The reputation of Galway for its wines continued long after it had ceased to be a place of any commercial importance. Towards the end of the last century no such wines could be had in Ireland as were to be found in the cellars of its country gentry or in the bins of its few remaining merchants. It was the smuggler, however, not the legitimate trader, who had generally been the means of putting them there.

As to its architecture, the stamp of Spain is on all that remains, and of a greatness when Spain herself was great. A house-front emblazoned with fantastic mediæval figures, surmounted, perhaps, by a Spanish galleon in full sail; a gable end pointing to times as gray in the memory of mankind as it is itself; a ponderous and elaborately-carved doorway, supporting, perhaps, some mean superstructure of recent date; a heavy arch, opening, it may be, into some wretched laneway, which, by its carving and graceful curve, might suggest reminiscences of Seville or Salamanca—all these we may see in Galway. One of the most perfect remains of the past stands in Shop Street. It is called Lynch's Castle, and is substantially as perfect as the day on which it was built; though its dignity as a castle exists no longer, for it

is now a chandler's shop. The Spanish galleon still continues to spread its sails of stone over its doorway, the griffin and other monsters famous in the heraldry of the middle ages still look fiercely out from its marble front, but only the memory remains, and that indistinct enough, of the time when it was the home of merchant-princes; for the halls where we can easily fancy the wealthy burgher displayed his munificence, and the bejewelled lady her beauty and her brocade, are dingy with dust and neglect, and in the windows whence once bright eyes beamed on a world that they made more bright, and smiles went forth that smote the passers-by with sweet madness, there are now half a dozen tallow candles and one or two bottles of castor-oil. Better, perhaps, that Lynch's Castle, too, had become a ruin or been destroyed like the rest of its stately brethren.

Near the old church of St. Nicholas stand the remains of the building from the window of which one of the mayors of Galway played the part of Brutus in the execution of his only son. The story is that the young man had murdered his rival in love, a Spaniard and a guest, and was tried and condemned to death for the murder by his own father. No one, however, could be found to carry the decree into execution, and the mayor, obdurate to the last, was obliged to do so himself. Over the window from which the execution took place a pair of cross-bones, with the inscription under them, *Memento mori*, still remind the passers-by of the tragical deed.

Down towards the river is a great archway, where once was one of the gates against which the fury of the "fierce O'Flahertys" was, no doubt, often directed; and under and beside the arch the Galway fisherwoman plies her trade, with a vehemence of tongue and gesture which, we can well believe, almost rivals the clamor of the ancient foes of the city. The fisherwoman represents the Galway of the present; the tall archway, towering with gray and solemn mournfulness over the chattering crowds beneath, the Galway of a time which is no more; and both form a scene fraught, perhaps, with more melancholy and suggestive feelings than even Lynch's Castle with its griffins and flying galleon on the marble front, and its candles and castor-oil bottles in the windows.

The suburbs of Galway are neither very pretty nor interesting. The only one to which either epithet could be applied, perhaps, is Salt Hill. Salt Hill is Galway's watering-place, and stands about a mile from the town, on the northern side of the bay. It is a favorite place of resort in the summer, and during

that season can show, perhaps, as many fair faces and fine figures as any other place of its size in Ireland. Many a bright recollection can it afford to the Galway pleasure-seeker, for the people of the old town are genial to excess, and take their pleasures anything but sadly. The Galway lady is distinguished by some of the best qualities of her sex, and the Galway gentleman, though a trifle rollicking in his manner, is always agreeable. Lever did him an injustice in making him simply a kind of better-class rowdy, for there is no man who appreciates more keenly the tastes and sympathizes more warmly with the feelings of others. He is far from being a worldly man in the ordinary sense of the term, so is often set down as a spendthrift; seldom knows the value of money, but has a decided liking for the genteel in its largest sense, though he has often false ideas of gentility. If in trade, for instance, he always hastens to get out of it as soon as possible; and when he has acquired just enough, perhaps, to enable him to carry on his business properly, he closes his warehouse or shop and makes arrangements for becoming a country gentleman. This weakness may afflict him less now than formerly, for land in Ireland has lost much of the fictitious value that used to attach to it, and democratic ideas have invaded even the ruins of old Galway. Take him for all in all, however, it would be hard to find his superior or equal elsewhere in the possession of solid and simple, good qualities.

Galway, of course, is not free from the tendency to minute social distinctions which sometimes makes Irish society not a little ridiculous. In its puny population of seventeen or eighteen thousand it is said there are no less than seven or eight distinctly-defined social "sets," each of which looks up to, or looks down upon, the others, and shows an amazing amount of vigor in doing so. Social fences, however, are everywhere getting broken down in Ireland, and in Galway even the work of demolition has made some progress.

Among the people of Galway those of the suburb known as "The Claddagh" are, however, the most interesting. They are really a "peculiar people." Though separated from the main body of the town only by the breadth of the river, the inhabitants of the Claddagh have almost as few dealings with the rest of its population as the Jews had with the Samaritans. They are a simple and primitive people, who cling to their old habits of life with more than aristocratic conservatism. Irish is their universal, and almost their only, language; and one of the sights of Galway on a Sunday evening is to see the children gathered

together in the Sunday-school, and watch them as they are being taught their catechism in Irish, and hear the Babel of little voices giving their answers in the ancient tongue, unknown to many even in Galway. The stranger might say this was not civilization; but the language is almost the only legacy their parents have to leave them, and it is touching to see with what fidelity it has been preserved within earshot of the "higher" and more imperial speech. It can bring them no riches, it is a very imperfect kind of preparation for beginning the world, but it is the language of their love and their recollections, and, above all, it is the language of their prayers.

The Claddagh, poor as it is, with its mud cabins, tumbling the one over the other, was once the seat of royalty—the home of a hierarch as implicitly obeyed in his pea-jacket and sou'wester as if he had a crown on his head and a sceptre in his hand. Like several other peculiar localities in Ireland and among the islands on the sea-coast, the Claddagh people elected one among themselves, whom they called "the king," to whom they referred their disputes, and whose opinion they consulted in their fishing difficulties. Torry Island, off the coast of Donegal, had, until lately, its king also, and so had a certain locality in Dublin formerly known as Mud Island; but both are now gone, and democratic Fate has proved unfavorable to royalty in the Claddagh as well.

The Claddagh from time immemorial has been a fishing community, and the first day of the fishing season, when their boats were putting out to sea, was one of high ceremonial and importance to them. Whatever of gayety they had amongst them was then made to appear most gay. Then the men put on their best attire, and the women appeared in their scarlet mantles—the original of the Colleen Bawn cloak some years ago so fashionable, spun by themselves, and colored with a dye the composition of which was a secret to all save themselves, and which is said to have been the only real representative of the famous dye of ancient Tyre. Coming to the sea-shore, the priest solemnly blessed the boats, while the fishermen listened with uncovered heads, the women kneeling at the same time on the shore, to the prayer which he raised to heaven for their safety and prosperity. But these things exist no longer, save in the traditions of the neighborhood or in the memory of its very oldest inhabitant. The fishermen, many of them, are gone, and half the houses that were their homes are now in ruins.

Lough Corrib stretches from Galway upwards of twenty miles north—a narrow strip of water at first, displaying few

points of beauty or interest until Menlo Castle is reached, which stands on the right-hand shore, when there is something to admire and more that may interest the stranger. Here has resided for generations a member of the Blake family, and here are supposed to have been enacted many of the rollicking scenes described by Lever in *Charles O'Malley*. Close to the castle stands the hamlet of Menlo, a confused collection of huts which one might easily mistake for a Zulu village; for, with the exception of the police barracks, it is entirely composed of mud and straw. The contrast which it offers to the fine old dwelling of its proprietor is no less striking than that which may be perceived everywhere in the west of Ireland between the dwellings of the peasantry and those of the police. The best house in every western town and in the country parts of Connaught is almost invariably the police barracks. Of course the landlord can beat the policeman in this respect, for he generally lives in a castle, and between the relative degrees of comfort to which landlords, policemen, and people are respectively entitled there was, until recently, no common point of comparison. Anything was supposed to be good enough for the people.

Opposite Menlo Castle is part of the estate of him who was once the eccentric and hospitable Richard Martin. "Dick" he was familiarly called, and as Dick he is known to fame. Time was when he could boast that there was an avenue of forty miles running through his estates, for he had estates, more or less connected, from Galway bridge to Clifden, which is about that distance. But the ruin which the extravagance of his hospitality began, the famine, by depriving him of his rents, completed, and the rich and bounteous Dick, the "king of Connemara," died a pensioner on the generosity of his friends. To-day there is not an acre of the vast property over which he held sway in the hands of any one of his name.

A LEGEND OF JUDEA.

The good dame busy with her yearly cleaning
Heard in the streets a loud, resounding cry:
"Come from your haunts of toiling, careworn mortals;
Oh! come and see the famous kings pass by."
Quoth Martha, flourishing her sedgy duster:
"This last year's wear hath left a grievous track:
I must not tarry for this grand procession;
I'll work, and see them: they're coming back."
So she resisted the entreating cry,
And all unseen the gorgeous train passed by.

And then Dame Martha, when her work was finished,
Took up her station at her cottage door,
And watched and waited for the Magi's coming—
Three kings renowned for Eastern wealth and lore.
And, standing there with eager eyes, she listened
To rude descriptions of the glittering train,
And said: "'Tis well I've finished all my cleaning
In time to see them when they come again;
And though I've dwelt beneath resplendent skies,
The glorious sight will please my fading eyes."

But the three kings, forewarned of wily Herod,
Sought out their kingdoms by another road.
The gorgeous train, aflame with gold and purple,
That lighted once Dame Martha's poor abode,
Swept o'er the other side of fair Judea;
While Martha leaned upon her well-worn broom,
And dreamed her visions of that grand procession,
Its gold and purple and its rich perfume,
Her dim eyes fixed upon the eastern sky,
Where never more will king or train pass by.

O Martha! vain is all your weary waiting;
All, all in vain your tears and your regret!
The kings ere this are ruling their dominions:
They came not back—they owed to you no debt.

And, busy Martha, when again you listen
To royal troopers calling you to come,
I trow you'll say not in the olden manner,
"Wait, good people, till my work is done."
What profit earthly order you may gain
Who miss the Lord of Hosts and all his train?

And, O ye Marthas who are always troubled
That this or that may not be rightly done,
Can ye not feel 'tis love alone that seasons
The toil by which all earthly things are won?
That days do come when voices from the heavens
Demand your presence at some royal feast,
And if you wait to furbish your mean cottage
You miss the Host, the Sacrifice, and Priest?
They wisest are who "choose the better part":
Not all earth's treasures can outweigh one heart!

THE KNICKERBOCKER GHOST.

ONE of the most brilliant women in Washington society fifteen years ago was Mary Ten Eyck. Her face, laughing and piquant, attracted more admiration than the beauties about her, and her indomitable will and energy triumphed over adversity, built up a home from the wreck of fortune, and kept her at the head of a charming coterie in spite of her manifold duties.

Practical to the tips of her pretty fingers, she was the last person to hold a midnight review of dead-and-gone generations for the pleasure of being frightened. And yet this is the story she told me as we sat in the parlor of the old Randolph homestead.

The open fire meditated in the twilight, the strings of the piano she had just left still vibrated with faint echoes of Heller's wild "Tarantella," the wind rattled the windows, and the snow whirled past in drifts, like clouds of ghostly witnesses come in sheet and shroud to testify to the truth of her tale.

Two years ago I was invited to spend the Christmas with my aunt, Mrs. Philip Stuyvesant. They live on the Hudson in the house the old Patroon built, and retain many of the ways and

almost all the old furniture, plate, and china that came in with the Hollanders but went out with the Hessians; for when "the terrors of Hanover" made their raid through that part of the country their forage-bags were stuffed with many things foreign to rations.

I reached the landing on a lovely, frost-bespangled December night, and I thought the old place had never looked more attractive. The avenue of elms bent and swayed in the sharp, strong air, their shadows moving to and fro like witches' fingers weaving the moonlight into a silver scarf; the lights twinkled through small diamond panes of thick glass set in lead and sunk deep in the massive walls; and the somewhat squat, solid proportions of the house assumed grace, almost elegance, in the magic light.

Within it was even better—the soft, deep colors of the native woodwork mellowed by two centuries of warmth, sunshine, and liberal friction; the carved furniture, brass-bound and shining with generations of polishing; the quaint tiled fire-places, where Jonas disappeared *bare* down the throat of the whale and came out in the next panel clad in a full court-suit with a broad grin on his face; where Esther in an infant waist, with the ripest of figures, knelt to an Ahasuerus who was the fac-simile of King Gambrinus; and where Noe, in knee-breeches and lace ruffles, assisted a large family out of a small ark, surrounded by animals of which the elephants and rabbits were of even size. Add to this the waxed floors with their rugs of fur and panther-skins, the dragon-sconces, girandoles and candlesticks with cut-glass pendants, and the queer little Venetian mirrors, and you can picture the spot where I was to take my holiday.

My welcome was all that could be wished, and I entered on a Christmas-tide of such absolute enjoyment that the days ran by like hours. We skated, we sleighed, we drove and walked, had private theatricals, and finally aunt announced she would close the season with a ball.

This produced a stir through the county, for her parties were famous, and, as many of the guests would come from adjoining districts and dozens from New York City, we resolved ourselves into a committee of ways and means to house over-night some thirty or forty whose country-seats were too far away to make coming and going possible, or whose age made fatigue unadvisable.

Every night we would gather about the hearth and discuss invitations, dresses, etc., and by day we would open up rooms, change furniture, have bedsteads mounted three and four deep;

and, leaving the actual work to the good domestics, we made the walls ring with our laughter and nonsense.

One morning while we were at breakfast the butler brought in the mail, and aunt, under shelter of the coffee-urn, opened her letters. Suddenly I, who sat next her, heard a low exclamation of dismay, and, looking up, I saw her staring ruefully at the letter in her hand.

"What is it, auntie dear?"

"Why, Mollie, old Madam Schuyler has expressed a wish to come to the ball, and Mrs. Peter has written to ask if I can accommodate her. I haven't a decent spot to offer."

"Put the Haverstraws into my room, and give her theirs."

"Where will you sleep?"

"Anywhere—on a clothes-line, in the coal-cellar, in a rocking-chair, on the weather-vane; or, I'll tell you, in that old lumber-room where we were raking around yesterday. It will make a beautiful dressing-room for Gretchen and myself. There's a lovely old glass, and—"

"Mollie," said my aunt, looking at me with stately approval, "you are a *very* sensible girl." Then she added: "But, my dear, do you know that room is said to be haunted?"

"Haunted? How delicious! By what?"

If she had answered, "A regiment of ghosts," I should not have cared, for my spirits were as effervescent as champagne.

"Well," she said with some reluctance and a signal of caution, "they *say* it is old Anneke Pook, the housekeeper during whose time the 'missing silver' disappeared, and who is reported to have either died of grief on account of its loss or to have been murdered by the Hessians who stole it."

Now, this missing silver had been a moan in the family for a century, and indeed the list of plate (carefully preserved) proved it to have been of great value, and many a harsh word had been said of the Hessians and old Anneke by the ladies of the Ten Eyck family whenever a state occasion brought out the plate-chests.

Telling Gretchen, my favorite cousin, of the plan, I ran upstairs to the pretty little hall bed-room into which I had moved in view of the coming crowd, and gathered up my belongings; but, suddenly remembering that the old room had not been cleaned, I went down the hall and opened the door.

Was it only the chill of a long-closed place that struck me, and was it the breath of the morning mist still floating through the air that made a filmy shadow pass over the mirror? It will take a wiser than I to say, but—I have my opinion.

"Dust—and ashes," I said aloud, for in the fire-place was a small heap of charred wood, and everything was gray with dust. Our foot-prints of the day before were tracked deeply, and the bed looked like a hearse with the body laid in state, its curtains, faded and moth-eaten, waving a gloomy invitation to "come up and be dead."

Even my light heart was not proof against the general air of ruth and rust, so I seized the bell-cord and gave it a hearty jerk. The rotten wool snapped in my hand, and a broken wire slid out after it. Then I called, and in a few minutes the servants were hard at work.

Out went the dirt and broken furniture, and, with the aid of lavender-water (sprinkled over the newly-scrubbed floor), a pretty rug near the bed, fine linen on it with one of aunt's eider quilts, a rocking-chair, fresh curtains at the window and around the tester, and a wood-fire "to take the chill off," the room looked so comfortable that I moved in immediately.

That evening my aunt was ailing, and Gretchen asked if I would mind sleeping alone, as she felt she ought to be with her mother.

I assured her positively on that score, and ran singing down the hall-way. I slipped into my flannel wrapper, put my chair before the glass—now polished to its first brightness—and sat down to brush my hair. As my brush twinkled back and forth I stopped several times to beam amiably at the touches aunt had added during the afternoon—a clock of bronze with a chime, brass candlesticks, a vase of chrysanthemums, and on the writing-table a candelabra of wax-lights.

I never once thought of the ghost, and, indeed, was conscious of nothing but sleepiness and the comfortable sense of fatigue resulting from youth and exercise. I locked the door, put out my lights, pulled aside the window-curtains, hopped into bed, and fell immediately into a profound sleep.

I awakened suddenly but quietly. The fire had burnt to embers, a gibbous moon stared haggardly in at the window, and I was conscious in every nerve of my body of the presence of something that my eyes strained to see and my ears to hear.

The curtains of the bed were draped tentwise, and in the opening toward the room I saw as in a frame the fire-place, the table, my rocking-chair, and a portion of the mirror. For a reason I could not define I looked intently into the depths of this glass. As I did so a film passed over it as if it had been breathed upon, and I saw a woman's figure reflected in it. She was bend-

ing over the fire, stirring something in what seemed to be a small stew-pan. I turned my eyes in her direction and surveyed her closely. "It is one of the servants," I thought; "but what in the world is she doing in my room? May be aunt is sick and needed hot water, and my fire is the only one not out."

This was so plausible that I rose on my elbow, intending to ask about it, and at the same time to get up and go to her. The soft, *whistling* sound of the silk-covered eider quilt as it slipped from me seemed to attract the attention of the old woman, for she turned, and in the glow of the embers I saw the face of an absolute stranger, and noticed for the first time her odd attire—a quilted black skirt, a cap with heavy plaited border, a bodice and over-gown like "Mother Hubbard's," lace mits on bird-claw hands, and a black bag hanging from her arm. Her face was old, but in turning toward me she got her back to the light, and I could not distinguish her features. She came toward me with a mincing little step, and dropped a curtsey twice. I looked steadily at her, utterly fascinated, and as she got near the bed, I cannot tell how or why, I became convinced it was the ghost of Anneke Pook! Cold water seemed to be pouring over my scalp and trickling in a tiny stream down my back. A wild, unreasoning fear that she would touch me took possession of me, and as she drew nearer and nearer I ground myself into the bed to escape her. She reached out her hand, and for the first time in my healthy young life I fainted.

The next thing I remember was hearing the clock chime three. Then came the memory of what had passed, and then the realization that if I lay there, with that dreadful old woman possibly hidden behind the curtains, I would go mad with terror.

I sprang from the bed at one bound, seized the candle, and thrust it into the coals—I didn't dare trust myself to strike a match, for fear it might go out and leave the last condition of that woman worse than the first! The sperm broke into a flame, and I lighted all ten of the candles in the lustre. Then I looked in every hole and corner, thoroughly ashamed of my fright and convinced that it was some real person who had strayed in by mistake.

"Of course," I said aloud. "May be it was a relative of one of the servants, come to see the festivities, and the old lady—" just here I passed the door.

It was locked, and the key was on the inside.

I felt the old dread stealing back, but with returning circulation came new courage, and, throwing a log of wood on the coals,

I sat until, overcome by warmth and fatigue, I fell asleep, and did not awaken until the morning sun shone in my face.

The candles were burnt down and guttering in their sockets, the fire was dead as the Cæsars, and only my pale cheeks and position assured me that my experience was not a nightmare.

The question of what to do occupied my dressing-hour effectually, and my conclusion was to say nothing about it, for I was an officer's daughter and had been raised in a very practical, common-sense way. The word "ghost" was unknown in my "youth's lexicon," and in broad daylight my adventure dwindled to an optical illusion.

But my pale face was something of a tell-tale, so I slipped up into the attic, and out of the "property" chest (left since our private theatricals) got a pot of rouge and tinted my cheeks so artistically that every one exclaimed at my color as I came into the breakfast-room.

During the day, on one pretext or another, I interviewed all the servants as to the whereabouts of their venerable female relatives, but without result. And an old book I picked up in the library made me far from comfortable, for under the head of "Holland Costumes" I saw exactly such a one as that worn by my midnight visitor, and it was labelled "Housekeeper and Bourgeoisie."

I was rather silent and thoughtful all day, but this was attributed to a telegram announcing that my special friend could not be present at the ball. As darkness came on my pulses beat quicker, and to shake off my nervousness I played and sang and danced with such vim that I went to my room exhausted, but so full of electricity that I was as wide awake as a colony of owls.

"This will never do!" I thought, and, undressing quickly, I blew out my lights and went to bed, where I lay with my eyes resolutely shut, counting "white sheep," till I actually fell asleep.

I awakened in the same way I had done the night before, and repeated its experiences in every particular, except that when the old woman came toward me I turned out of bed, and, with my teeth chattering in my head, said:

"Stop! Do not come any nearer. What do you want?"

A smile flitted over her face, and, beckoning with one of her mittened hands, she walked out of the room, turning every few steps to look back at me and repeat the motion. I was shaking so I could hardly stand, but my blood was up, and I determined to follow her if I had to go on my hands and knees.

I caught up a candle and a box of matches and started after

her. She went through a long hall in the oldest part of the house. It was full of windows, and I could distinguish her figure as she flitted past these openings—a shadow among shadows, mine running a race with it as I scudded after.

Suddenly she stopped and waited until I was within a few feet of her, then she touched the wall, and—was gone!

I struck a match and lit my candle. The passage ended in a back stairway separated from the house by a nail-studded door of oak; the key was on the right side, and the door was locked, so I had to conclude she had *disappeared.*

I looked carefully about me. What had she brought me here for? She—I was so sure it was Anneke's ghost that I always meant her when I said "she"—couldn't want me to take her bones and give them Christian burial, after the fashion of the conventional ghost, for she had been found dead in her chair, in the room I occupied, two days after the Hessians raided the county. She was too respectable and Dutch to be playing practical jokes on one of the family at midnight. She—

The silver, the missing silver!!

I tried to fix the exact spot where the little claw had been laid. My eyes—or imagination—detected a tiny spot, which I industriously enlarged with the dead match, and then I crawled back to bed full of plans for the morrow.

In the morning I went to my aunt's room, and, after I had kissed her, I said:

"Aunt, I want to borrow Peter."

Peter was the coachman and very clever with his tools.

"Certainly, my dear. Do you want the single or the double carriage?"

"Neither, dear, only Peter. Aunt—" And here I stopped, for my next step was so very decisive.

"Yes?"

"Aunt, if I make a mess and break one of the walls down"—she looked at me attentively and in a somewhat startled manner—"and then don't find anything, will you mind it very much?"

"My dear—"

"No," I interrupted, "'I am not mad, I am not mad,' like the young woman in the ballad, but 'I soon shall be' if you don't let me satisfy my—curiosity."

"Child, what *is* the matter?" For I had laid a peculiar emphasis on that last word.

Then I told her, adding I was convinced the apparition had

to do with the lost silver; and I coaxed and argued so successfully that at last she consented, and off I went to find Peter.

At four o'clock the household went sleighing. Then Peter and I locked the doors at both ends of the hall and began our work. I found the match-mark and sounded with a small hammer. I fancied it rang hollow all about the place my little old visitor had touched, and so did Peter, who grew quite excited. He was a negro, the son of a slave of great-grandfather's, and retained all the superstition of his race in spite of his "Northern raisin'." Seeing this, I told him my story. His wool rose visibly and his eyes grew round and prominent.

He struck the first blow at the wall with great solemnity. The plaster cracked and flaked away. He used a large chisel, and after an hour's work brought to view some planking. I should have thought it a partition, but it was in the solid outer wall, and a few more strokes disclosed an iron hinge. Highly elated, I ran to aunt's room.

Curiosity is a good medicine.

She got up, dressed, and came over.

Peter was almost white with plaster-dust, and his white tie was under his ear, but his elegance was unfailing, and he pointed with his most gorgeous bow to a wooden door about three feet long and two wide.

My aunt changed color and shrank back.

"Mollie, I hardly like to go on with this."

But I was wild with impatience and told Peter to prize it open.

A dark recess was what we saw, filled with unequal lumps of something that when touched felt like dried flesh.

It was now *my* turn to recoil.

Could old Anneke have been murdered, after all, and buried there?

Fear lent a sharp edge to my voice.

"Peter, don't stand there like a goose, but clear out that closet right off!"

He stepped to the opening and drew out, one after another, some twenty or thirty doeskin bags which gave forth a faint metallic clash in the process.

My aunt sat flat on the floor and took as many as she could in her lap. The first one she opened held a bowl about two feet in diameter, its beaten surface covered with bas-reliefs of Bacchantes reeling through a drunken dance.

"Mollie," she said in a positively awestruck voice, "this is the

flip-bowl great-grandfather's father had made out of the first silver dollars he got from the Brazils after settling in the New World. And here are the 'Twelve Apostles'; these were twelve spoons of marvellous workmanship and goodly size, terminating at the handles in exquisitely wrought figures of St. Peter, St. Luke, St. John, and the rest of the holy twelve, each indicated by his symbol—St. Peter a crowing cock, St. Mark the lion, St. John the eagle, etc.

"And see these," indicating caudle-bowls, marrow-spoons, salt-cellars as big as young sugar-bowls, silver skewers, tankards, gravy-boats—in a word, *all* of the "missing silver."

Anneke had guarded the treasure faithfully, and the housewifely little ghost had not been able to rest until it was given into the proper hands.

She was never seen again.

THE PRIEST AT CASTLE GARDEN.

With the kind permission of the editor of The Catholic World I beg to tell the story of the Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary for the protection of immigrants that has been established at Castle Garden within the past two years.

The idea of having a priest at Castle Garden was first suggested at a meeting of the Irish Catholic Colonization Society in Chicago, May, 1883, when it secured the earnest support of Bishops Ireland, Spalding, and Ryan. Until that time there was no Catholic mission at Castle Garden.

The Colonization Society felt that here, on the threshold of their new life, it was of the utmost importance that the church should mount its guard upon the faith and virtue of the Catholic immigrants. The character of their whole career might depend on the influences they would be brought under during their first days in a strange country. No one who has not made the lot of the newly-landed immigrant a special study, or who has not been an immigrant himself, can understand what dangers beset the "stranger" on his or her first introduction to American life. Young girls waiting to obtain employment, and going at night to boarding-houses in the slums of a strange city; young men going

to similar places, easy dupes, during these days of idleness, for swindlers who lie in wait for such as they; poor people arriving in New York without any clear notion of where to settle down and not knowing whither to turn for disinterested information or advice; people wretched, or mayhap conscience-burdened, whom a little help or a kindly word of counsel would start upon the right path; in a word, helpless Catholic immigrants distracted amid the din and the danger, for the first time in their lives beyond the reach of a priest, and never in worse need of the sustaining hand of the church, yet seeing neither priest to consult nor chapel before whose altar to gather strength and consolation—this was the state of things that existed at Castle Garden until attention was called to it in 1883.

The Right Rev. Dr. Ryan, Bishop of Buffalo, was requested by the Colonization Society at the meeting in May to wait on his Eminence the late Cardinal McCloskey as a committee of one, and to ask him to take the matter in hand and establish a priest at Castle Garden, one who would be thoroughly acquainted with the city. The cardinal received the proposition cordially, and with that tender solicitude which he ever displayed in all matters concerning the welfare of the Catholic immigrant. Shortly afterwards the question was laid before the bishops assembled in the Provincial Council of New York, and it was there resolved that the mission should be established. In accordance with their resolution the bishops at once called on me to take charge of the undertaking.

The day after the Provincial Council Bishop Ryan and myself paid a visit to Castle Garden to make a first investigation as to what good could be effected by a priest there. We met with considerable discouragement and would have left somewhat dashed in hope but for Mr. Connolly, of the Labor Bureau at Castle Garden, who told us "there *was* work at Castle Garden for a priest, and that this work would develop itself with the presence of the priest"; whereupon we resolved to make a thorough-going effort at any cost.

As soon as possible I bade farewell to the parish of St. Bernard, and made formal application for admission to Castle Garden, receiving from the Emigration Commissioners a cordial response.

Before arranging my permanent quarters at the Garden I thought it well to make a journey westward, so as to acquaint myself with the parts of the country towards which the stream of immigration was mainly tending. Accompanied and aided by

W. J. Onahan, Esq., secretary of the Irish Colonization Society, I established in the cities of Buffalo, Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Denver, Omaha, Peoria, St. Paul, and Minneapolis bureaus of information for Catholic immigrants to work in connection with the central bureau which I contemplated establishing in New York.

On my return from the West, January 1, 1884, I regularly took up my post at Castle Garden. By the courtesy of the commissioners I was allotted a room in the building, which I had furnished as an office.

I was not long at Castle Garden before it became apparent that there was a great work to be done. Every other day brought its shiploads of immigrants, who, after they passed through the hands of the registration clerks, took their places in the Labor Bureau to wait for employment. Where were they to go to at night, if an employer did not turn up in the meanwhile? Their only alternative hitherto had been to go indiscriminately with the first lodging-house keeper who got possession of them. For any one acquainted with the life of a great city it is unnecessary to dwell on the dangers to which virtuous young girls and unsophisticated young men were thus exposed. It is impossible to exaggerate these dangers. Many a young woman has been ruined for life on these occasions; and many a young man has had his whole career wrecked at the outset by the associations and circumstances among which he has there been thrown. Moreover, the trials to be faced by penniless immigrants appealed forcibly to commiseration; charity had a most noble and useful field here. I have found the advancement of a railroad fare to a point where employment had been offered enough to start many an immigrant on the road to success. The condition of immigrants who have had to wait weeks, as is often the case, especially during the winter, before receiving an offer of employment, and have spent all their little means on their support in the meantime, was pitiable in the extreme. From what fate God alone knows have men and women in such a plight been rescued by the timely bestowal of a night's lodging, and a meal that at least stayed the pangs of hunger.

I soon found that my private purse was inadequate to the demands that were being made upon it, and that a priest's blessing would not feed an empty stomach or give a night's lodging to a destitute immigrant. I therefore applied to his eminence the cardinal for the remedy. The result was the institution of the "Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary"—a mission founded on the

same basis as Father Drumgoole's St. Joseph's Union. I was thus authorized to promise certain spiritual advantages—the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass offered up for their benefit on every Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday—to subscribers of twenty five cents (or upwards) annually; and by this means it was calculated that I would obtain a fund sufficient to meet all the requirements of the mission.

The cardinal, in order to give practical encouragement to the project, headed the subscription with a donation of $50, and his Grace Archbishop Corrigan handed me over a like sum. Other subscriptions followed, all of them voluntarily (for I called on no subscribers personally); and I visited some of the parish churches, where, by favor of the pastors, I propagated the mission among the congregations. This proceeding was attended with such spontaneous success that the nucleus of a fund was soon amassed, and I felt confident that, when the time came to call for it, there would be no difficulty in obtaining from the faithful of America a fund in every way worthy of the mission and its objects.

My first serious step, on being provided with means, was to establish a lodging-house for destitute immigrant girls. Up to May 1, not having an establishment of this kind, I managed by sending girls to boarding-houses in the neighborhood, kept by persons of whose honesty and respectability I was assured. But this plan was not entirely satisfactory. As may be readily understood, it was impossible to exercise the thorough surveillance necessary for the protection of the girls under this system. What was wanting was some place distinct, some place separated from the influences of the ordinary immigrant boarding-house—a place of my own, in short, the arrangements of which would be completely under my own control and constantly under my eye. On May 1, I was enabled to rent part of the house No. 7 Broadway for this purpose. I was fortunate, too, in being able to secure the services of Mrs. Boyle, matron of the Labor Bureau, who kindly consented to act as matron of the establishment. Here, since May 1, Our Blessed Lady of the Rosary has enabled us to afford board and lodgings to one hundred and sixty destitute immigrant girls. Some of them stayed three or four nights, but the majority only stayed one night. Many often received temporary shelter and food while waiting for friends who came for them late at night. This house is intended exclusively for destitute immigrant girls; it is a harbor in which they are safe in the midst of danger until employment is procured. No one can over-estimate its safeguarding influences; and no one

who has had any experience of immigrant life will fail to appreciate its necessity and its efficacy.

A brief experience of Castle Garden impressed upon me three great evils that were characteristic of Irish emigration particularly. When I first began work the "state-assisted" emigration from Ireland was in full swing. This was a cruel device by which the English government sought to thin out the over-crowded Irish poor-houses. The English authorities took paupers from the various Poor Law Unions, supplied them with clothes, and paid their passage to New York. Occasionally the fare was paid to some city in the interior of the country where the assisted emigrant was supposed to have friends. We found this supposition often based merely on the statement of the emigrant that he had at some time or other known of some one from his neighborhood in Ireland who had settled in the city mentioned, or else on the fact that the emigrant had had a letter at some time, often several years back, from an American acquaintance. The presence of these poor people was an unmixed misfortune. Thoroughly demoralized by their experience of British poor-houses, they were incapable of making their way in this country. Helpless and destitute they were thrown on our hands. Some attempt, I thought, ought to be made in Ireland to bring public opinion to bear against this cruel business. I was furthermore impressed with what I may call the recklessness that characterized the voluntary emigration from Ireland. People were rushing from the old country, giving up fair ways of living, in the belief that they would have no trouble in obtaining employment here. Most of them seemed to think that there was no such thing as poverty or distress in this country. They came utterly unprovided for the prolonged period of enforced idleness that faced many of them, usually having with them only money enough to pay for their board and lodgings for about a week or two. Another feature typical of all classes of Irish emigrants was their ignorance as to what part of the country it would be most advantageous for them to settle in. Most of them came with no idea whither to go after landing in New York. The result was that many a man trained to farm-work, who could have obtained good wages and a prospect of independence by going West at once, kept hanging around New York until all his money was gone, and finally had to settle down to the career of a city laborer with no prospect but to excavate cellars and clean sewers for a contractor all his life. I found an important function in directing and assisting emigrants of this class to locations where agricultural labor was in high demand.

But I felt convinced that it would be essential for my purpose to visit Ireland itself, whence the chief stream of Catholic emigration flows to us, and there on the spot to warn the people on these matters so vital to the welfare of the emigrant.

Accordingly, taking with me the surplus remaining of my testimonial from St. Bernard's parish, and leaving Rev. E. J. Slattery in charge of the mission, I visited Ireland, having these three objects in view: (1) to condemn assisted emigration; (2) to throw a damper on reckless emigration; and (3) to point out to healthy emigration the proper directions for it to take. I was most kindly received in Ireland by both people and clergy. His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Croke, Archbishop of Cashel, gave me a particularly hearty welcome; and I had the privilege of stating my case before the assembled bishops of Ireland at their annual meeting at Clonliffe College. Their lordships made me the bearer of a message to his Eminence Cardinal McCloskey, thanking him for the appointment of the Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary at Castle Garden, and stating that the mission was another testimony of his eminence's unceasing care for the exiled of their flocks. I spent three months in Ireland, and was welcomed everywhere by priests and people. With tongue and pen I did my utmost to forward the objects I had in view, seizing every opportunity to speak or write in discouragement of the heedless rush of emigration from Ireland. Everywhere I went the priests offered me their pulpits, and the newspapers, from the great daily of the metropolis, the *Freeman's Journal*, to the remotest provincial weekly, placed their columns at my disposal. I have reason to think that some good was effected by this visit; and that the subject has not been allowed to fade from the Irish mind is assured by the fact that the official organ of Mr. Parnell, *United Ireland*, has, through a special commissioner in this country, caused the question of Irish emigration to America to be thoroughly investigated.

So far as the work has proceeded, we have every reason to thank God, and the intercession of Our Lady of the Rosary, for the progress that has been made. Let any immigrant who landed at Castle Garden in the old days visit the institution now, and he will be astonished as well as delighted at the blessed change that the Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary has brought about. No longer do friendless girls and forlorn families step straight from the deck of the emigrant ship among "black strangers," and into the pitfalls of a sinful city. The comforts of their holy religion, and the friendship and counsel and protection of persons of their own

faith and race, specially appointed by the church for the purpose, greet them on their arrival.

The work of the mission is not yet, of course, completed. It is contemplated to establish further an immigrants' chapel, a home for both sexes, and a Catholic immigrants' bureau of information.

An immigrants' chapel near Castle Garden is the first need. We want the altar, so that its sublime blessings and consolations will be the very first influences that will touch the immigrant in his new home; the confessional to open its doors to those who are "weary and heavy laden," and to remind them that this fountain-head of all true comfort in trouble will not be absent in the strange land to which they have come; and the Sunday Mass, so that the obligation of attending the Holy Sacrifice will not be the first good practice the immigrant will forget on his breaking with his old life. Oh! who can tell the inestimable blessings to flow from the presence of this institution of the church at the gateway of the New World? Already what delight is there in beholding the sense of safety and comfort that glows over the poor immigrants when they perceive that they are welcomed by a priest of the old faith! They are sure now of a friend who will direct them and advise them and protect them in their first adventures in the new country! Some there are who come with heavy-burdened conscience, alas! and for them the priest is the only confidant. If they meet him not among their first experiences, before the religious influences of the old land have yet lost their bloom, they may never again come to the fountain of repentance, and may be lost to grace for ever. How grand it has been when such immigrants have come to the priest with their tales, and when he has felt, as they went away purified and upheld, that they have been started fairly for good and happy lives! And how awful is the thought of the numbers whose temporal and spiritual future has been doomed to ruin for the want of the helping hand and sacramental grace on their first withdrawal from the atmosphere of home!

As yet we have but a lodging-house for destitute immigrant girls. We need a lodging-house for friendless Catholic immigrants of the opposite sex. We have as yet been unable to properly guard these against the dangers that attend a sojourn among immigrant lodging-houses during their period of enforced idleness. In one word, what we require is an institution of our own, a temporary home, in which we can offer board and lodging to the destitute Catholic immigrants of both sexes—one being,

under proper superintendence, devoted to the girls, and another to the men—and not merely board and lodging, but reading and the means of innocent recreation, during the idle time they are forced to spend while waiting for employment. It is as essential for the young men as for the girls that they should be made to feel, from the outset, that their best protection in the new country, as she was in the old, is our holy mother the church.

In connection with this temporary home I also count on establishing a thoroughly-equipped Catholic immigrants' bureau, where every kind of information and accommodation will be furnished to immigrants; where letters and messages can await them; where letters can be written for those unable to write themselves, and through which correspondence of every kind concerning immigrants can be carried on, with regard both to America and the old country.

John Jos. Riordan,
Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary, Castle Garden, New York.

A CORRECTION.

The author of the article on Cardinal McCloskey in the December number of The Catholic World wishes to correct a mistake which has been pointed out to him by a friend. He stated that Archbishop Bayley was received into the church by Cardinal McCloskey while he was rector of St. Joseph's Church. He was received at Rome. The foundation of Mr. Bayley's conversion was laid by his study of the Fathers in the fine library of Dr. Jarvis, son of Bishop Jarvis, of Connecticut, with whom he was a student. Mrs. Jarvis became a Catholic, and the first Mass said in Fairfield, Conn., where there is now a pretty Catholic church and a flourishing parish, was celebrated in Mrs. Jarvis' drawing-room. While Mr. Bayley was rector of St. Paul's Protestant Episcopal Church, Harlem, he was an intimate friend of Father McCloskey, who prepared him by his counsels and instructions for his great and happy change. His reception into the Catholic Church took place in the church of St. John Lateran, and he made his first communion in the chapel which was formerly the cell of St. Ignatius, and in which the saint died. The friend who has kindly given this information received it directly from the mouth of Archbishop Bayley.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Histoire des Persécutions pendant la Première Moieté du Première Siècle. Par Paul Allard. Paris: V. Lecoffre, 90 Rue Bonaparte. 1886.

This is a very different work from any we have before met with, except the similar ones of the same author, especially that one which treats of the persecutions during the century and a half preceding A.D. 202, when the persecution of Septimius Severus began. His persecution, and those of Maximinus and Decius, with intervals of peace during the reigns of Heliogabalus, Alexander Severus, and Philip, fill up the first half of the third century.

This work is different from others, inasmuch as it is not a mere narrative of martyrdoms, or a mere description of archæological remains, but a history constructed with the greatest pains, from archæological documents as well as the formal records of historians. As such it is a work of the greatest value and importance, as well as one of an intensely interesting character. We say the same of the prior work to which we have alluded. Ancient history is getting itself rewritten, in our day, in a way that is surprising to one who remembers the old times when Rollin was our textbook. Minute researches into archæological documents, and new investigations among the great cemeteries of the past followed by great discoveries, have enabled erudite scholars to reconstruct and reproduce the buried ages with wonderful minuteness and accuracy. Christian antiquities surpass all others in importance. Heretofore our histories of the first Christian ages have been unsatisfactory. But such writers as M. Allard are doing much to remedy this evil. It is needless to say that all investigations and discoveries bring more and more into the light most conclusive evidence that those first ages of Christianity were Catholic, and show the primitive origin of dogmas, rites, organic laws, and all other principles and elements which make the specific character of the Catholic Church and the Catholic religion.

The Nine Months. The Life of Our Life. Part I. Vol. II. By H. J. Coleridge, S.J. London: Burns & Oates. 1885. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co., New York.)

There cannot be a better book for Advent than this. It treats of the interval between the conception and birth of our Lord. It is among the richest and sweetest of all the treatises of Father Coleridge. Perhaps many Catholics do not reflect that this part of our Lord's life was conscious, perfectly rational, and constantly meritorious; that he was endowed with all mental and spiritual perfections and in possession of the beatific vision from the first instant of his conception and the creation of his human soul.

We have been pleased to find Father Coleridge maintaining the opinion that St. Joseph and the Blessed Virgin were formally married before the Annunciation. So also his explanation of the cause and reason of St. Joseph's hesitation and trouble respecting the miraculous pregnancy of Our Lady, and his intention of departing privately from her, is one which gives us great satisfaction. He explains all this, viz., not as a doubt or fear arising from ignorance of the cause of Mary's having conceived, but as a hesitation respecting his own call to be the protector of the Mother of God and the foster-father of her Divine Child. The volume on the Infancy of Jesus is announced for the end of Advent in time for Christmas. We wish the author a happy Christmas and success in his great work until its full completion.

HISTORICAL NOTES ON ADARE. Compiled by the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.SS.R. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1885. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co., New York.)

Adare, the seat of the Earls of Dunraven, is one of the prettiest spots in Ireland. Besides this it has the distinction of being the part of the County Limerick around which cluster most mediæval associations. Father Bridgett has collected some reliable historical notes about Adare and published them in a brochure which makes a very compact and interesting little volume indeed. He tells the history of Adare in brief, its occupation by the Geraldine family, the wars by which it was ravaged, the founding of its manor, castle, abbeys, schools, and even its hospital—for in Adare the Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem held possessions. The history of the White Abbey of the Trinitarians, whose priory was founded in 1230, and which, having been despoiled from the Catholics, has now fallen into the hands of the faithful again, and is one of the few of the ancient shrines of holiness in Ireland that still remain in the possession of the people, is peculiarly interesting. So is the history of the Black Abbey of the Augustinians, which, meeting a less fortunate fate, is now the Protestant church of the parish. In the story of the Poor Abbey, whose beautiful ruins are still to be seen within the park of Lord Dunraven, we get a glimpse of the way the Irish and Anglo-Irish families in the middle ages between them built churches. Thus runs the list of benefactors: "Cornelius O'Sullivan erected the belfry, and made an offering of a silver chalice washed with gold. Margaret Fitzgibbon, wife of Cornelius O'Dea, built the great chapel [by which is perhaps meant the long south transept]; John, son of the Earl of Desmond, erected a second chapel, of minor dimensions, to which Margaret, wife of Thomas Fitzmaurice, added another, small indeed but exquisitely beautiful. O'Brien of Ara and his wife built the dormitory, while Rory O'Dea completed a portion of the cloister and presented a silver chalice. Marianus O'Hickey, who subsequently took our habit and died in Adare convent, built the refectory, and it was he who furnished the northern side of the choir with its beautiful panellings and stalls. Donald O'Dea and Sabina, his wife, finished another portion of the cloister, and Edmund Thomas, Knight of the Glens, and his wife, Honora Fitzgibbon, built the infirmary; the latter died 1503. Another lady, the wife of Fitzgibbon, added ten feet to the length of the chancel, in order that the

priests might have ample space about the great altar; she likewise caused a vault to be constructed for herself under the choir." Particulars are given by Father Bridgett of the suppression of the religious houses, the spoliation of the lands of the orders and their distribution among the invaders, the coming of the Palatines, and the founding of the Quin family, whose head was a member of the Irish Parliament in 1800, and who was raised to the peerage, as Baron Adare, in reward for his vote for the Union.

ITALIAN POPULAR TALES. By Thomas Frederick Crane, M.A., Professor of Romance Languages in Cornell University. New York and Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885.

Christmas-tide is an appropriate season for the issue of a book which brings with it as much old-fashioned delight for folk who like to gather round the winter's hearth and hear "stories" as it does solid food for the scholar's digestion. And such a book is one which Professor Crane, of Cornell, gives to the public at this festive time of the year.

One of the characteristics of modern scholarship is the attention it is paying to folk-lore. This is a field which the comparative methods of historical study, now so generally pursued, have discovered to be a rich and attractive one. The stories and the superstitions which have been handed down from generation to generation at the firesides of a people have been found to be filled with invaluable historical suggestion, and in tracing the dim origin of the traditions many a clue has been obtained to the origin of the people itself. The brothers Grimm not only accomplished a great work in collecting the legends and tales from the lips of their countrymen in Germany, but by their achievement they gave an impetus to the pursuit of this line of study which has been felt in most countries of Europe. Already in England, Scotland, France, Biscay, Spain, Portugal, Greece, Norway, Sweden, Russia, Iceland, Greenland, scholars have gathered the traditional literature from the folk and published it in many volumes. Even Ireland, through Kennedy, has given an incomplete contribution to this bibliography, while from India, China, Japan, and South Africa collections of folk-stories have come. Italy has hitherto been rather backward in this work; but recently her scholars have taken the subject in hand, and, both in the mainland and the island of Sicily, have gone far towards rescuing for permanent use the folk-literature of their country. Professor T. F. Crane has rendered a great service to American students and the American public by translating and giving us in a bulky volume a copious selection from the materials thus amassed.

The selection includes one hundred and nine tales (exclusive of a number of tales given in the notes), and the author classifies these under five general heads: fairy tales, stories of Oriental origin, legends and ghost-stories, nursery-tales, and jests. The versions given by Professor Crane are the homely originals as they are told by the people themselves, and not the "literary" versions, as those versions which have been published from time to time by Straparola, Boccaccio, and others are called. As Professor Crane's volume includes the entire range of popular tradition in Italy, it forms a condensation of the literature of the subject; and as the work is compiled with great exactitude, and contains notes which are full of suggestion for further investigation, it is a book invaluable for students, one

which will save them a great amount of labor and which brings within their reach materials not easy of access in this country.

We find in this collection the germs of many favorite stories and legends, and variations of others. "Beauty and the Beast," "Cinderella," "Puss in Boots" appear in their original form, and it must be allowed that the literary versions of Perrault, Mlle. Lhéritier, Count Caylus, with which the young folk are familiar, are hardly an improvement on the tales as the unnamed story-tellers gave them to the people. There are a few variations of the legend of "The Wandering Jew"; here is one: "Malchus was the head of the Jews who killed our Lord. The Lord pardoned them all and likewise the good thief, but he never pardoned Malchus, because it was he who gave the Madonna a blow. He is confined under a mountain and condemned to walk round a column without resting as long as the world lasts. Every time that he walks about the column he gives it a blow in memory of the blow he gave the Mother of our Lord. He has walked around the column so long that he has sunk into the ground; he is now up to his neck. When he is under, head and all, the world will come to an end, and God will then send him to the place prepared for him. He asks all those who go to see him (for there are such) whether children are yet born, and when they say yes he gives a deep sigh and resumes his walk, saying: 'The time is not yet,' for before the world comes to an end there will be no children born for seven years." Here is a quaint legend from Venice of the middle ages: "A wealthy knight, who has led a wicked life, repents when he grows old, and his confessor enjoins on him a three years' penance. The knight refuses, for he might die at the end of two years and lose all that amount of penance. He refuses in turn a penance of two years, of one year, and even of a month, but agrees to do penance for one night. He mounts his horse, takes leave of his family, and rides away to the church, which is at some distance. After he has ridden for a time his daughter comes running after him and calls him back, for robbers have attacked the castle. He will not be diverted from his purpose, and tells her that there are servants and soldiers enough to defend the house. Then a servant cries out that the castle is in flames, and his own wife calls for help against violence. The knight calmly continues his way, leaving his servants to act for him, and simply saying: 'I have no time for it now.' Finally he enters the church and begins his penance. Here he is disturbed by the sexton, who bids him depart, so that he can close the church; a priest orders him to leave, as he is not worthy to hear a Mass; at midnight twelve watchmen come and order him to go with them to the judge, but he will not move for any of them; at two o'clock a band of soldiers surround him and order him to depart, and at five o'clock a wild throng of people burst into the church and cry: 'Let us drive him out!' Then the church begins to burn and the knight finds himself in the midst of flames, but still he moves not. At last, when the appointed hour comes, he leaves the church and rides home, to find that none of his family had left the castle, but the various persons who had tried to divert him from his penance were emissaries of the devil. The knight sees how great a sinner he was and declares that he will do penance all the rest of his life."

There is a pretty version of the legend of St. James of Galicia with a couple of legends of St. Oneira in this collection, and there are besides

some stories which are the germs from which Lafontaine wrought some of his famous fables.

ART MCMORROUGH O'CAVANAGH, PRINCE OF LEINSTER. By M. L. O'Byrne, author of *The Pale and the Septs*, *Leixlip Castle*, and *Ill-Won Peerages*. Dublin : M. H. Gill & Son. 1885. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co., New York.)

For some time past the author of the book above-named has been publishing Irish historical romances. *Art McMorrough O'Cavanagh* is the third that has appeared. No more ambitious work than a historical romance can be undertaken by a writer of fiction ; and surely none more desirable than a romance whose materials are gathered from Irish history. Full of thrilling incident, of heroic and romantic derring-do, and of the darkest tragedy, as every page of Irish history is, it is strange that the romancist has left this field all but untouched. When an Irishman with the genius of Walter Scott appears, he will find a work to do for Irish romance which will be worthy of his highest powers. How has the author of *Art McMorrough O'Cavanagh* succeeded in this direction? Well, Miss O'Byrne—we believe the author is a young lady—is not a Walter Scott. But, having said that, we have nothing but praise to utter for the manner in which she has performed a work that would be too much for any novelist of lesser calibre than the great enchanter of Abbotsford. Miss O'Byrne goes to her task with a most advantageous equipment. She has an intense love of her subject, a love for the past of Ireland, and an almost passionate attachment to the sentiment of Irish nationality. She seems thoroughly versed in the history and genealogy of her favorite district, Leinster; and she wields a rapid and picturesque pen. But she lacks, or perhaps has not yet developed, the novelist's master-spell, the power of weaving an unbroken and enchaining narrative. Miss O'Byrne's love of history and genealogy, her anxiety to be exact, not to miss a single genealogical or historical point, causes her to overlook what should be her most important concern—the elements of pure romance. The plot is thus interrupted and involved, and the interest dissipated from the story itself. This is all the more to be regretted because Miss O'Byrne's work displays qualities which we have seen in no other romance of Irish history that has been attempted, save Gerald Griffin's *Invasion*. She does make the past live again in her pages; and this is a rare and most valuable quality, especially as the time she revivifies is one of the most obscure and neglected in history. The Celtic and Norman-Irish chieftains, and the lords of the Pale, their manners, their conversation, their dress, their dwellings, and their life with its constant stir of incident, are vividly depicted.

EXILED FROM ERIN. A Story of Irish Peasant Life. By M. E. T. Dublin : James Duffy & Sons. 1885.

As an Irish story, *Exiled from Erin* is the direct antithesis of *Art McMorrough O'Cavanagh*. One deals with the chieftains and hierarchs of ancient Ireland, the other with the humblest class of the Irish peasantry of the present day. The author has been anything but fortunate in the treatment of his theme. He has managed to give us a picture of the Irish peasant

from which all the beautiful traits that belong to the character are omitted and in which none but the least lovely traits appear. The tone of the book is decidedly low. Its first scene is a pugilistic set-to between youngsters, and its hero and heroine, a peasant lad and lass, act as letter-carriers and go-betweens for a pair of lovers of "the quality," one "Master Dick" and "Miss Minnie," who are planning an elopement. It cannot be commended as elevating reading.

UNDER THE PINE. By M. F. Bridgman. Boston: Cupples, Upham & Co. 1885.

This is a volume of poems of one who has drawn his inspiration evidently from the blessed damosels of Dante Rossetti or the pea-green maidens of Burne Jones. Not that there is much about maidens of any kind in these watery verses, which are all blank. They seem to be addressed mostly from one male friend to another, a pair who are in the habit of "sitting and talking in dreamland," "gazing o'er a dusky meadow," and holding conversations like this with each other:

> "Sombre," said he, "is yon pine-tree
> In this scanty August moonlight."
> "Ah!" I said, "o'er Wayland's wood the moon is wan!"

STORIES OF DUTY: A Book for Boys and Girls. By Maurice Francis Egan, author of *The Life Around Us*, etc. Philadelphia: Fasy & Comber.

Mr. Egan has applied the same method to these stories for young folk that has made him such a successful delineator of life among "children of a larger growth." The preface puts his little readers in a good-humor, and then he proceeds to tell them a delightfully straightforward and graphic tale of city and country life called "Working their Way." "The Boys in the Block," which follows, describes daily life in New York in a realistic manner which has charms even for older people. The struggles, the temptations, and the motives of city boys of the tenement-house are vividly painted. There is a pleasant, humorous flavor about some of the passages, and the boy's thoughts as he watches the Chinaman in his laundry are evidently taken from life. Mr. Egan's boys are real boys—boys who are certainly very welcome after the "little Savoyard" style of literature. It is not often that an author whose motive is evidently a moral and religious one succeeds in making his work so attractive. Mr. Egan's stories are such easy reading that they must be hard writing. "The Child of the Floods" and "Mr. Kalbfleisch" we have seen before, but we—although our hair is turning gray—read them with new pleasure. Through all these stories runs a chain of religious instruction, evident but not obtrusive.

ELIZABETH; or, The Exiles of Siberia. A tale from the French of Madame Sophie Cottin. New York: W. S. Gottsberger. 1885.

We recognize an old familiar friend of boyhood in this tale. It was very popular sixty years ago, and is worthy to have another run of favor among the young folks. It is really a very pretty tale, very well told, and is founded on fact.

THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. XLII. FEBRUARY, 1886. NO. 251.

A PROTECTORY FOR PRODIGAL SONS.

ST. PAUL, in his Second Epistle to Timothy (iii. 2, 3, and 4), mentions filial disobedience and its usual concomitant sins as part of the signs of the "dangerous times" "to come on" in "the last days."

"Men shall be lovers of themselves, covetous, haughty, proud, blasphemers, *disobedient to parents, ungrateful*, wicked,

"*Without affection*, without peace, slanderers, incontinent, unmerciful, without kindness. . . ."

The force of parental authority in France has become greatly impaired from what it was in former times, and, as might be expected, to the serious detriment of family union, social harmony, and the general public welfare. One of its alarming features has been the steadily increasing number of instances of rebellious or wayward *fils de famille*, by which term those sons are meant whose parents hold a good social position and are blessed with means to educate and comfortably provide for them. The causes in France of this particular evil and of its spread have been such as might be expected, and as can be observed in other countries, especially in our own. They are clearly explained in pamphlets from which I have derived the information I am about to give about the establishment of the Maison Paternelle and its subsequent success.* There has been an unwholesome expansion of ideas of liberty and personal independence in the minds

* They are mentioned in a foot-note to page 169 of THE CATHOLIC WORLD for November, 1885, under the heading of "A French Reformatory."

Copyright. Rev. I. T. HECKER. 1885.

of young men, leading them to great earnestness and tenacity in claiming what they conceive to be their rights, while forgetful of correlative duties. Another fruitful cause has been the weakness of those parents whose sons, having been always allowed in childhood and boyhood to have their own way in almost everything, cannot be brought to understand, when they are grown, that they are under any obligation to regard parental counsels and to obey parental authority, and become, therefore, unmanageable. The widowed mothers of sons who are to come into an estate when they attain their majority are often lacking in the force of character and determination needed to bring them up properly and control them. The expectant heir is tempted to discount the future and spend the proceeds very much like the prodigal son of the parable, and is not very patient of maternal remonstrance. An instance is related of one of these young fellows, who, when reproached for having aggravated his disobedience by most outrageous behavior to his mother, gave as an excuse, "I do not see that I am to blame; I was told by my companions that it was beneath the dignity of a man to obey a woman." Parental authority, for obvious reasons, is also usually feebly enforced with their sons by widows who marry again. The stepfather is naturally loath to exercise it, and the mother, deprived of his earnest co-operation, and feeling that her maternal prestige has become more or less impaired, has not courage and fortitude, when the occasion calls for it, to do her entire duty in the matter. Finally, a potent cause besides those just explained, which in France has led many young men of good social position to turn out badly, has been either a neglect of duty on the part of parents or their bad example. Many are quite careless about training their sons properly and religiously, and instilling good principles into them, and are consequently without any controlling influence when the time comes for its needed exercise. The father is devoted to his business and to getting along in the world, and is fond of his club; the mother has her visiting circle and "what is going on in society" to look after, and both have "really so little time" to devote to the training of their children. Other parents, intent on enjoying the pleasures of this world and getting out of this life as much of them as they can, point out to their sons a course which the latter are not slow to follow as soon as they are old enough. Some parents think to mend matters by sending their sons to boarding-school, but find that their scions are just as unwilling to obey rules and be submissive to authority there as at home. Expulsion from a *collége* or grammar-

school is a very serious matter in France, and puts great obstacles in a young man's career, and particularly if a professional one be intended for him. One of these young scapegraces, when warned by the principal of his *collége* that if he incurred expulsion from it he never could be admitted into any other, replied: "So much the better; there will then be no end to my vacations." Another youngster of like stamp tried twice to set fire to the school to which he had been sent, hoping, as he said, "that since he would not be allowed to leave the school he would make the school leave him." Nor has the remedy of sending sons away to travel in foreign parts, when their families can afford the expense, or of getting them into the French army or navy, proved often efficacious. In the first-mentioned case the young men usually return from abroad not only unimproved, but sometimes even worse than before. If, after having been compelled to enter without vocation and as a punishment, they manage to stick in either service, the tendency to dissipated habits is likely to be made worse by garrison life and its surroundings.

The French civil code has provided one last and forlorn means for parents afflicted from the cause just described. There, as in the State of New York, a parent can apply to a judge for an order to have an unmanageable son committed to a house of correction for a term, mentioned in the judicial sentence—in the case of boys under fifteen not to exceed one month. But the expectation of any good results from an appeal to the law is so very uncertain, and the risk of making matters worse so very great, that parents in France, particularly those in good circumstances, dread having recourse to it.

In 1854, after the Colonie Agricole* had been many years in successful operation, the unhappy father of a son with whom he could do nothing, and was at a loss what to try, said to M. de Metz: "You have established so fine an institution to reclaim from vice the outcast children of the poor, why do you not start something to reclaim the wayward sons of the rich?" This appeal, and a thorough understanding of the great and wide-spread need to which it referred, led M. de Metz, in February, 1855, to begin at Mettray his Maison Paternelle, or school of repression for boys of the wealthier classes of society. The subjects that were to be dealt with in this new sanitarium would evidently need a mode of treatment very different from that followed with the poor waifs in the Colonie Agricole. The former had become perverse, though blessed with all the advantages of which the latter had

* Described in The Catholic World for November, 1885.

been always deprived. Family surroundings, the comforts of affluence, parental care, school facilities, a sense of personal dignity—all these they had in abundance. But personal dignity had in their case become turned into pride and insubordination; maternal love they had unfeelingly trifled with; in a word, they had become perverse through abundance, just as their outcast counterparts had through destitution.

The building is near to the Reformatory, but entirely separate from it. It is a spacious structure, built of the fine white stone of Touraine, with two wings, and the way to it is through a spacious avenue lined with fine trees. The arch of the main entrance is crowned with an escutcheon containing the well-known emblem of Hope and surmounted by a cross. Above the door is a statue of the Good Shepherd carrying the stray sheep on his shoulders. Within are the cells of the young men under treatment, the main feature of which is solitary confinement. The inmates never see one another; their names remain a secret between the superintendent and their respective families. They are known by a given name; and the case has happened of two brothers having been in the house at the same time, and neither knowing of it until long afterwards. The solitude of the cell, intended to arouse reflection, a sense of misconduct, and a craving for occupation of some kind, is broken only by the visits of the preceptor, the chaplain, and the superintendent. The practice of steady, regular labor is greatly relied upon for its moralizing effects. The preceptor (one being specially assigned to each offender) takes charge of his pupil's studies and makes him prepare recitations and tasks. Under an assumed name his productions are allowed to compete for excellence with those of the regular students of the college at Tours, and thus a spirit of emulation is aroused. The system followed in the institution admits of the application of great rigor or great kindness and leniency, according as the case calls for either. As soon as the boy gives evidence of good-will, docility, and good behavior, he is rewarded accordingly, and is transferred from the cell with only bare walls and a gloomy aspect to a more cheerful one, in which, if the preceptor be well pleased with him, he is allowed to have pictures hung on the walls, and to have flowers and singing birds to cheer him in his solitude, and he is permitted to work at gardening in a plot of ground set aside for that purpose. If his preceptor is particularly well satisfied with him he is indulged, according to his tastes, in lessons in fencing, riding, gymnastics, music, drawing, and military drill. His preceptor takes him out to walk in the beautiful sur-

rounding country, with a view that, by seeing the magnificent sights of nature, he may be reminded of, and brought to reflect on, the infinite power and wisdom which created them. The opportunity is then improved to call his attention to the peasant men and women hard at work in the fields, who barely earn a living, and are nevertheless cheerful and apparently contented, and, after the day's toil, sing as they wend their way home. He is also taken to see the young colonists on the outlying farms of the Colonie Agricole, hard at work under a broiling sun, garnering in the crops, and when noon comes enjoying contentedly their plain repast of bread and a little curdled milk. He sees them cheerful and affectionate with their head men, to whom they yield a willing and ready obedience. At other times he visits peasants in their cots, and has opportunity to realize the daily privations they have to endure; how they have to strive to make both ends meet and to keep their homes neat and in order. The crucifix on the wall, with its bit of boxwood above, is pointed out to him as evidence of their faith and hope. Occasionally he is taken to visit the abodes of the poor unable to work from sickness or old age; he is reminded to contrast their suffering condition, borne with resignation, with the comfort and plenty which has been his lot and for which he has been ungrateful, and if he appear compassionate he is provided with a little money to give in alms. Finally, when the boy's behavior has become exceptionally good, so as to give prospects of his being soon fit to return home, he is invited to dine with the superintendent. Parents are kept regularly advised, by reports sent to them, of their sons' improvement.

The principal moralizing forces on which M. de Metz's system relies for success are thus shown to be constant, arduous employment, which is required to be performed with spirit and contentedly; hardships and privations which must be endured without grumbling or any evidence of bitter feeling; and, *per contra*, on the part of the authority enforcing these requirements, the manifestation of an untiring devotedness. It is rare to find a boy under treatment so perverted as to persevere in evil regardless of the intelligent and affectionate care which he sees bestowed on him, having plainly for its object to restore in his family that harmony which he has disturbed, and to replace him in a position conducive to his future welfare.

The treatment and its resulting cure usually takes two months. In cases where the superintendent has doubts that the subject has been entirely healed, he places him for a month with

one of the priests having charge of parishes in the neighborhood of Mettray, who, being a well-informed and charitable man, conversant with the practice of the house which the boy has just left, continues the treatment, but in a different manner, and involving only a partial restraint of his liberty. When an inmate is about to leave the institution and return to the home of comfortable affluence from which he came, he is notified that his discharge is temporary only, and conditional upon his not relapsing into the bad conduct which led to his confinement, and he is shown the cells set apart for the reception of those brought a second time. The superintendent expresses to him a confident hope that the notification thus made will amount in his case to no more than a mere formality, with which, in compliance with the regulations, he has to go through.

It will be readily imagined that much of the success which has attended M. de Metz's labors in establishing this institution, which has supplied so great a need in France, is due to his high intelligence, his varied and abundant experience, his excellent judgment, and his dignified, impressive manner, which almost always proved irresistible with young men.

His usual practice, before admitting a boy into the Maison Paternelle, was to try first what could be done by kind but firm remonstrance and admonition. If the delinquent lived too far away from Paris or Tours to be seen personally, M. de Metz, after having carefully ascertained the facts in his case, addressed him a letter couched in terms similar to the following: "I am pained to learn that you are a serious cause of displeasure to your family, and that all the parental exhortations made you up to this time have been in vain. The day of severity is at hand; you are about to be deprived of your liberty, and thereby given opportunity to reflect in solitude, and in the light of your conscience, on the fatal consequences to you of disregard of your filial duties. It is my desire to be a mediator between your family and you, and I have asked in your behalf for a respite of punishment. Turn the delay to good account by imploring your parents to forgive your past bad conduct, the disgrace of which so far rests on yourself only, but which may hereafter attach a stigma to a name the honor of which should be maintained, not impaired, by you. From and after the reception of this letter set yourself to acquiring habits of industry; be respectful and submissive with your parents; revive in your heart those religious sentiments which made your childhood happy and which you have been so quick to forget; and, above all, show

your gratitude to God, who has inspired me with the thought of attempting to save you from the punishment which now awaits your bad conduct.

"If, heedless of this fatherly warning, you persist in the sad course upon which you have entered, do not blame me for the rigorous treatment which you will have rendered necessary, and the infliction of which I did all I could to avoid for you. There is yet time; afford me the joy of having successfully co-operated in bringing you back to the path of duty and restored in your family a condition of happiness which you should never have disturbed."

By strong admonitions in the kind tone of the above, delivered either personally, when possible, or by letter, M. de Metz has often obtained a successful result. Nor did he confine himself to a single communication, if he judged that more would effect the purpose. M. Bertin relates a very interesting case, of which he had personal knowledge, in which M. de Metz prevailed. A friend of the former came one day to him, and with tears in his eyes told him that the conduct of his eldest son was the cause of the most cruel pain to himself and wife and to their aged parents. The young man claimed that he was old enough to direct his own conduct, and that he did not intend to be preached to by anybody. He was arrogant, frequently disrespectful, to his mother and to his grandparents; the entreaties and threats of his father had no effect on him. Every means had been tried in vain. M. Bertin gave his friend a letter of introduction to M. de Metz, who, after having carefully ascertained by inquiry the young man's antecedents and disposition, sent for him, and, in an interview alone with him in his office, thus addressed him:

"You have entered upon a bad course, in which if you persist the certain result will be bitter grief for your parents, and for yourself a wretched and dishonored existence, because there can be no happiness for the man who ignores the duties which have been made obligatory by laws and morals in all countries and in every age.

"You take a pride in doing wrong, and, in the contest which you have begun with your family, have made it a point of honor that your ungodly efforts shall come out triumphant; the anguish and tears of your parents are a cause of rejoicing to you.

"I conceive it my duty to tell you that by a long experience in life, and through an ardent desire to contend with the genius of evil for the recovery of those who have been led away by him, I have become a physician for young men afflicted with

moral disorders. I prefer to use anodyne remedies; but when they prove insufficient I have recourse to a heroic treatment. You are one of these diseased subjects whom I ought to and will heal; I trust that, after I have assured you that you cannot avoid the necessity of leading a different life, you will not fail to understand that my fatherly advice is prompted solely by the desire of serving your best and highest interests.

"I wish you, moreover, to know that on one of my hands I wear a velvet glove, and on the other an iron gauntlet. To-day I offer you the former, and shall continue to do so for eight days; if you allow these to pass without availing yourself of it, you shall be made to feel the pressure of my iron grasp."

The young man withdrew and joined his father and mother, who had remained in an adjoining room. He did not unbosom himself in the least to them, but remained cast down and taciturn the entire evening. The following morning he came into his father's office and said to him: "I have found a man who is stronger than I, and I will strike my flag." There was no evidence, in the manner this determination was announced, of the working of a tender and affectionate nature; the rebellious contest was, indeed, brought to an end and calmness restored in the family, but the respect and submission which followed were not accompanied by those outpourings of the heart so highly prized by parents.

But the young man who would not, or could not, avoid the alternative of being sent to the house, was visited, very soon after having been immured in his cell, by M. de Metz, who talked to him usually in this wise: "Do not fail to understand that you have been sent here to be morally cured; pray do your best to bring this about as quickly and with as little difficulty as possible, and I shall be the one to thank you for it. Your godfather became sponsor for you to God; I have become sponsor for you to your family. Do not attempt to fight it out with me. It would be sheer madness to fight an enemy much stronger than yourself; it would be foolish ingratitude to fight a friend who desires and is seeking after your good."

M. de Metz has sometimes had experience of repentance on the part of the self-accusing parents of boys placed under his charge. A touching instance is that of a mother who thus wrote to him: "I see clearly that all the trouble has been brought about by my fond weakness, and that I really deserve to be locked up in a cell next to that of my son. Pray come to my aid

to enable me to recover a parental authority received in trust from divine Providence, and for which I have not known how to secure respect."

M. de Metz's solicitude and labors for the reform of the inmates of the Maison Paternelle were not brought to an end by their departure from it. He corresponded with his ex-pupil and his parents, and if the former showed that he was persevering in good he received affectionate letters of encouragement; in the contrary event he was reminded that a violation of his promise by a return to evil courses would cause him to be brought back to Mettray and confined in the gloomier cells called *cellules de réintégration.* But M. de Metz never had recourse to this sad alternative without first having an interview with his ex-pupil and giving him a chance to promptly make new promises and reasonable time to show how they were kept, and if they turned out in a failure an officer of the institution was sent for the relapsing offender.

When M. Duruy was Minister of Public Instruction he came to Mettray and specially examined the Colonie Agricole and the Maison Paternelle. After having fully accomplished the object of his visit and talked with the young men in their cells, he expressed to M. de Metz his surprise that, while going the rounds of the schools and other educational establishments elsewhere, he had heard no end of complaints either against the management or the teachers, and, on the contrary, nothing but expressions of satisfaction from the incarcerated boys above mentioned, whom, in most cases, no school would keep. "The explanation which your excellency desires," replied M. de Metz, "is probably this: This house is really a paternal one for the young men confined in it, and we do our best to make them feel it."

During a period of nineteen years, from the time it was opened up to January, 1874, the Maison Paternelle has had sent to it 1,132 young men, belonging to all the well-to-do classes of society. A little more than one-half were sons of land-owners and manufacturers. Thirty came to Mettray during the two months immediately following M. de Metz's decease. The sad fact has been observed that the number annually admitted is steadily on the increase. On this point the triennal report of 1880 is silent, but in that of 1883 it is stated that in 1882 there had been 208 applications for admission and 42 admissions, while in 1875 there had been 176 applications and 54 admissions. This difference is accounted for from the fact that afflicted parents find obstacles in getting, and

are, besides, averse to apply for, the judicial decree which seems to be an obligatory condition of admission. What is more natural than that parents should be desirous to avoid for their sons the stigma of a commitment on record in a court of justice? How much they would prefer as complete privacy as possible! At the time that M. Bertin wrote his account one-fifth of the released inmates had relapsed into bad ways and had to be brought back to go through a second and more severe treatment, which in most cases proved ultimately successful. It is hardly conceivable that discharged patients of the moral sanitarium at Mettray should ever themselves apply, *of their own accord*, to be readmitted; such has, nevertheless, been the fact, and M. Bertin states, from the latest report then before him, that there had been up to that time 41 cases of young men readmitted on their own petition, and that four of them were then in the institution. Their object seems, in many cases, to have been to seek a spot endeared to them by appreciation of past benefits, where they could spend a few days in retreat, either to find quietude and peace and strengthen their good resolutions, or devote themselves to some work which could best be done in solitude and retirement. To satisfy these wants a few secluded small cottages have been provided, each having only three rooms on the ground-floor—viz., a bed-room, study, and a small bed-room for a nurse in case of sickness—with a flower-garden in front; the whole enclosed by stone walls.

There can be no doubt that licentious novels, *feuilletons*, and plays, of which there has been a growing abundance in France for the past half-century, an abundance which unfortunately still continues, have had their pernicious effects upon the youth of the day. A similar moral contagion, but lesser in degree, has been observed in our own country; take, for instance, the cases of perversion among the children of the middle classes in consequence of reading dime-novels and like trash.

The success which, under the blessing of divine Providence, followed upon M. de Metz's labors was undoubtedly in some measure facilitated by that generous impulse, enthusiastic gratitude, and admiration for devotedness which are observable, in greater or less degree, in the French character, and which cause it to be carried away by kind and generous treatment, and to respond to noble examples of charity and disinterestedness.

The *quasi* religious unity existing in France was also undoubtedly of great assistance to M. de Metz, as it would be to the furtherance of any good work. I mean a unity hardly at all disturb-

ed by the dissension of many sects.* There are only two sects of any note in France, and they exert a very limited influence on public opinion, and their claims created no serious embarrassments in the management of affairs or in the discussion of plans, such as are observed in our own country. Moreover, the ties of family and relationship are highly considered and exert a strong influence in French society, in which there is a very sensitive regard and concern for whatever may affect or tarnish the family good name. This feeling was very strong in the past and has great force still. It has given rise to the usage of assembling *conseils de famille*, which are recognized by French law.†

M. de Metz's utterances were sometimes full of dry humor. A friend was once talking with him on the subject of the contrast between the insufficient care which some people of fashion give to bringing up their children and the interest they take in training horses and dogs. "I know," said M. de Metz, "of a wealthy family where it is considered quite in order to give four thousand francs (eight hundred dollars) a year to a *piqueur*,‡ and only half the sum to the tutor in charge of the children. I admit," he added, smiling, "that a good *piqueur* who thoroughly understands the handling of dogs is a man hard to find. But to know how to properly bring up children! . . ." His abrupt silence at this point was more expressive than words.

M. de Metz had formed the project in 1864 of founding another institution, very different in its purpose from the other two, in another locality, and to be named "La Colonie Libre." It was to serve for the reception and training to habits of labor and steady industry of boys of the middle and artisan class, not vicious, but inclined to roving habits and to yield to temptation, and for whom life in a large city is full of peril. M. de Metz had conceived the idea that a few years spent in the country at farm-work, under special training, would be very efficacious to

* According to the census of December, 1881, as given in the *Statesman's Manual* for 1884, the religious denominations in France were as follows:

Roman Catholics (78.50 per cent.)	29,201,703
Protestants (Calvinists and Confession of Augsburg, the only two recognized by the laws of France, .018 per cent.)	692,800
Jews	53,936
Non-Professants, who decline to make any profession of religious belief	7,684,906
Various creeds	33,042
Total	37,666,387

† The *conseil de famille* is an assemblage of the heads of a family and their prominent near relations for the purpose of deliberating and taking action on any matter of moment affecting any of its members.

‡ A whipper-in or huntsman.

build up such subjects physically and morally. As the reports of 1880 and 1883 make no mention of any such establishment, it is to be presumed that he died before having opportunity to make a beginning of it.

How is it with *fils de famille* in these United States, and particularly in the city of New York? Do not many of them every year begin to go to the bad and become fit subjects for a Maison Paternelle, if we had one here? Is such an institution needed here? Would it be in accordance with the ideas and habits of the people, assuming that the required zeal and devotedness could be found to undertake its establishment?

SONNET—TO ST. CECILIA.

O PERFECT Lily! whose fair, fragile white
Life's glowing sunshine wooed, and wooed in vain,
And all its tempests had no power to stain;
O fragrant Rose! bathed in a glow so bright,
Thy life's first glory, not its early blight,
As they believed who, through death's passing pain,
Gave for a little loss a priceless gain,
And Heaven's first glimpse to thy enraptured sight—
Thy very name awakens melody,
And music's tenderest praises seem to play
Around thy distant, martyred memory,
As fresh in this as thine ungrateful day.
Sweet Saint, the symbol of meek constancy,
Pray God we share in thy triumphal lay.

THE SLAUGHTER OF THE FIRST-BORN.

Why must the public schools of this free land be so conducted that Catholics are forced to establish parochial schools? Can sincere believers in Christianity be parties to this injustice? Can fair-minded men be parties to it? We say sincere believers, because as the pretended mother was discovered by her willingness to have the child put to death and divided, so it can only be a pretended Christian who will divide the child's training for life and death between two divergent methods of instruction. And, we ask, what fair-minded citizen can demand that the public money shall be spent exclusively upon schools which Catholics honestly believe rob the souls of their children of the Christian faith? If you say the public schools do no such thing, that Catholic parents are mistaken, then, we ask, who has made you judge between these fathers and mothers and the souls of their children? Will you take the responsibility of affirming that on a question of the most vital importance to these parents, a question touching a religion to which you are a stranger, your opinion is right and that of the parents wrong? And will you please bear in mind that the practical result of the dispute is that the dollars and cents of a multitude of good citizens must be paid into the public treasury and spent for your side of the question and against their own? Do you think this is acting like a fair-minded man? Put yourself in the place of your Catholic neighbor: how would you like it? There is but one escape from this charge of injustice, and that is to affirm that the Catholic view of the school question is immoral. Maintain, if you please, that our convictions openly violate a fundamental principle of common Christian morality, and you may force us to pay for the public schools. But if this preposterous claim be not set up you must admit that some accommodation should be come to; the principle of American liberty called freedom of conscience estops your further discussion. The objection of Catholics to the present public-school system is a matter of conscience. If you will say that a private school aided by a free state is an open violation of public morality, on a par with polygamy or infanticide, please tell us how and in what particular, or concert measures with us to readjust in accordance with the American idea the mutual relations of the state, family, and churches in public educa-

tion. Prudent and wise men know how to adjust differences when they mean well. Meantime ponder the words of the bishops of the Province of New York in the late Provincial Council: "Until such time as a sense of justice will force our fellow-citizens to admit the fairness of our claims, and realize the injustice of taxing us for schools to which we cannot conscientiously send our children, unless in cases of extreme necessity, we shall be obliged to build our own schools, even out of our scanty resources."

Is it a right use of political power to cram down the throats of an integral portion of the American people your views of education? Is it honest to make them help pay for schools which may be yours, indeed, but which can only be theirs by violating their consciences? Is this a taste of American liberty of conscience?

How long will this driving of Catholic children into private and parochial schools go on? Will it continue till non-Catholic children shall be alone in the public schools, and every Catholic parish, however poor, shall have its own school? It looks as if the remnants of Christianity outside the church were doomed to be swept clean away by paganizing education. How long shall American citizens be made to suffer in patience from this bigotry?

In Europe men look to the state for favors; in America this is not the case. Catholic Americans ask no favors of the state. But we maintain that it is a disgrace and a shame that, of all places in the world, in this free country any large body of respectable citizens should be taxed for the support of schools which are so conducted that to send their children to them is to risk their religious perversion. We maintain that what bigots, with all their venom, were unable to do at the formation of our government the partisans of the public schools are now, whether consciously or otherwise, endeavoring surreptitiously to do by public secular education; that is to say, the law of the land and the public taxes are made use of to force upon a portion of the community something which their deliberate convictions forbid them to use.

The Catholic parent says, That school injures my child's ultimate welfare; you say, I disagree with you, and I have the power and I will put the taxes upon you. Is this fair play? Is this American? And now it has come to pass that it is not simply the state but the nation that is to be used against the Catholic conscience, since the enormous sums asked at Washington by scheming politicians for educational purposes are to be exclu-

sively used for secular schools. Having milked the udder of the state nearly dry, they would like to try their hands at that of the nation.

Meantime we are more than persuaded that freedom and equal rights are (excepting this one blot) the primary ideas of Americans in their political conduct; and we are equally certain that in accordance with freedom and equal rights Americans will meet this issue and decide it. The issue as seen by the Christian, whether Catholic or not, is stated in four words: Christianity against secular schools. That this is truly the issue has been growing clearer and clearer every day. Religious men of all denominations are beginning to perceive it. They perceive that it is the public-school boards in their respective localities that have become the judges of the worth or worthlessness of Christianity to the child. Thoughtful religious men and women are finding out the reason why unbelief is spreading among the people. The main business of teaching this people what to believe and how to live and die is carried on by a system which shuts out from their view the God who created them and the end for which they were created. The reader will see evidence of this in the following words of an upright Protestant minister. They are printed in the Chicago *Interior*, one of the organs of Presbyterianism in the West. He is speaking of higher education, and incidentally of primary. The italics are our own:

"We think it is not too much to say that the control of the higher education of the future is a question which intimately concerns both church and state. Garfield used to say that 'man is the joint product of nature and nurture.' This is a very pregnant statement, the general accuracy of which no one will dispute. Perhaps we might safely go a step further and say that nature may prove stronger than nurture, or *vice versa*. If nature in the great majority of cases should prove stronger than nurture, it would be a bad thing for society; for nature, according to our orthodox views, 'is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked.' Hence it is apparent that no true virtue could be the outcome of an education that simply gave to nature an unbridled use of its power. But is not the welfare of states dependent upon the virtue rather than the intelligence of its citizens? The real question is, then, What shall be the character and aim of the education, especially higher education, of the future? If it be an education that shall merely develop power, and aim at that only, its character is determined by that fact. But if it seek to accomplish two main things—viz., power and control—then its character is fixed accordingly. *Now, we do not hesitate to say that the element of control in education is of greater importance than that of power. In other words, I should infinitely prefer that my boy should have clear views upon the questions of right and wrong, and prefer the former, than that he should know a little more in a*

general way about some of the sciences and speculative philosophy, but be indifferent to the Ten Commandments. Whether nurture or education shall prove stronger than nature depends mainly upon the emphasis placed upon the element of control. This brings us, then, to the original inquiry, Under what control shall the higher education of the future be placed? There are only three conceivable answers to this important question:

"1. The state. But the state does not emphasize the element of control in education. One of its leading aims seems to be to avoid this very thing. *Hence our common schools, while excellent in many respects, are practically godless. It is becoming more and more exceptional that even a few verses of the Bible are hastily read in the morning. The Bible and prayer are virtually excluded from the school-rooms of the state. What is the result? You get power, but no control of that power. An atmosphere is developed which is hostile to piety, duty, morality.* Of course nature is master of the situation, and nature is hostile to God.

"The above is largely true of our state universities. Where a better state of things prevails in them it can only be regarded as a temporary incident of their life, and due to an accidental influence being exerted by some Christian denomination. But the point is, these exceptional and better features are really abnormal and cannot be depended on.

"2. Private and irresponsible individuals may assume control of the higher education of the future. Of course this will never be a very general condition of things. Yet how many private enterprises of this kind have sprung up in our country during the past two years! But the fact that in all such cases the prevailing motive is a mercenary one is a sufficient commentary.

"3. The Christian church may control the higher education of the future. The question is, Does the church afford the only safe guarantee for efficient work in this line? Unquestionably it does. In the element of power the church will give as much of it as the state can. The best science and philosophy of the day is within the pale of the church. Education, in its broad and liberal sense, has had no better friend than the church in the past, nor is it likely to have in the future. But the church does not forget the important element of control in education. It jealously guards the conscience and feeds it with proper food, so that it may not only live, but become strong enough to perform its true functions in the soul as its controlling power. In a word, the education of the church has prime reference to character, and the development of the strongest and best character it believes can be secured by the faithful education of man as a totality. It would not ignore any of the faculties of soul or body, especially not the higher faculties of the soul. Of course the question of ministerial supply in the future is intimately and vitally connected with the other question of the control of the higher education of the future. There are many leading minds who think that the new empire springing up rapidly in these parts is to be the battle-ground of the future in respect to this matter of control in education. Our Board of Aid for colleges and academies was not born a day too soon. If the church will be alive to its opportunities and duty, it can make this board an arm of mighty power in our land. . . .

JOHN D. MCLEAN."

"GROTON, D. T."

In establishing in such magnificent proportions the present school system the generosity of the American people has been wonderful. It has been called forth by their love of knowledge—a noble trait. The same sentiment, set right, guided by the principles so honestly stated by Mr. McLean, would but stimulate the same generosity and consecrate education to the noblest of all purposes. The number of schools and of teachers in all grades would but be increased and their character elevated, if the education of the child were conformed to the end for which the parent believed he was created. But so far the zeal for knowledge has been zeal without knowledge. Have our people sufficiently appreciated that there is no intellectual privilege equal to being taught by Jesus Christ; that there is no doctrine that can compare with his; that there is no true teaching which does not lead to him and his truth? The American people have not denied this or doubted it. Their mistake was concerning the method of applying the teaching of Christ to the human mind. They thought that the faith of Jesus Christ could be well enough imparted by a method of instruction which dealt with things temporal and things eternal in *sensu diviso;* but in reality this life and the life to come are one. They have forgotten, too, that religious belief and practice are maintained among a people only with difficulty and by means of much systematic teaching, and that religious teaching at its very best is apt to be deafened by the clamor of the world in the hurly-burly of this busy age.

Meantime secular statesmen have fallen into a grosser error. They have fancied that it is the business of the state to educate the people. This is a mistake. The problem of statesmen in this matter is really how the state shall aid the divinely-appointed agencies of education. These are the authority of God in the family and the same authority in the church. To consult the rights, nay, the very scruples, of parents, to assist in a spirit of impartial justice the different religious societies among us in the work of education—such is the rôle of the state as Americans understand it. Divine rights the state has, to be sure, but among them the training of children is certainly not to be found; least of all training children to the grief of parents. In educational matters the American state has been running off from its providential lines.

No wonder, then, that religious Protestants are becoming antagonized by the public schools. We believe that the more thoughtful portion of every Christian denomination in this country would favor an honest effort towards religious school-

ing. We believe that honest Protestants would be glad if the people's children could be taught the religion of their parents at school. They have discovered that the school grievance is only Catholic because it is a religious grievance in the broadest sense. Catholics and Protestants are nearing each other in this controversy. Whatever aversion we may have to Protestant errors, we see but deeper error in the interference of a godless school-board between God and the child's soul, and between the father (Protestant or otherwise) and his child. Sincere Catholics and honest Protestants in this country, as is the case in others, can have a platform of principles broad enough to stand together upon, and shortly, we think, will have it. And then let bigots and political schemers beware!

This propaganda of unreligious citizenship must be resisted. Resistance will not be confined to any one section of this people. A portion are taking their leisure, indeed, in coming to this point. But the slaughter of their first-born is persuading them of their duty. "For whereas they would not believe anything before by reason of the enchantments, then first upon the destruction of their first-born they acknowledged the people to be of God" (Wisd. xviii. 13). If they will not admit that Catholics are the people of God, at any rate they will admit that we know what we are about on the school question.

So great a principle and so true a cause will not long lack champions in the political arena. "The first of all gospels is this, that a lie cannot endure forever." There is a class of minds whose ruling passion is love of being right. Another class there is whose ruling passion is love of peace and plenty. Woe to the state when the latter outweighs the former! Have we come to that already? Are you going to say that the love of being right is no longer the dominant trait of the American people? We do not believe it. And we are further persuaded that when sincere and intelligent religious men and women present their religious convictions as a political factor, then the school question will be fairly considered and quickly settled. Meantime we will raise our voices, and will not allow them to be stifled till we get our rights.

A sincere member of any church is always respected. A man or woman fond of religious society, a regular attendant at religious services, a constant reader of Holy Scripture, is still the most honored member in an American community. If he be deemed of upright conscience his religious disposition makes him welcome in a worldly man's home-circle, and such

traits are noted in favor of one who seeks a worldly man's child in marriage. It will be twenty times the present power of agnosticism that will weaken the instinctive respect that men have for those who solve the great questions of the soul by living and dying for God and for eternity. Shall such men be ignored or have no weight when they organize to bring the school grievance to settlement? God forbid! If a man is known to buy and sell goods under the influence of the Christian religion, he is but the better trusted; shall he be only scoffed at if he proclaims the same rule of conduct in the training of his children?

JOOST VAN DEN VONDEL.

"A HISTORY of the lifetime of Joost van den Vondel," says Mr. Edmund Gosse in his *Studies in Northern Literature*, "is a chronicle of the whole rise and decline of the literature of Holland." Born in 1589, he was eight years old when the United Provinces, throwing off the yoke of Spain, proclaimed their Commonwealth and insured at once the freedom and the prosperity of the Netherlands. Though the struggle continued for years, the victory was practically won, and even the assassination of the stadtholder failed signally to undo the work that he had done. As Holland rose rapidly in wealth and political importance she blossomed into a literature whose rich efflorescence was second only to the glory of the Elizabethan school in England. The great historian Hooft, the dramatists Brederoô and Vondel, the lyrical poets Huyghens, Barlaeus, and Janssen Starter, formed a little group of rare talent whose lifelong labors raised their country to an honorable distinction in the world of letters, as William the Silent, Maurice of Nassau, and Oldenbarneveldt raised her to a place among the nations. They died, leaving none to succeed to their titles; and Vondel, who had assisted at the birth of Dutch literature and nourished its vigorous growth, was destined in his old age to be the witness of its premature decline.

Nothing could well be more homely than the early surroundings of this greatest of Holland's poets. His parents, poor Anabaptists of Cologne, were driven hither and thither as members of that much-persecuted sect until they found a shelter in Am-

sterdam, where they established themselves in a modest stocking-shop in the Warmoesstrat. Years of thrift insured them a competency, and when Joost Vondel at twenty-one succeeded to the business he left it principally in the hands of his young wife, while devoting himself to the more congenial task of writing verses, none of which, however, gave much promise of his future greatness. His early tragedy of Henry IV. probably met with no more notice than it deserved, and his fugitive poems were but little known outside of the small coterie of writers and scholars who willingly received him in their midst. For Hooft especially he felt a warm admiration and affection, which was ill-repaid in later life; and another and happier friendship formed about the same time was destined to have a marked effect upon his subsequent career. This was with the poetess Tesselschade, the daughter of Roemer Visscher, a man of wealth and standing, whose ripe scholarship and distinguished attainments placed him without a rival at the head of the literary society of Amsterdam.

His three daughters were its brightest ornaments, and of these the youngest, Tesselschade, was a Dutch Sévigné, whose praises poets sang, and for whose sake they wore their brightest bays. It seems impossible to speak with sufficient admiration of one whose influence was so unreservedly good, whose rare beauty wrought evil to none, and who combined within herself the grace and wit of a woman of the world with the modesty, the domestic affections, and the sterling sense of a German housewife. An artist of some merit, she counted Rubens among her friends; a tender and pleasing writer, she won the hearts of Holland's greatest sons. The fiery young genius Brederoô flung his passionate soul at her feet; Constantine Huyghens bore her through life a real though somewhat fantastic affection; the poet Barlaeus sought her hand, and Vondel, when a widower, would fain have shared with her his undying fame. Yet, unspoiled amid this universal admiration, Tesselschade suffered herself to be wooed and won by a middle-aged and commonplace sailor, Allart Krombalgh, and when he died she remained faithful to his memory. Her friendship with Vondel lasted unbroken through their lives, and in one respect at least her influence touched him nearly.

The family of Roemer Visscher were Catholics. Good patriots, who had no mind to see their country trodden under-foot by Spanish tyranny, they were yet faithful children of the mother-church. Amid the jars and dissensions of Calvinists and Arminians, amid the wrath of the Remonstrants and the war-cry of the Gomarists, the little household maintained its peaceful

serenity, withdrawn wholly from the religious struggles of the hour. Mr. Gosse, who cannot be accused of any undue preference for Rome, is moved to acknowledge that, in this case at least, Catholicity was a boon, and Peter's Rock a more comfortable resting-place than the sea of discord that raged around it. "To the family of Roemer," he says, "with their mild Catholicism and their cultured humanism, these rabid shouts of Free-Will and Predestination that deafened the consciences of men, and drove them to the foulest acts of tyranny and treason, must have seemed pitiful indeed; nor has Protestantism ever shone in so contemptible a light as in those years preceding the murder of Oldenbarneveldt."

That murder was the turning-point in Vondel's career. The Synod of Dort, which had met in 1618 with the ostensible purpose of reconciling the perfectly irreconcilable religious bodies, had become a mere tool in the hands of the triumphant Calvinists, with Maurice of Nassau at their head, and James of England lending them his gracious approbation. In their pitiless zeal they were not content with hounding the Arminian pastors from their livings and banishing many from the country. Hugo Grotius, the most eminent jurist of his time, and Rombout Hoogerbeets were imprisoned for life in Loevestein, whence the former escaped through the sagacity and devotion of a maid-servant. The body of the secretary, Ledenberg, who died by his own hands in prison, was dragged from the grave and publicly hanged, that the state might wrest from his children their inheritance. And Oldenbarneveldt, Holland's greatest and truest son, the friend of William the Silent and the liberator of his country, was beheaded on the 14th of May, in his seventy-second year, "for having conspired to dismember the States of the Netherlands—which he of all men had helped to bind together—and for having greatly troubled God's church."

A blacker judicial murder never stained the fair fame of a republic. All that could be urged against the Grand Pensionary was his laxness in the spirit of persecuting Christianity. "He was accused," says Motley, "of a willingness to wink at the introduction quietly and privately of the Roman Catholic worship. That this was the deadliest of sins there was no doubt whatever in the minds of his revilers. When it was added that he was suspected of the Arminian leprosy, and that he could tolerate the thought that a virtuous man or woman not predestined from all time to salvation could possibly find the way to heaven, language became powerless to stigmatize his depravity." For these

crimes they dragged the old man to the scaffold amid coarse insults and ribald jests; and after his bleeding body had been thrust with ostentatious ignominy into a filthy box a document was published explaining that the utter absence of any treasonable evidence was owing to the humanity of his judges, who, in consideration of his extreme age, had mercifully abstained from putting him to the question. "This is the reward of forty years' service to the state," said the prisoner, with a momentary pang of anguish, as he looked upon the gaping crowd assembled to witness his execution; and then, with gentle dignity kneeling upon the rough boards, he bent his venerable head to receive the fatal stroke.

Barneveldt's heroic death fell like a thunderbolt upon the little group of poets and patriots that met under Roemer Visscher's roof. Hot with shame at his country's disgrace, and with fury that Prince Maurice should have left his father's cherished friend to such a fate, the passionate resentment that shook Vondel's soul found vent in a series of burning songs, and in the tragedy of "Palamedes, or Murdered Innocence," where Barneveldt, the stadtholder, and other eminent personages were painted under the thinnest of disguises. Though this tragedy was not produced until after Prince Maurice's death in 1625, it very naturally awoke a spirit of bitter resentment, and cost the poet, or his friends, a fine of three hundred gulden. By this time, however, his fame was being slowly and surely established, and his name had become a watchword among those whose finer souls or wider sympathies responded freely to his call. He had reached an age when men have oftenest put forth their best efforts, and his life-work was but begun. Gradually and powerfully his massive genius developed itself, attaining its highest point only when old age had crowned his head with silver. Had Vondel died as prematurely as Byron, Shelley, and Keats, there would have been nothing left to show mankind how great a poet they had missed. Had Keats—snatched too soon from a listening world—been permitted to ripen into vigorous manhood, what ravishing lost harmonies would have been bequeathed to the English tongue! Vondel was forty-nine years old when his great tragedy, "Gijsbrecht van Aemstel," was first played in the Academy of Amsterdam; a year later he dedicated to Tesselschade his translation of the "Electra" of Sophocles, and on his fifty-fourth birthday he took the long-meditated step and entered the Catholic Church.

It seems a little hard to understand the universal opprobrium that followed. As a sympathizer with the Arminians Vondel

had always stood upon the losing side, while by joining the Roman fold he sacrificed at once such political influence as he had hitherto possessed, and with it the support and approbation of his oldest friends. Now, when a man willingly relinquishes any distinct worldly advantages for the sake of his religious convictions, he challenges our respect, even if those convictions seem to us mistaken. When Dryden, the most courtly and astute of poets, accepted Catholicity in the nick of time to make good his favor with a Catholic king, his enemies had some ground on which to doubt his disinterestedness, though the less captious critics of to-day refuse to impute to him ignoble motives. But when Crashaw threw himself into the bosom of the church there was not one dissentient voice, save that of the surly Prynne, in the universal acknowledgment of his sincerity. And, like Crashaw, Vondel had nothing to gain and much to lose in adhering to his new creed. Less spiritual and far more masculine than the English poet, it was given him to spend hours in a trance of ecstatic devotion; but he could and did suffer manfully for the faith he held. If his poems are not "steps for happy souls to climb heaven by," they at least stretch soberly along in the same great direction. Crashaw, in his contemplative purity and rapturous love, at once represents the church suffering and the church triumphant; Vondel is the very embodiment of the church militant. Crashaw died at thirty-seven, a flower-like soul unfit for the coarse and wicked soil of earth; Vondel struggled on until ninety-one amid poverty and misfortunes, with an indomitable courage that nothing could subdue. His is the sadder as well as the more instructive history; and who was there to write of him, as Cowley, the stanchest of Protestants, wrote in love and reverence of the dead Crashaw?—

> "Pardon! my mother-church, if I consent
> That angels led him when from thee he went."

Or again:

> "His faith, perhaps, in some nice tenets might
> Be wrong; his life, I'm sure, was in the right,
> And I myself a Catholic will be
> So far at least, great saint, to pray to thee.
> Hail, bard triumphant! and some care bestow
> On us, the poets militant below."

Vondel's friends on the other side, denying him with one ac-

cord the privilege of deciding for himself what he should believe, turned away in anger when his change of creed was announced, and never seem to have forgiven him the step. Hooft, whom he had loved so long, barred the doors of Muiden Castle against his old companion, and would not suffer him beneath his roof. Huyghens, suspecting that Tesselschade's influence had much to do with the matter, forgot for a while his admiration of the "matchless qualities" he was never wearied of singing, and upbraided her fiercely and bitterly for assisting at Vondel's fall. So stinging, indeed, were his reproaches that the lady, whose gentle femininity did not permit her to indulge in polemical warfare, wearied of this one-sided battle and entrusted her defence to Barlaeus, who was too happy to be allowed to espouse her cause. But, except Tesselschade, there was no one to defend Vondel, who, seeing himself deserted by his friends, wasted no time in complaints or self-extenuation, but proceeded quietly with his literary labors. Drawing his inspiration from Holy Writ, he produced at this time his Scriptural dramas, "The Sons of Saul," "Joseph in Dotham," and "Joseph in Egypt"; also his translation of the Psalms of David, which he dedicated to Christina of Sweden, who sent him a golden chain with her portrait attached.

There is something naïve enough to be absolutely amusing in the verdict of a modern French critic on the poet's conversion to Catholicity. While acknowledging the "incontestable services rendered by him to the country of his adoption," and saluting him as the "father of Netherland poetry, and the restorer of the national language of the Pays-Bas," the writer deprecates the one mistaken step which robbed him of the support and sympathy of his friends. "But the most cruel punishment of his inconsistency," he adds, "was met by him in his own family. His daughter Anna left him to enter a convent, and his son Joost ruined him in business." Here we have a relation between cause and effect that does credit to Gallic logic. That his daughter should have gone into a convent was perhaps the natural outcome of her father's religion, and may be regarded as an evil or a blessing, according to people's views. But to say that his son mismanaged the stocking-shop and brought poverty on the family because Vondel had become a Catholic is inferring rather more than the circumstances will permit. Apparently, however, a somewhat similar view was held by his contemporaries. Such misfortunes were plainly the punishment due him for his perversion, and they were only acquiescing

cheerfully in the decrees of Providence when they refused to lift a hand to help him in his sore distress.

But this is unduly anticipating events. Vondel had still before him some years of prosperity and peace, though death was about to deprive him of his dearest friend. Tesselschade, whose wedded happiness had been of brief duration, had since her widowhood devoted herself to the education of her only remaining child. Still beautiful and winning, she gently refused all offers of marriage, content to remain the companion of great men and the beloved patroness of all the younger writers of her day. Her last years were shadowed by sorrows, borne with touching patience and resignation. A spark from a smithy partly destroyed her sight and marred her loveliness for ever. Death carried off in quick succession many of those dearest to her, and finally laid his hand on her young daughter, the pride and joy of her life. Broken-hearted by this last blow, she died of grief in 1649, leaving her memory embalmed in the songs of Barlaeus, Huyghens, and Vondel, while her own lyrics hold a more modest niche in the temple of fame. Of these "The Nightingale" is familar to all, having been translated into English by Sir John Bowring and Mr. Edmund Gosse, and published at different times in collections of fugitive poems.

Vondel was sixty years old when Tesselschade died. His tragedy of "Mary Stuart" had met with brilliant success, and the poet, now living quietly with his daughter on the Cingel, began the great work of his life, the choral drama of "Lucifer." Mr. Gosse has clearly pointed out how deeply indebted to this majestic poem is the author of "Paradise Lost." Preceding the English epic by thirteen years, it could not have failed to attract the attention of Milton, who was a finished Dutch scholar, and who drew so much of his inspiration from foreign sources. Had he, indeed, adhered to his original design of treating his subject dramatically, the resemblance between the two poems would have been closer still, though no one ventures to place "Lucifer" on the same lofty pinnacle as its heroic rival. But a like spirit dominates in both. "The great Puritan epic," says Mr. Goldwin Smith, "could hardly have been written by any one but a militant Puritan"; yet Vondel, though a son of Rome, is swayed by precisely the same warlike zeal for a sublime cause. The clash of the celestial armies rings in his ears, their gleaming armor dazzles his eyes, their impetuous charge fills him with exultation. Like Milton, he makes of Lucifer a superb incarnation

of revolt, not to exalt the spirit of rebellion, but to give dignity and meaning to the struggle. It is not the Almighty crushing a worm which calls forth our enthusiasm, but the angels of God rushing with loyal valor against a powerful foe.

In their own characters and destinies Milton and Vondel closely approximate each other—the same stern and uncompromising patriotism, the same passionate defence of a lost cause, the same purity of life without a tinge of asceticism, the same adherence to their respective creeds, the same heroic fortitude under heavy affliction. In an old Dutch print of Vondel we discern far more of the soldier than the poet. With his martial bearing and his military mustachios, he looks ready to gird on his sword and fight gaily in the foremost ranks of battle. Yet, gentler far than Milton, his warlike spirit never degenerated into blood-thirstiness; and for the real difference between the two we have but to turn from the downright ferocity, the "Latin Billingsgate," with which Milton pursued the unfortunate Salmasius, to the epitaph in which Vondel has recorded his unswerving affection for his ungenerous friend Hooft.

"Lucifer," as well as "Gijsbrecht van Aemstel," has been translated into French, and may be found in the "*Chefs-d'œuvres des Théâtres Étrangers*"; but though Mr. Gosse in his study of Vondel has given us a spirited synopsis of the drama, only a few scattered extracts from the chorus have been rendered into English verse. The entire action takes place among the heavenly hosts. We hear of Eve's beauty and Adam's bliss only through the angelic praises of both. Apollyon describes Eve as lovelier than the brightest spirits, fairer than the gates of pearl, her hair golden as a veil of sunbeams. Man, created less than the angels, is yet laden with blessings and destined to work his way to a higher glory and to a place nearer God. Lucifer, the Morning-Star, the Stadtholder of Heaven, is roused to bitter grief and jealousy at sight of this new rival, and Beelzebub inflames his wrath with pointed taunts upon his fallen greatness. Apollyon and Belial fan the flames of rebellion among the sorrowing and discontented angels, who wail with one voice:

"Alas! alas! alas! where has our bliss departed!"

In vain Gabriel seeks to argue them into obedience; in vain the superb and haughty Michael warns them of the hopeless-

ness of contending against the Most High; in vain Raphael, the messenger of love and reconciliation, endeavors to win them back to their allegiance ere the thunders of God hurl them into hell. Lucifer, to whom the rebel hosts have already paid divine homage, refuses to bow his crested head. Despairing of success, he yet rears the banner of revolt and rushes impetuously on his doom.

There is but a single conflict between the two armies of heaven. The loyal servants of God fly with quivering pinions to the fray, while the rebellious spirits advance in the form of a crescent, Belial and Beelzebub leading either horn. Lucifer, in his sun-bright chariot studded with rubies, his shining buckler engraved with the morning-star, encounters the mighty arm of Michael, who, bearing aloft the standard, on which is blazoned the mystic name of the Creator, leads the triumphant hosts of heaven. Maddened by approaching defeat, Lucifer in vain essays to cleave with impious arm that awful name. The archangel's gleaming sword hurls him with irresistible force into the yawning abyss of hell, whose grim gates open blackly to receive the rebel rout. From thence—a monarch still within his own domain—he sends Belial to tempt the innocent Eve and accomplish through her fall the degradation of mankind. With the exile of our first parents from their lost Eden, and with the final doom of the disgraced and defeated angels, the drama is concluded.

The likeness between "Lucifer" and "Paradise Lost" is too apparent to need comment. Not only is the general tenor of the poems the same, but individual passages often bear a close resemblance. Thus Satan's

> "Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven"

is more tamely rendered by Lucifer's

> "En liever d'eerste Vorst in eenigh lager hof
> Dan in't gezalight licht de tweede, of noch een minder."*

And though Mr. Mark Pattison lays stress on the greater earthliness of Vondel's angels, yet the Miltonic spirits who turn desirous

> "Forthwith from dance to sweet repast,"

and Belial "in gamesome mood" chuckling over the success of

* Better to be Prince of a lower court
Than stand second or third within the holy light.

his new artillery, must be thought to occasionally rival them in this respect. The chorus which concludes the first act of "Lucifer" has been translated by Sir John Bowring, a most indefatigable worker and a most indifferent poet. We quote a portion of it before passing on to Mr. Gosse's too scanty versions:

"Who sits above heaven's heights sublime,
Yet fills the grave's profoundest place,
Beyond eternity or time
Or the vast round of viewless space;
Who on Himself alone depends,
Immortal, glorious, but unseen,
And in his mighty being blends
What rolls around or flows within.
Of all we know not, all we know,
Prime source and origin, a sea
Whose waters pour'd on earth below
Wake blessing's brightest radiancy.
His power, love, wisdom first exalted
And waken'd from oblivion's birth
Yon starry arch, yon palace vaulted,
Yon heaven of heavens to smile on earth.
From his resplendent majesty
We shade us, 'neath our sheltering wings,
While awe-inspired and tremblingly
We praise the glorious King of Kings
With sight and sense confused and dim.
O name, describe the Lord of Lords!
The seraphs' praise shall hallow Him:
Or is the theme too vast for words?"

Compare this with Mr. Gosse's translation of the angelic chorus, who watch with wondering dismay the changed and sullied brightness of their rebellious brothers:

"Why seem the courteous angel-faces
So red? Why streams the holy light
So red upon our sight,
Through clouds and mists from mournful places?
What vapor dares to blear
The pure, unspotted, clear,
And luminous sapphire?
The flame, the blaze, the fire
Of the bright Omnipotence?
Why does the splendid light of God
Glow, deepened to the hue of blood,
That late, in flowing thence,
Gladdened all hearts?"

Here we have the quaintness of the old Dutch poet set into living English; and the anti-chorus, in a singularly musical reply, explain that envy "from the under-world came sneaking," and has tarnished the glory of God's chosen servants.

"The doves of heaven here on high,
Whose innocent pinions sweetly tinkled,
Are struck with mourning one and all,
As though the heavens were far too small
For them, now Adam's been elected,
And such a crown for man selected.
This blemish blinds the light of grace,
And dulls the flaming of God's face."

One more short quotation is all we may add, but it is too felicitous to be omitted. The triumphant chorus celebrate Michael's victory in an ode so curious and complex that only a poet-critic could successfully unravel its intricacies, and we cannot forbear to give at least the opening lines:

"Blest be the hero's hour,
Who smote the godless power,
And his might, and his light, and his standard,
Down toppling like a tower;
His crown was near God's own,
But from his lofty throne
With his might into night he hath vanished;
God's name must shine alone.
Outblazed the uproar fell
When valorous Michael,
With his brand in his hand quenched the passion
Of spirits that dared rebel.
He holds God's banner now;
With laurels crown his brow!"

"Lucifer" was received with a storm of invectives, as "treating in a fleshly manner the high theme of God's mysteries," and found its way to the stage, to publication, and to the hearts of the Dutch people only after a prolonged and hard-fought battle. Critics to this day persist in thinking that it veils a political significance, and Lucifer is believed by some to mean William the Silent, and by others Cromwell; both of which suppositions being equally unhappy when we reflect that the first stadtholder and the ruler of the English Commonwealth, so far from being ingloriously defeated, carried their respective rebellions to a most successful issue. There seems no legitimate reason to connect this

noble poem with the miserable wickedness of the day; and critics, in their rage for finding hidden meanings, have forgotten that the devout and reverent Vondel would hardly have compared the cruel tyranny of Philip II. or the unscrupulous falseness of Charles I. to the just vengeance of an Almighty God.

The poet was now approaching his seventieth year. He had been elected president of the Guild of St. Luke, and publicly crowned on that occasion by the painter, Bartholomeus van der Helst; he had outlived the malice of his enemies, and might reasonably hope to see his sun of life set clearly and peacefully in an honorable old age. But heavy sorrows were even now in store for him. His son's mismanagement—whether the result of Catholicity or not—plunged him into financial ruin. He sacrificed his own little fortune of 40,000 gulden, and, after travelling into Denmark to try and treat with the creditors, he obtained on his return a petty clerkship, in which by hard toil he earned a scant support. "In this misery," comments Mr. Gosse sternly, "Holland allowed her greatest poet to drudge from his seventieth to his eightieth year, and his employers had the insolence to reproach the old man with sometimes writing verses in his office hours. I doubt if in all the tragical annals in literature there is a sadder story than this; and that London should have let Otway starve seems to me less infamous than that Amsterdam should have plagued the aged Vondel so harshly for a pittance of fourteen pence a day."

Troubles more undeserved never darkened a poet's life. Otway starved in the streets of London, but not until he had sunk his manhood in the foolish passion that hurried him into his last sad misery. Milton—blind, feeble, and contemned—lingered in lonely obscurity; but the author of "Eikonoklastes" and the "Pro Populo Anglicano Defensio" could hardly hope for much consideration from his outraged and triumphant enemies. Yet a short concealment in Bartholomew Close was practically all he endured at their hands before the Act of Oblivion relieved him from even that necessity. "There were among the Royalists," says Mr. Keightly, "men of humanity who could feel compassion for him who was deprived of nature's prime blessing, and men of taste who were capable of admiration for exalted genius." But Vondel, having led a life of chaste and abstemious simplicity, and having raised his voice only in behalf of the wronged and persecuted, found no one in rich and busy Amsterdam to hold out to him a generous hand of sympathy. With characteristic courage he went cheerfully on his way, not posing as a martyr for the

benefit of posterity, but doing his daily work as well as his increasing years would permit, and writing all the while with undimmed power and beauty. "Jephte," "King David Restored," "Samson," "Adam in Exile," "Adonis," and the translations of "Œdipus Tyrannus" and the "Æneid," were among the productions of those ten hard years; and if the spectacle is a sad one, it is sublime in its unostentatious endurance. The noble old man, going daily to his humble toil, yet ever mindful of

"That one talent which is death to hide,"

suffering neither age nor poverty nor scorn to dim his light nor to disturb his soul, has taught us the truest lesson we can learn.

When, in his eightieth year, Holland awoke to her own shame and a small state pension freed Vondel from drudgery, he still continued to write, his last literary work being the translations of Ovid and Sophocles. He lived to be ninety-one, retaining the full use of all his faculties, and he died with a jest on his lips, light-hearted to the end. The influence of his Catholicism is shown in such purely religious poems as "The Virgins," "The Mysteries of the Altar," and the "Praise of St. Agnes," written before he entered the church; but at all times he drew from the Scriptures and from tradition the inspirations best fitted to his Muse. His body lies entombed in the Nieuwe Kirk at Amsterdam, near that of the gallant Admiral de Ruyter; but though Protestant walls enclose his ashes, his memory is distinctively our own by right of the common faith he so bravely loved and cherished.

THE DOCTOR'S FEE.

I.

IT was a burning day of July, and not a breath of air was stirring in the narrow, dirty alley through which two men—a priest and a physician—were passing on their daily rounds of charity. They were strangers to each other, and both were strangers in the place where they now met, the town of Altonboro'—the priest having arrived there only three days before to take temporary charge of the mission-duty of a brother cleric at present absent on account of ill-health, and the doctor being, comparatively speaking, a new-comer also, a young man just commencing the practice of his profession.

Dr. Kelly, the priest, who was walking some yards in front of the other, stopped suddenly before one of the small, mean-looking houses that lined the alley, to speak to a sallow woman standing in an open door. After exchanging a few words with her he was about to continue on his way when she exclaimed, as the young physician approached:

"Here's the doctor now that 'tends him. He can tell you, father."

The father glanced round, and, lifting his hat, bowed courteously as he said:

"Dr. Ferrison, I believe?"

"That is my name," answered the young man, bowing in return.

"Will you, sir, allow me to ask you a question about one of your patients?"

"Certainly," was the ready reply, as the speaker drew a step nearer his interlocutor and paused.

"This good woman tells me that Mahoney, who lives next-door here, has taken a turn for the worse since I saw him this morning. I wish to know if he is in danger of death."

"I have not seen him myself since this morning," answered the doctor, a look of concern coming over his face. "He was not then in danger—that is, immediate danger—though a very sick man. But if there has been a change I shall have to see what it is before I can give you an opinion."

They walked on together to the next house, and, passing

through a small outer room, entered another where the sick man lay. It was a poor place, but clean, and the bed looked comfortable. The wasted figure upon it was moving very restlessly, his hands and feet not being still an instant, though he was evidently too weak to toss his body about. He had typhoid fever, and by the illness of a month was reduced from a robust man to an emaciated frame pitiable to see. The pinched, unshaven face was colorless, but the languid eye had still a fever lustre in it that brightened almost to a flash when its wandering glance fell on the doctor; and a faint attempt to smile curved the parched mouth as the priest advanced and stood at the foot of the bed.

"Glad I am to see you, father," he said; then, looking up as the doctor touched his wrist, he added plaintively: "An' sure I'm afraid me time's come, doctor!"

"The crisis of your fever's come," answered the latter. "Come a little sooner than I expected. And I'm afraid you haven't been following my directions properly. Did you take your medicine regularly—a spoonful every hour?"

"I did," said the man in a weak voice. "Mary there 'll tell you so."

"Yes, doctor, he tuk it sure, an' ivery drop, too," cried a woman's voice in a quick, eager tone, as the speaker advanced from behind the head of the bed, which, for the sake of air, had been drawn into the middle of the floor. She stopped, facing the doctor, and stood in an unconsciously dramatic attitude, her thin hands grasping each other tightly, her straight, black brows drawn together, her eyes looking out from under their shadow with a strained gaze of agonized inquiry from one to the other of the three men before her—the poor writhing form on the bed, the grave face of the physician, who stood, watch in hand, counting the fearfully rapid but weak pulse, and the benign but sad countenance of the priest.

Small comfort did she derive from the scrutiny. Her face, haggard from watching and anxiety, twitched convulsively, and once her lips unclosed as if to utter a passionate wail; but she restrained herself bravely, and there was a moment's silence, broken at last by the feeble tones of the sick man.

"Father, you'll give me the rites?" he said, looking, with a pitiful quiver of a smile, at the priest.

"Yes, my son," responded the latter. "I will anoint you at once; and if the doctor thinks then that your condition requires it, I will return home for the Blessed Sacrament. I have my oil-stocks but not the pyx with me."

He stepped to the side of the woman, who was staring vacantly before her with an expression of dumb despair, and directed her to make the necessary preparations for the administration of the sacrament; and when she had set a small table beside the bed and covered it with a clean white cloth, he took from his pocket a morocco case containing his stocks, asked for holy water, and, having completed his arrangements, proceeded with the holy rite.

The doctor, meanwhile, had gone into the outer room and been engaged in mixing and portioning out some medicine for his patient. Seated before the only window the apartment could boast, and leaning over a chair that he had taken for a table upon which to work, he did not observe what was going on around, and was surprised, on returning to the sick-chamber presently, at the scene which met his sight. The priest was anointing the feet of the sick man, who lay perfectly quiet now. His hands, clasped upon his breast, held a crucifix, his eyes were closed, and there was an expression of peaceful resignation on the skeleton-like face. Back towards the wall, as far from the bed as the limited space of the room permitted, a rough-looking man and two women were kneeling—neighbors who had gathered in. They were saying the Litany of Loretto in a low tone—one leading, the others responding—and the poor wife knelt on the other side of the bed, praying too, but silently. Her face, which was almost as fleshless and wan as that of her husband, wore a singular look of mingled anguish and hope, as her eyes followed greedily every motion of the priest.

Dr. Ferrison, taking in at a glance all these details as he was about to enter, paused on the threshold, leant his shoulder against the side of the door, and looked curiously at what was to him a strange spectacle. He was aware that a Catholic when dangerously ill called for a priest, who performed certain religious services at the bedside; but he had never happened to be present before on an occasion of the kind. He had taken good care, indeed, not to be present on such occasions, regarding these ceremonies as the superstitious observances of one of the effete creeds of the world; for, like most non-Catholic men of his day and generation, he was a materialist in opinion. Since it now came in his way, however, he was not averse to studying this new phase of human nature which he had stumbled upon, and felt interested in observing the effect already produced by the reception of the sacrament in stilling the fevered restlessness of the sick man, being the more struck by this result from the fact that several similar cases had come under his notice—sudden changes in the condition of the

sick, which changes had been ascribed by their friends to the having "received the rites." Heretofore he had attributed this effect to the force of imagination acting together with the strong tendency of all illiterate minds to religious superstition. But while waiting now until the prayers were concluded there dawned suddenly on his mind a sense of doubt whether he had more reason for his belief in negation than these people, evidently so earnest and sincere, had for their faith in a personal God. It was the priest more than the people who excited his attention, however. The contrast between the man and his surroundings was very striking. Father Kelly's face, seen anywhere, must have impressed an observer as both handsome and distinguished-looking; but kneeling, robed in his lace surplice and violet stole, in this home of poverty, the incongruity of such a presence in such a place was, to one not a Catholic, something to marvel at. He looked as if he had been taken from what was his appropriate place, a cathedral sanctuary, or like a figure from an altar-piece, Dr. Ferrison thought, and gazed with thoroughly æsthetic appreciation at his fine head, graceful attitude, and most impressive manner. The young man, during a residence of some years in Paris while studying his profession, had sometimes, for the sake of the spectacle and the music, gone to church. The blaze of lights and flash of jewels on the altars of Notre Dame and the Madeleine, the rich robes and picturesque grouping of figures in the holy ceremonies, the clouds of incense and the music, were all very attractive to him. And so, too, was the fine oratory of many of the preachers. Listening to these orators, he did not greatly wonder that there should be men ready to adopt a profession which gave them the intellectual eminence and spiritual power enjoyed by the prelates of the church. Even the sight of the priests whom he met in the hospitals had never moved either his surprise or admiration, partly, perhaps, because he had given little thought to them or their work, and partly because he tacitly classed them, with the subordinate employees of the civil government, as officials who had duties, and salaries for performing these duties—the church there being a state machine, which the present rulers of the state had not yet been able to get rid of, notwithstanding their good-will and zealous endeavors to that end.

But the priest before him he regarded with different sentiments. He knew that neither fame, power, nor yet riches could be the motive influencing this man to the self-devotion of which he had been the witness for two days past. For himself, he was conscious of a personal motive in his own labor. He could

scarcely feel that, valuable as his services were to these poor people (to whom he gave them gratuitously), he was so much conferring a favor as exchanging benefits, the knowledge and experience which he was acquiring more than offsetting the work he was doing. But what possible advantage could the priest gain by labor in such a field as this?

Of course it never occurred to him to think of spiritual gain in the matter.

His thoughts were so plainly expressed in his countenance when Father Kelly, after concluding the services, turned from the bedside, and, while taking off his surplice, accidentally glanced toward him and caught his eye, that the good father was much amused, and smiled to himself as he gave his surplice and stole to one of the women who had been kneeling in the corner, saying:

"Take care of them, Kitty. I am going now for the Blessed Sacrament, and will be back as soon as possible. In about an hour and a half," looking at his watch, "you may expect me."

Then he walked toward the door, but suddenly paused and looked back at the doctor, who was examining his patient. The man lay motionless and limp, with more the appearance of death than life, so extreme was the pallor of both face and hands. He opened his mouth when requested to do so, but his eyelids did not lift until the doctor said in a somewhat hushed tone:

"How do you feel now?"

"Aisy, glory be to God!" he answered in a faint voice, looking up; "but—I'm very weak—"

So weak, obviously, that his voice failed. But his eyes, from which the fire of fever had now died out, fixed for an instant wistfully on the doctor's face, and then travelled slowly to that of the priest.

"If I'm going," he murmured, "I'd like to know."

"Tell him the truth, doctor," said the priest. "He is able to bear it. Is he dying?"

"He is not dying now—that is, he is not in *articulo mortis;* but he is in a critical condition. The chances of life and death are about equal at present, I should say. If there is a favorable change within the next twelve hours he will get well, I think." The speaker hesitated a moment and his voice sank a little as he concluded: "Without a change there is not much hope."

"God's will be done!" said the poor fellow in a whisper, turning a glance, half-pitying, half-apprehensive, on his wife, who stood near.

She saw and understood the look, and, starting forward, cried,

in a voice so cheerful and hopeful that both the priest and the doctor were surprised: "Keep up heart, Mike, my man, and don't fear for me. Shure the doctor says there's a chance yit for ye; and the father said a Mass for ye the mornin', and the Blessed Virgin is praying with all her might for ye this minute, I feel. Cheer up and trust in God!"

The doctor smiled on the woman as he beckoned her to him. "That's right—keep up his spirits," he said. "Here is his medicine. Be careful that he takes it exactly according to these directions. Can you read writing?"

"I can, sir."

"Well, I have written down the directions, so that there can be no mistake. I will read them over to you." He did so. "Remember that the least forgetfulness or neglect—"

"Never fear, doctor," interposed she eagerly; "I understand."

"That is all, then. I'll call again when my round in this part of the town is over."

This part of the town consisted exclusively of the dwellings of the poor, which were crowded together on a low flat of ground bordering a rather sluggish river. It had been a wet season—excessive rains alternating with great heat—and attention to sanitary regulations had not been as strictly enforced as prudence required. The inevitable result of such neglect followed: diphtheria and typhus fever both made their appearance—the first attacking children, the last able-bodied men principally. Among a small colony of Irish railroad laborers Mike Mahoney, the man whose bedside the doctor had just left, was the first victim, though others soon followed; and Dr. Ferrison's round consumed so much time this afternoon that the sun was setting when he emerged from the last house in which he had a patient. The street here ran parallel with the river, and he paused a moment to look down the stream at the blazing western sky, which was pouring a flood of radiance along the water and touching with gold every object the level rays could reach. It was with a little sense of regret that he turned his back, after a lingering gaze, and, walking a short distance further, came to the entrance of the alley in which Mahoney lived. It crossed the street at right angles, and consequently was now in shade, the solid wall of houses that interposed between it and the glowing west shutting off every glint of the golden glory burning there.

The young man closed his umbrella and removed his hat from his flushed brow as he entered the alley, slackening his steps at the same time. But before he had proceeded far he resumed a

quicker pace, and there was a slight movement of his nostrils indicating that the atmosphere was not quite that of a hay-field; for, while there was no positive ill-odor in the air, unless the disinfectants which were very perceptible to the sense might be so considered, a close, earthy smell pervaded the place.

As he approached the house to which he was going the priest came out of it and stopped to speak to him.

"You will find your patient better, doctor," he said, with a genial smile, as he returned the young man's salutation.

"Ah?" said the latter. "I am glad to hear it. When I left him two hours ago I apprehended the approach of coma."

He passed on into the house, and, after remaining a few minutes, reappeared.

"There is a marked improvement in his condition," he said cheerfully to the priest, who had awaited his return. "I hope the poor fellow may recover, though he is not out of danger yet. All the symptoms are favorable now, however."

"I think he will recover," said Father Kelly. "I see—this is your direction, I believe?" and, the other assenting, he continued his sentence as they walked on together. "It comes in the way of my profession to see so much of dangerous illness that it is rarely a priest is at fault in his judgment of disease—though," he added, "we always defer to the superior knowledge of our medical brethren. And this reminds me to inquire about several of my people whom you are attending." He named half a dozen or more. "None of them are likely to need the sacraments before to-morrow morning, I suppose? I mean no one of them is desperately ill?"

"Several of them are desperately ill—or, rather, will be so before the fever has run its course," responded the doctor; "but none are in danger of sudden death, which, I presume, is what you are thinking of?"

"Yes. Thank you for the information. It relieves my mind. I saw most of them this morning, and did not regard them as in immediate danger; but I am always uneasy about a typhoid case, the malady being so deceptive. And this fever, it seems to me, is rather virulent in form, is it not?"

"Decidedly so. And very contagious," added the speaker with lurking malice, shooting a quick glance at the face of his companion, to note the effect of his words.

That face looked serious; but if the young physician had expected to excite any personal alarm in the mind of the priest, and supposed for an instant that he had succeeded in his object,

the next remark of the latter disabused him of such a suspicion.

"I have been trying to devise some plan," the father said, "for the removal of the children, at least of these poor people, from the danger of contagion to which they are exposed, but have been unable as yet to make arrangements for the purpose. If the municipal authorities were wise they would lose no time in establishing a hospital and a camp in healthy situations a short distance from the town, and removing both sick and well from the pestilential locality we have just left. In my opinion the fever was not brought from elsewhere and communicated by infection, as is alleged; I believe that it originated on the spot."

"Without question it did," answered Dr. Ferrison. "But the other theory is a convenient and economical one—economical for the present, that is. It will prove very expensive eventually, these dolts that make up the corporation will find; for if matters go on as at present much longer, the county will have, at the lowest estimate, some scores of paupers to take care of during the winter."

"And is not there danger of the disease becoming epidemic?"

"Such a thing is not impossible, but not very probable," the doctor replied. "With the exception of those back streets lying along the river—slums they might almost be called—the sanitary status of the town is not bad. The air we are breathing, for instance"—they had just left the streets in question—"is pure enough; and there is no danger of the spread of the fever by contagion, as nobody but the inhabitants of the place ever go into it—except yourself."

"And yourself, and your brother-physicians," said the other.

"Men of my profession are fever-proof, as a rule; and since we are necessitated to be in constant contact with disease in all its forms, each one has to take the risk of making the rare exception. But—if you will excuse me, sir, for telling you so—I have thought several times during the last day or two that you are committing a great imprudence in venturing into and spending so much time as you do in that infected atmosphere. I am glad of an opportunity to speak to you on the subject. You are incurring great danger, I assure you."

"Thank you for the warning," said the priest in a cordial tone, "though you must not be surprised at my disregarding it. What you have said of your profession applies equally to my own. We priests—"

"Father Brian!" a voice called to him from behind at this

instant, and a gentleman hastened up, saying as he advanced: "I have been looking for you for the last two hours, Father—"

"In a moment," said the priest, with a slight motion of apology; "I will speak to you in a moment, Mr. Ashby." And he turned to his late companion—who, bowing silently, was about to walk away—extended his hand and shook warmly the one placed in it. "I am very glad to have made your acquaintance, Dr. Ferrison," he said. "As we are fellow-workers, I hope to see you soon again."

During the following three months the priest and the physician became good friends and faithful comrades in the work of charity to which they were both devoted. Fellow-workers they were, indeed, through many weary days and nights, and beside many beds of sickness and of death. For Death reaped his harvest, though not a large one. Altonboro' itself, of which this little *pied de terre*, now the scene of so much suffering and sorrow, was a suburb, was not a very large town, and the population of the fever-infected district did not number, probably, more than five hundred souls. Nevertheless, in consequence of its lingering character, the sickness found ample material all through the months of July, August, and September. In every house, almost, at least one, and often more than one, of the inmates was ill; and the disease seldom ran its course in less than a month, while in violent cases it lasted double that length of time.

That the rate of mortality was comparatively small was attributable in a great degree to the example and energetic effort of the priest, Dr. Kelly—or Father Brian, as he was familiarly called by his people. As he had remarked to Dr. Ferrison the day they first met, the most effectual way to arrest the progress of the disease was, he thought, to remove as many people as possible from the crowded and unhealthy *locale* of the river-side. He suggested to the mayor that by prompt action in this direction the threatened mischief might be averted; but that functionary was, in the first place, of the sluggish nature which is incapable of promptitude either in thought or action; and, secondly, he was a man of narrow prejudices, well-intentioned but ignorant, who did not care to adopt the suggestion, however sensible it might be, of a Roman Catholic priest. Seeing this, Father Brian proceeded to take what measures he could for the safety of those of his own people who lived in the river suburb. But he had difficulties to encounter here, too—or, more

properly speaking, a difficulty: the want of pecuniary means. He was not to be daunted in his resolve, however. He appealed to his congregation in Altonboro', which was few in numbers, and, with two or three exceptions, all humble people of limited means; he wrote to his bishop and to friends elsewhere, and in each case there was a generous response to his call for help. One of his parishioners gave him the use of a site for his proposed camp of refuge, another furnished a large bill of rough lumber, and the rest contributed money, food, cooking-utensils, and bed-clothing to the extent of their ability. The bishop sent a check and his blessing; others sent checks and good wishes; and so he had the happiness, in less than two weeks after he came to Altonboro', to see his charitable enterprise fairly afloat.

He began on a small scale, preparing accommodation at first only for the little ones of his own people—eight or ten Irish families; but the sight and thought of the children of the equally poor people, their neighbors, distressed him greatly, and he decided that he could afford to take a few of these children, and began considering how best to approach the parents on the subject. Being Protestants, he feared they would distrust his motives and suspect him of proselytizing designs. He was hesitating what to do, and had just made up his mind that he would speak to the several physicians whom he met daily in their rounds of duty, and request them to negotiate the affair, when one of the small individuals in question smoothed the way for him. This child had been accustomed to seeing and being noticed by the priest while playing with his little Irish companions, and he crept up to the father, half-shyly, half-boldly, on the day after the last batch of Catholic children had been taken away, evidently expecting a greeting.

"Well, Johnny," said the priest kindly, "how are you coming on? The fever hasn't caught you yet, I see."

"No, sir, but it's cotched Tommy and Caddy," answered the child promptly.

"Ah! I'm sorry to hear that."

"And mother says she knows me and Liz 'll be the next," pursued Johnny in a doleful tone. Then, lifting his eyes to the face that was looking down at him, and reading aright its expression of regret and pity, he plucked up courage to say diffidently:

"Father Brian, won't you take me to the Riffuge?"

"Willingly, my little man," was the reply. "It would be a

pity for such a sturdy fellow as you to take the fever. I'll carry you out with me this morning, if your mother will let you go."

"I'll ask her—I'll ask her!" cried the boy eagerly, running off as fast as his legs could carry him.

The priest followed slowly, resolved to seize the opportunity thus providentially, it seemed to him, offered for the furtherance of his design, but very doubtful how he might be received by the boy's mother, who had the character among her Catholic neighbors of being particularly ill-natured and prejudiced against the church. To his surprise his proposal was at once gratefully accepted. The poor woman, having, as she said, her hands full already with two sick children, was more than glad to guard against the risk of having two additional cases of illness, by sending Johnny and his little sister to a place of safety. And, the ice thus broken, plenty of candidates presented themselves, or rather were presented by their parents, for admission to his camp of refuge. Day by day its numbers were increased, until more than a hundred pairs of little eyes and hungry little mouths watched eagerly every morning for his appearance with their daily rations.

II.

It was not until after the establishment was in good working order that Dr. Ferrison found time to pay a visit to the place. Though but recently settled in Altonboro', on the completion of his medical studies, he had already gained considerable reputation and practice; and when to his regular professional business was added the gratuitous practice he was now doing in the fever district, as it began to be called, he had few spare minutes in the twenty-four hours. It was with some reluctance, therefore, that he consented one morning to place himself beside Father Brian on the front seat of the homely vehicle the priest had lately set up for the convenience of conveying supplies to his colony (which was situated two or three miles from the town—too far to be easily accessible on foot), and, as Father Brian expressed it, take a breath of country air and a look at the Refuge.

"Don't grudge yourself an hour or two of rest," said the father, seeing the doctor glance at his watch a little uneasily as they went bowling along a beautiful, shady country road, which was so narrow that the boughs of the pine forest through

which their route lay met overhead and shut out the blinding and sickening rays of the sun. "You need it. You are overworking yourself."

The young man laughed slightly. "That accusation from you puts me in mind of a very homely old proverb," he said. "If I am the kettle, you most emphatically are the pot. You cannot deny that you work harder than I do, and without the same necessity."

"I do deny it; I deny both counts. Considering our respective ages, I do not work so hard as you do," replied the priest. "And the necessity in my case is not less than that in your own. Proverb for proverb: Prevention is better than cure."

"Granted," said the doctor—"the truth of the proverb, I mean. But I was thinking less of your work here about these children than of the manner in which you haunt that infected purlieu which nobody ought to enter unnecessarily; and the recklessness—pardon the word—with which you expose yourself to contagion by touching, and putting yourself in such close contact with, these fever-patients, as I see you every day doing."

"It is not recklessness but duty which moves me in the matter," answered the priest seriously. "You touch them and inhale their breath while examining their pulses and tongues in your ministrations as a physician; I do the same in the performance of my functions as a priest."

"But—"

"Speak frankly," said Father Brian, as the speaker checked himself, evidently, in what he was about to say.

The latter complied with the request, changing, however, the drift of his intended remark. "You said a moment ago that, 'considering our respective ages,' you do not work harder than I do. What has a slight difference of age to do with the question, may I ask?"

"The difference is not slight between your age and mine," was the reply. "It is fifteen years at least, I should say from your appearance."

"Scarcely so much as that, I imagine," said the doctor a little quickly.

"I am thirty-eight," said the priest, "and I judge you to be about twenty-three."

"You certainly are a very close and accurate observer," the other admitted. "That is nearly my age. I was twenty-four a few days ago. But why should not a man of twenty-three or four be able to incur as much labor and fatigue as one older?"

"You are a young physician as well as a young man, or you would not ask that question," responded the priest. "Why is not that sapling"—he pointed with his whip to a young elm—"as large and as stout as that tree?" indicating a young oak of older growth.

"Ah! father, I am afraid there is malice in that illustration," cried the young man, with a boyish laugh. "You would insinuate that there is a difference of character as well as age in the two types."

"No; I did not mean that," answered the other, laughing too, and looking pleased; for it was the first time that the doctor had called him by the name he loved best to hear. "Not at all, I assure you. I only mean that there are degrees of strength corresponding with degrees of maturity. You acknowledge that?"

"Of course."

"At twenty-one, more or less, a man is mature—that is, he has attained to the full development of his physical organization: all is there that is to be there; the machine of his body is complete in all its parts. But the material of which this machine is composed is still too soft and flexile to be able to support with impunity the same amount of labor and fatigue which it can endure with ease after it has been hardened by ten or fifteen years' exercise of nerve and muscle. Is not this self-evident?"

"Y-es, in a degree, but with a qualification. In fact, I must make two qualifications. First, there is a fire and elasticity in early youth which evaporates during the hardening process of which you speak; and, secondly, there are great differences in the individual man—as marked differences as there are between the elm and the oak. To return, then, to the personal question, I claim in right of my twenty-three years an exuberant and untiring vitality which your additional fifteen years have taken away from you, and for my physical man a character of fibre and temperament that give me unlimited power of endurance."

The quiet, argumentative tone of the speaker took away from his words any appearance of boasting and vanity which otherwise they might have seemed to express. He stated what he held to be a plain fact, in plain terms, and the priest did not misunderstand him, but answered, with a glint of humor in his eye:

"That is, you think you can stand the strain of work better than I can."

"Not better, but as well," was the candid reply. "You have a splendid physique; there is no fear of your being hurt by any

amount of work. But there is very great danger of your contracting the fever; and since you will brave it so rashly, I should like to suggest a few precautions that would somewhat lessen the risk you run, if you will permit me."

"Certainly. I shall be much obliged to you, and will follow your advice if possible."

"My first recommendation, then, is that you exchange your heavy black dress for a light linen suit or white flannel, and I would earnestly advise you not to go into that pestilential air when overheated or when fasting. On Sunday I heard one woman say to another who was waiting to waylay you as you came out of the house where Conolly was dying: 'Don't stop Father Brian now! Shure he's just from the altar an' fastin'.' And that," concluded the doctor with emphasis, "was at noon!"

"It was a risk, and I was aware of the danger," admitted the priest; "but it was unavoidable. The message sent for me was so urgent that I was afraid to stop a minute, and the event justified my haste. The poor fellow did not live half an hour after I reached his bedside."

"I should not myself like to breathe such air for half an hour on an empty stomach," said the doctor in a tone of indignant protest against an act which he regarded as madness. "Indeed, no consideration could induce me to do it."

"I had no option in the matter," said the priest. "Even if I had been inclined to shrink—which, thank God! I was not—I could not have indulged the impulse. To have failed to respond to such a call would have been an inexcusable dereliction of duty. But I determined at the time that the same thing shall not happen again. I will not sing High Mass hereafter while the fever lasts, but will say a Low Mass on Sundays as on other days, at an early hour."

The doctor did not give utterance to the thought in his mind, "Why sing or say it at all?" But probably the priest read it in his countenance, and the reverend gentleman smiled to himself as *he* thought: "Never mind, my young friend; before I have done with you, *Deo volente*, I'll answer that question—to your satisfaction, I hope." He said nothing on the subject at present, however, but began to speak of his camp of Refuge, which they were now approaching.

"Here we are!" he cried cheerfully, pointing to a long, low, roughly-constructed building standing two or three hundred yards away from the road in the heart of a thick pine wood.

"It is a healthy situation, you see; but a little too much shaded, perhaps. Do you think so?"

"Not for temporary use of this sort," was the reply. "You have a considerable colony," he added, smiling at the commotion visible even from where they were and through the intervening trees and undergrowth.

The moment the horse turned, which he did of his own accord, from the road into the new but already well-beaten track leading to the building aforesaid, there had been a quick shout, followed by many and exultant shouts: "The father!" "Here's Father Brian!" "The father's coming!" iterated and reiterated by many voices in tones ranging from incipient bass to the shrillest treble, while a crowd of small figures, increasing in numbers momently, rushed about pell-mell, jumping, screaming, throwing up their arms, and finally clustering like a swarm of bees all around the father when he drew up his horse on a level space in front of the house.

"Gently, gently; stand off, all of you!" he remonstrated, flourishing his whip in the air, but at the same time smiling kindly upon them. "Yes, Joe, that's right!" he went on, as a tall boy sprang unbidden to the horse's head. "Well, my children, how are you all this morning?"

"We's well; what you got for us, father?" responded divers throats in unison.

The father slowly lifted up a huge demijohn that had been sitting between his and Dr. Ferrison's feet, and, balancing it with some difficulty on his knees, said with well-simulated gravity: "I have brought you some medicine this morning. The doctor, you see, has kindly come out with me to give you a dose of rhubarb all round."

The look of blank disappointment and dismay which all the eyes—blue eyes, gray eyes, brown eyes, black eyes—in the sea of eager, up-turned faces fastened on the doctor at these words quite upset his gravity. After an ineffectual effort to maintain a serious countenance he suddenly burst into a fit of laughter, in which the priest joined heartily. And at this instant there was a triumphant cry from just behind the father's back, which caused a joyful revulsion of feeling among the small people.

"Peaches! peaches!" shrieked two audacious little rascals who had climbed up on the back wheels of the shallow, green-bodied wagon, and stealthily investigated the contents of some covered hampers. And the cry, "Peaches! peaches! O father, you've brought us peaches!" was echoed by the others, several

of whom had been about to lift up their voices in weeping at the mention of rhubarb, when the discovery and proclamation of their enterprising companions changed their tears to rejoicing.

"Yes, I have brought you some peaches," said the father, setting the demijohn down, "and no bad news, thank God!" he added, as his eye fell on faces here and there in the crowd which showed, by their eager anxiety of expression, that a few of the children were not so self-absorbed as the majority undoubtedly seemed to be. "All the sick are doing well this morning."

He alighted while speaking, walked round to the back of the vehicle, and, pushing the cover off one of the hampers, displayed a heaped-up abundance of beautiful, crimson-cheeked fruit. "Don't get out, doctor," he said to the latter, who was preparing to descend. "Sit still, sit still; we'll drive on presently. And meanwhile try these"—he motioned to the peaches; "you'll find them good."

"Thank you," said the doctor, leaning over and helping himself; "they are very fine."

"I am glad this is a good fruit year," Father Brian remarked, as, having distributed the contents of the hampers, he mounted again to his seat, and, making a circuit around the house, began to descend a steep hill in the rear of it. "Ripe fruit is wholesome, and eating is one of the staples of a child's enjoyment. I find that the bringing some little matter of cakes or fruit or nuts to these children every morning has a wonderful effect in keeping them happy and contented."

"They are little animals," said the doctor, "who only need the gratification of their animal instincts to make them happy."

"If I had time," said the priest, with rather a grave smile, "I would take issue with you on that opinion, which is not sound, my young friend. We must discuss it some of these days. But now look around and tell me if this is not a pleasant transition from the close streets we left half an hour ago."

The doctor glanced around and uttered an exclamation of astonishment and pleasure. The temperature on the hill above, where they halted the moment before, had seemed to him delightful, the house being embowered in pines large and small, that shielded it effectually from the heat of the sun; but the place to which they were now descending was as cool and almost as dark as a cave, only a few shimmering gleams of gold falling here and there through the dense masses of foliage that surged like a sea far above their heads. They had been jolting down a rough, tortuous road which, just as Father Brian spoke, brought

them to level ground again, and they emerged from between two walls of thick undergrowth into a narrow ravine, through which a small stream flowed tranquilly along.

Here was a busy scene, not altogether unlike a gipsy encampment, only that the same sort of rudely-built structure as the one on the hill took the place of the picturesque tents of the Romany race, and the figures dotted about, singly and in groups, along the banks of the little water-course did not look at all Egyptian in character. At the far side of the glen, which was not more than a hundred yards in length, half a dozen washerwomen, of various shades of color, were industriously at work, the bushes surrounding them being covered with small garments of graduated sizes and diverse shapes; scores of children, who after their regale of fruit had scudded down the steep hill around which Father Brian was obliged to wind laboriously, romped noisily about, while others, reversing the order of that rule of propriety so much inculcated on the juvenile mind, and so obnoxious thereto, that children should be seen and not heard, were making themselves heard, though they could not be seen—the drying-ground of the laundresses affording excellent hiding-places from which to send forth those unearthly whoops and yells the emission of which is such ecstasy to small boys, probably because they are aware that the sound is such a torment to the ears of their elders.

Near a spring that nestled against the hillside and was overhung by a giant oak, and not far from the gable-end of what looked like an indefinitely elongated shanty, a large caldron was hanging over a brightly blazing fire, its contents bubbling merrily and throwing off clouds of savory odor—savory at least to the sense of its presiding genius, a short, fat old woman in a blue homespun dress, who stood, flesh-fork in hand, watching the seething mass with approving, not to say loving, regard, and occasionally giving it a caressing stir. She turned her head as the sound of wheels came to her ear, showing a round, good-tempered, yellow face; and at the same moment a negro man, who was squatting beside her stuffing wood into the fire, rose precipitately to his feet and came in a shambling half-trot, half-walk to meet the father.

"Well, Simon," said the priest, pulling up his horse opposite the old woman, to whom he gave a smiling nod—"all's going on well, I hope, this morning?"

"Yes, sir; all's going on first-rate, father," answered the man, a tall, very black, and very flat-nosed individual. "I fetched

out the things early; and besides what was on the paper that I carried to Mr. Morgan, he put in a big piece of beef and a set of liver and lights that he give you hisself, he told me to tell you."

"That was very kind of him. I hope you thanked him?"

"Yes, sir. I told him I knowed you'd be a thousand times obliged to him. And Mr. Green he give a bushel of potatoes; and Mr. Hanwell told me to call to-morrow morning and he'd send you a bag of flour and some rice."

"We are getting on famously, you see," said Father Brian to the doctor, as they alighted. "Good-morning, Aunt Penny," he went on, turning to the cook. "Sandy brought you enough to keep your pot boiling this morning, didn't he?"

"Enough and more'n enough," responded she, looking up with a smile at the speaker, and measuring the doctor from head to foot with one quick glance from a pair of bright brown eyes, which then reverted to Father Brian's face, as she continued in a scolding tone: "Half o' the meat Simon fetched would 'a' been enough, what with all the other things I had. But it was your orders to put it all in, he said, and I done it. You's what I call 'xtravagant, Father Brian. For my part, I don't believe in stuffin' children. But you's 'xtravagant!"

"God forbid!" said Father Brian. "Extravagance is waste, and waste is sin. I don't want to stuff the children, but they must not be stinted."

"Stinted, indeed, with all that potful o' victuals! They gits another sight more here than they's used to, *I* know," retorted the old woman.

"And besides the children," pursued Father Brian, "there are all the rest of you—the women yonder, and Simon, and yourself. Are you sure now that you have got dinner sufficient for all?"

"It's not my fault if I haven't," she answered a little shortly. "I've followed your directions strict." Then, relaxing into her good-tempered smile again, she added: "Don't you be makin' yourself uneasy, Father Brian, about that. There's enough and more 'n enough for all, as I told you awhile ago."

"There ought to be, from the looks of that vessel," said the doctor, speaking for the first time. "It puts me in mind of the caldron from which Sancho Panza received a ladleful of gravy with a few fowls floating about in it."

"What?" said the old woman abruptly, fixing her eyes, which were singularly clear and intelligent for one of her age and station, on the young man's face inquiringly.

He was amused with her free and easy manner, and told briefly the story of the hungry Sancho's enjoyment of the wedding feast in *Don Quixote*, Aunt Penny listening with absorbed interest, and Father Brian meanwhile holding an aside conference with Simon.

"Well," said Aunt Penny, in comment, "that was a feast, sure enough. I shouldn't 'a' minded bein' there myself," she confessed with a short, chuckling laugh. "I've heard a good many stories, but I never heard *that* before. My mistiss used to tell me stories, and—"

"Come, doctor," Father Brian's voice interposed here, "while Simon is taking the things out of the wagon, come and see my treasure-house. Bring the wagon to the door, Simon, and be as quick as you can about it, for we must be thinking of getting back to town."

"Yes," said the doctor; "I am afraid my patients are looking for me now."

"I won't detain you long," said the priest, leading the way toward the rough-looking house mentioned above. "Everything is very primitive, you perceive," he went on in the tone of a cicerone, "but substantial, and sufficiently comfortable even for bad weather. This building is the commissary department: magazine, kitchen, and refectory are all under one roof. Aunt Penny prefers to boil her pot out of doors such weather as this, but we have a kitchen, where the other part of the cooking is done, under her superintendence, by another woman."

The doctor laughed. "You have fine names," he observed.

"I make up in sounding names, you see, for the plainness of the things designated," was the good-humored reply, as the speaker pushed open a door that gave entrance to a well-sized room, and stepped in, followed by his companion.

The latter smiled at the air of satisfaction with which the good father surveyed the multifarious contents of the place. There were bundles, bags, barrels, baskets, boxes, jars, jugs, pots and pans, tinware, crockery and cutlery, bolts of cloth and bales of blankets, ready-made clothing for children—in short, a most miscellaneous collection of articles necessary and useful, coarse in quality, but good of their kind, all disposed in order, some on the floor and some on shelves around the walls.

"A tolerably furnished store-room to begin with," Father Brian remarked complacently.

"An exceedingly well furnished one, I should say," assented

the doctor. "There is more here than you will be able to use, surely."

"Oh! yes; more than will be needed for the use of the children; but what is left over I shall distribute among their parents when the little ones go back to them. Those blankets that you glanced at, for instance, will be very welcome in many poor houses during the coming winter. But I shall not accept any more stores of this description. I put a card in the morning's paper informing the kind people who have been so liberal that we are now fully supplied with household stuffs and clothing, and for the future will need only provisions. Indeed, we have plenty even in that line, as a dealer would say, to last some time. And all of these things are voluntary contributions," he added. "People only need to receive an impulse to develop the charitable instinct of human nature."

"Do you think so?" said the doctor, with a slightly incredulous smile.

"Think so! Is it possible that you doubt such an obvious fact? Why, look about you and you will see that it is so. I say nothing of the permanent charities of the world or of the habitual charities of individuals, but, considering only temporary calls like the present, did you ever know an instance where such a call was disregarded—nay, where it was not responded to promptly and liberally? I never did. Take the present case. No sooner was it known that I had established this Refuge, and that it was not what is called sectarian—since other children as well as those of my own people were received—than a number of the most prominent citizens of Altonboro' came to me and expressed a wish to assist in the work. They would have subscribed money, if I had wanted it; and when they learned that I preferred contributions of this sort"—he motioned around with his hand—"you see the result."

"A very good result," said the doctor a little dryly; "but you must excuse me for doubting whether charity in the abstract had much to do with the affair, so far as anybody but yourself was concerned."

"To what motive, then, do you attribute the action of the men I speak of?" asked Father Brian.

"I suppose they were ashamed to see you bearing the whole burden of what concerned the rest of the community as much as it did you—more, indeed, as the Protestant children outnumber the Catholics—and chose as a matter of vanity to do their part."

The priest shook his head as disapproving the opinion just

expressed, and had opened his lips to speak; but at this moment his attention was diverted by the appearance of Simon, who came staggering in, bent half double under the weight of a huge sack of potatoes, the last of several additions he had been making to Father Brian's hoards while they talked. "This is all, father," he said, dumping it off his shoulder into a corner.

"Very well; then we will go," said the father, turning to the door.

As they drove by the house on the hill he pointed to it, saying: "The dormitories. Aunt Penny is dominant below in the victualling department, and a white woman and her husband—very respectable people—have charge here."

"Aunt Penny is a comical-looking old soul," said the doctor, "and, judging from her didactic way of speaking, seems to have an excellent opinion of herself."

"She has, and with some reason. She is strictly honest, and good-tempered—if she is not rubbed the wrong way."

"If she is not rubbed the wrong way!" repeated the doctor with amusement. "I don't think there is anything specially commendable in such amiability as that."

"Yes, there is," said the priest. "Everything is comparative, and her faults, when measured with those of many of her betters, are trifling. For example, contrast her character—all circumstances considered—with yours and mine. Do you think that if you had been born in her condition of life, and had no more education than she has, you would have been better than she is? For myself, I am fain to confess that I do not believe I should have been as good."

"I think it very likely that, with the odds you allow me, I am not as good," said the doctor laughingly. "Goodness is not my strong point."

"And what is, may I ask?" said the other.

A flippant reply rose to the lips of the young man, but he did not utter it. There was a something about the priest which compelled respect of manner as well as of sentiment, and, after an instant's hesitation, he answered in the tone of the questioner:

"Love for my profession."

A short silence followed; and, glancing at the handsome, well-cut face of Father Brian, the doctor saw on it an expression which he did not understand. The full, gray eyes were fastened absently, but with mechanical attention to the business of driving, on the horse's head and the road stretching before them, but there was a look of inward, concentrated thought in the whole counte-

nance which made the observer doubt whether his companion had not lost all recollection of what they had been talking about, and, indeed, of time and place also. A vain man would probably have felt somewhat offended at such sudden abstraction; but Dr. Ferrison was not afflicted with that uncomfortable characteristic, self-consciousness. He had as little of it, in fact, as a man well could have, and, consequently, instead of indulging any sense of affront, his own mind went contentedly off on a little thought-excursion, from which it was presently recalled by the voice of the priest.

"Love for your profession," the father said, repeating in a tentative tone the words he had just heard. Then, after a slight pause: "A very worthy object for love is your profession, certainly," he went on, "if viewed in the right way. But do you view it in the right way?"

"You will have to explain what you conceive that to be before I can answer your question," replied the doctor.

"Do you recognize the fact that, in the words of Ecclesiasticus, 'all healing is from God'? that both 'the skill of the physician' and the medicines with which he 'cures and allays pains' are the 'creations of the Most High'?"

The gravity of the speaker impressed the young man in spite of himself. He was conscious of a faint emotion of regret that truth obliged him to say:

"I never took that view of the matter, I confess."

"Ah! I suspected as much," Father Brian exclaimed, and, turning his head, looked earnestly into the eyes that met his own with a smile, which, however, had nothing of offensive levity in it. "You are not a Catholic," continued the priest, "and therefore it is not strange that you should be carried along with so many others on the tide of modern thought, as it is named by its adherents—that tide which is sweeping away all religion not founded on the Rock against which the gates of hell shall not prevail. It is not strange; and yet it strikes me with a little surprise."

"Why?" the doctor inquired.

"Because," answered the priest, with the air of a reasoner—"because you have both intellectual acumen and moral rectitude of nature; and though it frequently happens that these qualities do not prevent a man's straying, on his own account, into the mazes of speculative illusion, they ought to preserve him from being led away by the sophistries of other men."

Dr. Ferrison made no reply, but his mind was evidently

given to the words of the speaker, who, after a slight pause, resumed:

"Our acquaintance is not of long standing, my young friend, but from the very first of that acquaintance I have been attracted toward you by certain unmistakable indications of character which interest me very much." He here paused again, and said with a smile: "I do not offend you by my frankness?"

"Offend me? Oh! certainly not," answered the other, rousing himself with a slight start from his attitude of mental attention. "Pray go on."

"It is one of the popular delusions of the day to consider antagonism to the Christian faith a sign of courage and enlightenment of mind. No doubt this is your opinion?"

"I do not entertain any feeling of antagonism to the Christian faith," the doctor said, evading a direct reply to the question asked. "I would not, if I had the power, interfere with it or its professors in any way. I simply do not believe in it myself."

"Did you ever examine the subject? Or have not you, like the generality of non-believers, leaped to your conclusion without regard to premises?"

"I am perfectly familiar with the tenets of Christianity. I was educated in them."

"As taught by Protestantism, you mean?"

"Yes."

"You know nothing, then, of Christian theology, I assure you. Protestantism is not Christianity, but merely a few mutilated fragments of Christian belief. It is the most illogical of systems, if system it can be called—denying and protesting against the authority of the Catholic Church, apart from which it has no base of existence."

"That last idea is precisely what occurred to me from the time I was capable of thinking," said the young man; "and, consequently, having no respect for the consistency of Protestantism, or for its authority either, I could have none for its precepts."

"But how is it," asked the priest, "that, perceiving thus intuitively, it may be said, the fallacy of Protestant pretensions as a teacher, it did not further occur to you to doubt its credibility as an accusant of the church, and to investigate the whole question?"

"I knew enough of the question to satisfy me that I could never give my adherence to beliefs, many of which are opposed o all natural reason."

"To the unshackled freedom of human thought," said the priest, with a laugh.

The young doctor laughed too, good-humoredly. "Yes," he said, "to the unshackled freedom of human thought. I accept your definition of the idea I wished to express."

"It is not my definition," said Father Brian. "I was amused once, when talking to an old friend of mine who plumes himself on the 'liberality' of his opinions, to hear that grandiloquent sentence pompously enunciated by him. It has a sound that tickles the liberal ear; but some time we will analyze it, and I think I can show you that it is all sound and no sense. Meanwhile, to return to our point. You cannot give your adherence, you say, to beliefs that are opposed to reason. Is it consonant with reason to form an opinion without knowledge of the subject concerned? You have not studied the science of theology; therefore how can you judge of the reasonableness, that is to say, the truth, of what it teaches?"

The doctor was somewhat taken aback by this query, but recovered himself almost immediately. "I have never studied the science of theology," he said, "but the dogmas of the Catholic Church are patent to the world. For instance, there is transubstantiation. I do not see how it is possible to reconcile that belief to reason."

"It is not possible if by 'reason' you mean the natural law—that is, the law which governs the material world, and man himself in his relations with material things. It is no more possible to judge theological dogma by the natural law—or, if you like the term better, natural reason—than it is possible to weigh a legal argument in a pair of cotton-scales."

The doctor looked surprised, almost startled, by this unexpected reply. Without having ever given the matter a serious thought, he had taken for granted that Catholics considered themselves as having reason for believing what *he* regarded as most preposterous imaginations; and this frank avowal of Dr. Kelly's astonished him, while at the same time the illustration that followed threw a gleam of light on the subject which somewhat changed its aspect in his eyes. He turned with a doubtful, puzzled gaze to the priest, as he said:

"You admit that reason has nothing to do with your faith, and yet—"

"Pardon me," interposed Father Brian, "but I expressed myself badly if what I said conveyed that impression to your mind. Reason has everything to do with my allegiance to the church if

I was born a Catholic, or my acceptance of the faith if I was born without the pale of the church; but not in the way that non-Catholics seem to suppose it ought to have. Reason is merely a guide which, if accompanied by pure intention, leads the mind to the church—the pillar and ground of truth. The church, like her divine Founder, teaches not as do the Protestants and free-thinkers of the day, the modern Scribes and Pharisees, but 'as one having authority.' And as one having authority she does not submit supernatural mysteries to the judgment of human reason. On the contrary, she says to the mind of man: 'These things you must believe. They appertain to the spiritual, not the natural, order, and thus they are above the comprehension of human reason. Above, but not contrary to, reason. It is by faith alone, then, that you can believe.'"

"But what if the mind replies: 'I have no faith, therefore I cannot believe'?" asked the doctor.

"Faith is the gift of God," answered the priest, "and he never fails to bestow it on the soul which seeks it in the way he has commanded. We must become as little children in docility and trust. 'Ask, and you shall receive; seek, and you shall find'—if you ask and seek in the right spirit."

The doctor was too well bred to shrug his shoulders; but the expression of his face was so significant of the thoughts passing in his mind that Father Brian could not repress a smile, though it did not seem to him a smiling matter.

"I am afraid," he said, "that, so far from seeking the gift of faith, you, like many others with whom I have accidentally come in contact, would reject it if it pressed itself upon you."

"No," answered the young man; "you are mistaken. I have no feeling that would make me shrink from the truth in whatever form it presented itself. The difficulty with me is to conceive it possible that such a tenet as the one I referred to—transubstantiation—could be true."

"But you do conceive it possible to select one isolated fact from the centre of a great system, and predicate correctly the truth or falsehood of that fact, and the whole scheme to which it belongs, by the light only of your uninstructed intelligence! Let us see how this method would work in judging the facts of secular science. We will take the simple proposition, 'It is the earth, not the sun, which moves.' Does this assertion look reasonable, or even credible, on the surface? We feel the ground firm under our feet; we saw the sun rise in the east this morning; we see it now moving across the heavens; the daily experience of many years

assures us that in a few hours it will sink below the western horizon. How is it that, notwithstanding this positive evidence of our senses to the contrary, we believe that it *is* the earth, not the sun, which is moving?"

"We believe it because astronomy, which is an exact science, teaches it," replied the doctor.

"Precisely," said the priest. "Astronomy teaches it; and having, either by a study of data or a simple act of faith, satisfied ourselves of the trustworthiness of astronomy as an expositor of celestial phenomena, we receive unhesitatingly the conclusions which that science presents to us. Theology also is a science. Will you tell me why you accept the teaching of the one and turn from that of the other?"

"There is the vast difference," said the doctor, "that while astronomy treats of the real, the material world, and is therefore, as I said before, an exact science, theology deals with abstractions—matters which, being intangible to the senses, cannot be examined and tested by them."

"Let us be exact in our terms as well as in our science," said Father Brian, with a smile. "What do you signify by the word 'sensés'?"

"Of course," answered the other, "I mean those faculties, so-called, by which we take outward impressions into the mind."

"Into the mind," repeated the priest. "You admit, then, that it is the mind which your material science must appeal to as the discoverer and interpreter of her mysteries. And if the mind —or, in other words, human reason—can grasp and analyze the nature and processes, or (to speak with more precision) a knowledge of the nature and processes, of that which is its antithesis, matter, how can you suppose the operations of its own nature (assuming the word 'abstractions,' in the sense you use it, to mean processes of mind unconnected with matter) to be 'intangible' to its comprehension?"

"I am afraid," said the young man, with a half-laugh, "that you are getting beyond my depth. Metaphysics was always my abhorrence; and if you are going to plunge into its weary labyrinths I doubt whether I shall be able to follow you."

"But how," said Father Brian seriously, "are you to know what to believe and what not to believe—what is truth and what is fallacy—if you do not take the trouble to examine and inform yourself? The majority of mankind accept without question whatever creed is given them either by their parents or by the self-constituted teachers of all shades of opinion who abound in

the world. But I had fancied that you were not of this number."

"I am not, I assure you," responded the doctor.

"Then, if you do not take your opinions ready-made, nor yet acquire them by logical inquiry, how do you come by them, and on what do you ground them?"

"If you mean my religious opinions, I have none. I am a materialist, pure and simple. I believe in what I see, hear, and touch—in nothing more."

"Excuse me, my friend," said the priest, smiling, "but you believe in more than that, whether you are aware of the fact or not—as I can soon convince you, if you will go into the subject with me. We are almost in town, so there is no time for an argument now; but I should like to discuss the matter fully the first leisure hour that we both have. As to your objection to metaphysics, I suspect you are jesting about that—merely fencing off an inconvenient question."

The young man laughed, tacitly admitting the truth of this conjecture, and expressed his willingness to look into the subject, as proposed by his companion. "But I don't know when the leisure hour you speak of will come," he added. "There is not much prospect of it at present."

"Not much, I am afraid," said Father Brian, as he drew up in front of a private residence at the entrance of the town. "This is where you wished to be set down, I believe."

TO BE CONTINUED.

"DUDE" METAPHYSICS.

THE newspaper and conversational term "dude" has not found its way into the dictionary or polite literature. Yet it is so expressive, so well understood, and so apt for our present purpose that no other term could fill its place. A self-complacent fop, with the age but without the full physical proportions of manhood, and devoid of intellectual force, is usually dubbed with the title. In society he is the butt of ridicule; and his arrogance and insolence are treated with contempt by men of sense, or attributed charitably to ignorance or imbecility. Such a character in every-day life provokes our laughter, but when met with in the higher walks of science he excites our disgust. And yet who has not met in his readings with such a frivolous dilettante—some slipshod scientist who treats all the knowledge of antiquity with disdain; some shallow-pated theorizer who has dabbled in foreign metaphysics, and tries to import its aberrations among us without really understanding them himself; some would-be imitator of Voltaire or Fichte, though as unlike the original as a baboon is to the Apollo of Belvidere? But of all the "dudes" save us from the "dude" metaphysician! He has read Darwin and Fichte, and swears by them, though he does not understand them. He wants to create a sensation, to be a novelty, and for that purpose he will coolly affirm the most outrageous nonsense, and expect to find gulls to swallow it. Nor does his expectation always go unrealized. The number of metaphysical tuft-hunters who swear by Schelling, and drink with smacking lips the watery twaddle of *Atlantic Monthly* theology, is very large even in the United States. They believe in "*Dawwin*, you know, and evolution"; they "admire Fichte" and pronounce "Chwistianity, miwacles, and God a bowe [bore], you know."

This burst of contempt spontaneously came to us while perusing an article in the last December number of the *Atlantic Monthly* on the "Idea of God," by John Fiske—a man not devoid of talent or reputation. The insolent manner in which he treats the arguments used for centuries in the schools to prove the existence of the Supreme Being, and the indecent way in which he mixes up the names of profound scholars and saints in the same category with infidels and scoffers, would rouse the bile of the most phlegmatic polemist. Thus he speaks of the "cosmic

theism of Clement and Origen, of Spinoza and Lessing and Schleiermacher"; and no doubt John Fiske's tuft-hunters, believing him to be an authority, imagine that the orthodox Clement and Origen, who preached a personal God, differed in nothing from the pantheist Spinoza and the sceptic Schleiermacher. Is not this ignorant confusion of men and opinions an evidence of the "London assurance" of the metaphysical "dude"? Again: "The difference, however, between this cosmic conception of God" (that is, by Clement, Origen, and Spinoza) "and the anthropomorphic conception held by Tertullian and Augustine, Calvin and Voltaire and Paley, is sufficiently great to be described as a contrast." Was ever such ignorance, and this, too, in a magazine that is said to be one of the beacons of New England intelligence? Does not every tyro know that the God of Augustine, Tertullian, Clement, and Origen was the same—the triune God of the Christians? And by what stretch of imagination does Mr. Fiske couple these names with the cruel Calvin and the scoffing Voltaire? This is coupling tigers with lambs, contrary to sense and Horace:

"Non ut
Serpentes avibus geminentur, tigribus agni."

Not only the men but their doctrine was dissimilar, as every one who knows anything knows.

Mr. Fiske's ignorance of the doctrine of the Fathers regarding the Deity is equalled by his self-possession in trying to impose on his readers without proof the old but false theory that monotheism is posterior to polytheism. "Cosmic theism," which is but another name for the pantheism of Spinoza, and "anthropomorphic theism" (we use Fiske's terminology), which is but another name for polytheism, are corruptions of the primeval truth that the triune God acts in and through nature, and that the second Person of the Trinity became incarnate. All history proves that monotheism was the first belief of mankind. Take the first chapter of Genesis as a witness.

Even when our metaphysician wants to be jocose he forges, or steals at second-hand from some one who lies. Ridiculing the mediæval miracle-plays, he quotes one as containing the following passage. Our readers will pardon us for giving the irreverent words, but we do so to show the "dudish" character of the *Atlantic's* metaphysician: "'Wake up, almighty Father! Here are those beggarly Jews killing your son, and you asleep here like a drunkard!' 'Devil take me if I knew anything

about it!' is the drowsy reply." We do not hesitate to say that no such words as these occur in any of the genuine miracle-plays of the middle ages, and we have a right to demand from Mr. Fiske his authority for the quotation. He gives none; he can give none worthy of credence. By the way, let us suggest to our esteemed contemporary that its writers should be taught to indicate in foot-notes, as the writers in Catholic periodicals do, the sources from which they take at least their important quotations and statements.

But the strongest evidence of the "dudish" nature is given by Mr. Fiske's treatment of the argument from design which St. Thomas and all the great thinkers use to prove the existence of God.

We see in the universe that all unintelligent beings follow certain laws. They have plainly a purpose and they obey a certain order. Yet we know that as they do not possess intelligence, they cannot have an aim unless guided by an intelligent being outside of them, as the arrow is by the archer;* and this supreme intelligence which rules and guides them all is God—the great Architect, the great Designer.

This argument Mr. Fiske dismisses with disdain, quoting against it John Stuart Mill's threadbare objection: "It is impossible to suppose the Creator to be at once omnipotent and absolutely benevolent. For nothing can be clearer than that nature is full of cruelty and mal-adaptation. In every part of the animal world we find implements of torture surpassing in devilish ingenuity anything that was ever seen in the dungeons of the Inquisition. We are introduced to a scene of incessant and universal strife, of which it is not apparent on the surface that the outcome is the good or the happiness of anything that is sentient." In other words, the divine Architect does not exist, because there are bugs, mosquitoes, and rattlesnakes. Yet Mr. Fiske's own words might have suggested to him an answer to his difficulty: "It is not apparent *on the surface* that the outcome" of bugs and rattlesnakes "is the good or the happiness of anything that is sentient"; but beneath "the surface" may there not be reasons for their existence that we do not understand? Is there not some "good" and "some happiness" for a bug or a rattlesnake to exist? We have no doubt that both are happy in their way and have a very gay time of it while they are let alone. We must not be too selfish, Mr. Fiske. That swarm of buzzing mosquitoes which you hear singing their harmonious chorus of exultation seems to be

* Div. Thomas *Sum. Theol.* par. prim. quæst ii. art. iii.

a crowd of very merry fellows, even though they do annoy you and like to taste your blood. Do you not think that a pair of rattlesnakes may enjoy life on a summer's day under the shelter of a rock or near the sweet waters of the rustic spring? Our happiness is not the only happiness in the world; and any existence is better than none at all. A disciple of Mr. Fiske once said: "I believed in God until one day my cat ate up my canary, and I thought that a benevolent Deity should not permit such an act of cruelty to happen." He forgot that the cat was happy in eating the canary, and that the canary may have passed into a happier state for having been eaten up. Who knows the future of canaries or bugs? Who can fathom all the plans of the Creator? Not "by the surface," then, should we judge, but answer the objection of Mr. Fiske and Mr. Mill as St. Augustine answered it nearly fifteen hundred years ago: "Since God is supremely good, he would not permit evil to be in his works, unless he were at the same time so omnipotent and so good as to draw good out of evil!"* We may not be able to see all the good which God takes out of evil. We cannot understand how the bee takes honey out of poison. We do not understand all the final causes of beings, for we are not God. His aims, purposes, and designs are not all known to us. That he is we know; that there is design in his works we know; nor should we give up belief in these clear truths on account of certain obscurity in trying to understand the oddities of nature. We spoke of mosquitoes. They may have even their moral use. If Mr. Fiske would sleep a midsummer's night in a Hackensack swamp, and would not swear nor lose his temper, he might find himself in the morning a better man morally, though shorn of much of his facial beauty.

Mr. Fiske's rejection of the "argument from design," on account of the oddities of irrational nature, is surpassed in inconsequence by the same rejection on account of the existence of moral evil in the universe. Moral evil comes from free-will. God, therefore, is not, in the sense in which Mr. Mill and Mr. Fiske put it, the "creator of the devil." God is the creator of an angel who abused his free-will and made himself a devil. Nor is there "in orthodox Christianity . . . the Augustinian doctrine of total depravity." It ought to be known to Mr. Fiske that the whole Catholic Church—and it is "orthodox"—abhors the "doctrine of total depravity," and has anathematized it in the Council of Trent. "Total depravity" is the figment of John Calvin's brain, and in no sense can be attributed to St. Augustine or be called

*In Enchir. cap. xi.

Augustinian. The permission of physical or moral evil in the universe, therefore, although in some respects mysterious, proves nothing against the argument from design for the existence of God. A flaw in my watch does not prove that it was not made, and well made, by the watchmaker. That flaw may be the work of some one else. In the case of nature what man calls flaws and defects are only so to his limited ken. If he could get behind the scene, as he will some day, he would be able to see the causes of things and understand what is now wrapt in mystery.

Mr. Fiske, having sat down on "the argument from design"; having, as he imagines, destroyed St. Thomas, St. Augustine, Calvin, and Voltaire, proceeds to give his own idea of God. And here is where you can always catch the "dude" metaphysician. When, with a wave of his kid-gloved hand, he wafts away orthodoxy, and with offensive drawl begins to give you his theory, his view, mark how imbecility is stamped on its features. After much discussion of the forces of nature everywhere witnessed he reduces them all to one, which he calls "the Power"; but "this is the very same power which in ourselves wells up under the form of consciousness." In a word, the forces of nature and our force are identical—are God. But it is transparent that if this theory be true there are two Gods. The force in me is a personal one; I know and feel by the only means possible for knowledge, which is my own consciousness, that I am a person, while the forces of nature are evidently impersonal. There is a specific difference between me and them, as there is between the personal and the impersonal. There must be two Gods, then, if Fiske is right—the one myself, and the other the not-me of nature; and if he is going to identify both, what becomes of his originality? For this identification of the personal and the impersonal of the me and the not-me is an importation from the modern German pantheists. Instead of the one God, therefore, proved by the argument from design, we have two by the argument from Fiske. Yes, we have more than two: we have as many Gods as there are human persons; for each human person knows that he is specifically distinct from his neighbor, yet all are "the very same Power which in ourselves wells up under the form of consciousness."

Thus, according to Fiske, Bunker Hill will be the new Olympus, and he its new Jupiter, sitting "*'Ακροτατῃ κορυφῃ πολυδειράδος Οὐλύμποιο,*" surrounded by all the gods and pretty goddesses of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

There are forces in nature, we concede; there is even much

truth in Darwin's theory of natural selection and evolution. His error consists in drawing conclusions from mere similitude as if it were identity. Because things look alike it does not follow that they are identical. But underlying Darwin's theory of natural selection, and Fiske's identification of forces, there is a question which remains unsolved. Is the cause of these natural forces in themselves or out of them? Whence come these natural forces and natural laws? Are they self-existent, self-creators, or do they point to a supreme First Cause, self-existent and omnipotent, who has created them? Beyond Fiske's forces there is a force which is the efficient cause, and the efficient cause by creation, of all power, whether it be outside of us in the visible universe or "well up under the form of consciousness."

Consciousness attests that the cause of our existence is not in ourselves. Reason shows that the cause of the existence of beings outside of us is not in themselves, for they are essentially contingent. These two facts blow Fiske's theory into the air. Metaphysics that goes no further than what is visible, that simply certifies to the existence of forces in nature and goes not beyond them to find the intelligent cause which produced them, is only chemistry. We concede all that it may attest, but beyond it our intellect must soar to the only solid resting-place for a logical investigator—the supreme, necessary, self-existing, personal, creating First Cause.

That we have not misinterpreted Mr. Fiske will be clear from a quotation or two from the closing pages of his article: "The infinite and eternal Power that is manifested in every pulsation of the universe is none other than the living God." "The everlasting source of phenomena is none other than the infinite Power that makes for righteousness." The sum of the forces underlying the universe is therefore God. He is the *Anima mundi*. He is the substance, "everlasting source of phenomena," "manifested in every pulsation of the universe." This, we perceive, is bald pantheism—Spinoza in an *Atlantic Monthly* dress.

But how does this theory answer the objections brought against "the argument from design"? Mr. Fiske rejects that argument because of the existence of physical and moral evil in the world. How does his God get rid of them? Very simply, for they are God in his theory. They are only "phenomena" of the infinite power. Fiske shuts his eyes and practically denies the existence of any evil in the world. Good and evil, right and wrong, are "phenomena of the infinite power that makes for righteousness." What is "righteousness" according to Fiske?

It is the end of that "struggle between man's lower and higher impulses in which the higher must finally conquer." But, as a matter of fact, the higher do not always finally conquer. Experience contradicts our metaphysician's unauthenticated statement. It is a mere cobweb of his brain. To make man and his moral life a mere phenomena of the "infinite Power" of nature is to deny free-will and take away all human responsibility for crime. If I am God I cannot sin. All that I do is right. I am only one of the many manifestations of that "eternal Power that is manifested in every pulsation of the universe."

Thus, to get rid of the objection to God's benevolent providence derived from the existence of evil, Mr. Fiske, following Hegel and Fichte, identifies evil with God. Thus we have logically from their theory: God-crime, God-sin, God-bug, God-mosquito, God-rattlesnake. Where is the fool-killer? Arise, O Juvenal, and scourge the "dudes"!

"O sanctas gentes, quibus hæc nascuntur in hortis numina!"

THE DAYS OF GENESIS.

PROEM.

DEEM not these days primordial spanned by time.
Range not the bells of Genesis to chime
With science. What are ages, years, or days
To eyes prophetical but sacred ways
To teach high law and holy truth to man?
All life leads back to Him who drew life's plan
Untableted. Bound by one high behest,
The Prophet ranged his tablets as he list.
Creation was his theme; and from inspired tongue
Burst this grand burden in a solemn song,
With intervals of choral praise;
And the intervals are days.

DAY I.

In the beginning God made heaven and earth.
Void was creation at its earliest birth,
Lonely and dark, an ocean without shore.
Perpetual midnight brooded evermore
Upon a waste of waters. The primeval sleep
Of death hung on the eyelids of the deep.
No life as yet. Blind forces drove or drew
By laws which even dull inertia knew.
Grand in his purposes, but all unused to urge,
A mighty Smith slow plied the kindling forge.

"Be light!" Quick through the world the fiat rang,
And wakened Nature into lustre sprang.
A soft enchantment flooded pregnant space,
Giving blind chaos body, itself bodiless.
The eddying atoms rolled in wreaths of light,
Taking all vision needs save only sight.
Creation had no eye. Not yet were wrought
Those crystal caves where sense distils to thought;
But all unseen a lone though luminous world
Of mustering meteors into order whirled.
Evening and morn, day one.
But the mighty Smith wrought on.

DAY II.

Hung the deep heavens in shrouds of vapor dressed.
The earth was blanketed in watery mist.
Far overhead, slow gathering in their robes,
The shapeless meteors crystalled into globes.
God spake: Divide, O waste of waters, here;
Make space for a clear sky and a free atmosphere.
Westward, ye heavens, in endless circle sweep,
And, like a roof, arch in this lower deep;
And thou, O sea, lapped in thy caves remain
Without a shore until I speak again.
Evening and morn. 'Tis done.
Yet the mighty Smith wrought on.

DAY III.

What vision saw that wondrous eve and morn
When from the ocean-bed the lands were born?
What mighty hand lifted the deep sea-caves,
And made the islands bud above the waves?
These grew to continents. Along the ocean-floor
Deep currents spread the wastings of the shore
In ridges vast. Slow throbbings of the earth,
Upheaving these, to mountain chains gave birth.
Green spread the grass and trees o'er the young land.
Oh! gentle were the fingers of that mighty hand.
A third day's labor done.
But the mighty Smith wrought on.

DAY IV.

Now lift our thoughts to the round heaven above,
Where sun, moon, stars by law in order move.
They mark our time. The sun by day gives light.
A softer radiance rules the veilèd night.
God made all these. O Israel, lend no ear
To heathen myths or philosophic sneer.
Stars are not deities; nor do they draw
Their being from unlegislated law.
Creatures of God are they; and Him, glad throng
Of worshippers, they praise with waltz and song.
Day fourth. A work well done.
But the mighty Smith wrought on.

DAY V.

Oh! who can chronicle what ages long
The woods have thrilled with wingèd love and song;
How long, with threads of sunshine in their wake,
The gamesome fish embroider stream and lake?
And tell me, science, did some 'prentice hand
Engrave such forms on the Silurian strand,
Give warlike morion to the trilobite,
And eyes that gleamed from cones of jewelled light?

Vast is thy work, O God, graded thy plan;
But high organic types with earliest life began.
A fifth day come and gone.
But the mighty Smith wrought on.

DAY VI.

Said God: Open thy womb, thou barren earth;
To beasts that walk, and things that creep, give birth.
Rallied red dust to life. "'Tis good," the Maker said.
Now from the same dull mould let man be made.
Nature lacks nothing save a lawful lord,
And let him bear our image. At the word
Stood man upon his heritage, soil and soul.
Child of the soil, 'tis his the earth to rule;
Child, too, of heaven, to high hopes early blessed,
'Tis his to work with God, with God to rest.
Lo, the Smith's labor done!
God's Sabbath has begun.

DAY VII.

Blest is the Sabbath day. Hushed is the hive
Of busy life. Now the still heart may live.
Vanish the phantom forms of yesterday,
And unreal living to true life gives way.
God speaks to silent hearts. Ah! look and see
Beyond this near horizon. Let eternity
Tell what is earth, and life, and man; and why
Creation creeps thus low beneath a lofty sky;
And wherefore that slow week of work was blessed;
And why it ended in a Sabbath's rest.
O Christ! I wait the dawn.
Bring my slow Sabbath on!

SOLITARY ISLAND.

PART FOURTH.

CHAPTER IX.

A CONSPIRACY.

A RUMOR crept through political circles in the metropolis that Florian was closing up his legal business on the point of retiring to a more congenial field of labor. It was only a rumor, and before it could be verified the great politician had utterly disappeared from the sight of men. A reporter was knocking his door out of shape for an interview at the very moment which saw him approaching Clayburg on the evening train. Thus the world would always knock at the doors of his heart. Never again would they open to any of its emissaries, and his joy had something fierce in it as he reflected that, God willing, he was entering Clayburg from the south for the last time. Behind him in the distance his burnt ships were smouldering—his fame, his power, his wealth, his memory, his love! Men would nevermore see them in their proud beauty sailing rough seas towards glorious harbors! If they heard of him—and he prayed they would not—it would only be to hear of his conquests over himself, and probably they would shrug, and wink, and smile, and touch their foreheads knowingly to insinuate his mental weakness, a fact which pleased him greatly and drew a smile from him, as showing how often the world mistook wisdom for folly. He jumped from the train before it reached the depot, and made his way across the fields to the river. It was now the first week of May, and the ice was gone, but the chilly air blew sharply across the water, and the shore resounded under the breakers. He stood on the hill for a moment with his eyes fixed on Linda's resting-place, where the tall monument pierced the sky. His resolution had been to look no more to the past, to leave its sad reflections in the grave, and to keep his eyes on the future, while his thoughts engaged the present and made what they could out of it. At this moment it was impossible. Back went his recollection to the hour when Linda was in the meridian of her health and beauty, when he was young and full of hope and unstained by sin, when Ruth was his by love's clear title. The intervening

years were like a nightmare—ignorance at the beginning, murder at the end, and mystery everywhere. Was he not dreaming now?

At a convenient spot along the shore he found a boat, whose he knew not, but used it as if it were his own. It was a long and weary pull against a north wind until he reached the shelter of the channel; longer and wearier across Eel Bay to the anchorage below the cabin; and the night reminded him of that blustering, raw evening when with Ruth he had first set foot on his island. First to the grave and then to the house! He lit the fire and drew the curtain, fondled Izaak Walton, and, settling close to the log blaze, felt himself at home. His home! He was cut off from the world at last and for ever. His next flight he hoped would be heavenward.

Ruth quickly received word of his return and the events preceding it, and had a long conversation with Père Rougevin touching the new hermit. As a part of a plan which she had conceived, and the père improved and perfected, the squire was informed of Florian's presence in Clayburg.

"Where is he stopping?" said the old man doubtfully. "What's he doing here at this time of the year? What's he come for?"

"He is living by himself on Solitary Island," said Ruth. "For the rest you had better ask himself."

"What!" murmured the squire, and he said a queer word under his breath, "have you Jesuits got hold of him again?"

"The news came from New York," Ruth replied indifferently; "I know nothing more about it, papa."

"Well, you'll know more after I git back, girl. Living on Solitary Island, hey? I'll blow that island to the—cats. It's made more trouble, for a little two-acre mud-hen that it is, than old Grindstone! Does the père know of this?"

"I told him, papa."

"Of course you did. You and he are always plotting and planning. He's a sneaky Jesuit, that père, and I'll tell him so when I see him. And mark me, Ruth, don't let me hear of you or the priest visiting that boy without my permission. You're both free and independent, but, by the shade of Mackenzie! I'm sheriff, and I'll make you both feel it if I'm disobeyed."

"We have not the faintest desire, papa," said Ruth meekly, "to see Florian; but we fear he is troubled, and we know that there is no one like his old friend to help him. Unless you permit it, we shall not go near him."

"You're a deep pair," said the distrustful squire, shaking his leonine head, "but I'm to be ahead of you, anyhow."

What the squire feared and distrusted he scarcely knew, but he was ready to maintain against all opponents that Florian's proper place at any time was New York City. Not to be there was, in his eyes, dangerous for so prominent a politician. He shook hands with the hermit on entering the cabin, and sat down in a panic. This was the man who had bought the ticket weeks previous in Clayburg station, but it surely was not Florian.

"What's happened, Flory?" he asked in a hushed, awed voice.

"I've changed my method of living," said Florian gravely.

"I should think you had," murmured the squire feebly, "but I don't get the hang of this thing, somehow."

The hermit did not seem to care much for his dazed condition, as he made no effort to relieve it. The squire shook off a tendency to faint with disgust.

"Flory," said he sternly, "I've sworn by you since you were born, because there was not a year nor an hour of your life that I couldn't put my hand down and say, He is just so. I can't do that now. What's come over you? Why are you here instead of in New York? Who's been bewitching you? What has happened to you? Good God!" cried he in an excess of feeling, standing up to hit the table into fragments with his fist, "tell me something, or I'll think you've been dead and come to life again."

The crash of the broken furniture sobered him for an instant. Florian looked with slight displeasure at the ruin.

"There is no need of excitement," he said soothingly, and the tone cut the squire to the heart. He sat down trembling, almost crying, as a suspicion of Florian's sanity entered his head.

"I *was* dead," continued Florian, "and I came to life again. You are very shrewd, squire."

He paused, and Pendleton waited long for further information, but none came. The hermit sat gazing into the dying embers of a fire, and at times moved naturally around the cabin, arranging odd articles or brushing them. The squire stared at him with a feeling, as he said afterwards, that Rev. Mr. Buck was pouring ice-water down his spine.

"I suppose it surprises you, old friend," Florian said, with sudden cordiality, "but I have come here to live for good. You know who lived here before me. I am not better than he, am I? It pleases me to follow him, and I don't think the world has any reason to make a fuss over it."

The squire considered this expression of a future policy some moments, and then, reverting to the words, "I am not better than he, am I?" said emphatically:

"Yes, you *air*, Flory, and don't you forgit it." Here a pause while he gathered himself for another burst, and then, "Better than *him!* Why, what was he more than a slave of the Russian Empire—with all respect to him as your father—a fellow that didn't dare call his life his own? And you are an American citizen, a governor, almost, of the greatest State in the Union, and a Clayburg boy. Flory, this looks like insanity. Flory, I don't know what to say to you. I'm groping. Can't you look and talk for one minute as you used to, Flory?"

This appeal made no further impression on the hermit than to illuminate his pallid face with a smile. The squire made a few more weak attempts upon the hermit's defences, and then rushed in sudden and overpowering disgust for the door.

"I've got to think," said he, "and I can't do it looking at a corpse."

He did not hear Florian laugh as he banged the door—the first laugh that had passed his lips since the night of Vladimir's revelations.

After an hour he returned and resumed his seat with a determination written all over him.

"I must know the ins and outs of this thing," he said quietly; "and I'm going to put some questions as the sheriff of Jefferson County. What's to prevent me from jailing you?"

"Nothing," said Florian, "unless the consequence—jailing yourself."

"Now, Flory, be reasonable and answer squarely. Have you thrown up politics for good and all?"

"I have, squire."

"And you are going to live on this island for the next forty years or so?"

"With God's will, yes."

"H'm! that smacks of the Jesuits. What's the reason of all this, Flory? Did you get a pious stroke?"

"I suppose it was that," said Florian, meditating, as if a new question had touched his soul.

"Is it in the papist line, lad, somewhat like your father? I hoped you were working away from the Jesuits?"

A faint blush spread over Florian's face.

"I am nearer to the Jesuits than ever, squire, but not as near as I could wish."

"So I thought," said the squire, shaking his head—"so I thought. And I must say my opinion of the Jesuits is considerably smaller than it was an hour ago."

He reflected a few moments, and saw that Florian's curiosity was aroused.

"Had I been the boss of the Jesuit corporation," said he, aiming eye and finger at Florian's reason, "I think I could have done a smarter bit of business than has been done in letting you bury yourself out of sight. When you got your pious stroke and came to me to have it utilized, put in the market, so to speak, I'd have thought in this way: 'Here's a man as clever as the devil, a speaker, a wire-puller, a statesman; knows the ins and outs of everything. Here we are, papists without much standing, with no politicians to speak of on our side; nobody to look after us when the spoils are dividing and the Methodists are gobbling everything; nobody with the ears of the nabobs between his finger and his thumb to tell our story there. Here's a man dying to get such a job.' And I'd give it to you and send you out, if you did nothing else than educate young papists to do as you did, Flory," said the squire solemnly. "Could you let me have the name or the daguerreotype of the boss Jesuit? I've heard and seen a great many fools in my time, but I put him down as the completest fool that was ever born."

It was an impressive speech and had a meaning which Florian seized upon quickly. The squire might have retired at that moment with honor. His mission was fully accomplished, and he had sent home like an arrow a thought which had not yet broken upon Florian's mental vision. But the squire buzzed and buzzed a thousand commonplaces in the hermit's ears for another period, and departed, out of humor with himself and the world, only when Florian politely showed an inclination to lead him down to his boat. Ruth rejoiced when she had heard the substance of the conversation stormily poured from his lips. His one sensible objection to Florian's idea of a solitary life tickled him much, and he was never done describing the effect it had upon Florian, all unconscious of how innocently yet successfully he had played the part intended for him by those scheming Jesuits, his daughter and the priest. In fear that he might spoil the effect which he had created, Ruth forbade further visits to the island until the hermit had time to revolve the thought in his mind.

"You know Flory," she said to him—"how when you present him a new idea he thinks and thinks about it until he knows it to the core. Let him think upon it for a week. It was such a very good idea."

"Wasn't it, now?" said the gleeful squire. "I'd like to present him with one more, and that would fetch him."

While he hugged his triumph to his bosom, Florian had time to digest his lately-acquired information, and the way was paved for an assault by the wary Père Rougevin. No man on a diplomatic errand could look less concerned than the priest, and his "just-dropped-in" air was perfect. He was well informed of the squire's late interview when he paid his casual visit to the island. The hermit was not suspicious, but the père was also careful to arouse no suspicion. Florian's manner had not changed. His thoughts, however, had suffered a serious invasion upon their routine, and he was wishing that the priest would introduce that subject of which they had spoken at their last meeting. Something in his manner must have caught Père Rougevin's quick eye, or he would not have made his adieus and walked to the door so confidently, leaving the object of his mission in the shade. Florian did not stop him as he went out, but rose up and followed him.

"Do you remember," said the hermit, "of expressing at one time a doubt as to my vocation to this solitary life?"

"I do," said the priest promptly, "and I have my doubts still, but I thought it better to leave this work to yourself."

"Would you mind telling me why you think my vocation is doubtful?"

"Why," said the père, with hesitation, "on general principles we need in this country more of the active, less of the contemplative, life. With regard to your case, we need such a man as you in public life. You can see that without further explanation."

"I have thought of it," said Florian, and there was a touch of sadness in his voice and in the droop of his head.

"Your circumstances are so peculiar that I hardly dared decide upon the matter. I think yet it is best to trust it to yourself, and if you need any advice on particular points I can give it to you."

"Thank you," said the hermit. And with so few words the work was done.

The père said but one sentence to Ruth when she met him at the dock: "The occasion is ripe for you, miss," and went on his way smiling.

Ruth had some difficulty in restraining the squire up to this point, and still more difficulty in persuading him to accept of her company on the proposed visit to Florian. He declared he had no confidence in her since she became a Jesuit, did not know but

that she would intrigue to keep his boy on the island, and had a general feeling against her saying or doing anything in so delicate an affair. Ruth vowed solemnly that her only desire and aim was to restore to a loving and grieving and injured heart the one man who could bring peace to it, and sealed her declaration with an all-conquering kiss on the rough, paternal face.

"You know what'll fetch me every time," said the squire; "and since there's another woman in the pie, come along."

Ruth could hear her heart beat as she approached the cabin above the boulder. What would the final result be? They could not keep from Florian the secret of their assault upon his determination to do penance as a solitary. Would the knowledge drive him into obstinacy? She did not yet know the extent of the change which had taken place in him. Florian opened the door for them.

"If your visitors are all as persistent as we are," said she, smiling, "you will not have much of your solitude."

"I fear I am not to have much of it anyway," he replied in such a tone as made it hard to tell his feelings. "Your father, here, has disturbed me on that point, and Père Rougevin has almost settled it that I shall go out into the world and be a hermit there."

"The best thing the père ever did in his life," said the squire.

"Which would be very hard for you, Florian," said Ruth with a gentle sympathy that woke him at once, while the squire was resolved into a thunder-cloud at this treachery.

"Ruth, you tell me what to do," Florian said humbly and submissively.

"It is easy enough to endure this solitude," she continued; "it may be beautiful to certain natures. But to be alone in the busy world is very trying. Of course duty makes the hard things easy and sweet. That would be your only consolation, Florian."

"It is this way with me, Ruth," he began eagerly, and making no account of the squire: "I have learned to love this place, this life, as I never loved anything in this world. You know why. And what I was is such a horror and shame to me that to return to its scenes is like death. Yet it seems to me and to your father and to the père that I ought not throw aside a power which could certainly be used for the general good, merely to satisfy myself."

"And you ought not, that is true—"

"That's what *I* maintain—that's what *I've* maintained all

along!" shouted the squire. "Flory, if you do otherwise you must write your name beside the boss Jesuit's."

"Now, papa!" said Ruth, bringing the boiling volcano down to a harmless simmer. "You ought not, Florian, if there would be no danger to yourself in holding a power which was to you so strong a temptation."

"I would take and hold it under protest," he replied confidently. "I value it no more than a straw. I cannot disguise from myself that hereafter I can but despise it. O Ruth! is there no middle course? Yet why do I ask? I have set myself to do that which is hardest. Let me take the worst with joy."

Ruth's face kindled into enthusiasm.

"Well, there is a middle course," she said triumphantly. "You can remain in your solitude and yet retain your interest in the world."

Both gentlemen uttered exclamations of delight or rage, and turned upon her—the hermit hopefully, the squire in despair.

"Have you forgotten Frances?" she said.

"No," and he drew away as if hurt. "She has justly forgotten me. I saw her. It is all over."

"You saw her mother, Florian. If you had seen herself you would not have been in trouble so long. It is *not* all over. That dear girl is as faithful to you as if you never wronged her. She let her mother speak first, as obedience required; and she was silent, as became her modesty. But she has never lost her faith in you when we all trembled, and she loves you still."

This picture of feminine devotion drew the tears to Ruth's eyes.

"Then, besides, you were half-glad the test of coming here to live was not to be laid before her. She would have followed you to a tent, you foolish fellow. Florian, where are your wits? See that hill yonder? Build there a pretty villa, and bring Frances to preside over it. There is no reason why a great politician should not live among the islands and rule from this solitude. You need not practise law. And so your temptations are minimized, your influence is preserved, and your solitude is saved to you."

It was a sight to see the squire's face glow as Ruth reached her climax, and when the last word was uttered he gave a cheer that rattled the loose articles in the room.

"You can think over it," said she, seeing that the squire's emotion jarred upon him. "These things cannot be done hastily. If it be God's will that you stay here—"

"More Jesuitism!" growled the squire.

"You must do so. If duty points another road to you, my advice will occur to you as an easy way out of the difficulty. You will not forget Frances?" she added wistfully.

"I can never forget her," he replied. "I thank you for your visit, Ruth. In a little while I can decide, if I have not already decided. Squire, not another word, or I stay here for ever."

Pendleton saw dimly that few words and a speedy departure were two important points in Ruth's programme, and for a wonder he tucked his daughter under his arm and, with a brief farewell, led her down to the boat.

CHAPTER X.

THE RED CURTAIN.

CLAYBURG was "completely upsot," as a native expressed it, by the publication of the banns of marriage between Paul Rossiter and Ruth Pendleton. It had "reckoned" on her remaining an old maid; it "admired" what the squire would do now; it "swowed" its astonishment over and over for two weeks, at the end of which time the fact was accomplished in white satin and tulle, and a great part of the town invited to assist in the festivities. Parker C. Lynch was ex-officio the master of the feast. In full morning-dress, gloved and collared to perfection, this erratic representative of the bluest blood of Ireland was a fine-looking gentleman on the model of an English squire, and, when he posed or walked about under certain eyes of the assembly, showed that he had not forgotten his earlier training. The squire could not restrain his astonishment or refuse his admiration. In his suit of armor he was as stiff as a post, growled and swore secretly at intervals, and looked anxiously for the opportunity to steal away and disrobe himself.

"Where did you get the knack of wearing this confounded rig?" said he to Peter. "Can you see those tails of mine? I feel like a swallow; I don't know what minute I am going to fly."

"Ye're a ground-swallow," replied Peter, with a grin and a drinking gesture as if swallowing a hot liquid. "Ye're cavernous, squire. Faith, ye look well for an old country buck that knows so little, and ye carry the odd garments neatly."

"How do you manage to do it?" said the squire, awe-stricken.

"It was born there," Peter said—"the coat I mean. I had it on when I was born. D'ye notice the shape of me legs? Ye can never wear a swallow-tail unless you are shaped so."

The squire looked down mournfully at a fearful waste of thigh-bone and flesh on his particular person.

"I must look awful," said he sadly. "Couldn't we get away, Peter, and get rid of these togs? There's a neat little room up-stairs, with a red curtain across a bay-window and a bed-room opening off the other side, where I keep my private cellar—"

"Your midnight cellar you mean," Peter broke in, with a deep, silent laugh. "All right, me b'y; hang on to your guests for a little longer, and when I give the signal make for the room."

Not the least distinguished of the guests was Mrs. Buck and her minister, as faultless in costume as of old. The good lady had been somewhat left in the shade since the discovery of Florian's real parentage, and her vanity had received a deep wound in being cut off so roughly from her famous brother. Mr. Buck alone could have told her severe disappointment at not having been the Princess Linda, and her ravings over the possibility of Mrs. Winifred having put Linda in her place. These weaknesses Sara kept from the world prudently. She was now quite a mother in Israel. Five blooming and clever children clung on occasions to her voluminous skirts, and her matronly figure, with its still coquettish movements, was almost charming. Her faith was wholly dead. She never was troubled with a single longing for the truths on which she had been fed, nor with a single scruple as to her apostasy. In being liberal enough to consider Catholics on a par with Episcopalians and in despising the sects she considered herself doctrinally safe. Poor Sara! The day was not far distant when the conscience so peacefully slumbering would rouse itself to make her careless life most miserable! She seized upon the squire at a most critical moment. Peter had just winked at him knowingly, and then disappeared into the upper rooms.

"Aren't you happy, squire?" buzzed Sara in his ears. "Who would have thought, knowing, as we do, all that has happened, that this day would ever have come? Who is Mr. Rossiter? Such a fascinating man! How is it that he wasn't gobbled up by a handsomer woman than our Ruth?"

"Because in New York, where there aren't any women," said the sarcastic squire, "he didn't see any one handsomer. If he had come to Clayburg first, where the women are as thick as sar-

dines, Ruth wouldn't have had a chance. Will you excuse me, Mrs. Buck? I see—"

"No, I won't excuse you," said Sara, laughing. "I must tell you something about Dunse. You know—"

But the squire never heard a word of the something, for his eyes were fastened on Peter, who had returned to the guests with a sheepish expression of countenance, and who now raised his eyes to the ceiling and shook his head to signify that he could not enter the room. Mrs. Buck had finished her narration.

"Wasn't it ridiculous of Dunse?" she said.

"He's an idiot," the squire replied, connecting the words with Peter's pantomime. "I beg your pardon, ma'am; I referred to Mr. Carter. You must excuse me now, for really I am wanted in another part of the house."

The squire sought out Peter, and heard his report of the private room with the red curtain and the private cellar.

"I couldn't get beyond the door," said he.

"Why," growled the squire, "what was to hinder?"

"The door was locked, to be sure. I'm not immaterial, squire."

If the door was locked the squire had a key, and he tossed the door in on its hinges scornfully and entered the room. The red curtain across the bay-window was shaking in the wind, and the squire was about to close the window behind it when Ruth had him by the arm.

"Now, papa," said she—the elegant Peter mimicked her with a chuckle—"this room is my room for to-day. If you look for a nice, quiet corner, go into the room over the kitchen."

"There's nothing to drink there," said he.

"I move we hold our ground, then," said Peter.

But the old gentlemen were forced to yield to Ruth's demand, and finally made themselves comfortable in the appointed room, as became barbarians fond of undress uniforms and cards and punch. Paul followed his wife to the room with the red curtain.

"You have everything ready?" said he.

"Your own plays could not show a better situation," she replied. "It has been a weary time until this day, husband. I have never felt easy in ten years until this hour. If Linda were only here to share our joy!"

"I don't think she cares," said Paul, looking at a copy of that painting which had once hung in Florian's room—Linda waving her handkerchief from the yacht. "Your own selfishness, Ruth, prompts that wish."

Ruth acknowledged the charge, and then, dismissing him to the guests, explored the space behind the red curtain. There was considerable running to and from that room during the afternoon, and every attempt made by the squire to take possession—for he was not satisfied with his allotted room—was steadily resisted.

"Why isn't Flory here?" the squire asked frequently.

"Give him time, papa. These great men don't come and go like common people."

"Common people! I'm sheriff of the county!"

"Don't be quarrelsome. When Florian comes you shall be told in time to see him and hear him."

"Why can't I go into that room?"

"Because Ruth says you cannot."

"Let me see just behind the red curtain."

"There's nothing behind the curtain, papa."

"What is it shut all the time for?"

"Now, papa, go away and be reasonable or I shall punish you. I have a secret which is to be mine all day. At night you shall all know it."

"Gimme my punishment now," urged the squire, and, after pulling his whiskers, she dismissed him with a kiss.

At twilight the guests were gone, and the squire and Peter were peacefully sleeping off the effects of the day's excitement. The poet and his bride stood together on the veranda, facing the calm waters of the river, her head resting on his shoulder and her deep eyes watching the stars in the cool, far-reaching sky. Their thoughts were too overpowering for utterance.

"It is all over," she sighed occasionally—"all over." And he said nothing. "One effect of a steady life in these old villages is peculiar. The years seem as days. I am not ten days older in thought than when Linda used to come down that road—O my dear little princess!—waving her hands and singing to me a long way off. All the nights like these seem as one, there have been so many of them."

"And there are to be so many of them," said the poet.

"Let us hope so, dear," said she. "With all the suffering and uncertainty in the past there has been more beauty in it than ugliness, more good than evil. Even poor Florian will find certain and unexpected rest to-night."

"There are two figures coming down the road, Ruth. It is time for Florian to be here."

"Do you meet them, and then send Florian up to the room," said she. "Tell him I would like to see him."

Père Rougevin and the hermit congratulated the poet where he stood, and then Florian proceeded alone to the apartment where Ruth, all aglow with delight, awaited him. It was the room with the red curtain.

"Accept my best wishes for your future happiness," said he; "the present is all your own."

She looked at him with satisfaction. His dress was the usual neat-fitting citizen's costume, his hair had been cut and his beard trimmed. Florian, subdued and pale, was very much himself again.

"I conclude from your appearance," said Ruth, "that conscience has again decided against a solitary life for you."

"It is settled," he said, "that I am still to remain in the political world—most of the time here; as it may need in New York."

"You are very sad over it. Have you forgotten my *via media?* I flattered myself you would act on that immediately."

"How gladly would I, if it rested only with myself! But, Ruth, put yourself in my place. You know the motive I had in deserting Frances. I have no courage that would send me to the feet of one I have so wronged to ask a great favor."

"How is it ever to be done?" said Ruth in pretended despair. "Frances has forgiven you, will have no other but you, waits for you, weeps for you. She is not bold enough, and you are excessively humble. This will never do. There should be no go-betweens, yet I cannot see how it is to be avoided if you will not speak for yourself."

He was silent for a few moments.

"It would be a great happiness for me," he said, "to have the support and sympathy of one so tenderly loved. Yet you know her bringing-up. You see the life that awaits me and those who attach themselves to my fortunes. How can I ask her to banish herself to Solitary Island?"

"Without you she considers the world a desert. With you Sahara would shame Grindstone."

"You leave me no escape," he protested.

"No, you are trapped to-night," she said, exultant. "Do you see that red curtain, Florian?" He looked at the object. "If I were to tell you that by pulling it aside you would find there the last wish of your heart, the one circumstance needed to make your life complete, would you run out the door to your island?"

"Have your words a meaning?" said he in a tremulous voice.

She rose and pulled aside the mysterious curtain, and there

in the space beyond was Frances, blushing and paling and trembling in doubt and joy.

"No sibyl's vision can surpass the reality of this," said Ruth, as with a laugh of hysterical strength she fluttered from the room, leaving Florian on his knees beside the trembling and faithful woman whose hands he kissed with reverence and love.

THE END.

EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN I.

SOME time ago the learned Dr. Faust deploringly remarked in one of our leading publications that "our English Catholic literature is sadly deficient in historical works illustrating the different phases and epochs of the German revolt of three hundred years ago." In order to explain the rise and growth of the Protestant schism, even Catholic writers throw the blame on a universally corrupted clergy and laity, and heedlessly repeat the old calumnies of Protestant historians, thus unconsciously defaming the great men of that unhappy period. Dr. Faust mildly calls this "a kind of lazy acquiescence in the more popular form of belief."

Among the names which are held for opprobrium by non-Catholic or by indiscreet and acquiescent Catholic writers stands foremost that of Emperor Maximilian I. We are not surprised, but rather prepared, to hear a Protestant partial historian, the bigoted Robertson, in his history of Charles V. speak of Maximilian with contempt, as "a prince conspicuous neither for his virtues, nor his power, nor his abilities"; but we sincerely regret to find one of our great English Catholic historians * alluding slightingly to the great emperor, placing his noble character in a questionable light. Maximilian was, in his time, the pride of the German nation, and will be at all times the boast of the Catholic house of Hapsburg. Johannes Janssen, the highest living authority on the historical questions of the Reformation period, has successfully vindicated and permanently established the moral greatness of Maximilian.

Emperor Maximilian I., son of Frederic III. and Eleanore of

* S. H. Burke, *Historical Portraits of the Tudor Dynasty*, i. 118, 119.

Portugal, was born in 1459. In his early youth he gave but insufficient proofs of even ordinary mental abilities, and was often flogged by his masters on account of a deficient knowledge of his lessons. Soon, however, this dulness was succeeded by rare brightness of mind and astonishing eagerness for study.

During the siege of Vienna, as a boy, he experienced the fickleness and instability of fortune, and was forced to beg his bread to save himself from starvation. "He alone," Maximilian afterwards said to the Duke of Saxony, "understands the wants of the people who himself has suffered from want."

Charles of Burgundy became acquainted with the young prince at Treves in 1473, and was so charmed with his noble qualities that, on his return to the court at Ghent, he gave such glowing accounts of the rising young Hapsburger that the heart of his only daughter, Mary, was smitten, and four years later she became the happy wife of Maximilian. By this his first marriage he secured Burgundy to his house. "Poorer match there could not have been for the richest heiress of Christendom," says Gardiner, in his preface to *Letters and Papers illustrative of the Reigns of Richard III. and Henry VII.*, admitting, however, that Maximilian's talents were "a real accession" to the strength of Burgundy. The emperor was married a second time to Bianca Maria of Naples in 1494.

Maximilian's appearance was truly majestic and attractive, commanding at once respect and admiration. His soft eyes, reflecting his kind-heartedness, could yet blaze with angry fire in excitement and pierce to the heart of the guilty. He is said to have once stood before a cage of lions, and by the sternness of his look to have kept the ferocious beasts in subjection. When he made his solemn entry into the Flemish city of Ghent to meet his fair bride, Mary of Burgundy, he won the hearts of all lookers-on by his chivalrous and graceful bearing. Mounted on a large, brown steed, glittering in a silver cuirass, his profuse golden locks bound together by a coronet of pearls and precious stones, he presented a dazzling picture of romance and chivalry. An eye-witness to this scene, the chamberlain William von Hoverde, wrote on this occasion: "Oh! what a magnificent appearance. Maximilian is so youthfully fresh, so manfully strong, so resplendent of fortune, that I know not what to admire, whether his blooming youth or his strength or his fortune. One must love him, this brilliant man." "Yes, one must have loved him," continues Janssen, "whether seen in simple gray hunting-coat, 'neath Alpine hat, equipped with climbing-spikes,

cross-bow, and bugle-horn, scaling precipices to climb to the highest peaks of the Tyrolese mountains; or engaging in familiar talk with a passing peasant; or in social pleasure at Frankfurt or at Ulm, jesting in humorous conversation with the burghers and the burghers' daughters, and not taking it ill if some patrician lady, hearing of his intended early departure, had hidden his boots and his spurs, and kept him for another day to lead the morrow's dance with the queen of the feast."

A model soldier and excellent commander, Maximilian possessed a courage approaching temerity. He cheerfully shared the trials of war with his army, and bore with apparent ease the fatigues and hardships of camp-life. He personally engaged in battle, and often showed where cannon-shot flew thickest a desperate and almost presumptuous boldness. Many of his heroic adventures and knightly feats at tournaments, clothed in poetry, still live on the tongue of the South Germans and call forth the admiration of brave hearts.

During the Diet of Worms in 1495 a celebrated French chevalier, Claude de Barre, unexpectedly appeared in the city, hung up his shield on the outer wall of his inn, and proclaimed by a herald that he was ready to engage hand-to-hand any German who had courage sufficient to tilt spears with him. This bold and insolent defiance received at first no response. Maximilian then, to save the German name, took up the challenge, and, unknown to any one, had a shield put up beside the Frenchman's, and had it proclaimed that a German knight would sustain the contest. On the appointed day Maximilian, in the armor of a simple knight, presented himself in the arena. He fought like a lion, was slightly wounded, but finally unhorsed and vanquished the Frenchman. Great was the joy and grateful admiration of the people; but when the mysterious knight threw back his visor, then the wildest applause and shouts of unbounded enthusiasm greeted the emperor.

Maximilian is justly called the last of the knights, for with him the chivalric spirit disappeared. Passionately fond of the chamois chase, he met with many adventures, which were perpetuated in verse and song.

As he was the most chivalrous and warlike prince in Christendom, so he surpassed all his princely contemporaries in learning and culture. He spoke fluently German, Flemish, Latin, French, Walloon, Italian, and had a thorough knowledge of the English and Spanish languages. The Court Library at Vienna preserves many manuscripts by Emperor Maximilian. They show

his vast erudition and singular scholarship, and are essays on diversified subjects—on theology, architecture, genealogy, military art, agriculture, gardening, armoring, the chase, cooking, etc.* His literary skill and taste are manifested in his two poetical works, *Theuerdank* and *Weisskunig*. The former is an allegorical poem conceived by the emperor, and for the most part written by himself; it was prepared for the press and ornamented with interesting wood-cuts by the provost of St. Alban's, in Mayence—Melchior Pfinzig. The *Theuerdank* is a sort of autobiography of the emperor, whilst the *Weisskunig* is an allegorical prose-writing relating the notable deeds of his public life.

Thus both a scholar and an author, and imbued with a love for learning, Maximilian gave a vigorous impulse to the arts and sciences, and was deservedly styled by his contemporaries "father of the arts and sciences." Scholars and poets were his welcome guests and enjoyed his constant patronage. Pierre de Froissart, the celebrated Frenchman, visited Vienna during the reign of Maximilian, and was astonished at the activity of the university students, especially at their easy access to the imperial court, and at the intimate and hearty relation which existed between Maximilian and men of science. "The emperor," he wrote back to France, "not only calls them his friends, but treats them as such. It appears to me that he seeks their company to be edified by them. There is certainly no other sovereign who is willing to be instructed by men of more learning, and who himself is of so rich a mind that he instructs by his very questioning."

He was surrounded by men of the highest culture. Sebastian Sprenz, a distinguished Hebrew scholar and mathematician, was his secretary; Matthew Lang, Bishop of Gurk, afterwards Archbishop of Salzburg and cardinal, was his chancellor. His efforts in behalf of German historical literature were invaluable: in the interest of history he sent scholars to various abbeys and convents to ransack their libraries in search of old manuscripts; at his request and by his aid Ladislaus Stabius gathered together material for a genealogical history of the house of Hapsburg. To carry out a scientific project Maximilian once pawned a costly jewel. John Stabius, Jacob Manlius, Andrew Striborius, John Cuspinian,† all men of the highest literary fame, travelled

* Cf. *Geschichte der Kaiserl. Koenigl. Hofbibliothek zu Wien*, von Ig. Fr. Edlen von Mosel, pp. 17–22.

† In a house at Vienna, believed to have been inhabited by Cuspinian, is to be found on a stone tablet the following inscription: "Imp. Cæs. Aug. Maximilianus Frederici III. fil. Archidux

abroad in the interest of science at the expense of the generous emperor. Among his intimates were the gifted abbot, John Trithemius, and Conrad Peutinger, whom he engaged and encouraged in many historical publications. He bestowed the dignity of the laureateship on the Rhenish poet, Henry Glareanus, ennobled the celebrated humanist, John Reuchlin, and gave the famous composers Josquin and Obrecht chairs in his imperial orchestra. Preferring the nobility of science to that of birth, he one day sharply rebuked a nobleman who refused, thinking it beneath him, to steady a ladder placed against a wall on which Nuremberg's painter, Albrecht Dürer, was sketching a picture for the emperor. "Albrecht," said Maximilian, "by the eminence of his art is a nobleman and more. I can easily make a nobleman of a peasant, but I cannot so easily make an artist of a nobleman." Men of science and art, thus honored and assisted by him, gratefully looked up to him as to their Mæcenas and dedicated to him their works. Martin Waldseemüller dedicated to him his *Introduction to Cosmography, with the Four Voyages of Amerigo Vespucci;* Albrecht Dürer beautifully and humorously illuminated a prayer-book for him.

The University of Vienna became the emperor's favorite child and enjoyed his continued and practical patronage; by many personal sacrifices he made it the first university in Europe. He there founded the Court Library for the use of the students, and made the famous humanist, Conrad Celtes, whom he had called to the university, its first librarian.

Maximilian had a thorough knowledge of the noble art of architecture, and was proud of his membership in the builders' guild. "He built," says Janssen, "and repaired many churches and castles, and gave work to brass-founders, tinsmiths, jewellers, painters, plumbers, helmet-smiths, armorers, wood-carvers, and engravers. Many superb creations of the then living artists owe their origin to his order. The best proof of the emperor's cultivated taste will be found in his grand sepulchral monument at Innsbrück, for which he himself, with his friend, Conrad Celtes, designed the plans; it is one of those last important productions of the old German art." Several pyrotechnical discoveries are attributed to his inventive genius; besides, he perfected the construction of fire-arms and the method of casting ordnance.

From a prince so richly possessing the noblest qualities, and so

Austriæ Litterales litteræ Viennam invexit. Gymnasium viris illustribus exornavit. Imperatorias leges adduxit. Barbariem e Germania sustulit. Ac militarem disciplinam Germanos docuit." Cf. Von Mosel, l. c. p. 6.

willing to serve his country, the accomplishment of great things for his people was expected. At his accession to the imperial throne Wimpheling wrote: "All eyes are directed towards Maximilian, and from no one of the emperors since Charlemagne have the people expected so much." If he only partially fulfilled these expectations, any lack of success must be sought outside his personal endeavors and labors. His greatest political fault was his over-trust in the German princes, who at that time were for the most part a degraded, faithless, and selfish oligarchy —a circumstance explaining the growth of Protestantism better than any commonly alleged cause. The emperor had to waste much time and energy at fruitless diets of these worthless princes; his fiery eloquence often drew forth the most hopeful promises, but their deceitful and dishonorable dealings left him powerless at the end. Trithemius characteristically remarked of the Nuremberg Diet (1487): "Much was proposed, spoken, and agitated; but besides promises nothing resulted, as all were seeking their own personal interests."

Besides a corrupt and perjured nobility, Maximilian had to guard himself from the treacherous machinations of the French king, Louis XII., who excited Hungary and Poland against the emperor, and who aimed, as did his son, Francis I., at the possession of the imperial crown. The straightforwardness and honesty of his character were not always, however, a match for the deceitful cunning of his rivals.

To establish better order than he found in the empire he instituted the Imperial Chamber, the Imperial Aulic Council, and divided Germany into ten districts, over each of which he placed a captain, with a force sufficient to quell any disturbance. To do away with the evils of a mercenary service he organized a permanent body of troops, and made several important improvements in military matters.

He commissioned Francis, Count of Thurn and Taxis, to introduce mail-service into Germany, and established a regular post between Brussels and Vienna.

The emperor's political idea and constant aim was the welfare of the empire, to draw together and strengthen the German states against foreign powers. To this end, as he declared before the assembled states at the Reichstag of Lindau (1496), he was ready to sacrifice his life and all he had, and to suffer, if need be, poverty and its consequent wretchedness. How he kept his promise may be learned from the words of Abbot Trithemius, written seventeen years later: "What emperor for centuries has

taken such pains for the good of the empire? Who was more inventive of means to restore its unity and strength? Which one has for this purpose so entirely exhausted his own resources as he? It is sad to think how little it has availed. . . . It has become the fashion of the states not to keep at all or only in part the promises they have made to the emperor. Hence it comes that the emperor has no power to maintain right and justice, and to punish fitly the disturbers of the public peace."

When, towards the close of his life, Maximilian saw that all his plans and hopes for the restoration of the empire's ancient glory and power were in vain, he sorrowfully exclaimed: "For me no joy is left on earth. Poor German land!"

More successful in the building-up of his own illustrious house of Hapsburg, he secured for it by fortunate marriages the crowns of Spain, Hungary, and Bohemia, which gave rise to the famous distich:

> "Bella gerant alii; tu felix Austria, nube:
> Nam, quæ Marsaliis, dat tibi regna Venus."

These peaceful acquisitions strengthened the house of Hapsburg against its Eastern enemies, and in the near future limited the extent of the apostasy in Germany and saved Europe from the barbarism threatened by the crescent.

Maximilian's moral character and social qualities appear in an amiable light. Always mild, cheerful, and condescending, he became one of the most popular kings in German history. Misfortune or distress could not ruffle the peace of his soul nor weaken his confidence in God. He was generous and at times extravagant, lavishing presents without discrimination; for he thought it high-minded and becoming an emperor to be so. Personally, however, he was frugal and economizing, living on rather scanty fare, and in his own apartments content with a few indispensable articles.

The emperor's loyalty to the church and filial affection for the Vicar of Christ can never be seriously questioned. A devout Catholic at heart, he endeavored to advance the interests of his holy faith and humiliate the enemies of the church.

In 1518 Leo X. proclaimed a crusade against the Turks, and sent a consecrated sword and helmet to the emperor, the born defender of the Catholic Church. This blest armor was presented to Maximilian by the papal legate, Cardinal Cajetan, at the Reichstag of Augsburg. "With a most grateful heart," said the emperor on this solemn occasion, "do I receive this holy armor

from the hands of the legate. It has been my ardent desire since the days of my earliest youth to risk blood and life, goods and riches, for the Apostolic See and the welfare of Christendom." Though now deprived of youth and vigor, yet, under the protection of the helmet of the Holy Ghost and the sword of faith, he would further the holy enterprise and head the Christian army.

One day, while riding alone on horseback in the vicinity of Augsburg, he met in a mountain pass on the road a beggar who had been suddenly taken ill. He dismounted, gave the poor man a refreshing draught, wrapped his imperial cloak round him, and, riding back to the city, called a priest to administer to him the last consolations of religion.

He was pained to see before his death the beginning of the great schism, and with it the decline of the great German Empire. Many saw in the insolent proceedings of the Wittenberg monk a mere quarrel of the schools, but the clear-sighted Maximilian at once discerned the full importance of the new teachings. In a letter to the Holy Father dated August 5, 1518, he showed the extent of the religious trouble, asked Leo X. to suppress the dangerous heresy in its germ, and readily offered his energetic assistance to enforce any papal decrees against the innovators, who were endangering the unity of faith, replacing revealed truth with private opinion.*

When the emperor felt his end approaching he fervently prepared for the awful hour. During the last four years of his life he had his coffin borne about with him on his journeys, and was often heard to apostrophize in mournful words his last dwelling-place. He devoutly received the last sacraments, and during his death-agony, in full possession of his senses, repeated the prayers of the dying till his lips were closed in death. This occurred on January 12, 1519, the sixtieth year of his eventful life.

* See vol. iii. of the *Life of Martin Luther*, by George Evers, where the letter is given in full. It breathes the noble sentiments of a thoroughly Catholic monarch. Oh! that his words had been better heeded.

THE ELEVEN GENERAL ELECTIONS OF THE REIGN OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

JUST at this time it may be relevant to recall a few of the features of the last ten general elections in Great Britain. It is not proposed to do more than to speak of names and events which would be remembered by most men who are turned sixty.

1837. The accession of Queen Victoria, in the year 1837, made it necessary that a new Parliament should be summoned. The general election gave the preference to the Tories—or, as they were then called for the first time, the Conservatives. Some gifted and promising men sat in the new Parliament. Mr. Disraeli was for the first time elected. Mr. Grote, the distinguished writer of Greek history; Lord Lytton, then Mr. Edward Lytton Bulwer; Sir William Molesworth, a "philosophical Radical"; Lord Morpeth, more a scholar than a politician, with a good many other superior men, were first heard of as members of the House of Commons. Mr. Gladstone had been five years in Parliament. Lord John Russell had begun his career as a party leader. Lord Palmerston, who now became foreign secretary, had not yet given proofs of his great ability. Sir Robert Peel was the acknowledged leader of the Tories. Lord Stanley (the late Lord Derby) was a distinguished member. O'Connell and Sheil represented the Irish party, and alternately astonished and delighted the House with their courage and magnificent eloquence. Sheil was perhaps the most brilliant of the orators who have been heard in the House of Commons during the present century. With not a few natural impediments—in particular a most unmusical voice—he was pronounced, both by Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli, to be the most fascinating orator of his day. Sir Robert Peel, unlike Sheil, was very calm, full of common sense, not of ardor; yet his sound, practical arguments won a hold over the House of Commons which enabled him at all times to command attention. Lord John Russell was a stronger man than he seemed to be. He was not an orator, but he was a skilful debater; and he was gifted with a sort of irritating sarcasm, which was likened to a "dissolving acid—to an opponent." Tom Moore, who was a great friend of Lord John Russell, has praised him with the warmth of his poetic nature rather than with the justice of criticism. Lord John Russell was a very

expert word-swordsman, and was indomitable in "sticking to his own ground." For many years Lord John Russell and Sir Robert Peel fought out their political battles "hand-to-hand." Lord John was before all things "a reformer." He had learned his political lessons at the feet of Fox. And he was (for his day) as advanced or extreme a Liberal as any man who sat in the Commons. He needed—and he possessed—great abilities, in a House which comprehended such commanding minds as those of Disraeli and Gladstone, O'Connell and Sheil, Stanley and Peel; and also such highly cultured thinkers as Bulwer and Grote, Sir Francis Burdett and Villiers; and the somewhat opposite yet not unimportant factors in debate, Tom Duncombe of Finsbury and Smith O'Brien.

1841. On June 4 Sir Robert Peel, by previous agreement, proposed a vote of want of confidence in the ministry, and Lord Melbourne (then prime minister) and his colleagues were condemned by a majority of *one*. That "one" was no suggestion of the immense majority (throughout the country) by which the Conservatives were about to be restored to power. Sir Robert Peel came into office with (as Lord Melbourne assured him) "more friends outside the House than inside it," and, certainly, with few enemies of much importance. Lord Melbourne then quietly dropped out of office, and seven years afterwards he died. The Peel ministry was now installed with great hopes. Many notables held office under the premier; but perhaps the most remarkable of the new members who were now brought into Parliament was the (until then) almost unknown Mr. Richard Cobden. He was destined soon to make a great name in a House where Mr. Gladstone was still but "a rising man," and to create a considerable sensation among a ministry which included Sir James Graham for home secretary, Lord Stanley for colonial secretary, the Earl of Aberdeen for foreign secretary, and Lord Lyndhurst for the woolsack, but which did *not* include Mr. W. E. Gladstone—very shortly, however, to become the prime minister.

1846. The defeat of Sir Robert Peel's ministry in this year was due mainly to his advocacy of free trade. It has been said that Peel crushed O'Connell and carried free trade, but that O'Connell and the protectionists had life enough left in them to pull down the ministry they detested. Be this as it may, Lord John Russell now succeeded as prime minister. Lord Grey became colonial secretary. Sir Charles Wood was the new chancellor of the exchequer; but, though a man of sound sense, he

was a bad speaker, and consequently was not popular in the House. Sir George Grey, on the contrary, though but a respectable home secretary, was a speaker of great fluency—or precipitancy. Lord John Russell, being at the head of affairs, soon found himself involved in great difficulty in having to deal with the terrible Irish famine. And yet another difficulty also embarrassed him—the outbreak of the Chartist riots in London. At the general election Fergus O'Connor, a known agitator, had gained a seat as Radical member for Nottingham, and was immediately engaged in stirring up all Radicals to communistic ideas about property. It was just at this period that Louis Philippe had fled to England, and about half Europe was in revolutionary mood; so that it was a comparatively easy matter for any popular demagogue to rally a crowd round "the flag of the people's liberties."

1852. In the summer of this year there was a general election, which was embroiled by very serious riots, not only in England but in Ireland. The great mass of the Irish people were quite indifferent to the fact that Mr. Disraeli (who at that time was chancellor) had done his best for the financial interests of England. The question which they cared for was that of "Tenant Right"; and between the landlords and the popular party in England contention ran so high as to become dangerous. The Irish Catholics, too, had felt piqued by the debates on the "Ecclesiastical Titles Bill," and still more piqued by the fact that the English people, as a whole, did not care a pin about Irish affairs. The general election passed off, however, quietly. Among the new members returned by this election was the celebrated essayist, Macaulay. Edinburgh had elected him without his solicitations and without any declaration of his opinions. This was exceptionally flattering. In 1847 Macaulay had been thrown out. In 1852 his election was spontaneous—an act of reparation and of grace. It was just at this moment, when men were "counting up" the general election (and just two months before the new Parliament met), that the Duke of Wellington died at Walmer Castle. He may be mentioned as a counsellor of his sovereign, much more than as a statesman or as a minister. His death was the signal for a national mourning; for, though his victories belonged to a past time, he was regarded as a type of English heroism. No episode of importance marked the opening of Parliament; but Mr. Disraeli had to introduce his budget to the House, and this was the rock on which he split. The two points which stood out in that budget were (1) the reduction of the malt

duty, and (2) the increase of duty on inhabitated houses. The debate was very long and very furious. The excitement within the House was intense. Mr. Disraeli made a magnificent speech, and then Mr. Gladstone rose to answer him. (This was the beginning of that rivalry of the two heroes which lasted from 1852 to 1876, and which scarcely for a brief interval seemed to slacken.) Mr. Gladstone won a vote from the House. Mr. Disraeli was beaten by nineteen. Exit the Conservative ministry; enter Lord Aberdeen, Lord John Russell, Lord Palmerston, with Mr. Gladstone as the chancellor of the exchequer.

1857. That "government by party means government by mutual recrimination" was proved to perfection in 1857. Lord Palmerston "went to the country" with the assurance that Lord Derby, Lord Lyndhurst, Sir E. Lytton, Lord Grey, and Lord Robert Cecil were craven Englishmen, utterly devoid of any patriotism, who were friends and allies of "an insolent barbarian"—namely, a certain Chinese gentleman, Governor Yeh. That phrase, "insolent barbarian," won the country! The victory of Lord Palmerston was complete. Such men as Cobden, Bright, Milner Gibson were all "nowhere"—annihilated by the phrase "insolent barbarian." No sooner was Lord Palmerston in power than he distinguished himself in two ways in particular: appointing evangelical clergymen to bishoprics, and insisting on passing the Divorce Bill. The two preferences, as Mr. Disraeli gaily remarked, were "hardly harmonious in spirit." Mr. Gladstone vigorously opposed the new Divorce Bill. Nevertheless the Divorce Bill was passed. A year later Lord Palmerston resigned office.

1859. A vote of "want of confidence," moved by Lord Hartington (then for the first time taking a position in public trust), provoked a long and bitter debate. It was in this quarrel that Sir James Graham called Mr. Disraeli "the Red Indian of debate," who "by use of the tomahawk had cut his way to power, and by recurrence to the scalping system hoped to prevent the loss of it." Lord Hartington carried his motion by thirteen. The queen then invited Lord Granville to form a ministry. But Lord John Russell would not serve under Lord Granville. Lord Palmerston, therefore, became once more prime minister—and continued prime minister for life. He formed what was certainly a strong ministry: Mr. Gladstone was chancellor of the exchequer; Lord John Russell, foreign secretary; Mr. Sidney Herbert, minister for war; Mr. Cardwell, the Irish secretary; and Sir Charles Wood, the secretary for India. Lord Palmer-

ston offered a seat to Mr. Cobden; but it is remarkable that the chief promoter of the repeal of the corn laws never held a place in an administration.

1865. On July 6 the Parliament (which had died a natural death) was dissolved by the ordinary proclamation. It is observable that at this time (just exactly twenty years ago) Mr. Disraeli told his constituents that "the chief issue to be decided was the existence of the English Established Church." "The maintenance of the national church," he stoutly maintained, "involved the question whether the principle of religion should be an element of the political constitution; whether the state should be consecrated; or whether, dismissing the sanctions that appeal to the higher feelings of man, the scheme of government should degenerate into a mere system of police." (There is probably as little fear now as there was then that such "degeneracy" will ensue during the next Parliament!) Mr. Gladstone, who was now "put up" for Oxford, was defeated by the not important Mr. Gathorne Hardy. He was, however, elected for South Lancashire. Mr. J. S. Mill was now first returned to Parliament. Mr. Bright was triumphantly re-elected. The new Parliament was essentially democratic; it was formed largely of the extreme section of Liberals. The country earnestly wished that Lord Palmerston could have headed it; but the aged statesman died just as Parliament met, and Lord John Russell was invited to form a government. He did so. A few "new men" now came into public life. Mr. Forster became under-secretary for the colonies, and Mr. Goschen succeeded to the Board of Trade. Mr. Gladstone was, of course, the leader of the House of Commons. But some great changes now marked the new assembly. Palmerston, Cobden, Sidney Herbert, Sir James Graham were all gone. Lord John Russell had been raised to the Upper House. Mr. Lowe was a "free lance" once more, unshackled by any official position. But the greatest change was undoubtedly that of "Gladstone in place of Palmerston." The latter had united all parties—not, of course, in their opinions, but in goodwill. Mr. Gladstone led only the Liberals; but he invited the Radicals to join them. Mr. Disraeli now headed the Conservatives.

1868. On the last day of July the dissolution took place, and the elections came on in November. The Liberals had a considerable majority. But there was also a Conservative reaction in not a few Liberal constituencies. Thus Lancashire returned only Tories for its county divisions, and chiefly Tories for its

borough divisions. Eight Conservatives came in for Lancaster, Mr. Gladstone and Lord Hartington being displaced. Mr. Gladstone was therefore transferred to Greenwich. From Oxford Mr. Gladstone had migrated to Lancashire, and now from Lancashire he migrated to Radical Greenwich—perhaps the most democratic of London suburbs. Mr. Milner Gibson and Mr. Bernal Osborne were unseated. The latter got into Parliament once more; the former disappeared from public life. In the new House of Commons the majority (of the Liberals) was not less than one hundred and twenty, being sixty more than their majority in the last Parliament. Mr. Gladstone had therefore everything in his own hands.

1874. Mr. Gladstone decided of his own accord that he would bring his administration to an end. On the night of January 23 all London was astonished (and all London, indeed, was incredulous) at the news that Mr. Gladstone had resigned. He stated in his address to his constituents that his authority had now "sunk below the point necessary for the due defence and prosecution of the public interests," and that, if the country should return him to power, he would introduce a series of financial measures, and among them would totally repeal the corn-tax. The country was not amenable to such wooing. The country reseated the Conservatives. The Conservatives had a majority of fifty. Mr. Disraeli very quickly formed a ministry. Lord Salisbury was entrusted with India, and Lord Derby with foreign affairs. Lord Carnarvon became colonial secretary. Mr. Cross (an almost unknown man) was exalted to the position of home secretary. Mr. Gathorne Hardy was made secretary for war, and Mr. Ward Hunt first lord of the admiralty. Sir Stafford Northcote became chancellor of the exchequer. The Duke of Richmond, as lord-president of the council, was a safe leader for the government in the House of Lords. Mr. Gladstone presently announced his "intention of retiring from the leadership of the Liberal party"—an intention which eleven years later he has reconsidered with some variety of disposition.

1880. The session of 1879 was the sixth session of a well-worn Tory Parliament, and the country was crying out for a dissolution. Mr. Gladstone was pleased to argue that a government ought to dissolve itself a few months before its natural expiration—an argument which was hardly worth pressing; for, as a matter of fact, no Parliament lasts seven years, and there is always "a moribund interval" for every ministry. The dissolu-

tion took place on March 24, and the general election commenced almost immediately. The result has been compared to a political earthquake. From the very first day of the elections it was evident that the Conservatives were "out" at least half over the kingdom. Defeat was soon turned into disaster. A majority of one hundred and twenty (strangely enough, the same majority which sent the Liberals to power in 1868) now did the same kindness for them again. The queen sent for Lord Hartington, then for Lord Granville, then for the real man who was wanted. And Mr. Gladstone (not having "retired") took office.

It will be relevant to add some further details in regard to recent Parliaments and elections.

First, as to the *duration* of English Parliaments. From the first Parliament of George III. to the last of Queen Victoria it has been a rare thing for a Parliament to "last out its time." No Parliament did so in George III.'s reign. The two Parliaments that sufficed for George IV. lasted, one of them six, the other three years. In William IV.'s time four Parliaments (in but six years) were elected to serve under his majesty, the longest lasting two years and five months. In Queen Victoria's time there have been two Parliaments which have lasted six years—that from 1859 to 1865 and that from 1874 to 1880.

Prime ministers in England have usually "made" general elections, quite as much as general elections have made prime ministers. It may be interesting to recall the names of the prime ministers from the date of the accession of the House of Hanover. From October 10, 1714, there have been forty-three first lords of the treasury—or, more accurately, forty-three changes in the ministry, involving forty-three accessions to office. The names of these prime ministers are Walpole, Stanhope, Sunderland, Wilmington, Pelham, Newcastle, Bute, Grenville, Buckingham, Grafton, North, Shelborne, Portland, Pitt, Addington, Perceval, Liverpool, Canning, Goderich, Wellington, Grey, Melbourne, Peel, Russell, Derby, Aberdeen, Palmerston, Disraeli, Gladstone, Salisbury. Of this number Walpole was twice prime minister, Pitt twice, Melbourne twice, Peel twice, Russell twice, Derby three times, Disraeli twice, and Gladstone twice. The above list, extending from 1714 to 1885, would show that the average duration of ministers (and therefore of the tenure of the premiership) is little more than three years and eight months. This must seem to be a very short time. Yet

some prime ministers have "reigned" a long while. Thus Walpole was premier for twenty years; Lord North for twelve; William Pitt for eight; Lord Liverpool for fourteen; Lord Melbourne for six; Lord John Russell for six; Lord Derby for six; Lord Palmerston for six; Mr. Disraeli for six, and Mr. Gladstone for even a slightly longer time. In regard to the number of electors in Great Britain, there were in 1864, in the counties of England and Wales, 535,788; in the counties of Scotland, 49,-109; in the cities and boroughs of England and Wales, 491,229; in the cities and boroughs of Scotland, 52,628; total, 1,128,754.

In 1874 the number of electors on the register was 2,748,985—namely, 2,245,108 in England and Wales, 280,308 in Scotland, and 223,569 in Ireland. Taking the period from the passing of the Reform Bill in 1868 to June, 1874, the county electors increased about 300,000, and the borough electors about one million. So that the electoral franchise (up to the other day) used to include about one in twelve of the population. The recent addition of two millions to the register will, of course, revolutionize these old figures.

In regard to the number of the members of the House of Commons, it appears that in the reign of Henry VII. there were altogether 296 members. Henry VIII. added 38; and, by gradual increase from reign to reign, the number of members in 1817 amounted to 658. It must be remembered that the union with Scotland in the reign of Queen Anne was the occasion of adding 45 members; and the union with Ireland in the year 1800 was the occasion of adding 100 members. In the session of 1874 the House of Commons had 661 members, England and Wales sending 487, Ireland 105, and Scotland 69.

As we are speaking only of the electoral system, it may seem irrelevant to allude to the House of Lords. Yet since by recommendation of existing ministers peers are (at least usually) created, and since there is a marked disposition at this time to adopt a general principle of "elected peers," it may be permitted to state that more than two-thirds of the hereditary peerages have been created since the year 1800. At least 350 of the peers have been created in the last eighty years, of whom (about) 175 have been created in the reign of Queen Victoria. This fact is so far analogous to the electoral system that the creation of peers is now principally motived by the interests of the political party in power. And the *present* general election shows clearly that, whatever be the future of the House of Lords, the people wish it to be *partly* electoral. Thus, by analogy, the

House of Lords must open its gates *pari passu* with the largely widening House of Commons. And the "moral" of general elections, in regard to the House of Lords, is that the more the people get the government into their hands, the more the Lords must take the people into their counsels.

THE METAMORPHOSES OF IRISH NAMES.

THE Irish language is apparently dying. If not dying, it is in the last stages of decay. The chances are that the next generation, if not our own, will be present at its deathbed. From a literary point of view, the death or decay of the language of an imaginative race of old standing in European civilization is certainly mournful to behold. Yet Irish funerals are not often unmitigatedly sad. The elastic nature of the people easily rebounds from woe, having a touch of true philosophy in its readiness to submit gracefully to what has to be. And even if their language disappear, the race itself is vigorous, full of life, hopeful, and it has made the English speech so fluently its own that there are many good people who find it hard to believe that it ever had any other. To-day, indeed, excepting to the rustics and mountaineers and fishermen along the west and south of Ireland, and to a few scholars and some aristocratic representatives of old chieftains' families, the Irish is an unknown tongue to the Irish people. Few Irishmen or Irishwomen with any pretence to refinement care to acknowledge an acquaintance with it. There are many, whose English is not as good as it might be, who yet would take offence at being supposed to understand the language of their race; there are others who understand it, but deny any knowledge of it. Strange fact, that a people almost morbidly sensitive as to all else that is peculiarly theirs should be indifferent to their language, the distinctive badge of their race. But in this, as in many other respects, the Irish are real Gaels. In abandoning their language they are merely doing what their relatives of the Continent did centuries ago.

But, in addition to this, the Irish have shown no resentment at having most of their surnames distorted out of resemblance to the original sound, and, further, they have permitted themselves to be deprived of the ancient given names, sonorous and full of meaning, which their ancestors proudly bore. So far has this

gone that "Pat," the diminutive of a name foreign to their tongue, has become the accepted humorous designation of an Irishman.

It is only within very recent years, and owing almost as much to the labors of German philologists as of Irish scholars, that the Gaelic language, of which Irish is the purest dialect, has received that attention which it deserves.*

The probabilities are that the fair-haired, blue-eyed Scots were the first of the Gaelic tribes to issue from Asia on the march across Europe. If one may found an opinion on the testimony of clear traditions, current among the Irish as long as we have any record, and on the references by the Greek historians of the time, there is good reason for believing that the Skuthes (or Scythians) were that tribe of the Gaels who never rested until, after many vicissitudes and fierce struggles, they had planted themselves on the farthest island of Europe to the west, the island called by the ancient geographers *Ierne*, and by the Irish themselves *Eire*, the "land of the West"—Ireland. There, as elsewhere, they overcame the dark-haired, swarthy aborigines and gradually adopted them as part of their own people. The vacuum left by these Gaels on the northern shores of the Black Sea was afterwards filled by other races, and later by the Tartars, who, on account of the territory taken up by them, have sometimes been erroneously confounded with the original Skuthes, or Scythians. It is worthy of note that this vanguard tribe of the Gaels, the Scots of Ireland, Scotland, and the Isle of Man, is the only Gaelic tribe still preserving the use of the mother-tongue.†

* "Gaelic" is the spelling adopted in Scotland in the last century, instead of the ancient spelling still preserved in Ireland, *Gaodhelig*. The correct sound is hard to convey to one who has not heard it. It might be represented by some such phonetic spelling as Gwŏ-ĕ-lig, giving to the *w* a barely perceptible sound, and to the *ŏ* the German sound, the emphasis being placed on the first syllable.

The correct name of the Gaelic-speaking race, by the way, is Gael (Gaodhal), not "Celt," or "Kelt." Celt, or Kelt, another form of which is *kilt* (or *ceilt*), a part of the ancient attire of the race, is derived from *ceilim*, "I conceal." It has been explained to have been applied to an order of chivalry amongst the Gaels of ancient days, each member of which was bound in honor to conceal his identity and family connections until he had established his reputation for prowess. It was these Celts, or bands of "unknown" knights, who became so great a terror to the Greek frontiers, and it was some of these, probably, who prepared the way for that irruption of the Gaels which set the geese of the Roman Capitol to cackling.

† Omitting the Greek termination *es*, the word *Skuth* corresponds very closely to an uneducated Scotchman's pronunciation of the word "Scot" (Scŏŏt), which is also the Gaelic sound of the word.

Until quite late in the middle ages the Irish were always spoken of as "Scots," and Ireland then was "Scotia." After a time, in order to distinguish it from its colony of Argyle (Ar Gael), Ireland was called "Scotia Major." Still later the geographical name *Eire* (Hibernia) took the place for Ireland of the tribal name *Scotia*, which gradually came to be applied exclusively to the lesser Scotland, or Caledonia.

Once Gaelic was spoken over a wide belt of Europe, from Galatia to the ocean; now it has been dead for centuries on the Continent, where its few traces are the nasal sounds of French, Portuguese, and of some of the dialects of that part of Italy which once was Cisalpine Gaul, and of the dialect of the Galicians, or Gallegos, in Spain, a few idioms, and a few transliterations or softenings of consonants. The Cymraeg—which the English call "Welsh," and the Irish call "Bretnach"—including the dialects of Wales, Cornwall, and Brittany, is a kindred tongue to the Gaelic; according to some it is a later offshoot.

The literary culture of Gaelic, which had long been waning, may be said to have come to an end as soon as the bitter Penal Code was put into force in Ireland in the early part of the last century. It is unnecessary to repeat Edmund Burke's famous characterization of that iniquitous code, which practically closed all schools to the great majority of the people of Ireland. Within a generation or two, under its cruelly skilful action, Ireland became the most illiterate nation in Europe, perhaps. Of course the Gaelic language suffered in consequence, as did everything else Irish.

But Gaelic had been directly attacked long before. In 1367 a parliament of the Anglo-Normans at Kilkenny enacted a statute which, among other things, forbade the employment of Gaelic by the English settlers in Ireland. Yet by the end of the fifteenth century the Gaels had so used their winning ways that Poynings' Act of 1495, though renewing the other Kilkenny decrees intended to keep the Irish and English elements from mingling, let the language alone; for many of the most prominent Anglo-Norman families had lost their Norman-French and spoke no language but Gaelic. In James I.'s time the Bible of the "authorized version" and the Book of Common Prayer were translated into Gaelic for the use of the Irish. But that was a temporary concession, and was made in furtherance of an English purpose. With the breaking-up of the clans in the seventeenth century, and the confiscation of Irish lands to English adventurers and to a few of their Irish allies, the bards disappeared, and with them almost the last vestige of a current Gaelic literature of any intrinsic merit.

The legal banning of Gaelic by the supporters of English dominion contributed also to the corruption of Irish surnames. But this was aided to some extent, though unintentionally, of course, by the action of the Catholic priests and Catholic schoolmasters. The priests, on account of the various enactments

against the Roman Catholic religion, were nearly all educated and ordained abroad. When they returned to Ireland from Rome, Paris, Vienna, Salamanca, or Flanders, where they had spent much of their youth and early manhood, they were full of the fashionable classicism of the time, and many of them were apt to regard Gaelic as a barbarous jargon. It is true, they had usually to preach, and to exercise their ministry generally, in Gaelic, for most of their flocks understood no other language. But, as a rule, they discouraged Gaelic. When a child was brought for baptism, the sponsors would naturally propose for the given name one that had long been identified with the clan or with that particular family. But the sponsor's suggestion would be ignored, and the child, perhaps, christened "Patrick" or "Bridget," according to its sex, or the proposed name would be perhaps translated into something more "Christian," a name more or less resembling it in sound being sometimes chosen. In this way the youngster whose parents or sponsors had wished to name it Domhnall (Donald) became thereafter legally known as "Daniel"—a Hebrew name—while, worse still, perhaps, Diarmaid (Dermot) became "Jeremiah"! No other people in Europe have had a similar experience. Catholic schoolmasters also were under the ban of the law, as were the Catholic priests, and in trying to keep the lamp of literature from going quite out among their impoverished countrymen they were liable to fine, imprisonment, banishment, and, for a repetition of the offence, death. Yet even these brave old sesquipedalians were bitten by the classical mania and would not tolerate the Gaelic. The luckless youngster who thoughtlessly broke out into the language of his fathers was flogged by these pedagogues as old-fashioned pedagogues knew how to flog. What wonder that a language should fade out of use when its natural supporters joined with the enemy against it!

Though the language is disappearing, the surnames survive and promise to be propagated in all parts of the civilized world. But most of them are mutilated in form. Very few of these names are pronounced by their present bearers as they were pronounced two centuries ago, and many of them are so changed, both in orthography and pronunciation, as to be traceable with very great difficulty to their true source. The very look, not to say sound, of "Gilhooly" and "Muldoon" is enough to stir one to laughter. Yet both these names are respectable in their origin, in their meaning, and in their antiquity, while their true

sound, as properly spelled, is extremely musical. But Ireland has long been unfortunate, and therefore unfashionable.

In James I.'s time an act was passed forbidding the use of all but a few of the old Gaelic surnames. This act was only partially enforced, however, and principally in Ulster, where the work of translating the names began. The Mac and the O' were easily dropped. But MacGabhan (M'Gowan) became "Smythe," * MacEoghan (now often written McOwen, McKeon, M'Ewen, Ewing, McCune, etc.) and MacSeaghan (M'Shane) both became "Johnson" or "Jackson." O'Domhnall (O'Donnell) was translated into "Danielson" or "Donaldson," and also into "Daniels"; and so on through a long list of corruptions or mistaken translations.† Sometimes his nickname—and nicknames were plentiful where all the people of a village belonged to one clan and had one surname—furnished the clansman with a new surname when he began in his awkward way to crunch the fearful consonants of the Sacsanach. The tow-headed Murtach "fionn" ("very fair") O'Neill became "Martin Whyte," or perhaps "Mortimer Neilson," etc.

Previous to the establishment of English dominion in Ireland the Irish lived in tribes or septs, each sept being composed of a number of clans or groups of villages. All the members of any one sept were, in theory at least, descendants of a common ancestor, whose name, with O' or Mac prefixed, designated the sept. All the septs of Ireland were, again, descended from certain groups of ancestors, and these lineages are still piously preserved, and no doubt with great accuracy. For the tenure of land, which was held in common, as well as more sentimental privileges, depended on accuracy in this matter, and very little on purchase or other acquired title. The bards of each clan, who were its historians and genealogists, were therefore watched by an interested criticism that would be sure to check any imaginative tampering with the lineage on which so much depended. There was no aristocracy in the feudal sense, for the Gaels had always either exterminated or effectually absorbed whatever people they conquered, so that there was no race of helots for them to lord it over. The clansman looked upon his chief as his relative and as the official representative of his family.

* *Gabhan* is the Gaelic for "smith."

† Many of the so-called "Scotch-Irish" of the United States are the descendants of beaten clansmen of the various clans of Ulster who translated their surnames. Properly speaking not one out of a hundred of those in the United States who boast a Scotch-Irish origin have any "Scotch" about them. The whole thing is a convenient myth, invented by those who wished somehow to explain away their Irish strain.

O', anciently written *ui*, means a "male descendant" generally, while *Mac*—nowadays written also *Mc* and *M'*—means simply "a son." But it is only in English that either of these is prefixed to the name borne by a woman. In Gaelic the prefix *Ni*—a contraction of *ingean*, "a daughter"—is used. Thus a woman who in English would appear as "Julia O'Connell" would in Gaelic be "Siodla [Sheela] Ni Chonaill." The famous Amazon of the sixteenth century, whom English historians call "Grace O'Malley," is known in Ireland by her true name, "Grâ Ni Mhaile" (pronounced *Graw nyee Wale*).* It is not difficult to understand how the complicated orthography of Gaelic names came to be shattered when these names were rendered in English letters. For the English alphabet has twenty-six letters, while the Gaelic, like the most ancient Greek alphabet—from which, perhaps, it was derived—has but sixteen besides the aspirate, or *h*. In addition to this there are two peculiarities of Gaelic which account for some of the odd distortions of these names. These are *aspiration* and *eclipsis*.

Orthographically aspiration consists in putting an *h* after the letter to be aspirated; phonetically in softening or modifying, or even deadening, the sound of the letter aspirated. Thus the names MacMuircath and MacMuirchu have been jumbled together in English, and now appear under such forms as "MacMurroch," "M'Murrough," "Morrow," "Murphy," etc. † One use of the aspirate is purely euphonic; it is inserted between the prefix O' and the surname, if the surname begin with a vowel, just as the French use the letter *t* in *a-t-il*. Let us take that extremely ancient name of Aodh, which signifies "fire." In some parts of Ireland it is sounded almost like *ay* in the English word "day," in others like *ee* in the word "meet." In Ulster was a clan descended from an ancestor of this name, and this clan bore, therefore, the surname of MacAodha. Further south another clan with an ancestor similarly named used O' instead of Mac for its prefix, and this clan was called O'h-Aodha. Nowadays O'h-Aodha and MacAodha appear in a multitude of forms; among them O'Hay, O'Hea, Hays, Hayes, Hay, etc.—the final *s* being an imported Anglicism—MacKay (M'Kay), Mackay, Mac-

* There are but few O's among the Scotch, for O' did not come much into vogue in Ireland until the eleventh century, by which time the migrations from Ireland to North Britain had ceased. Nevertheless there are O's in Scotland; for instance, Ogilvie, or Ogilby, correctly written *O'Giall buidhe*, "the descendant of the yellow-haired hostage." Then there are Oliphant, Ochiltree, etc.

† *Muir cath* signifies a "sea-battle," and *muir cu* a "sea-hound" ("sea-dog" we say in English)—*i.e.*, a "fighter at sea."

key, M'Kee, Magee, MacHay, etc. The *translating* process gives MacHugh, Hughes, etc., the shallow pedants having treated Aodh as "the Irish" for Hugh, which is, of course, of Teutonic origin. Another instance of the confusion caused by this euphonic *h* is in the case of the name Aonghus and its modifications. With O' it properly becomes O'h-Aonghus, whence we now see O'Haynes, Haynes, etc.; while MacAonghus, with more sportive opportunities, has capered about as MacEnnis, MacInnes, M'Gennis, Magennis, Ennis, Guinness, etc. Aonghusaigh, signifying "belonging to Aonghus," furnishes the surname of O'h-Aonghusaigh, better known now as O'Hennessey and Hennessy.

Eclipsis is a very puzzling feature of Gaelic grammar, yet it is quite as philosophical and, to the Gael at least, just as natural as were the euphonic transformations in his verb to the Greek. It is used in inflecting nouns, and consists in prefixing a certain consonant to the initial consonant—if the initial be a consonant—the prefixed consonant being sounded instead of the initial. *An* (like French *du*) signifies "of the," and it eclipses the noun it governs, or aspirates it if it begin with a vowel. Thus *sagart* (Latin *sacer*) means "a priest." The name Mac an t-sagairt (*t* being the eclipsing letter for *s*) nowadays appears as MacAntagart, M'Entegart, Taggart, Taggard, etc. Mac an t-saor, "the son of the artificer," is now M'Intyre. Where aspiration is employed instead of eclipsis we have Mac an phearson, now usually written MacPherson; MacPhaidin (from *Paidin*, pronounced "páw-dyeen"), "the son of little Patrick," now familiar as M'Fadden. Mac an bhaird, "the son of the bard," is the origin of the names MacEnward, MacWard, M'Quard, Ward, etc.

The adjective terminations *adh*, *ach*, *agh* are nearly always represented in the Anglicized form by the final *y*, though not always. Thus O'Ceallach has been Englished into O'Kelly, Kelley, etc.; yet it also is met with in such shapes as Kalloch, Kellogg, etc. The name of O'Seaghdha loses its terror in O'Shea, Shee, Shay, etc. But a sad fate has befallen O'h-Uilleachan, which, though it still wrenches unaccustomed jaws as O'Hoolahan, has generally been changed into Howlan, Holland, etc.

At the period when the present corrupt forms of Irish names were coming into use the great body of the Irish people had been rendered completely illiterate. They could neither read nor write, whether in their native Gaelic or in the foreign English tongue which they were beginning to learn. On the other hand, the English knew no Gaelic. What wonder, then, that the

mellifluous, majestic surnames of the Gaels were mutilated, if not caricatured, when done into English, by the joint work of Irishmen and Englishmen ignorant of one another's language? One can easily imagine a scene at the breaking up of a clan and the legal taking possession of its confiscated territory by some newly-arrived Englishman who is thereafter to be the "landlord." He is there with his business man, a London attorney, and an interpreter, pressed into the service, is at hand. A group of the clansmen are kept in place, awaiting their turn to be registered as "tenants." Behind them a force of English soldiers stand ready with arms in hand to make English law beloved by Irishmen. The attorney is seated at the table, ready to begin the rent-roll.

"What's your name?" asks the landlord of the stalwart fellow first in order.

"*Cá h-ainm an thu?*" translates the interpreter.

"*M'ainm, a deir se?* [my name, says he?]" replies the Gael. "*Inis do'n Sacsanach, is maith agus mor an t-ainm orm—ainm nios onórach na sa h-ainm fein. Is misi* Tordhalbhach MacGiola Mhochudha!" (Tell the Saxon it is good and great, the name on me—a name more honorable than his name. I am Tordhalbhach MacGiola Mhochudha.)

Small blame to the Cockney attorney if he winced; and when, with tongue between his lips, he laboriously spelled out the name as he thought he heard it, "Turlough MacGillicuddy" (or perhaps "MacEllicott"), he did his best. It is hard to catch correctly the sounds of an unfamiliar foreign tongue.

The conjunction of the final *c* in Mac with an initial liquid or vowel is responsible for such double forms of the same name as MacReidy and MacCready (Macready); MacRea and MacCrea; MacLellan and MacClellan; MacIvor and MacKeever, etc. Something similar is seen in Welsh names. Ap Hoel gives Howell and Powell; Ap Lloyd, Lloyd and Floyd; Ap Ris, Rice and Price; Ap Hugh, Hughes and Pugh; Ap Robert, Roberts and Probert, etc.

The two words *giola* and *maol* are frequent compounds of Irish surnames. *Giola* is found in English dress in the word *gillie*, a corrupt spelling introduced by Scotch novelists. *Giola* originally meant "a youth," and was applied particularly to the young fellows who were attached to a chief's retinue. Thence it passed easily into the sense of a client or follower. Amongst the early Gaelic Christians it was employed in this sense, figuratively, in connection with the name of some holy person chosen

as a model. Thus we have Giola Dia (Anglicized into Gildea), "a servant of God"; Giola Christ (Gilchrist), "a servant (or follower) of Christ"; Giola Mhuire (Gilmuir, Gilmore, Gilmer, etc.), "a servant or client of Mary"; and so with the names Giola Phadhruig (Gilpatrick, Gilfettrick, McElfetrick, etc.), Giola Brigdhe (Gilbride), signifying special reverence for St. Patrick or St. Bridget. The names MacGillicuddy, Magillicuddy, MacEllicott, Elliott are phonetic attempts to put into English dress MacGiola Mhochudha, "the son of St. Mochudha's client."

Maol or *mael* is used somewhat like *giola*. Primarily it means "bald," and hence was used of the ancient monks on account of their tonsure. To shave the hair from the head was understood to symbolize the complete dedication of one's self to religious service; and hence *maol* as a prefix came to mean "disciple" or "imitator" of some religious teacher or saint. We have Maol Colm (Malcolm), "a disciple of St. Colm," the founder of Iona; Maol Isa (Melissey), "a disciple of Jesus"; Maol Mhuire (Mallory), "a disciple of Mary." Malone, Moloney, Muldoon are names formed in this way.

The colors are displayed in the surnames of most nations. Among the Irish they originated, not more than about two centuries ago, in the nicknames of the common clansmen. As samples there are Finn (in Gaelic written *fionn*), which means "white"; Duff (*dubh*), "black"; Donne, Dunne, and Dunn (*donn*) "brown"; Glass (*glas*), "green"; Gorm (*gorm*), "blue"; Roe and Rudd (*ruadh*), "red"; Leigh (*liath*), "gray," etc., besides the translated forms, Whyte, Greene, Browne, etc.

The Scotch abandoned the ancient orthography of the Gaelic about the middle of the last century. As late, however, as 1724 the Presbyterian Synod of Argyle published a psalm-book with the ancient alphabet and orthography. But the Scotch, having finally adopted the Roman alphabet, have differed since that time from the Irish in the spelling of many familiar names common even yet to Scotch and Irish. Thus the Scotch names Colquhoun, Farquhar, etc., are identical with the Irish forms Callaghan, Farrar, etc., some ingenious person having introduced the digraph *qu* as a representative of the broad Gaelic guttural. But the guttural, in sound at least, has pretty nearly disappeared from Gaelic surnames as we hear them pronounced nowadays. For instance, the true form of the name Connor, or Conor, is *Conn chobhair*, meaning "the war-hound of help"—*i.e.*, "the helping war-hound"; while Gallagher is *Gall chobhair*, "the stranger of help"—*i.e.*, "the helping stranger."

There is a class of pseudo-Gaelic names which has puzzled some Americans anxious to trace their pedigree. Many of the Anglo-Normans who settled in the west and south of Ireland adopted the language, dress, manners, and customs of the Gaels, so that they were said to have become "more Irish than the Irish themselves"—*ipsis Hibernis Hiberniores.* They even went so far as to organize clans of their own, the Anglo-Norman knight becoming the chief of the clan he organized. His clansmen would be outlaws, or adventurers from Gaelic clans, willing to throw in their fortunes with him. The De Burgo and Fitz-Gerald families, which had already divided into several branches, were the first to set the example. The De Burgos took the name of MacWilliam, from an ancestor, William de Burgo, while the FitzGeralds became MacMaurice, MacGibbon (or Fitz-Maurice, Fitz-Gibbon); and all the clansmen, no matter what their origin, assumed the common surname of the clan. Hence the host of Bourkes, Burkes, McWilliams, Fitz-Gibbons, etc., in Ireland. The De Courcy family formed the MacPatrick clan, the De Barrys became MacDavids or MacDevitts, the De Berminghams became MacYoris, etc.

The ecclesiastical and classical pedantry, already referred to, has been principally responsible for the substitution of names of Hebrew or classical origin for the beautiful Gaelic given names. A few samples of the old names and their queer modern substitutes or "translations" may be interesting. Alastair * has been "translated" into the Greek name "Alexander." Aluin (Alan), meaning "beautiful," is lost to the Irish, though still preserved by the Scotch. Aonghus (Angus), "the shrewd one," has almost disappeared, or else has been replaced by—"Æneas"! Art, meaning "high," "haughty," "lofty," etc., has nearly gone out of use, or has been replaced by its Welsh relative "Arthur," to which it is sometimes made to do duty as a *nickname.* Aodh, "fire," has disappeared completely. Wherever it was once a favorite the Teutonic name "Hugh" is found. Aine, an ancient feminine name, has given way for the Hebrew "Hannah," or "Anna," or, in the soaring middle-class circles, to the Greek "Anastasia." If Aine O'Kelly were sent to a convent boarding-school in Ireland she would most likely be set down in the school register as "Miss Anastasia Kelly." Brian has been "Christianized" into "Bernard" and "Barney." Calbhach, Carroll, Cathal, Connor, and Cormac, all now masquerade as

* From *ala*, "a swan," and *astraim*, "to carry"—"a swan-bearer," in reference, perhaps, to some singular performance of the first who was called by the name.

"Charles." Conn, a suggestive name for a leader of men, signifying "war-hound," has come to be treated as if it were a mere nickname by the foolish or ill-informed descendants of those who once wore it proudly. Nowadays an Irishman who is familiarly called "Conn" signs his name "Cornelius," or perhaps "Constantine." Diarmaid (Dermot)* has become — "Jeremiah"! Domhnall† (Donal or Donald) has been Hebraicized into "Daniel." Some Irishmen whose family tradition would have called Donat are known as Dionysius, and others as Denis. How much grander "Dionysius Smythe" sounds than does "Donat MacGowan"; the second is Irish, however, and the first is nondescript. Eoghan has been modified into the form of its Welsh relative "Owen," or has been Hellenized into "Eugene.' Fearghus (Fergus), "a wise man," is seldom met with now in Ireland, though still flourishing in canny Scotland. Felim is now rendered by "Philip," and Finnin by "Florence." Lorcan has given place to the Latin "Laurence," and Maghamhn (Mahon), "rich in pastures," to "Martin." Maolmhuire (Myler), "Mary's devotee," has been changed into the Latin "Miles" (Myles), which means "a soldier." Niall, "a champion," has nearly disappeared. Raghnaill (Ranal, Ronald, or Reynold) is lost to the Irish. The very ancient Celtic name Ruadhri (Rory), "the ruddy-complexioned chief," has been abandoned for the Teutonic "Roderick" and "Roger." Sighile (Sheela), "fairy-like," probably older than Rome, beguiles mankind as "Julia," "Judith," and, colloquially, as "Judy." Tadg (Teague), also very ancient, has been "translated" into "Thaddæus," "Timothy," and "Teddy." It is easy to understand the terror to Saxon eyes of so magnificent a piece of orthography as Tordhalbhach (Torlach and Turlough), "tower-like"; but how it seems to lose its height and dignity when it is turned into "Terence"! The beautiful name of Una, native and peculiar to Ireland, has been sacrificed for the Saxon "Winifred." Nearly all the Irish "Winifreds" belong to families or lineages where Una was once a favorite name.

* This Homeric style of name is derived from *di*, "a god," and *armaid*, "of arms"—*i.e.*, "a god in arms."

† From *domhan*, "the world," and *all*, "powerful."

THE EXTREMITY OF SATIRE.

"When such a one as she, such is her neighbor."
—*As You Like It.*

THE faculty of composing interesting concretes, whether in verse or in prose, out of the discordant elements of this lower life was bestowed by the Almighty for benign purposes. In this lower life good and evil, their actions and results, are often so confounded that the industrious and the honorable often seem to fail of their reward, while the indolent and the vicious triumph over and mock at them. In addition to the consoling hope of immortality, in which good and evil are to be separated for ever, God has imparted a supplemental. Next and subsidiary to the preacher, whose office is to remind us constantly of the Last Judgment, is the poet, who leads our minds, inconstant enough to need such aids, to trustful expectation of that Judgment by creating from among the inhabitants of this present world those of his own in which justice is administered in ways at least approximating the justice of eternity. For this purpose, less exalted; indeed, than that of the priesthood, we believe that poesy was bestowed upon mankind. The novelist is a poet as well as the maker of verses. In these new creations the jarring elements of human life are so joined as to appear to harmonize in some degree, or made to cease their conflict by the triumph of the good even on this side of the grave. This is the leading, legitimate purpose of fiction—to show us a more excellent way than the present in which we travel, and so to hold us from discouragement for the irregularities and failures that we continually witness and experience.

We have made these observations prefatory to some reflections upon satire, particularly as exhibited in the works of Mr. Thackeray.

Suggestive were the motives that impelled the first of the satirists of Greece. What might have been done by Archilochus of Paros but for the accidents in his earliest ambition we cannot say, knowing so little of his youth. But it was his lot to love the fair Neobule, daughter of Lycambes. The maid returned his passion, and her father at first gave consent to their union, but, having ascertained that the mother of the youth had been a slave, withdrew it. Thereupon the lover gave vent to his disap-

pointment and indignation in such verses (the first of their kind) that not only Neobule but her sisters also hanged themselves. Results so tragic have not often followed the scourgings of the Parian's successors, but they sometimes have been painful and hurtful. Let us consider briefly some of those in the productions of him whom many regard the greatest of the novelists.

In the drolleries of Michael Angelo Titmarsh there was a sufficiency of bitterness. The name was prophetic, and its prophecies ran along in rapid fulfilment in the *Times*, the *New Monthly Magazine*, and *Punch*. Yet nothing seriously ambitious seemed to have been attempted in *The Fat Contributor*, *Miss Tickletoby's Lectures*, *Jeames' Diary*, *Mrs. Perkins' Ball*, *The Journey from Cornhill to Grand Cairo*. The characters thus far created had been laughed at, and some of them despised, but none were destined to become immortal. If the artist was ever to take more thoughtful views of men and things, it was time he had begun, for he was now forty years old. So Michael Angelo Titmarsh retired from public view, and his place was taken by William Makepeace Thackeray.

Vanity Fair—another prophetic name! The wisest of mankind, he who had tried every form of prosperity, riches, power, glory, love, revenge, even wisdom, had pronounced them vanity. In vain the men-singers and the women-singers; in vain the trumpet of triumphant war; in vain the sweet peacefulness of the lute, dulcimer, and harp; in vain the soft words of concubines and parasites; in vain the royal diadem; in vain all human knowledge. The aged king, turning his eye back upon the past and reviewing his career, could only drivel out in impotent complaint, "*Vanitas vanitatum!*" A mournful judgment to make of human life, yet not unfitted to one who had used its best things intemperately, and who, in spite of his wisdom, in spite of his commission from Heaven to build the Temple, had turned his way from the true God and bent his knee before Baal.

We are now to have a Vanity Fair exhibited by Mr. Thackeray. Well, men are fond of spectacles, even the grotesque. Invited to this Vanity Fair, although warned that we are to see deformities instead of excellences, we accept the invitation. What have we here? Representatives of several estates—a marquis, a baronet and his family, a tradesman and his family, some officers of the army, and a governess. We had been led to believe that they were a brave set of men, the peers and the knights of England. But when we see two of their representatives in the Marquis of Steyne and Sir Pitt Crawley, we are made to

doubt if history be not in error to assign to the ancestors of such as these the wresting from despotic kings Magna Charta, Habeas Corpus, and the Bill of Rights. But let these go. Yet we may be allowed to hope that persons in our class, without ancestral image or tradition, the necessarily self-reliant—that some of these are worth the bread they eat, the breath they draw, and the clothes they wear; and that the lives they lead, or try to lead, may encourage us somewhat in efforts to walk honestly among men and reverently before God. Then who are these Osbornes, Sedleys, Dobbins, and Sharps? Indeed, with one exception, they are vicious or contemptible. That exception is Dobbin. Dobbin did have a heart, and was made awkward and unlovable. It would not have suited the showman, who had advertised for monstrosities, that a man who had a heart should also have a proper figure and winsome manners. The only apparent purpose for which this heart had been given was that it might be wounded and trampled upon with levity and impunity. Behold what a run of loves is here. Honest, clumsy Dobbin, risen from little beginnings, gives his single love to Amelia Sedley, who cannot endure to hear his name mentioned along with that of George Osborne, handsome, but ignorant and a scoundrel. The wife believed him glorious until Waterloo, when it was found that had he not fallen in battle he would have forsaken her and run away with Mrs. Rawdon Crawley. Years afterwards, when the widow has lost youth and beauty, and been broken by solitude and privation, Dobbin, now high in fame and rank, comes in for the poor remnant of what is left of her.

How has it been with Rebecca Sharp? The artist tried his hand on her. He gave the beauty, social position, other goods to Amelia. But the things which sometimes captivate men more than these were bestowed upon the poor, plain governess. The very relation of such men as the Crawleys to each other made their pursuit more shamefully eager. What a scene was there when on the death of the old dotard's wife, reaching his withered hand to grasp the coveted prize, he found that she, not having foreseen this opportunity, had become the wife of his son! Then ensued a career which it is surprising that a most gifted man should narrate through long years of circumstantial details. We look on and watch how this wife manages to preserve that middle place, tormenting her husband with jealousies that do not amount to full assurances, and avoiding the disgust of other lovers by semblance of the chariness of her favors. We cannot but be fascinated by a certain sort of heroism, evil as it is,

and we are not too indignant when we find her at last enjoying comparative triumph, become a snug widow, and dispensing in charities a commendable safe part of the property so unexpectedly devolved upon her. Dowerless, without beauty, without family, without heart, without honesty, she fought her way, outlived most of those with whom she had to do, and, so far as the world knew, was not far from being about as respectable as any.

We have been to the show. What now are our reflections? What higher and braver thoughts have come to our minds when, wearied with toil and the witness of life's discordant realities, we turned aside to dream of the unreal? What encouragement have we gained for efforts at well-doing by the sight of honest work and patient endurance rewarded? Or what warning have we had from the contemplation of vice and intrigue overtaken by disaster, or at least by disappointment? Instead of these we have found—and to some extent been ashamed to find—ourselves admiring a creation that is as seductive as it is evil. Added to this we were conscious of a loss of some portion of that which it is most calamitous to lose. Woe to him who parts from his trust in mankind, who does not believe that in this world there is goodness beyond that which he has ever found in his own being the capacity to practise!

In this book the artist—and he was an eminently great artist—seemed to have endeavored to drive mankind to their own unaided struggles, taking away from them all good examples, and leaving them to conclude that nothing is real but folly and perfidy. Let us read this extract, like which very many might be made:

"Perhaps in Vanity Fair there are no better satires than letters. Take a bundle of your dear friend's ten years back—how you clung to each other before you quarrelled about the twenty-pounds legacy! Get down the round-hand scrawls of your son, who has broken your heart since with selfish undutifulness; or a parcel, breathing endless ardor and love eternal, which were sent back by your mistress when she married the Nabob—your mistress for whom now you care no more than for Queen Elizabeth. Vows, loves, confidences, promises, gratitude—how queerly they read after a while! There ought to be a law in Vanity Fair ordering the destruction of every written document (except receipted tradesmen's bills) after a certain brief and proper interval. Those quacks and misanthropes who advertise indelible Japan ink should be made to perish along with their wicked discoveries. The best ink for Vanity Fair use would be one that faded utterly in a couple of days and left the page clean and blank, so that you might write on it to somebody else."

Surely the Preacher himself would have been puzzled to put more strongly the case of *vanitas vanitatum*.

In the literature of fiction there is not to be found a picture drawn more artistically than Rebecca Sharp. She was of the sort upon whom it suited the author to exert his consummate powers. He painted her to the life, with pretended reluctance to evil, suspected, yet not fully known to be persuasible to consent, demanding risk, high pay, so that the pursuit, of which, if easy, a bold lover would weary, acquired the eagerness which must not be allowed to abate. No woman could better understand the trick, as sung by the shepherd in Virgil, of casting her apple and then fleeing to the covert of willows:

> "Malo me Galatea petit lasciva puella;
> Et fugit ad salices; et se cupit ante videri."

It is a sad commentary on the powerlessness and the hopelessness of a poor young woman without other gift than mere virtue to obtain success that appears to attend upon insidiousness and fraud. It would have been a good sight to see the lifting of such a one, even though slowly and through difficulties, where so many thousands of poor girls do rise through toil and patient waiting. In default of this the next best would have been to drive her to the frustration of every dishonorable purpose that had tempted her from the path of rectitude. Better than both of these, for the highest purposes of instruction, would have been pictures of young women who endured temptation and outrage without expecting and without receiving reward except such as came from the testimony of a good conscience and of suffering for the sake of Him who ennobled suffering and put it above successes, victories, and triumphs. For had there not lived in such a career Agnes and Afra, Rose and Eulalia, Lucy and Blandina? If such as these be outside of the art of the novelist, then surely he may hold up to our view young girls such as Richardson presented with generous sympathy to the public of his day. Alas! the eyes of that public were yet moist with tears when the profligate Fielding made them laugh both at them over whom they had wept and at themselves. It was such a joke to imagine it possible for as poor a girl as Pamela to marry a rich, hardened bachelor and reform him after marriage, or for another like Clarissa to endure such trials and yet continue spotless in her virtue! No, no; Rebecca Sharp must be what she was, have a better time than even Amelia Sedley, and thus be made to exhibit that virtue is worth not even as much as a semblance that is suspected and almost known to be false. Satire, indeed! Satire upon the men in highest society, for of

the two from this class whom he exhibited one was a heartless profligate, the other a loathsome brute; satire even upon marriage, for the couple who were truest to each other were the O'Dowds, whose rudeness was sufficient to make all of both sexes feel like keeping away from marriage altogether, if this is to be considered a fair illustration of its most honorable estate.

In *Pendennis* Thackeray's sarcasm, if somewhat less painful because more playful, is yet more undistinguishing. On its appearance men of letters were disposed to regard it as a satire upon the literary profession. The truth is that whoever reads the book, if he be one who considers himself superior in gifts and conditions to a rather low plane of human life, will find himself jeered at on occasions wherein he will be most surprised to find himself an object of reproach. Mr. Pendennis lived to become a person of whom the author was proud that he was considered a gentleman to be admired. When a boy he was polite, good-looking, well cared for, of sufficient fortune and thoroughly respectable family. Such advantages naturally lead us to expect a quickly-developed, worthy manhood. Yet very soon after first looking upon the goodly lad we are made acquainted with some little matters which, but for remembering that he is a special friend of the distinguished author of *Vanity Fair*, would lead us to infer that the youngster has already been sold to the devil and is destined to do faithful work for his master. He had the misfortune, when in his seventeenth year and while absent from home at a boarding-school, to lose his father, of whom he was the only child. This father, though formal in his exterior, was a devoted family man, "adored his wife, and loved and admired his son with all his heart." To the young generally death seems an awful event, and the death of one's father is certainly one of the most appalling of all its forms. Even when the parent has been harder than is consistent with such relation, surely it must be seldom, except among the very worst specimens of boyhood, that one feels like triumphing at the very hour and in the very presence of such a death, and strutting amid the possessions which it has devolved upon him. Let us see, according to the testimony of his most intimate friend, how young Arthur behaved when, summoned from Gray Friars', he entered the room where lay the corpse of him who, in his life, had "loved and admired his son with all his heart," to whom, so says this most intimate friend,

"Arthur had been his father's pride and glory through life, and his name the last which John Pendennis had tried to articulate while he lay

with his wife's hand clasping his own cold and clammy palm, as the flickering spirit went out into the darkness of death, and life and the world passed away from him.

"As for Arthur Pendennis, after that awful shock which the sight of his dead father must have produced on him, and the pity and feeling which such an event no doubt occasioned, I am not sure that in the very moment of grief, and as he embraced his mother and tenderly condoled her, and promised to love her for ever, there was not springing up in his breast a feeling of secret triumph and exultation. He was the chief now, and lord. He was Pendennis, and all around about him were his servants and handmaids. In the midst of the general grief and the corpse still lying above he had leisure to conclude that he would have all holidays for the future, that he wouldn't get up till he liked, or stand the bullying of the doctor, and had made a hundred such day-dreams and resolves for the future. How one's thoughts will travel, and how quickly our wishes beget them! When he, with Laura in his hand, went into the kitchen on his way to the dog-kennel, the fowl-houses, and his other favorite haunts, all the servants assembled there in great silence with their friends, and the laboring-men with their wives, and Sally Potter, who went with the post-boy to Clavering—all there assembled and drinking beer on the melancholy occasion—rose up on his entrance, and bowed and curtsied to him. They never used to do that last holidays, he felt at once and with indescribable pleasure. The cook cried out, 'O Lord!' and whispered, 'How Master Arthur do grow!' Thomas, the groom, in the act of drinking put down the jug, alarmed before his master. Thomas' master felt the honor keenly. He went through and looked at the pointers. As Flora put her nose up to his waistcoat, and Ponto, yelling with pleasure, hurtled at his chain, Pen patronized the dogs, and said, 'Poo Ponto! poo Flora!' in his most condescending manner. And then he went and looked at Laura's hens, and at the pigs, and at the orchard, and at the dairy. Perhaps he blushed to think that it was only last holidays he had in a manner robbed the great apple-tree and been scolded by the dairy-maid for taking cream."

If anything equal to this can be found in another book purporting to represent highly respectable people, imaginary or real, we do not know where. Yet this youth grows up to be a fine gentleman, become a favorite of the author, be an author himself, a great author, charming the best society, marry a sweet girl—that is, sweet enough, we judge; the same Laura, indeed, who went tripping it along with him on that same morning, patronizing the servants, and dogs, and chickens, and pigs. Why not? What has he done that we would be above doing in the same circumstances? We are told over and over again, by the author, that we need not turn away with disgust from the sight of such things, and congratulate ourselves that *we* would not and could not do them. He looks us calmly in the face and asserts that we both could and would, and that we actually do them constantly. One of us may have a rosy-cheeked, full-eyed boy, in

whom he may believe to see the promise of a manhood that will rise fully to the needs of his time. As he looks into those full eyes he may believe he sees the filial love that is desired and professed to be in the boy's breast, and that when himself shall come to die that fair son, even if yet a boy, will grieve away down in the depths of his true heart, will sometimes repair to his father's tomb to weep there, and ever afterwards remember him with pious, sweet regret. If we who are parents could not thus believe, we should pity and almost feel like cursing ourselves that God had not made us childless.

Such sarcasms, the very quintessence of bitterness, abound throughout Thackeray's works, and we are sometimes made to feel how insultingly they are turned from the meanest characters and inflicted upon ourselves. He seemed to take a special pleasure in recounting the quarrels of married persons. Bad as such things may be, we dare not express our disgust, because we foresee that we are to be told, almost apace, that we are not better—nor happier—than those whom we think we despise or compassionate; that our "silly-headed" wives, when they seem most affectionate, have least concern for us, and that all of us, husbands and wives, are but "pairs of infinite isolations, with some fellow-islands a little more or less near between us." Alas! there be some, too many, who thus outrage the holy estate of matrimony, and lose or trample upon the good influences and the pure enjoyments that it was designed to impart. But it is a poor lesson that such persons learn when they read in a famous book by a famous man that their own lives are but miniatures of the world around them. They have weak incentives to amendment when they are taught by such high authority that such amendment is not only unnecessary but impossible. Human nature wants supports and incentives from every source whence they can be brought. Out of harmony as is this lower life, beset with perfidies and wrong-doings of many sorts, it would be intolerable if, in the absence of all real, we should be forbidden to contemplate imaginary good examples. If these evils abound in us and among those we know around us, we might be allowed, at least, to hope that somewhere, beyond the pale of our poor acquaintance, there are some, if only a few, among whom vulgarity and lies and perfidy have no abiding-place. Such sarcasms, therefore, even if they were just, would do harm. But they are not just. In every society there are husbands and wives who not only love but respect one another, and there are boys and girls who love and honor their parents sincerely, heartily weep

when they die, and feel a sense of loss that only God can repair. Everywhere there are thousands upon thousands, of both sexes and all conditions and all ages, among whom the appearances and avowals of love and friendship and honor are not mockeries and lies; and such persons become more numerous as the world grows older and approaches the fulness of the times of God.

As Thackeray grew older his writings afforded somewhat more comforting, at least less despairing, views of human life. In *The Newcomes* Mr. Arthur Pendennis seemed to have moderated considerably since the day when he strutted about his possessions close to the yet unfilled grave of his father. Yet in this most studied and consummate story and in *Henry Esmond* there are flings against society in general which show that, if the bitterness was subdued, the lack of any confidence yet remained. The latter work, with all its splendid writing and its several instances of profound feeling, is a great, broad satire on life. Our hearts had been made sick in *Vanity Fair* by the contest of a father and his son for the love of the same woman, and we had strengthened ourselves, as well as we could, by reflections that such hideous monstrosities were to be seen only in the ruder of the sexes; but in *Henry Esmond* this sickness returns and seems destined to come nigh unto death when we see a young man, who has been jilted by the girl of his choice, seeking and finding consolation in the arms of that girl's mother! O shade of Sir Pitt Crawley! thou wast defeated in that unnatural strife with thy son for the possession of Rebecca Sharp; but it might have subtracted somewhat from the anguish and the shame of defeat hadst thou foreseen that, in such another struggle, age in its turn would triumph, the young daughter fall down, and the mother rise upon her ruin! We may have thought it had been enough for us to be made to contemplate the horrible history of the family of Laius of Thebes—a history made in obedience to the decrees of Fate, and which, though in a barbaric age, filled mankind with consternation, drove Jocasta to suicide, and Œdipus to tear out his eyes with his own hands. Yet now in Christian times, in high society, we are made to look upon careers not very far less revolting, entered upon and run deliberately, and not only see the runners not ashamed, but be forbidden to feel, or at least to express, shame for ourselves for being in such presence.

If what we have said of the purpose of fiction be just, that it was to aid in consoling for the want of harmony and the wrong-doings in this life, then we must conclude that Mr. Thackeray, with all his pre-eminent talents, if he did not pervert and dis-

honor his art, at least came short of its noblest behests. From the contemplation of his masterpieces we turn with sadder instead of more cheerful views of life, with less instead of more cordial charity for mankind, with diminished instead of enhanced confidence in men and hope for ourselves, with lowered instead of exalted aspirations for the good. In that series of powerful creations by Hogarth, *The Harlot's Progress*, we are led along in natural, inevitable gradation from little Kate, innocent as a flower in her native Yorkshire, alighting from the old wagon at the "Bell Inn" in Cheapside, to that last scene of *Dolours and Death* in the garret of Drury Lane, and we turn away shuddering for the sure end of vicious living. A mournful lesson, but not without its benefits. But what if the artist had retired her into decent widowhood, or—many, many times worse—if he had accosted us at the door of his studio, as, exhausted with horror and pity, we were making our way out, and, grinning the while at our excited state, charged us, and not only us but all the world else, with being no better than his picture, and declared that our escape thus far from a fate unhappy as that of her whom he named "the creature of the pest-pit and perdition" was due, and our possible escape from it hereafter would be due, either to the want of sufficient temptation or the absence of detection? Alas! that we should be allowed to look upon no good examples, real or imaginary, and even be discouraged from making them of ourselves. If Mr. Thackeray in his work had motives which were meant to be generous, we can conceive of none other than that he believed the only way possible to amend mankind was to render everybody contemptible in the eyes of everybody else and his own besides. The latter, indeed, is in harmony with the teachings of the church, which always commends to its children to be modest, even lowly, in mind. But the former is a dangerous method of instruction. It is, indeed, an evil disease to which the remedy to be applied is worse than itself. Nothing is more salutary than humility, but for its best uses it must be in the heart of him who "in the midst of reproaches remaineth in great peace." "Never think that thou hast made any progress until thou feel that thou art inferior to all." In order to avail of this counsel of Thomas à Kempis one must have set before him a standard of excellence of some sort, be made to believe that outside of himself there is good, and that it is attainable by persistent endeavor. Otherwise his humility must turn back upon, rend, and drive him to despair—of all conditions for the human heart the most deplorable.

A TOUR IN CATHOLIC TEUTONIA.

PART II.

The next monastery which claimed our attention was that of Chremsminster. And we would advise any one intending to visit it from Linz rather to go the long journey to it by carriage than by the most tedious of trains—one which stops, and stops long, at every station of its route. We unfortunately elected to follow the more economical course, and started from Linz by rail at ten minutes before seven, to arrive at the station for Chremsminster at nine. The latter part of the journey is interesting as affording distant glimpses of the mountains of the Salzkammergut. On nearing Chrems the huge monastery, which, perched on a lofty hill, overhangs that little town, has a very impressive appearance, and an enormous and very lofty tower (much like representations of the Tower of Babel) is a singular adjunct to its more ecclesiastical-looking towers and cupolas. It is entirely an eighteenth-century building.

Being ignorant of our exact route, we rejoiced to overtake a traveller by our train who, from the black scapular over his cassock, we took to be also on his road to the abbey. We found that he was indeed a member of the fraternity, who was returning home after serving for some years in one of the parishes belonging to the abbey. Through his courtesy and latch-key we were enabled at once to scale the hillside through garden-paths and get at once to the abbot's quarters, avoiding what would else have been a long walk round the base of the hill and a slow ascent to its principal entrance. We sent in our cards and letters, waiting meanwhile in an anteroom in the company of a venerable janitor. Very soon the abbot, Herr Leonard Achleitner, came out from his apartments, into which he invited us, where, seated on a handsome crimson velvet sofa, we began a conversation which, to our regret, we found we were compelled to carry on in German as best we might. He then showed us his most comfortable study, and also the room in which the monks say (in the evening) their Matins and Lauds of the next day, instead of saying it in the church choir. He then handed us over to the charge of an amiable and healthy-looking young monk—by name Columban Schiesflingstrasse—with an injunction to show

us everything worth seeing. He also invited us to sleep at the monastery (an invitation we were reluctantly obliged to decline), and insisted on our dining with the community, regretting that an urgent call from home necessitated his leaving us to the hospitable care of the prior.

Our first visit was to the library, which, we were told, could boast of eighty thousand volumes. The works devoted to the different natural sciences, however, were separate and placed in the vicinity of the school of the professor of each such science—for Chremsminster is a vast educational establishment. We were shown many beautiful manuscripts and various curious works, one being a mediæval book of the "black art," and another a treatise on astrology, both profusely illustrated. We then walked through the spacious "royal apartments," which are not, however, so sumptuous as those of St. Florian. A picture-gallery extending through several rooms, a room full of engravings and others with old glass, china, objects of "vertu," next claimed our attention. We then descended to the church to hear Sext and None. The abbey church is similar to that of St. Florian in style, but not so fine. The choir, too, is placed up in a western gallery. The office was only recited in monotone, and we were told that no High Mass was sung even on Sundays, but on the great festivals only. About one hundred monks belong to the abbey, but only twenty-five were in residence at the time of our visit. Many are permanently absent, serving the twenty-five livings which are in the abbot's gift, but others were away for their vacation. A certain number act as professors to the three hundred students who are educated in the abbey, the great majority of whom are not destined for the priesthood. The age of the students varies from nine to twenty-two years, but all these lads were away for their holidays at the time of our visit. The monks have no hood; their scapular has three buttons at the top in front, and they wear trousers under their black cassock. Only on great days do they wear a cowl in choir, and this cowl has a hood, which is, however, never worn on the head. Of course they have not the large monastic tonsure.

The treasury of the church is rich in relics, in gold and silver and jewelled mitres, and in embroidered vestments—some of the latter having been given by the Empress Maria Theresa. There is, however, hardly anything mediæval except a very large chalice from which Holy Communion, under the form of wine, was at one time given to the laity.

Twelve o'clock having struck, we were conducted to the re-

fectory, where the prior, Herr Sigismund Fellöcker (a devoted mineralogist), placed us on his right. A long monastic grace was said, but there was no reading during the meal, but the busy hum of cheerful conversation. We sat at a "high table," at right angles to which two other tables extended (near either wall of the refectory) opposite its either end.

Being Friday, our fare consisted of *maigre* soup, omelettes, sauerkraut, very excellent apple turnovers, and crayfish. Each monk had before him a small decanter of white wine made at one of their houses in lower Austria, for at Chrems the vine will not ripen thoroughly.

At the conclusion of dinner the prior and most of the monks retired, but the sub-prior invited us, with another guest, our young monastic guide, and two other monks, to sit again and taste a better vintage. Other wine was brought, both white and red, and then coffee; and droll stories and clerical and political riddles went round. Much, however, yet remained to see, and with cordial adieus to the others we left with Brother Columban for further explorations.

Passing through the pleasant gardens, with their greenhouses and botanical objects of interest, we next ascended the great, Babel-like tower of the observatory. Each story of it is devoted to a different study, that of astronomy being at the summit. As we ascended we surveyed collections of fossils, of minerals, of chemical and physical apparatus, of anatomical preparations, and of zoölogical specimens. A spacious staircase ascends the centre of the tower and along its walls, and elsewhere in the tower were some hundreds of portraits in oil of former students, each in his powdered wig. They were all anterior to 1789. Each portrait was numbered, but in the troubles of the revolutionary wars the list was unfortunately lost, and now no one knew anything about the history, or even the name, of any one youth thus represented. It seemed to us a most sad sight, that crowd of pleasant, youthful faces gazing at us, but all utterly unknown. It was a sort of vision of the forgotten dead.

We were next taken to a very charming structure reminding us, on a small scale, of the Campo Santo at Pisa. It was a building forming a parallelogram, perhaps five times as long as broad, surrounded internally by a sort of cloister with pillars and open, elegant arches on the side opposite the outer wall. The elongated opposite sides of this surrounding cloister were connected by five or six transverse passages, each bordered on either side by other similar pillars and open arches supporting a solid

roof. Each rectangular space thus surrounded by arcaded, cloister-like walls is a fish-pond, wherein are preserved extraordinarily fine trout and gigantic carp, so that the abbey is thus well supplied, seeing that no more abstinence is observed than is incumbent on all Austrian Catholics. The outer walls of the external cloister were everywhere hung with deer's heads and antlers, all of which had, we were told, been shot by members of the community, who go out on hunting excursions into their own forests, which are well stocked with deer and roebuck, as well as with pheasants and partridges. The sub-prior told us he had been a keen sportsman in the earlier days of his religious life. The abbey possesses much land, which is all cultivated by hired labor, and their forests could be seen from the abbey windows ascending the sides of some distant mountains. To become a monk in this monastery it is neither necessary to have any fortune nor to be of noble birth. If, however, the applicant possesses money it must be added to the common stock on his reception. The novitiate lasts a year, and the young monk, after his profession, remains morally free to leave for four years longer. Before 1848 the arm of the law would have brought back to the monastery by force any monk who left after such probation. Now, however, there is no secular compulsion.

Having thus hastily surveyed what the abbey had to show, we wished to leave; but the rain began to descend in torrents, and we dreaded the consequences of a tedious railway journey back endured with wet clothes—and wet they must have been after traversing the abbey quadrangles and the road to the station in such a downpour! Accordingly we gratefully accepted Brother Columban's kind invitation to his cell, where for an hour he amused us by playing very cleverly a succession of pleasing airs upon the zithern. He shares his cell with another young monk. Older monks have each a room to themselves. The professor-monks have each two rooms, the prior has three rooms, and the abbot a suite of handsome apartments.

The rain having now ceased, our young friend accompanied us down the short road through the garden, and bade us a kind adieu at the same postern by which we made our entrance, and we crept back by our snail-train to our quarters at the Erzherzberghof Karl at Linz.

The following morning—Saturday, August 22—we started to visit the renowned Benedictine monastery of Mölk, which no traveller along the Danube can have failed to notice. It is reached in four hours by steamer from Linz, which place we left

at half-past seven, breakfasting on board our very comfortable boat. This part of the river is less picturesque generally than the portion between Passau and Linz, but it is more busy, and below Grein the mountains advance on the river and form a beautiful landscape, and in this vicinity the steamer shoots down a rapid with somewhat startling velocity, the passengers being requested to keep their seats, that the steersman may have an unimpeded view of what is before him.

The majestic monastery of Mölk with its lofty dome stands out nobly on a height of the Danube's southern shore. It is a mile from the landing-place to the abbey, which is reached mainly by a charming walk through woods skirting the Danube. Winding round the base of the hill on which the abbey stands, we passed through the main street of the small town of Mölk and ascended a steep road to the great entrance to the monastery, a guide carrying our hand-bags (for we meant, if possible, to sleep at the abbey) to the abbot's quarters, called the *Prelatura*. To reach it we ascended a noble staircase, at the summit of which was an enormously long corridor in which were full-length paintings of all the heads of the house of Hapsburg, from long anterior to the first imperial Rudolph down to the living Austrian kaiser, Francis Joseph; plenty of space remaining, however, unoccupied to hold the effigies of many future kaisers.

Opposite the top of this staircase was the entrance to the abbot's rooms; he was not, however, within them at our arrival, but with the rest of the community at dinner. After waiting a short time the monks came forth, and amongst them a very genial old gentleman, whom we found to be the prior, who came towards us with an air of cordial amiability, and, having glanced at our letters, led us towards the abbot, who was by this time advancing between two religious (who seemed in attendance), with his gold chain and cross, and wearing a low, beaver, chimney-pot hat. He asked us our business with a certain brusqueness, but he soon afterwards put us at our ease, though it was easy to see we had to do with no "lord" by courtesy, but with the actual owner of a wide-spreading domain. He kindly consigned us to the care of the prior, Herr Friedrich Heilmann, for dinner, and sent word to the librarian to receive us, and went his way. We entered a long, low, ordinary room which the religious had just vacated. This was not their regular refectory, but a temporary dining-room, used while the greater number of the monks were away for their vacation. Here servants quickly brought us soup, boiled beef, roast lamb, and salad, with good white wine, followed

by excellent coffee. The hospitable prior meanwhile sat by us and talked of the good sport which their forests afforded—sport in which he no longer took part, having been an inmate of the abbey for more than forty years.

Our brief repast concluded, we visited first the refectory—a magnificent apartment, fit for a palace; its ceiling elaborately painted, and its walls adorned with pictures placed between great gilded caryatides. Passing out through a glazed door, we entered a spacious balcony whence could be obtained a fine view of the Danube, and the spots where the first Napoleon had planted his battalions were pointed out to us. On the other side of this gallery is the library, and here we met advancing to greet us the venerable librarian, Herr Vincenz Staufer, to whose care the prior for a time transferred us, inviting us to go to his room, when he would show us more and take us to our lodgings for the night. The library is a hall fully as magnificent as the refectory, if not more so, and rich with color and gilding. Herein and in certain adjacent apartments are, we were told, sixty thousand volumes of printed books with four thousand volumes of manuscripts. Father Staufer was very busy making a new catalogue, that of the manuscripts being already completed. He eagerly showed us some of his greatest treasures, including the original chronicle of the abbey, begun in the twelfth century, with other manuscripts of much greater antiquity, and mediæval copies of Horace and Virgil; also a copy of the first German printed Bible, and an account of the discovery of America done only two years after that great act of Columbus.

Four years previously this library and its librarian had both had a narrow escape from more or less serious injury, as, while he was conversing with a visitor in the principal apartment, an adjacent part of the library was struck by lightning and much of it overthrown. We rejoiced to find in our kind guide an enthusiastic botanist, and in his own two comfortable rooms we hunted out, with his help, the names of various plants which had struck us by their beauty and novelty. He then conducted us to the prior's own rooms, five in number, and very comfortably furnished. Here we rested a little and then proceeded, under the prior's guidance, to visit other parts of the abbey. Amongst these were the Imperial apartments, which are naturally noble and spacious, but not so magnificent as those we had seen at St. Florian.

We were then somewhat startled to meet in one of the corridors in the penetralia of the monastery a handsome young lady

walking with a young monk. On nearing them, however, it was evident it was a brother with his sister, who very respectfully kissed the prior's hand. We then found that this young monk, just ordained, was to sing his first Mass to-morrow, on which account his nearest relatives—his sister and his aunt—had come to be present on the great occasion. A first Mass is made a great deal of in these monasteries, and the rare ceremony of a "grand High Mass" was to be celebrated on the occasion.

The abbey church is of the same style as that of St. Florian, and is very handsome of its kind, with a fine dome and a profusion of marble and gilding. In it are the tombs and monuments of Leopold I., Margrave of Austria (the founder), and five of his successors.

We were now conducted to our own rooms to rest. These were comfortably furnished with spring-beds and all needful appliances, but with no extravagance. We were soon roused from our siesta by a friendly visit from the abbot, who came to invite us to walk with him in his garden and partake of a slight refection, corresponding to our "afternoon tea." In the pleasure-grounds were nice walks, one overlooking the Danube and with a distant view of the mountains of the Semmering pass. After a short stroll we repaired to a sort of spacious summer-house, decorated within with figures of the inhabitants (animal and vegetable) of the four quarters of the globe—paintings which were remarkably fresh, considering that they were done one hundred and thirty years ago. There was one principal table, furnished with ornamented napkins, which were wanting at the other tables. The "afternoon tea" we found consisted of most excellent beer, dishes of cold veal, ham and tongue in small slices, with salad and cheese. The abbot, in his beaver hat, headed the table, and the prior sat at the bottom; besides these were the librarian, one other monk, the young monk freshly ordained, his sister and aunt, a secular priest who had come to preach on to-morrow's festival, and a religious from Chremsminster. Other monks and guests sat at the other tables, at one or two of which cards were being played for trifling stakes, and smoking was general, the excellent and genial prior appearing much to relish a capacious pipe. The rest of the afternoon was passed in further explorations and friendly chat till eight, the hour for supper. This meal was partaken of by the monks generally in the rather small room wherein they had dined; but the guests, who had sat, as just mentioned, with the abbot in his summer-house, were all invited to the large and stately refectory, where we were all

hospitably entertained, the great hall being illuminated with candles. The supper consisted of soup, veal, soufflé, and roast chicken. At first a wine was served made of several vintages mixed, but afterwards came a choice wine of one vintage. Supper being concluded, we walked together to the Prelatura, whence the abbot, the newly-ordained priest, and one or two more had the courtesy to accompany us all to our rooms, including the ladies, who were lodged in apartments very near our own.

The next morning (Sunday) breakfast was brought to our rooms at seven o'clock—coffee, milk and bread, and a liberal supply of the excellent, home-made butter. The High Mass was to begin, we understood, at eight o'clock, and we took our place early at a convenient window of the triforium, which is divided out into a number of rooms like private boxes, each with a glazed window looking into the church. The church soon filled with people, to whom great liberty was allowed of streaming through the abbey corridors in various directions. Punctually enough the clergy entered the sanctuary, the monks wearing, not cowls, but white cottas over their ordinary habit. They came down from the sanctuary and sat on benches opposite the pulpit, which was occupied with the clerical guest we had met the day before, and who, with much earnestness, volubility, and apparent eloquence, declaimed for a whole hour. At nine the clergy returned to the sanctuary and soon the Mass began. The abbot took no part in it beyond sitting in his stall. The young priest was attended by an assistant priest in a cope in addition to the deacon and subdeacon. He sat on the abbot's throne at Mass, and was treated much as if abbot for the day. All the servers and choir-boys had garlands of flowers twined round one arm, and there were garlands round the processional candles and cross. The young priest's aunt and sister were accommodated with seats in the monks' stalls. The church was pretty full, all its benches being occupied. The music was florid and was not sung in the choir, but there was a band and a set of male and female singers in the western organ-gallery. No introit, gradual, offertory, or communion was sung, nor did the congregation take any apparent notice of the *Et incarnatus est* in the Credo, but they had rather the air of sympathetic spectators of the imposing ceremony.

We were obliged to take a hasty adieu of the abbot, that we might catch the train which was to take us to St. Polten in time to visit the monastery of Göttweib the same day. We left with

regret after a very agreeable stay, and with pleasant remembrances of the good abbot, librarian, and prior, all of whom had kindly invited us to come see them again.

A short journey brought us to St. Polten, where we put up at the Kaiserin Elisabet, fortunately finding accommodation, for which a week later we should have looked in vain, as grand military manœuvres were then to take place and thirty thousand troops to be inspected by an archduke. Already troops were entering, and our hotel was nearly filled with officers. At first we feared that it would be impossible for us to make the journey to Göttweib that day, as it seemed that only a carriage with one horse, called an einspänner, could be obtained—one of those one-sided, uncomfortable-looking vehicles (so common in Austria) which have a carriage-pole with no horse on one side of it. The prospect of extra drinkgeld, however, led a zealous porter to obtain for us an open carriage with a good pair of horses, the coachman of which engaged to take us to the monastery of Göttweib and back for six florins and a half. For the first three-quarters of the journey the way was uninteresting, save for the batches of pilgrims, each headed by a large crucifix borne aloft, which were successively passed; the little pious pictures, for the most part artistically distressing, which lined the road at frequent intervals (and before one or two of which we saw people kneeling in prayer), and a large statue of the so popular St. John Nepomuk. For several miles the road was bordered with damson-trees richly laden with their purple fruit. At the commencement of the last quarter of our journey we entered a defile in the wooded mountains, and we rose gradually to a considerable elevation, whence much of the course of the Danube was visible. The object of our journey also stood out very picturesquely at the summit of a very lofty hill, and the special road to it, diverging from the highroad between St. Polten and Mautern, was exceedingly steep, forcing the horses to frequent halts. The town of Mautern was plainly visible, and visitors coming to Göttweib, elsewhere than from Mölk, would do well to land there and take the carriage for a short drive to the monastery. The steep last part of the road was bordered on one side with large, painted "stations of the cross," but these were so dilapidated that the subjects could be made out only with great difficulty. We drove into the great courtyard of the abbey and found that all the community were at office in the church, which we at once visited It is much smaller than those of the abbeys previously visited, and more ancient. In the nave, in spite of stucco rococo orna-

ments, there are plain signs of its original romanesque style, and the chancel is pointed. The latter, in which is the choir, is much raised, many steps, centrally placed, leading up to it, and having on each side of them an opening leading down into a light and rather lofty crypt. Therein is a modern memorial tomb of the founder, Altmann, Bishop of Passau, placed, with very bad taste, on the spot where an altar had been and should still be.

All the altars of this church faced the east. Its organ and pulpit were gorgeous with a profusion of gilding. In the nave of the church there were pews as well as open benches.

After the recitation of Vespers and Compline the Litany of the Saints and many prayers were said in German, after which benediction was given with the ciborium—during the singing of hymns in German—no incense or cope being used.

Service over, we were conducted to the abbot, Herr Rudolph Gusonbauer, whom we found in his nice suite of well-furnished apartments. At first he was somewhat disturbed at our advent, being, as he told us, much occupied; but when he found we but intended to make an afternoon call he was all graciousness, and most kindly insisted on himself showing us the library and its principal treasures. He told us that it contained 62,600 volumes, whereof 1,400 were manuscripts and no less than 1,200 books printed before the year A.D. 1500. Amongst the manuscripts was one which had been written in the abbey seven hundred years ago, on the finest parchment, in such small letters that it made ordinary eyes ache to read it. Yet it was most beautifully written. Another manuscript was of the sixth century, and there were others anterior to the foundation of the monastery, which is now a thousand years old. One very valuable manuscript was a history of the abbey—*Chronicon Gottricense.* Amongst the printed books was one of a date anterior to the introduction of type, so that each page of it was an entire woodcut. I spoke to the abbot of the visit of Dr. Dibdin to the monastery sixty-seven years ago, and he showed me the portrait of the amiable man who was then its superior (Abbot Altmann), and who survived till the year 1854, and is now buried in the abbey church.

We then visited the Imperial apartments, to which a truly royal staircase leads. The rooms were much finer than those of Mölk, and Napoleon I. lodged in them when on his road to Vienna. From their windows magnificent views are to be obtained; and, indeed, there are fine views all round the abbey, and charming wooded scenery to the south—that is, away from the Danube.

In this abbey there were but fifty monks and two novices, the number of its inmates having diminished during the last half-century, owing to its having ceased to be the episcopal seminary and to its having severed its former connection with a certain convent in Hungary.

Declining kindly-proffered hospitality for the night, we drove rapidly back to St. Polten in time to see something of it before retiring to rest.

There is in that city a convent of English nuns with a singularly ornate exterior with life-sized figures of saints. The old Jesuit house is now a barrack. We visited the Franciscan convent, which contains but half a dozen fathers—Conventuals. It was formerly a Carmelite convent, as the altars of its church prove; but the Emperor Joseph II. transferred the Franciscans to it and removed the Carmelites.

On the morning of the next day—the 24th of August, St. Bartholomew's—we entered the small cathedral by eight o'clock, and found six canons in their stalls just finishing office. Then began a very peculiar High (?) Mass, which the canons did not remain to attend, but disappeared one by one through a side-door behind each row of stalls. There was a fairly numerous congregation—almost half of it composed of men—in the benches or open pews of the nave. There was no deacon or subdeacon, and only two servers, in their own every-day dress. For music there was the organ and one male singer in the organ-gallery. No introit, offertory, or communion was sung; only one of each of the three sets of petitions of the "Kyrie," only four fragments of the "Gloria"; of the "Credo" the first sentence, the *Et incarnatus est*, and the last sentence were sung, and only one of the three petitions of the "Agnus Dei." Altogether it was a most slovenly performance, and yet the church has not here been plundered as elsewhere in Europe!

We hastened back by rail to Linz and thence to Gmünden, where we took up our quarters at the quiet and comfortable Belle Vue Hotel, in rooms the windows of which afforded a charming prospect of the lovely Traun See.

Gmünden is full of charms for the ordinary visitor, and especially for the lover of nature. It is a great resort of the great ones of the earth, and kings and princes have their pleasure-houses around its lovely lake. The Princess of Wales was staying in that of the Duke of Cumberland, and the English royal livery might be seen with the carriage of the Queen-Dowager of Han-

over. Its mundane attractions, however, are set forth in all the guide-books, while few matters of Catholic interest came under our notice; and the same must be said of our next halting stage —the gay and charming Austrian watering-place, embowered in lovely mountain scenery, Ischl. Returning, however, in the twilight from a long walk (on the evening before quitting Gmünden) by the footpath which skirts the eastern shore of the Traun See, we were struck by hearing, as we passed cottage after cottage, the voices of those within saying their evening prayers. At Ischl the parish church was built by the Empress Maria Theresa. It is lined throughout with rather good modern paintings, while comfortable benches or pews occupy almost all its area. The charm of this town is the ease with which the glitter of a gay and fashionable throng can be exchanged for secluded walks in far-stretching pine woods, which we found richly carpeted with a charming little blue cyclamen.

The peasants hereabouts very often have their knees naked, an interval being left between the breeches and gaiters. This, like the custom of wearing a kilt in the Highlands, may be due to a wish to avoid the inconvenience, in such a mountain region, of wearing a garment which, like trousers, must exercise a dragging action on the knee.

After a very brief sojourn at Ischl we left it for that city we had so long looked forward with especial interest to seeing—namely, Salzburg.

We started at noon by the route passing by Steinach and Bischofshofen junctions. The first part of the journey led by the beautiful lake of Hallstädt, which can be seen quite well from the railway, and is of a wilder and more savage beauty than the Traun See. As we neared the first junction we gradually approached the gigantic and precipitous "Grimming Mountain," which is 7,697 feet high, from which we again retreated as we went from Steinach to our second junction. As we receded, however, he seemed to tower more and more, so as to give rise to the feeling that we should never, as it were, get out of the reach of his eye; for his top, which every now and again became hidden by much lower but much nearer hills, rose again and again above them as we receded further. As we approached Bischofshofen the valley increased greatly in beauty and the foreground assumed much of an English character. After changing at the last-named station we entered a most magnificent defile of preci-

pitous and fantastic limestone mountains, which continued almost to our destination. We reached Salzburg a little after six o'clock and put up at the Hôtel de l'Europe—a most comfortable house, but at an inconvenient distance from the city. On Sunday, August 30, we paid our first visit to the cathedral to hear High Mass in that church of which Mozart was so long kapellmeister. The church was to us impressive from its simplicity, its quiet color and small amount of gilding contrasting strongly with some of the over-gorgeous churches we had been visiting. It is an Italian building with a central dome. A nave is provided with commodious benches, which were well filled for the High Mass, the music of which was florid but exceedingly fine. A member of the chapter sang Mass with mitre and crosier, and there were four clergy in dalmatics, with an assistant priest in a cope. Five canons assisted in their stalls, or rather on benches which take the place of stalls.

In the afternoon, however, Vespers and Compline were mumbled inaudibly in a monotone by seven canons and some assistants, after which followed exposition with German prayers.

Close to the cathedral is the venerable Benedictine abbey of St. Peter and also the Franciscan convent (of Observantine Friars), the church of which is most curious and interesting. Its doors are quite romanesque, and so are parts of the nave-aisles, while other parts are early pointed. The chancel is extremely high, very much more lofty, indeed, than the nave, and in a late flamboyant style with a complexly groined roof supported by five enormously high, round columns without capitals; and the contrast between the excessive length of these columns and the shortness of those of the nave is such as we have never elsewhere seen. So far there were specimens of very different mediæval styles; but the eastern and western parts of the church are overlaid with very late renaissance stucco-work, with unicorns and other heraldic emblems, while the triforium of the chancel has on one side Louis XV. windows looking down into the church. Thus we have here a most interesting example of a church which has gone on from very ancient times to the present day, always introducing the new fashions which successively came into vogue, however bad, and never attempting anything in the shape of restoration. As to its internal modern furniture, it is bedizened with frightful rubbish of all kinds—a great contrast to the refreshing simplicity of the adjoining cathedral, the only ornaments within which open to criticism are the monuments of its de-

ceased prince-bishops. There are ten of these in the chancel and transepts. Each is a flat monument (fixed against the wall), forming a marble frame to an oil-painting of the deceased prelate. These ten pictures represent ten archbishops, each in a scarlet * cassock, wig, and lace rochet, kneeling with elbows on a prie-dieu, with prayer-book in hand, at which he does not look, but at the spectator! The marble frame has the usual complement of eighteenth-century ornaments—naked, crying boy-cherubs, Death's heads and cross-bones, Time's scythe and hour-glass, bats' wings, mitres, crosiers, and sceptres.

The Abbey of St. Peter is the real *fons et origo* of the whole place. From it sprang bishops, cathedral, city, and principality. We found that it contained more fragments of antiquity than any other of the monasteries we had previously visited, its outer door leading into a cloister with romanesque pillars and arches, and entirely paved with ancient sepulchral monuments. Thus far we saw at our first visit; but neither the abbot nor prior being within, we postponed till the following day our examination of the more interesting and ancient foundation. On our return to our hotel we found that the clouds and fog which had enshrouded the country round Salzburg since our arrival had lifted, and we had our first glimpse of its environs. The near hills, covered with green fields and trees, rose on either side to a considerable elevation, while behind them lofty mountains towered, tier upon tier, to great altitudes with most irregular and picturesque outlines.

On the following day we once more bent our steps to St. Peter's Abbey, calling on the way to see two other Salzburg churches. One of these was the church of the Immaculate Conception—a rather plain church, standing north and south, and built in the year 1708. On the gospel side of the interior there was a most singular wooden image of the Blessed Virgin Mary seated in a chair, with a blue mantle over a tunic, with a lace fabric over the knees. The other church was that of St. Cajetan, a round structure of no special interest, though leading out from the gospel side of the porch was a passage to another chapel, in the middle of which is a *Santa Scala*, and beside it a repulsive *Ecce Homo* behind an iron grating.

We were very kindly received at St. Peter's by a worthy Father Anselm and the venerable prior, the former of whom took us

* They had all the right to wear scarlet like cardinals.

through the cemetery, with its many interesting monuments and very ancient catacombs and cave oratories, which are duly described in the guide-books. This excellent religious was full of regret at the sad fate which overtook their ancient romanesque abbey church in 1774. Up to that date it had retained its ancient character unchanged. The whole interior was decorated with early frescoes; the choir was in the chancel, enclosed behind a wooden rood-screen still bearing its rood aloft. In that fatal year the community determined to decorate their church in the fashion of their day. The frescoes were obliterated, and even the lines of architecture disguised as far as possible by the superposition of stucco ornaments. The rood-screen and rood were got rid of, and the choir moved up into a room constructed over the north aisle with Louis XV. windows looking into the church.

In the church treasure-house we were shown, amongst other things, a variety of abbatial ornaments. There was a most beautiful crosier of the fourteenth century, another the shaft of which consisted of the tusk of a narwhal, and an extremely ancient one with an ivory top shaped like the handle of a crotched walking-stick. There were various late crosiers and mitres of the usual frightful shape, but some elegant mediæval ones. There were also two uncut Gothic chasubles; and I was much interested to hear the monks express their admiration for them, and their certain conviction that sooner or later they must come into general use in place of the undignified ones which, without authority, had crept into general use in careless and corrupt times of atrociously bad taste.

The abbey contains a valuable geological gallery and a collection of the fishes, birds, and beasts of the principality, amongst the latter being preserved the stuffed skin of the last of their bears.

Having been invited to join the community dinner, we entered the refectory, where the abbot met us with cordial greetings. He repeated very impressively his parts of the monastic grace, after which he, with twelve monks, five novices, and three guests, sat down to meat, during the first part of which there was reading from the refectory pulpit. The meal was of the usual simple but sufficient character, and the wine (which came from their vineyard at Stein, near Vienna) was most excellent and justified its well-known reputation.

We were told that the full number of religious of St. Peter's was fifty, and that they have but six parishes to serve, but that, nevertheless, the house was quite sufficiently wealthy.

Certainly the abbot's quarters, to which he kindly invited us after the repast, had an air of prosperity. They consisted of some six or seven charming rooms, with an oratory, all very elegantly furnished, and quite sufficiently so for the use of any secular nobleman. Here were very kindly brought for our inspection some of the bibliographical treasures from their library of sixty thousand volumes. Amongst them was a manuscript "book of life" of great antiquity. It contained a list of benefactors, with their anniversaries, amongst which figured the names of the early Carlovingian kings.

On leaving St. Peter's we terminated our series of monastic visits, which had afforded us so much pleasure and interest and no little edification. We knew that these wealthy and ancient abbeys were not, and did not profess to be, houses of "strict observance"; but in all we met with abundant evidence of a sincere and virile piety and much learning and patriotism, with ready kindness and friendliness for us foreigners. Each and all we left with a hearty aspiration, *Ad multos annos*, and the trust that a visitor who should inspect them sixty-seven years hence may find them as flourishing as we found them sixty-seven years after the visit of our predecessor, the Rev. Dr. Dibbin.

ISLAM.

[These sonnets, written in reference to the last Russo-Turkish war, but never before published, have a bearing also on the present state of the great Eastern question.]

I.

FIVE times five years—O shameless wickedness!—
Hath Christian Europe propped the Moslem's rule.
Five times five years hath Christian wretchedness
Learnt misery's lessons in oppression's school!
What though an equal law and equal right
By solemn "hats" and "firmans" hath been given?
Who knows not that the Turk in Europe's sight
Hath cast his pledges to the winds of heaven?

And when at length, in writhings of despair,
The trampled worm turned in unhappy hour,
Exultant, like the tiger from his lair,
Sprang the fierce Moslem on the hated Giaour.
Lust, rapine, murder, torture, outrage, blood,
Poured on the land in overwhelming flood.

II.

Unchangeable, unchanging from the first;
Unquenched, unquenchable his burning rage;
Uncurbed his passion, and unslaked his thirst;
He spares nor priest nor people, sex nor age.
No pity stays the all-devouring sword;
Mercy—he laughs the very word to scorn!
Men die by thousands, by the stake or cord,
And women wail the hour that they were born!
Such tale Batâk and Philippopolis
With outstretched throat proclaim from East to West.
We fold our arms, and bow our heads, and kiss
The molten calf of our self-interest.
Thus Mammon-taught, we by our altar stand:
And idol-worship still defiles the land!

III.

Nay, but (we hear) not to the Ottoman state,
In will or wish or deed, impute the blame;
Barbarian hirelings of their own fierce hate,
Unauthorized, have wrought these deeds of shame.
How comes it, then, that they who boasting claim
The foremost place in all that demon band,
Though damned, by Europe's righteous word, by name,
Still decked and honored by their master stand?
Unequalled deeds of license and of crime,
Since God of old cast out the Chanaan race,
Accursed have made them in the rôle of time:
Yet still in Stamboul they hold pride of place.
How long, O God! how long, thy people cry,
Shall be the day of our fierce agony?

IV.

But now the Powers their anxious counsel take,
And special embassage and envoys send.
Their heads diplomatists and statesmen shake,
Terms and proposals modify and mend.
They tell the sultan "all is for his good:
'Tis madness if their counsel he refuse."
But one hath whispered: "Be it understood
Words are the only weapons we shall use."
And now the conference puts forth its power;
Complaisant, mends its terms and mends again:
The vizier dallies on from hour to hour,
Then sternly says: "We won't; you talk in vain!"
Words! words! mere words!—brave words as e'er were spoken.
But not by words the oppressor's rod is broken!

V.

But as of old, when Israel's favored line
Seemed faithless all, seven thousand yet there were
Who had not bowed the knee at Baal's shrine
Nor with their lips had kissed his image there;
So now, 'mid Europe's base apathy,
One mighty nation dares to own a heart,
One glorious prince redeems humanity
From Meroz' curse and Meroz' dastard part.
O God of battles! in thy might arise,
Scatter the heathen, thy right arm display;
Confound the wisdom of the worldly-wise,
And out of darkness bring the light of day:
Defend the right; let Christian victory tell
Still fights the Christian's God against the infidel!

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Carols for a Merry Christmas and a Joyous Easter. The music by the Rev. Alfred Young, Priest of the Congregation of St. Paul the Apostle. The words selected and original. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.; London: Burns & Oates.

The inscription Father Young gives us on the title-page will be found a truthful indication of the substance of his charming little volume. "Carols! Carols for you, my Masters—songs that will charm the saddest heart among you to merriment and joy." The singing of carols, particularly at Christmas-time, has always been popular in England and other European countries. In France they are known as Noëls, which seems to be an abbreviation of the word *Emmanuel*. Some writers, however, derive it from *natalis dies*—Nativity day. Certainly there is nothing more pleasing and instructive than this time-honored custom of carol-singing. The practice is so ancient as to be considered coeval with the celebration of Christmas itself. We are informed that in the early ages of the church the bishops were accustomed to sing carols on Christmas day among their clergy.

That quaint writer, Jeremy Taylor, referring to the "Gloria in Excelsis," or hymn sung by the angels on the plains of Bethlehem, says: "As soon as these blessed choristers had sung their *Christmas carol*, and taught the church a hymn to put into her offices for ever in the anniversary of this festivity, the angels returned into heaven." Thus also Milton in the twelfth book of *Paradise Lost*:

> "His place of birth a solemn angel tells
> To simple shepherds, keeping watch by night;
> They gladly thither haste, and by a quire
> Of squadron'd angels hear his *carol* sung."

The Puritans denounced not only the singing of carols, but also the celebration of Christmas itself, as pernicious and unscriptural.

With the revival of Catholic faith and practice in England and America comes naturally a renewal of the ancient joyous spirit which in Catholic times made England deserve the title of "Merry." "Beatus populus qui scit jubilationem!" exclaims the Psalmist—"Blessed is the people that knoweth how to be merry!" In the beginning of the present century a distinguished Catholic foreigner, after a tour in England, thus expressed his mind: "You have led me through a land of closed churches and hushed bells, of unlighted altars and unstoled priests. It looks as if England were under an interdict."

Kenelm Digby, speaking of the clergy under the influence of Calvinism, thus contrasts the effect of the change in faith:

> "The tartness of their face ripe grapes doth sour,
> And night-owls shriek where mounting larks should sing."

Well did the poet Spenser make proud Sansfoy the father of Sansjoy.

All this comes to our mind as Father Young sings to us his beautiful

Christmas carols. There are melodies to suit all tastes. Some are broad and churchly, others are free and florid. Some are also quaint and excellent imitations of similar ancient songs. A remarkable example of this is the carol, "In Bethlehem, that noble place," evidently composed in one of the Gregorian modes.

This great diversity of style employed to give fitting expression to the text is the first thing which would attract the notice of a musical critic. The spirit of Father Young's musical phrases is never vulgar or commonplace. That he has sought in this volume, as in his *Catholic Hymnal*, a refined and original expression is quite apparent. A hasty glance even at the kind of hymns and carols he has written or selected for his books gives equal evidence of the good taste which distinguishes the text and music of both. The Catholic Publication Society Co. issues it in good style.

LIFE OF ST. PHILIP BENIZI, OF THE ORDER OF THE SERVANTS OF MARY, 1233–1285. With some account of the first disciples of the saint. By the Rev. Peregrine Soulier, priest of the same order. Translated from the French and revised by the author. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

The lives of the saints have ever been, next to Holy Scripture, the favorite reading of souls aspiring to union with God. In the long study of perfection the teaching of the daily lesson is shared between the Holy Spirit in the Scriptures and the same Holy Spirit in the lives of devout men and women. When one has felt the strong impulse of living for God, such books as tell of the heroes of the Gospel are full of interest—are, in fact, what books of adventure and fiction are to boys at school. Why should it not be so to all classes of Christians? Why should the life of a hero be dull reading because not war nor politics, but the peace of Christ and the brotherhood of mankind, were the aims of his life? Surely, until people begin to read, at least a little, for eternity's sake they can hardly expect to gather much enduring fruit from the privileges of education.

St. Philip Benizi is a character of the highest kind. For six hundred years—six times the life of our republic—the order for which he legislated, the Servites of Mary, have obeyed his laws and rejoiced in their wisdom; the whole church has studied and celebrated his virtues; the choicest spirits of every generation since then have, in spirit, followed his wanderings over Europe, his preaching of the doctrines of Christ, his display of miraculous power. He was a man of his times, adapting the ancient and unchanging principles of religion to the needs of the men and women around him, and arousing in them those aspirations which can alone be gratified by the maxims and practices of the spiritual life.

This volume, a work of love by a member of the saint's order, shows patient research, careful composition, and great unction. It is well printed and bound.

THE CHAIR OF PETER. By John Nicholas Murphy. Popular Edition. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

Mr. Murphy is an Irish barrister of standing and repute, who has been

honored by the Holy Father with the title of a Roman count, which he has well deserved by his excellent works, written for the honor and service of the Catholic religion. We took occasion to praise in the highest terms the first edition of his *Chair of Peter*, and we have been pleased to find a similar judgment expressed by other periodicals, as well those which are not Catholic as those which are of high character among Catholic reviews and newspapers. The present edition is much enlarged and improved. The careful statistics respecting the Catholic hierarchy and population in various countries, and the minute indexes, together with much general and miscellaneous information on matters connected with the Roman Church, make this a very convenient as well as really learned and at the same time popular manual of instruction on its great and most important theme. We cannot too cordially recommend it.

ON THE STUDY OF LANGUAGES, considered in their bearing on the Pastoral Office and the establishing of Graded Catholic Schools. By Rev. Louis Cornelis. Written expressly for clerical students. St. Louis, Mo.: *Amerika* Print.

By printing this little pamphlet the author has done a service to religion. He advocates calmly, reasonably, and convincingly the advantages of a thorough study of modern languages in training for the priesthood. We can vouch for every word he says by our own observation and experience. The number of parishes consisting of mixed nationalities is very great, especially throughout the West. The pastor is usually of the more numerous race; but the spiritual needs of the minority place him, we might almost say, under a grave obligation to know how to converse in their language, and he should busy himself to acquire a facility of preaching in it. The course of studies in our seminaries, now becoming longer and more leisurely, will enable students to fit themselves better for such emergencies.

What Father Cornelis has to say of graded schools in this connection is worthy of consideration.

THE DEFENDER OF THE FAITH: The Royal Title, its History and Value. By Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.SS.R. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

Father Bridgett, in addition to his arduous labors as a giver of missions and retreats, is rendering important service to the truth by his researches into the history of the past and the works which have been the result of those researches. At the present time Catholics have reason to congratulate themselves that there are so many good workers in this field, such as Father Forbes-Leslie, Father Morris, Father Stevenson, Mr. Gillow; and since we have mentioned Mr. Gillow's name, we may say how sincerely we hope that his invaluable *Biographical Dictionary of English Catholics* will meet with the success and encouragement it so well deserves. It is a work which forms an epoch in English Catholic literature, and it would be a subject for extreme regret if it were not to be completed. Father Bridgett's work has already appeared in substance in the *Dublin Review*, but it well deserves republication. The Rev. J. J. Brewer, so well known for his histo-

rical works, has given in the introduction prepared by him for the publications of the Master of the Rolls' *Reign of Henry VIII.* a somewhat inaccurate account of the transactions connected with the conferring of the title "Defender of the Faith" on the king by Leo X. These transactions and the book written by the king Father Bridgett has carefully studied, and he gives in this pamphlet the result of that study. It is well worth reading.

The Nativity Play, or Christmas Cantata. By Rev. Gabriel A. Healy, Rector of St. Bernard's Church, New York. D. & J. Sadlier & Co.

The subject of this cantata is one which repeats the same dear old story of Christmas with the angels and shepherds. It is made up of a variety of prose and verse, and to the subject of Christmas proper the Epiphany and massacre of the infants has been added, which is the cause, no doubt, why it occupies, as we are informed in the preface, two hours in its performance. Some childlike representations of this kind are certainly most pleasing, and no doubt would do much now, as the reverend author truly says they did in the middle ages, to strengthen the faith and piety of the people; but we cannot agree with him in wishing a revival of the old mystery-plays which were in great vogue from the twelfth to the fourteenth century. They soon expanded from simple and edifying representations into full-blown theatrical performances by full-grown artists, and thus soon degenerated into money-making performances and other disorders, and ended in giving so much scandal that they were formally interdicted in 1545. M. On. le Roy in his work, *Études sur les Mystères*, and M. Ch. Mangin in his *Origines du Théâtre Moderne*, show how our present drama found its birth and first developments in these old mystery-plays. Is there not a well-grounded fear that the like abuses may also happen in our own day, especially when there are already so many other inducements offered to our young people to go upon the stage, now so commonly debased as to be hardly tolerable?

The Mad Penitent of Todi. By Mrs. Anna H. Dorsey. Notre Dame, Indiana: *Ave Maria* Press.

Mrs. Dorsey describes in a graphic and pleasing style the life of Jacopone di Todi, author of the *Stabat Mater*, both before and after his conversion. There is one instance in this little book of a very common violation of literary propriety—the giving of French names to persons and places not French, by a servile copying of French writers. Pietro de Morone, who became Celestine V., is called Pierre de Morvane. Holy men are not infallible or impeccable. Jacopone was blamable for writing squibs upon Boniface VIII. and associating himself with his opponents. Probably the severe punishment inflicted on him was unjust, yet the scandalous and schismatical behavior of some of the Franciscans of that time in respect to the Holy See made it difficult to discriminate between a good, well-meaning man who was imprudent and others who were pestilent fanatics.

Decreta Quatuor Conciliorum Provincialium Westmonasteriorum, 1852–1873. Editio secunda. Lond.: Burns et Oates.

This beautifully-printed volume contains the legislation by which the Catholic Church in England has been established upon its present firm and

solid basis. The first three councils were celebrated under the presidency of Cardinal Wiseman, the fourth under that of Archbishop (since then created Cardinal) Manning. This collection of decrees is a monument of ecclesiastical wisdom worthy of the best days of the church. All studious clergymen, especially those who have to take a foremost and active part in preparing the decrees of provincial and diocesan synods, will find it not only interesting but extremely valuable.

Sixth Centenary of St. Philip Benizi. 1285–1885. In Memoriam. Church of Our Lady of Sorrows, Chicago. 1885.

Father Morini, of the Order of the Servites, has issued the pamphlet bearing the above title in a manner especially marked by good taste and elegance. The occasion of it was furnished by the celebration of the centenary of St. Philip in the church of the Servite Fathers at Chicago. St. Philip, though not the original founder of the Servite Order, was its legislator, and the active, organizing master-workman who put into execution the intentions and ideas of the seven holy men who were its first founders and fathers. The black scapular of the Seven Dolors of Mary and the Rosary of the Seven Dolors belong to this order, and are quite generally objects of pious devotion among the faithful. We sincerely wish that the American branch of this venerable order may take deep root and flourish abundantly in our country.

Fabiola. Illustrated edition. New York: Benzigers. 1886.

Cardinal Wiseman's exquisite romance is an English classic too well known for words of praise at this late day. The illustrated edition issued in December, but received by us too late for a notice before Christmas—a circumstance which we regret—is a large and really rich and elegant quarto, printed on excellent paper, with good type and above two hundred illustrations of various sizes and kinds, above thirty of which are full-page. The binding is in a brilliant style, and we can say of the whole ornamental part of the volume, what we cannot always say of similar attempts, that it is in good taste, genuinely artistic, and not of the meretricious sort which is too common. We believe that the retail price is $6—not extravagant for such a work. Happy those who have received this illustrated *Fabiola* as a Christmas present. It is beyond the means of those who are not very well supplied with money to spend on books, but those who can afford it ought to encourage the effort to bring out Catholic works of this kind, and put within reach of their families a help so attractive and efficacious for gaining knowledge of the glories of the Catholic religion and awakening in them a just pride in their faith and its heroes. It would be a happy thought to issue a similar edition of Cardinal Newman's *Callista*, which is also a masterpiece of the same kind with *Fabiola*.

Der Hausfreund: Illustrirter Familien-Kalender des *Herold des Glaubens* für das Jahr 1886. St. Louis, Mo.

Personally we are glad to have this German Catholic almanac, but we can scarcely expect to increase its circulation among our readers by praising its merits. Our German brethren excel in this kind of work. They

have a wonderful amount of ingenuity, tact, artistic taste, and talent for gathering together popular songs, stories, and amusing miscellanies for young and old people. This is a good almanac, its illustrations are good, its contents are varied, entertaining, and instructive. We are thankful to those who sent it. Lebet wohl! lebet wohl, liebe Brüder! Lebet wohl aufs widersehn.

THE CATHOLIC DIRECTORY, ECCLESIASTICAL REGISTER, AND ALMANAC FOR THE YEAR OF OUR LORD 1886. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

This is the English *Catholic Directory* for 1886, compiled and edited by Rev. Canon Johnston, of Cardinal Manning's household, and is a most complete and useful manual for England, Scotland, and Wales. Besides containing a list of the archbishops, bishops, and priests of these countries, it also contains a list of the sovereign pontiffs, the Sacred College of Cardinals, the Sacred Congregations, sees of the Catholic Church of the Latin Rite and Oriental Rite, and also apostolic delegations, vicariates, and prefectures, as well as much other very valuable information.

LIVES OF THE SAINTS AND BLESSED OF THE THREE ORDERS OF ST. FRANCIS. Translated from the *Aureole Seraphique* of the Very Rev. Father Leon, ex-provincial of the Friars Minor of the Observance. With a preface by His Eminence Cardinal Manning. Vol. I. 8vo, pp. 552. Taunton: Published by the Franciscan Convent. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co., New York.)

This is the first volume of a very important work now being issued in England by the Franciscan fathers. It will be completed in two octavo volumes. Cardinal Manning in his preface thus speaks of St. Francis:

"The aureola of our Seraphic Father has been always expanding in radiance as through six hundred years his children have been crowned with him in his Master's kingdom. The title of this book, now for the first time published in an English translation, has been well chosen. *The Seraphic Aureola of the Three Orders of St. Francis* tells us that not only the father of the household, but the household itself is crowned. The Seraphic Order shares in the name and in the glory of its head.

"In the day when St. Francis before the bishop in Assisi offered himself by one act of heroic self-oblation to his Father in heaven, the love of God transformed him as the iron glowing from the furnace puts on the nature of fire. He seems to have passed through no tardy progressive changes of fervor, but, like the bush in Horeb, to be at once wrapped in flame and yet not consumed. The fire which Jesus sent on earth was already kindled in him to its fullest intensity. Elevated and united to God in love he was changed into a living image of Jesus as we see him in the Gospels. The book of the Conformities of Francis to our Divine Redeemer is a true delineation both of the Master and of the servant. Love to God and to all the works of God, living and without life; love to man, both the evil and the good; compassion to all in suffering; tenderness to all infirmity; gladness in poverty; joy in contempt; a habitual vision of God by faith, by which God was seen in all things, and all things seen in God; or, in a word, charity and humility made perfect. This is the outline of Francis and the reflection of the divine original. With this perfect impression he was stamped in youth as by the signet of the living God; the *stigmata* in Mount Alvernia were only the countersign, and his last conformity to the Son of God in the days of his Passion upon earth. This is beautifully pictured in the *Fioretti* of St. Francis. We are told that when St. Clare and her companions were sitting at *S. Maria degli Angeli* surrounded by the brethren, St. Francis began to speak of the love of God. The fire had kindled within him and he breathed it in his words. They were all wrapped in contemplation and forgot the food that was before them. The convent and the wood around it seemed to be

enveloped in flames. The neighbors came in speed, believing that a fire had broken out. Such was the power of God with which St. Francis subdued the souls of his first disciples, Bernard, Egidio, Masseo, and a multitude too long to name. In three years he had five thousand gathered round him; and the sound of the feet of those who were coming to him was already heard, as he said; and they have never ceased to come to this day.

"Every saint has his special conformity to our Divine Master, but St. Francis seems to be the express likeness of Jesus conversing among men in the mountains and plains of Galilee and Judæa, intensely human in all sympathy with the people; but mysteriously divine in his words and actions. He was the friend of the poor; poor himself, with a poverty greater than theirs; and the poor of the world have been his special inheritance; and the rich of the world have made themselves poor in spirit or in truth to join themselves to him.

"It is this singular perfection, separate from all others, that St. Francis impressed upon his disciples, and through them upon his order in all time. For six hundred years his children have multiplied beyond all others. In all lands, of all languages, in every state of life, men and women, poor and rich, lettered and unlearned, soldier and civilian, layman and priest, princes and kings, bishops and pontiffs, in whatsoever condition of life they might be, the Franciscan type is in all the same. Poverty of spirit, love of the poor, tenderness towards all suffering, joy in all the works of creation, humility of heart, unworldliness in the throng and furnace of the world, self-concealing piety, and a silent fervor, always aspiring in closer conformity to the humility and charity of Jesus Christ. Such are the three families of St. Francis, the First Order of men; the Second Order of cloistered women; the religious and the secular members of the Third Order, bear the same family likeness. St. Louis of France, St. Charles of Milan, St. Elizabeth of Hungary, St. Elizabeth of Portugal, St. Rose of Viterbo, B. Angela of Foligno, St. Bernardine of Siena, St. Bonaventure the Seraphic Doctor, all these, most diverse in all other things, in this are all alike, that they bear the likeness of 'the poor man of Assisi.' Whether in the cloister or in the world, at the altar or in the schools, in the court or in the camp, there is the sweetness, the joy, and the confidence which is inspired by the Holy Ghost, by 'the Gift of Piety' breathing in the words and actions of their life.

"The vicissitudes of the Church and the revolutions of the world which have diminished and even extinguished many orders have fallen lightly upon the order of St. Francis. It has had little to lose, and when that little was lost, it has returned to its primitive state of the poverty which St. Francis loved so much and bequeathed as the heirloom of his children for ever. Still more strange: the revolutions of these days, which have wrecked so much, have sometimes left them in peace; and sometimes even restored them to their humble homes. The poverty of St. Francis disarms and converts the world.

"It was in the midst of commercial and luxurious Italy that St. Francis arose to bear witness against greed and sensuality and selfishness; and to set fire to the heart of the world cold in self-indulgence. It is to commercial and luxurious England that the Seraphic Order comes once more. It came in our thirteenth century, when England was sick with worldliness, and the lot of the poor was hard; it comes again in the last days of the nineteenth century when the wealth of England is piled mountains high upon a toiling and suffering people. The gulfs and chasms which divide our classes and threaten the peace of our commonwealth can be closed only by the humility and charity of Jesus Christ. The saints and blessed of the Seraphic Order are to us a luminous cloud of witnesses, showing by their words and lives that though humility and charity are the highest reaches of perfection, nevertheless the way is open and easy to all in every state of life. St. Augustine has said 'no man can say that he cannot love God,' and as St. Leo, 'nothing is beyond the reach of the humble.'"

SADLIERS' CATHOLIC DIRECTORY, ALMANAC, AND ORDO FOR THE YEAR OF OUR LORD 1886. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co.

Sadliers' Directory for the United States is out this year several weeks earlier than usual—a great gain for those who are in the habit of using it. Two editions are published this year. One contains only the reports and returns for the United States, and is small and cheap. The other contains the usual returns from Canada, Ireland, etc., is large and bulky, and, of course, dearer.

CLOTILDE: A Story of France, and other Stories for Girls. Boston: Thomas B. Noonan & Co.

Clotilde takes us back to the early days of French history, when Clovis united the various peoples of France and reigned the first king of the Franks. Clotilde by her rare beauty won the heart of this stern warrior, and by her sweet Christian virtues finally converted him from paganism. He was baptized by St. Remi, and received from the pope the title of "Most Christian King," a title the kings of France have borne ever since. The story furnishes an interesting glimpse of European society in the fifth century. "St. Géneviève" is a sketch of the patroness of Paris told in the form of a short story. The book also contains an account of the monks of St. Bernard, and half a dozen other stories, all of which will prove attractive reading for the young.

MARY BURTON, and other Stories. Boston: Thomas B. Noonan.

This is a volume of the Golden Crown Library, and contains about a dozen short stories, the scenes of which are laid in France, Italy, Greece, and other countries. Each of the stories teaches a useful lesson; one, that a contented spirit is a remedy for all the evils in the world; another shows the bad effects of exaggeration. The stories, although written with a moral object in view, are not "too good for youthful human nature" to read with pleasure.

LOST, and other Tales for Children. Adapted from the French by the author of *Tyborne*. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

Three charming little stories make up the contents of this book, all the scenes of which are laid in France. The characters introduced are chiefly children under twelve years old, and the stories are well adapted to interest the young.

LITTLE DICK'S CHRISTMAS CAROLS, and other Tales. By Amy Fowler. London: R. Washbourne. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

This elegantly-bound little volume contains six very good and very interesting stories for boys and girls. There is one thing we protest against, however; and that is the habit of the London publishers sewing in their catalogues at the end, thereby making the purchaser pay for what is generally given free. This little book has only 128 pages, yet there are 32 pages of a catalogue tacked on to it, so as to make it look as if it were a large book.

ODILE: a Tale of the Commune. By Mrs. Frank Pentrill. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

This handsome little book is dedicated to Rev. J. Hogan, D.D., late of St. Sulpice, Paris, but now president of St. John's Seminary, near Boston, Mass. The story is well written, and gives a lively picture of the siege of Paris by the Prussians, and the actions and doings of the Communists—or, as they are called, the Commune.

THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. XLII. MARCH, 1886. NO. 252.

EMPEROR JULIAN THE APOSTATE, THE GREAT SPIRITIST OF THE FOURTH CENTURY.

I.

AMONG the numerous "isms" that are at work in undermining the Christian belief of many in this country modern spiritism is one of the most formidable.* Its adherents are counted by the millions;† its publications are scattered throughout the land;‡ and by presenting itself in the garb of an angel of light, or as a messenger from the dear departed ones in the unseen realms above, it succeeds in leading many astray from the belief in Christ and the truths he has taught. That this danger is by no means confined to such as are outside of the Catholic

* Oliver Wendell Holmes (*The Professor at the Breakfast-table*, Boston, 1883, p. 15) observes: "Spiritualism is quietly undermining the traditional ideas of the future state which have been and are still accepted, not merely in those who believe in it, but in the general sentiment of the community, to a larger extent than most good people seem to be aware of."

† Since spiritists usually meet in private or home circles, it is impossible to give a fair estimate of their number. Dr. Eugene Crowell (*Spiritualism and Insanity*, Boston, 1877, p. 7) thinks their number in the United States is more than two millions. Dr. Joshua Thorne (*Religio-Philosophical Journal*, Chicago, June 20, 1885) says "it is six millions and over in this country." Alfred Russell Wallace (*A Defence of Modern Spiritualism*, 6th edition, Boston, 1882, p. 14) even states: "The number of spiritualists in the Union is, according to those who have the best means of judging, from eight to eleven millions. This is the estimate of Judge Edmonds, who has had extensive correspondence on the subject with every part of the United States. The Hon. R. D. Owen, who has also had great opportunities of knowing the facts, considers it to be approximately correct; and it is affirmed by the editors of the *Year-Book of Spiritualism* for 1871."

‡ Besides numerous books and pamphlets on spiritualism, about twenty spiritualist weeklies or other periodicals are said to be published in America, one of which alone is reported to have more than thirty thousand subscribers. See *Theologisch-praktische Quartalschrift*, Linz, 1883, p. 387.

Copyright. REV. I. T. HECKER. 1886.

Church the following quotations from a spiritist weekly will show.

The *Religio-Philosophical Journal,* May 16, published a communication from a Michigan gentleman, whose full name and address is given, who states: "Among the letters I have recently received from spiritists and mediums are some from Roman Catholics." In one of these letters a lady writes:

"I, though a Roman Catholic, am wrapped up in and true to the cause. . . . The Scriptures of old point vividly to this foundation of facts; they are imbued with the same spirit, consequently spiritualism and Catholicism are one and the same faith. . . . This may seem very strange language to you, dear sir, coming, as it does, from a stanch Romanist and a communicant, but such it is. I am one of the most devoted to my religion and church, still I am a participant in this most abhorred of truths."

This Catholic lady considers herself "honored" that the spirits, or "controls," have selected her as one of their instruments, and even asks God to grant her the grace to acquit herself "nobly and honorably in this holy and efficacious mission."

In another number, June 6, the same weekly published a communication from a Catholic lady of New York. The writer states:

"I am a member of the Roman Catholic Church. In that church is found a class of mystic literature which is full of phenomena similar to modern spiritualism. That style of reading has always fascinated me."

She also claims having made the acquaintance of the famous medium, Henry Slade, through whose mediumship a slate she held in her hand was repeatedly written on by some invisible agency. "I carried it (the slate)," she observes, "home with me, and have since showed it to priests of my church. They were filled with wonder."

In the same journal, June 13, a writer, whose name is given, observes:

"Upon a time I was a devout Catholic, and before I was acquainted with spiritualist literature—I have no other acquaintance with the system—I was accustomed to think and say that I knew the Roman Catholic Church to be the one true church of God."

But the writer seems to have lost this conviction after having become acquainted with spiritist literature; for there he believes to have found phenomena recorded still more marvellous than the wonders which attest the divine mission of the Catholic Church. The writer observes:

"If the phenomena of the Catholic religion prove it divine, what are

we to say of the still more marvellous phenomena of a system (modern spiritualism) most of whose adherents emphatically deny the cardinal dogma of Catholicism—viz., the divinity of Jesus?"

These quotations from but three numbers of a single spiritist weekly deserve being reflected on.

How many similar quotations from writings of Catholics could be annually culled from all the spiritist publications of the United States? How many Catholics who never write or publish a word about it join spiritist circles and partake in *séances*, thinking it no harm to converse with spirits of the dear departed? And how many ill-instructed Catholics do thus gradually renounce the Catholic religion and embrace that novel "ism" which pretends to be a new revelation from above?

II.

Spiritists claim to converse, by various means, with spirits of the departed—of parents, brothers, neighbors, sisters, etc. But how do they know that these spirits are what they claim to be? Often, as Longfellow observes, "things are not what they seem." Spiritists will answer, these spirits often reveal things which were known only to such particular persons when living on earth. Yet here our spiritists overlook that there may be spirits who also witnessed those things and now make use of them to delude people. Besides, spiritists may say that occasionally these spirits appear in the unmistakable forms of certain deceased persons, write in their very handwriting, etc. But why could not also other spirits than those of deceased persons assume such forms, imitate such handwriting, etc.?

We know from reliable sources that spirits of doubtful and mischievous character have often, in different times and countries, badly deluded people who trusted them. Even some of the wisest and the most learned of their times were occasionally led by "spirits" to their ruin. A very instructive example of this kind is Emperor Julian the Apostate, one of the most learned men of his age, a brave soldier, an accomplished general, and a shrewd statesman.*

* The following works have been consulted on the life of Emperor Julian: Edward Gibbon, *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, New York, 1880; Henry Hart Milman, D.D., *The History of Christianity*, New York, 1881; George Rawlinson, M.A., *The Seven Great Monarchies of the Ancient Eastern World*, New York, 1884; *Œuvres Complètes de Montesquieu*, Paris, 1835; Dr. J. Alzog, *Universalgeschichte der christlichen Kirche*, Mainz, 1860; *Ausgewaehlte Schriften des seligen Theodoretus, Bischofs von Cyrus*, Kempten, 1878; *Des heiligen Cyrillus, Erzbischofs von Jerusalem und Kirchenvaters, Katechesen*, Kempten, 1871; *An Oration of St. Gregory of Nazianzum against Emperor Julian*, Latin text, edited by Migne; *Ammiani Marcellini quæ supersunt*, Lipsiæ, 1867.

In his early youth he had been educated a Christian; he was baptized and, as some claim, even ordained lector. Unfortunate circumstances conspired to make him averse to Christianity; and his tutor, Mardonius, endeavored to fill his mind with reverence and enthusiasm for the gods of Homer and Hesiod. Such sentiments were nourished by the writings of the famous orator Libanius, and by conversations with pagan philosophers, especially with the far-famed Maximus.

"Thus it came" (as St. Cyril of Alexandria observed) "that he who had been counted among the faithful, who had been enlightened by baptism and exercised in the reading of the holy books, having become corrupt by conversing with reprobate men devoted to paganism, thought of renouncing the (Christian) faith; and that he who had been educated for the service of the church became a servant of the evil spirits."

When Julian was about twenty years old he was initiated in the mysteries of paganism at Ephesus, by Maximus, who was also a master of magic arts. St. Gregory of Nazianzum, who for a while had been a schoolmate of Julian's at Athens, relates, on the authority of such as gloried in being acquainted with the secrets of the Apostate, that he had washed off his Christian baptism by sacrificial blood. The manner in which this ceremony was performed seems to have been as follows: The baptized person to be regenerated to paganism descended into a pit or trench, and then, through a kind of sieve, the blood of a bull or ram was poured over his whole person. This ceremony was evidently a diabolical caricature of Christian baptism.

St. Gregory relates further that Julian was led by the magician into a dark subterranean cave. The spirits being called upon, terrible sounds and frightful, fiery spectres are said to have appeared and filled Julian with such terror as to induce him to make the sign of the cross, which he had learned to do when a Christian. Suddenly the demoniacal apparitions vanished. Again the spirits were called, and again they were put to flight by the sign of the cross. Julian commenced to waver in his resolution of devoting himself to the worship of the spirits who fled before the cross.* But the magician declared that the demons had fled, not because they feared, but only because they detested that sign. Julian, believing the magician, devoted himself to the worship of the demons. From this time, as his admirer Libanius

* There are numerous cases recorded in which diabolical manifestations were suddenly put to an end by the sign of the cross or the name of Jesus. See H. Hurter, S.J., *Sanctorum Patrum Opuscula Selecta*, vol. i. pp. 105–128, vol. xi. 99–107; D. Aug. Rohling, *Orakel und Zauberwunder*, Mainz, 1882, pp. 30–37, 79–88.

relates, Julian continued to live in familiar intercourse with the gods and goddesses. These descended upon the earth to enjoy the pleasure of conversing with Julian; sometimes they gently awoke him from his slumber by touching his hand or hair; they guided every action of his life and warned him of impending dangers. So familiar and well acquainted had Julian become with them that he could readily distinguish the voice of Jupiter from that of Minerva, or the form of Hercules from that of Apollo.

III.

Who these gods were with whom Julian was so familiar was no mystery to the early Christians. Long before the days of Julian these so-called gods whom the Greeks and Romans worshipped had been compelled, by the exorcisms of the Christians, to confess who they really were. Minutius Felix, in his *Octavius*, declares they are insincere, impure, vagabond spirits or demons that sometimes conceal themselves behind statues and images consecrated to them, and give evidence of their presence by inspiring soothsayers, by giving oracles, by directing the flight of birds, by enlivening occasionally the fibres of the entrails of sacrificed animals, or by directing the lots. He adds:

"All this, as the greater part of you (pagans) know, the demons confess of themselves whenever they are expelled from bodies by us (Christians) through the torments of words and the fires of prayer. Saturn himself, and Serapis, and Jupiter, and all the demons you (pagans) worship, overcome by pain, confess what they are. Nor, indeed, do they lie to their own disgrace, especially since (on such occasions) some of you (pagans) are present. Believe these witnesses who confessed themselves to be demons."

Likewise Tertullian, in his *Apologeticum*, challenged the pagans to bring any one possessed by a demon before their tribunals, adding: "Commanded to speak by any Christian, that spirit will in truth confess himself to be a demon, as he elsewhere falsely (claims to be) a god." Then he asks the pagans: "If they are truly gods, why do they lie, (claiming) to be demons? . . . If, on the other hand, they are demons or angels, why do they elsewhere answer that they take the place of gods?" Therefore Tertullian draws the conclusion that the so called gods whom the pagans worship cannot be gods, but are merely lying demons or devils.

Such, then, were the gods whom Julian worshipped with the

blindest zeal. At first he did so secretly; but on becoming emperor he no longer made any mystery of his devotedness to them. The animal sacrifices he offered at their altars were so numerous that the expenditures for them threatened to exhaust the revenue; hundreds of cattle and countless choice birds from all parts of the empire were constantly bleeding in honor of the gods. A historian observes: "Julian was perpetually seen, himself wielding the sacrificial knife, and exploring with his own hands the reeking entrails of the victims, to learn the secrets of futurity." For, as we may infer from remarks of Ammianus Marcellinus and other contemporary writers, signs made by the so-called gods on the entrails of sacrificed animals were looked upon by pagans as a favorite means of learning the secrets of the future.

Julian is even accused of having, like some other pagan Roman emperors before him,* occasionally sacrificed to his gods something better than animals.

Bishop Theodoretus of Cyrus relates that at his time, about A.D. 450, evidences of Julian's shocking superstition were still preserved in the city of Carræ, in Mesopotamia, not far from Cyrus. On his march to Persia Julian had come to the city mentioned, where a famous pagan temple still existed. With some choice companions he entered this temple. On their coming out again the doors were carefully locked and sealed. Moreover, Julian left a guard of soldiers to watch that no one entered the temple before his return from Persia. But Julian never returned; he was killed in battle. When the news of Julian's death had arrived the temple was opened, and there they found the dead body of a woman. The body had been cut open and the liver used, no doubt to learn what Julian wished to know from his "gods."

Also in the imperial palace at Antioch human corpses, hidden in boxes, etc., were said to have been found after Julian's death. "For such things," Theodoret observes, "belong to the worship of the gods of darkness."

Of course the pagan admirers of Julian do not mention such facts. But let it not be forgotten that Theodoret was born at Antioch about A D. 390, only twenty-seven years after Julian's death. At his time, no doubt, many were yet living who had known Julian personally; and from such Theodoret could obtain reliable information concerning the Apostate.

* See A. Lecanu, *Geschichte des Satans*, Regensburg, 1863, p. 95.

IV.

On one point all historians or biographers of Julian agree: that he was a most zealous worshipper of the gods. How, then, did these repay their imperial devotee? What success did he have in his undertakings after publicly restoring the worship of the gods on becoming emperor?

One of his greatest cares was to restore ancient temples of the gods. In Constantinople, which was then the capital of the empire, not much could be done for paganism; for this city, but recently founded by Constantine, was an essentially Christian commonwealth. Better prospects for furthering the cause of paganism Julian expected to find in Antioch, the capital of Syria, where the pagans were still very numerous. Augurs, magicians, and priests of Cybele and other so-called deities flocked to Antioch at the approach of Julian, who ascended the lofty top of Mount Casius to offer solemn worship to Jupiter Philius, the pagan tutelary deity of Antioch. He afterwards visited the famous temple of Apollo in the beautiful grove of Daphne, and, as he himself related, expected to find there a magnificent procession, sacrifices, libations, and children, dressed in white, dedicated to the service of the god Apollo. But what was his surprise on entering the temple! He found there only an old pagan priest, with a single goose for sacrifice. He felt provoked, and determined to restore the once so famous temple in which Apollo had been solemnly worshipped, and where he had given oracles. But, to his further chagrin, Julian was told that Apollo had confessed he could not give any oracles in the presence of the remains of Babylas, the martyred bishop of Antioch. To purify the grove the relics of St. Babylas were removed, and then the restoration of the temple was energetically commenced. While the work was going on Julian was surprised by the intelligence that the temple was on fire. How it originated was a mystery. Even the famous gilded statue of Apollo was burned to ashes. The Christians were convinced that Providence had sent down lightning and destroyed the idol and its temple. Julian's gods were unable to prevent this failure, which was as humiliating to themselves as to Julian, their faithful worshipper.

Knowing the Jews to be most bitter enemies of Christianity, and to refute the Christian conviction that the destroyed temple of Jerusalem was not to be rebuilt, Julian determined to rebuild that temple. The Jews of the Roman Empire were invited by public proclamation to return to the land of their fathers and to

rebuild their temple. From all sides the Jews flocked to Jerusalem, and such as could not go personally sent pecuniary assistance. Alypius, the energetic friend of Julian, was appointed to superintend the work. The eyes of the whole Roman world—of pagans, Jews, and Christians—were turned to Jerusalem; for the rebuilding of the temple was a matter of great interest to all. St. Cyril, then bishop of Jerusalem, had confidently predicted the failure of the enterprise, even after the work had been begun. The pagans and Jews were already beginning to rejoice at their seeming success.

But all at once a terrific earthquake shook the ground; a violent whirlwind scattered the rocks that had been dug up and the materials that had been collected; balls of fire repeatedly burst forth from the earth and burned or killed such as would continue to work, so that nobody could approach the place where the foundations were to be laid. With obstinate zeal the Jews for a while insisted on continuing the work; but finally, finding themselves opposed by an irresistible, unseen power, they abandoned the work, humbled and dismayed.

To complete the triumph of Christianity on this occasion a shining cross appeared in the firmament, and similar crosses were seen on the garments of those present.*

Again the false gods of Julian were unable to protect the work of their imperial devotee.

But in Persia Julian was to receive his reward for serving the gods so faithfully. He inquired of the oracles at Delphi, Delos, Dodona, and other places if he should wage war against Persia. The gods encouraged him to do so, promising victory. The following, according to Theodoret, was the answer of Ares, or Mars, the god of war:

"Now we gods all hasten to carry the ensigns of victory to the impetuous river; I myself, the violent Ares, expert in war, will lead them."

Relying on such promises, Julian confidently undertook the expedition; he dreamed of victory, and, as Theodoret adds, already thought of his war against the Galileans, as he contemptuously called the Christians, after his victorious return from Persia. He, indeed, passed "the impetuous river"—Tigris—but never to see it again alive. On the memorable 26th of June, A.D. 363, Julian's army was attacked by the Persians and he himself mortally wounded by a javelin, which, as Ammianus Marcellinus

* See *Two Essays on Biblical and Ecclesiastical Miracles*, by Cardinal John H. Newman, London, 1881, pp. 334–347.

relates, penetrated to his liver. That such was to be his death was perhaps never thought of by Julian, who examined so many livers of sacrificial victims to learn the will of the gods or to find out secrets of the future. During the dangerous battle neither Ares nor any other god put in an appearance to protect Julian.

Such, then, was the reward he received from the gods for his faithful service: his short reign of less than two years was a series of humiliating failures. Julian could certainly not have closed his life with words more appropriate than those attributed to him by Theodoret, "Thou hast conquered, Galilean!"—meaning Christ.

A last grand effort had been made by the powers of darkness, through the instrumentality of Julian, to crush Christianity in the Roman Empire; but in vain. Hardly was Julian dead when the army proclaimed Jovian, a Catholic, emperor. No pagan ever again ascended the throne of the Roman Cæsars, and the religion of Christ, which Julian had intended to annihilate, still continues its ever-victorious march, "full of life and youthful vigor."

V.

Modern spiritists may say, What have we to do with Emperor Julian? They may profit by his sad experiences in confidently dealing with irresponsible spirits of more than doubtful character.

Like many of our modern spiritists, Julian was a man of great intelligence and wide experience; and yet deceitful, vagabond, and impure spirits (*spiritus insinceri, vagi . . . impuri*), as Minutius Felix calls the demons worshipped by the pagans, made him believe that they were gods.

What guarantee have our modern spiritists that they are not being deluded by similar spirits of darkness, that only pretend to be the spirits of departed dear ones?

The same kind of spirits that deluded the pagan Romans and Greeks, so that they were believed to be gods, may now deceive people by pretending to be the spirits of departed men. No doubt these spirits may often reveal things true; but let our spiritists remember the words of Banquo in Shakspere's "Macbeth":

> "What! can the devil speak true?
> . . . Oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
> The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
> Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
> In deepest consequence."

To Christians it cannot be a matter of doubt what kind of spirits are at the bottom of modern spiritism, since the whole

drift of this "new revelation" tends to ignore the central dogma of divine revelation, the redemption through the Incarnate Son of God, and to substitute in its place something like the Buddhist *Karma*—"that complicated group of affinities for good and evil generated by a human being during life," as A. P. Sinnett, the author of *Esoteric Buddhism*, calls it.

The Apostle St. John (First Epistle iv. 1–3) has given to all future generations this instruction:

"Dearly beloved, believe not every spirit; but try the spirits, whether they be of God: because many false prophets are gone out into the world. By this is the Spirit of God known: every spirit that confesseth Jesus Christ to have come in the flesh is of God; and every spirit that dissolveth Jesus is not of God."

According to this instruction every Christian must look upon all spirits that deny the Redemption through the Incarnate Son of God as lying spirits, no matter what they may pretend to be.

We know that there are good spirits, "ministering spirits, sent to minister for those who shall receive the inheritance of salvation" (Heb. i. 14). Such spirits will never teach men anything contrary to the revealed word of God.

Moreover, since the days of Christ countless millions of faithful members of his one true church have departed this life; but has it ever happened that the spirit of any such person has revealed to dear friends on earth anything contrary to the doctrines of Christ or his church? It is a very suggestive fact that modern spiritism flourishes especially among such as are not baptized, or who, having been baptized, have practically renounced Christ and his church.

The Second Plenary Council of Baltimore has remarked:

"Since such a great number of those who among us call themselves Christians have not even been cleansed by the sacred laver of baptism, and have consequently not emerged from darkness to light, nor put on Christ, what is it to wonder at if they still remain under the power of the prince of the world, of these darknesses, or if they are at least exposed, unprotected, to his invasions?" (No. 39).

God has appointed his church on earth to instruct and guide men in affairs of the unseen world above, and not invisible spirits whose real character is shrouded in mystery, and whom no mortal can hold responsible for what they may pretend to reveal. For this reason also Abraham, in the parable recorded by St. Luke xvi. 29, 31, replied to the rich man in hell, who requested that Lazarus be sent from the other world to his brothers to warn them:

"They have Moses and the prophets: let them hear them. . . . If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they believe if one rise again from the dead."

Spiritists are greatly mistaken in assuming, as some seem to do, that modern spiritism is a new revelation from above which is destined to be "the church of the future." The phenomena of modern spiritism are nothing substantially new; similar ones are recorded to have been witnessed among various pagan nations of modern and ancient times. Already Moses mentions them. We read, for instance, in the book of Deuteronomy xviii. 10–12:

"Neither let there be found among you any one . . . that consulteth soothsayers, . . . neither let there be any wizard, nor charmer, nor any one that consulteth pythonic [or familiar] spirits, or fortune-tellers, or that seeketh the truth from the dead. For the Lord abhorreth all these things."

Modern spiritism is but a revival of ancient pagan practices which disappeared before the advance of the religion of Christ. In proportion as the belief in Christ is lost in so-called Christian countries the powers of darkness regain their former influence on men; and this influence can be destroyed by none but Him of whom we read: "For this purpose the Son of God appeared, that he may destroy the works of the devil" (1 John iii. 8). This he has done already once in the formerly pagan empire of Rome. The great St. Athanasius could say* at his time:

"Formerly all was filled with the fraud of the oracles; and the oracles at Delphi, Dodona, in Bœotia, Libya, Egypt . . . were admired by the imagination of men. But now, since Christ is preached everywhere, also this frenzy has ceased, and no soothsayers are any more found there. Formerly the demons deceived men with false shows, having taken possession of fountains, rivers, wood, and stones, and made thus by their delusions the foolish confused. But now, since the divine appearance of the Word (of God) has taken place, this delusion has come to an end."

Our United States, though often called a Christian country, is probably as much pagan at present as the Roman Empire was about the end of the third century. Let us hope that in the course of time, as before in Rome, the true religion of Christ will become the religion of this country also. Then the deceitful phenomena of modern spiritism will vanish, as the oracles of old, as pagan necromancy and the familiar intercourse with "gods" like those of Julian, have also disappeared before the light of Christianity.

* On the Incarnation of the Word of God, No. 47.

THE DOCTOR'S FEE.

III.

THE young doctor had been set to thinking, and that more seriously than he had ever thought before about anything outside his profession; but, as he had prognosticated, the hour of leisure did not come soon. Both Dr. Kelly and himself were so fully occupied, and their attention so entirely engrossed, that though they met every day—generally two or three times a day—it was only very occasionally that a moment of leisure afforded opportunity for more than the exchange of a few brief sentences of greeting and comment upon the condition of the sick, their equal care. On the rare occasions when they were accidentally thrown together during an unemployed half-hour Father Brian did not recur to their late conversation—partly because he felt that to do so might be injudicious, and partly from the fact that it seemed useless to touch upon a subject which could not be handled cursorily with advantage to either speaker or hearer. He preferred to wait a period of leisure, when it would be possible to give and obtain that deliberate attention which the importance and subtlety of the questions concerned demanded.

And so the summer passed; its green beauty changed gradually into the glory of autumn, while typhus still raged in the river suburb, and the ordinary malarial fever of the climate prevailed in the town itself with unusual severity. The middle of October had come without bringing the eagerly looked-for frost which would kill the germs of malaria in the air. The physicians were feeling sensibly the long strain of over-work—several of them being temporarily disabled, thus leaving all the more labor for those who were still efficient—when a welcome variation of weather at last brought hope of permanent change. Rain fell in torrents for forty-eight hours. Then as evening approached the clouds parted, dispersed, melted away, and the sun went down in a clear sky.

Just as the last line of the dazzling disc disappeared Father Brian and Dr. Ferrison, coming from different directions, met in the street by the river and walked on together into the town.

"If the wind"—which was now blowing freshly—"lulls,"

said Father Brian, "we shall have frost to-night. The temperature has lowered considerably already."

"Yes," said the doctor, "the alteration is very perceptible, and it is a great relief that it has come at last. But unfortunately it is not an unmixed good. It will play the wild with some of my patients, I know."

"Do serious harm, you think?"

"The sudden fall of temperature will prove fatal with two cases at least, I fear."

"Green and Tom Brady, I suppose?" said the priest, looking much concerned.

"Tom Brady and Mrs. Wilkins," answered the doctor. "As to poor Green, he is past being either hurt or helped by anything."

"There is no hope at all, then, for him?"

"Not a shadow of hope," was the reply. "I shall be content if he goes off quietly. What I apprehend is that mania may supervene to-night or to-morrow morning, and in that event he will die in convulsions."

"I have been afraid of this myself," said the priest. "But there are no signs of it at present. I am just from his bedside, and he is dozing quietly, as he has been all day."

"He has had a good deal of opium," said the doctor—"as much as I could venture to give him. But didn't you notice an occasional jerk, a closing of the hands and shutting his eyes tightly? Those are bad symptoms. I suspected from the first, as you may remember my telling you, that he was laboring under incipient *mania à potu* when the fever attacked him, and I am convinced now that my judgment was correct."

"But I thought," said the priest, "that you had subdued the tendency that way, and so averted the danger."

"Only staved it off for a while. Day by day, as the fever approached its crisis, I have seen more and more plainly what was coming. This is the tenth day, and he will die to-night, I think."

"Sad for his mother," said Father Brian, with a sigh. "Is it likely or possible that he will recover consciousness before he dies?"

"I hope not," was the answer. Then, noticing the grave, almost shocked look on his hearer's face, the speaker added with a half-smile, "It is for his own sake that I hope so. If he regains even a delirious consciousness the chances are that he will die in paroxysms of fearful horror. And so I shall continue to keep him as much as possible under the influence of opium. I only

wish that I could give him an anæsthetic to help him off, but this the law don't allow—properly enough, it must be confessed, since, if such an option of treatment existed, it *might* be abused."

"My friend," said the priest, laying his hand on the young man's arm, "do you know how shockingly you are talking? Do you think it well to jest on such a subject?"

"Upon my word I am not jesting. I mean what I say—that, if I could, I would give the poor fellow an anæsthetic to spare him and that poor old woman, his mother, some hours of awful agony. I am doing, or rather I wish I could do, as I would be done by. If I were in his condition I should regard a sure dose of chloroform as the greatest kindness a friend could bestow upon me."

"There is a greater kindness," said the priest, "which I shall endeavor to bestow upon this unhappy man—the reconciling his soul to God before he dies. And to this end I implore you, my dear doctor, not to stultify consciousness further. I comprehend your motive; it is, as you look at it, kindness. But, believe me, it is not the greatest kindness. Let him suffer the temporary agony you speak of, if so by his soul may be saved."

The doctor felt no inclination to smile at this adjuration, little as the sentiment expressed could appeal to his sympathy. He was impressed, almost startled, by the tone and look of the speaker, and answered earnestly:

"It is not to stultify his senses, but to quiet his nerves, that I am giving him laudanum in heroic doses. The one faint possibility—and very faint it is, I am sorry to say—of his regaining his mind at the last is in the tranquillizing effect of the medicine."

"And you think the end will be to-night?"

"Most likely. He may live till morning, however. Not longer, I certainly think."

They walked on a few steps in silence, and then, having come to the point where their ways diverged, as the doctor glanced at Father Brian to say good-evening he was struck by the latter's appearance

"Why, you look very badly, father!" he exclaimed. "Are you ill?"

"Not quite well, I'm afraid," was the reply. "I was caught in the rain last night and had a slight rigor this morning, which has left a headache and some feverishness. But it will wear off, no doubt."

"It may, and it may not," said the doctor. "Will you let me see your pulse, if you please? You have considerable fever.

If you will take my advice, Father Brian, you will go home and go to bed, and take a little care of yourself for the next few days, or you will bring on an attack of fever."

"I am going home," answered the father; "and," he added, with his slight but genial laugh, "I will try to follow the rest of your advice."

The doctor did not laugh, nor was his countenance genial, as he heard this cautious promise, for he knew what it meant—knew that Father Brian did not intend to let care for his own health interfere with the performance of his priestly duties; and the young man was out of patience. He said nothing, however, being aware that remonstrance would be useless, but with a parting salutation went his way.

It was with a sad heart that Father Brian walked slowly homeward. Poor Green was so much in his thoughts that, though he felt as well as looked badly, he went at once into the church and knelt long before the tabernacle in earnest, almost passionate, prayer for the soul which was about to go unshriven, he feared, into the presence of God. All that he asked for the unhappy man—whom he judged, from what he had heard, to have been weak but not vicious in character—was that he might recover consciousness sufficiently to receive the sacraments, or even absolution alone.

Twilight had faded into night, and but for the sanctuary-lamp he would have been in total darkness when at length he rose from his knees. He passed into his own house, which adjoined the church, and by this time his head and limbs were aching severely; but the cup of coffee awaiting him proved very refreshing, and on leaving the little round table, which Mrs. Brown, his housekeeper, always arranged with most inviting neatness, he would have thought the heaviness and sense of discomfort which had not entirely left him might be merely the effect of fatigue, but for one unmistakable symptom. As he sat down before the bright wood fire, drew the lamp on the table at his elbow near to him, and took up his breviary to finish saying his office, he was distinctly conscious of a wish that it was already finished. He knew what this signified—for it was only when positively unwell that he ever felt a disinclination to say his office—and, remembering the doctor's advice, determined that he *would* try to follow it. Then he opened his book and had made some progress in his task when Mrs. Brown came in to remove the tea-things, and expressed both surprise and disapprobation on perceiving the appearance of the table.

"You've eat nothing, father!" she said reproachfully.

"I have no appetite," he answered. "In fact, I am a little unwell this evening—or was so when I came in. But your excellent coffee, Mrs. Brown, has done me a world of good. I feel much better since I drank it."

Mrs. Brown looked what she would have called "dubious" at this assurance. Coffee was a good thing as far as it went, she thought, and she prided herself, she often said, on her skill in making it; but the waffles and broiled chicken, which she found untouched, were its natural and necessary concomitants in her opinion. She would fain have persuaded his reverence to reconsider the matter and take a little food.

"Many a time a body mayn't feel like eating," she remarked, "but if they 'll try their appetite 'll come. You try a bit of this breast, father. It's very tender, and I'll fetch you a hot waffle to eat with it."

"I wish I could," he said with a smile, "but it is impossible to-night."

After Mrs. Brown had withdrawn, and he had concluded his office and laid aside his book, he sat for a minute gazing in the fire, while considering whether he would go to bed and get what sleep he could, or sit up waiting for the summons which he felt sure would come before the night was over; and he had just decided that it was useless to make the exertion of moving—an exertion to which he found himself very averse—when the door-bell rang loudly.

He rose, put on his overcoat, took his hat and stick, and when Mrs. Brown appeared an instant afterwards to announce very unwillingly that there was a sick-call, she found him ready to go out; nor did she need to tell him where his presence was required, as he asked at once if it was not Mrs. Green who had sent.

"I should like to speak to the messenger," he said. "I hope he is here yet?"

"No, he's gone," answered the woman. "He just said please come as quick as you could, that Mr. Green was in a awful way; and when I told him he had better wait and see you he said he hadn't time: he had to run for the doctor now."

It was quite a long walk to the house of Mrs. Green, and Father Brian, who had set off at a brisk pace, soon found himself constrained to check his impatience and move more deliberately, as he became conscious how very languid he felt. He was walking slowly, therefore, when he heard a sharp, ringing tread following rapidly in his own steps; and—

"You see my fears are verified, father," said Dr. Ferrison's voice at his side. "Poor fellow, I wish I had doubled his doses to-day! I knew he was dying—that he must die; and Clayton, whom I took this morning to see him, agreed entirely with my judgment of his condition. I was greatly tempted to give him opium in sufficient quantities to prevent the occurrence of this phase of the disease; but his mother, to whom I explained the whole case, opposed my doing so. I ought to have acted without consulting her."

"No, my dear doctor, that would have been wrong," said Father Brian. "It was proper to consult her; and, indeed, it would not have been right to administer the medicine even with her consent, as in that case death might have been caused by the drug, not the disease."

"Death was inevitable, and the drug could produce only the beneficial effect of annihilating pain by lulling consciousness. I blame myself very much for not having given it."

"I am glad you did not."

"You will change your mind on that point before the night is over, I fancy," said the doctor.

They were just turning a corner, and he paused suddenly, the priest following his example. Both listened intently for a second or two. "Do you hear?" cried the doctor.

"Alas, yes!" was the response.

The place to which they were going was yet a square off, but there were sounds on the still, night air which they knew instantly must proceed thence—dreadful cries that made the priest cross himself while he lifted his heart in prayer for the unhappy soul to whose assistance he was hastening, and that grew louder and more distressing as they drew near to a respectable-looking house set a little back from the street, at the open door of which a group of men were standing.

"They seem to have the whole house spread open!" said the doctor impatiently. "I wonder what the idiots are thinking of not to shut the doors and windows!"

At this moment there came a scream of such shrill frenzy that they stopped involuntarily for an instant, with a sense of uncontrollable horror.

"Heavens! This is even worse than I expected!" ejaculated the doctor when the fearful sound had died away.

They were at the house-door by this time, and, nodding silently to the men, who drew aside to make room for them, walked up the steps of the dwelling, which, as its appearance indicated,

was that of a small but prosperous tradesman. Entering a narrow passage-way, they mounted a still narrower staircase toward the sick-chamber, from the door of which a brilliant stream of light was pouring. So violent, indeed, was the transition from the dimness of the starlight they had just left to the blinding glare they encountered on turning the last landing of the stair, that both paused in the shadow outside and waited a few minutes until their eyes had grown somewhat accustomed to the change before entering the room.

All was still now in that room, with the exception of a gasping moan faintly audible at intervals. But when the doctor, impatient to get to the bedside, stepped noiselessly across the threshold, followed with equal caution by the priest, the silence was broken suddenly and sharply. The wretched man, who had been lying exhausted after the subsidence of the paroxysm so lately over, started up, a ghastly and horrible object. His quivering body was naked to the waist, his long arms wildly outstretched, the short black hair, which was very thick, bristled straight on end above his forehead, and his livid, distorted countenance and blazing eyes expressed the extremity of supernatural fear. Uttering a piercing cry, half-shriek, half-wail, he had almost thrown himself headlong from the bed ere the watchers beside him, whose guard had been somewhat relaxed when he became quiet a few minutes before, could lay hands on him again.

The scene that followed was indescribably terrible—a cluster of men knotted together on the bed, presenting to the eye but a confused mass of half-clad figures swaying to and fro in a desperate struggle. One athletic frame was extended crosswise of the couch over the knees of the sufferer, thus pinning down his lower limbs under a weight which even the superhuman efforts of delirium could not entirely resist; while it required all the muscle and nerve of four strong men to hold his writhing and convulsed form. Four to one as they were, it almost seemed an unequal contest of strength on their part; for every now and then he succeeded in wrenching his arms partly free of control, to grapple and fight with demoniac fury. The men had relieved themselves of the restraint of their coats, and the rest of their clothing was soon torn by his maniac grasp and hanging in strips about their persons. The shoulders of two of the number, indeed, were as bare as his own, and streaming with blood where he had fastened his finger-nails into their flesh. And through it all were sounding the horrent, unearthly yells and ravings that struck on

the ear with the incisive sharpness of acute physical pain. Hell was yawning around him; he saw the red flames, he saw the devils, black, hideous shapes, hovering all about him! So he cried out with ravings and blasphemies that curdled the blood of his hearers and sickened their very souls.

"You'll have to fetch in more assistance," said one of the men, looking up, his face bathed in perspiration, to the doctor. "Send out for more men, and we'll take it by turns; for this is goin' to last all night. My strength's pretty nigh spent for the present."

"And mine, too," said another, with a gasp.

"Call up Ivins and Johnson. They was to come. I expect they're down-stairs now," exclaimed a third.

"It'll take six men to hold him before much longer," said the first speaker a moment later, as the feet of those who had been summoned from below were heard ascending the stairs.

The priest and the physician stood by, silent, powerless.

"You can do nothing to quiet this frenzy?" said the former.

The doctor shook his head. "Nothing, so long as the paroxysm lasts. When the next intermission comes I will try to get him to swallow a dose of chloral or laudanum. But—" continued the young man, then checked himself and motioned the other to follow him from the room. "I can see that you are very unwell, father," he said, the moment they were outside the door. "Pardon me, but I think you ought to go home. You can do poor Green no good by staying: he will not recover consciousness before he dies."

"He will!" said a voice beside them, in a tone of suppressed excitement; and the two gentlemen, turning almost with a start, so sudden and unexpected was the exclamation, saw Mrs. Green, the mother of the unfortunate man, who had approached unperceived by either of them. She was pale and trembling, and her dull-colored blue eyes had in them a look of mortal anguish; but there was an expression of resolution on her face, and she made an effort to control her agitation as she went on:

"Don't go, father! Don't leave him while there's breath in his body! God is merciful; he will surely hear my prayers. I don't ask for his life to be spared, but only that he may come to his senses enough to get the absolution. Oh, don't leave him!"

Father Brian hastened to relieve her anxiety. "Compose yourself, my poor child," he said: "I am not going to leave him. I will join my prayers to yours, and we will not despair of being heard while, as you say, there is breath in his body. But—"

"I know what you're going to say, father!" she interrupted

nervously. "Yes, I'll try to be resigned if my prayers are not granted. But I have faith that God will hear me; I know the Blessed Mother will plead for me! It isn't," she went on rapidly, "as if he had been a wicked man. He was a good son always and a good neighbor. Nobody can say anything agin' him. The only thing was, he would drink. That was wrong: oh! how many times I told him so. But he never hurt anybody but his own self by that. Surely," she cried passionately, "God will have mercy on him, and on me who have tried to serve Him faithful these many years!"

"'O woman, great is thy faith; may it be done to thee as thou wilt'!" thought Father Brian; while, without waiting for a reply, Mrs. Green left them as abruptly as she had appeared. His eye followed her, and through the open door of the sick-room rested on her bowed figure, that crouched in a kneeling position at the foot of her son's bed. "You see I must remain," he said to the doctor. And they, too, returned to the bedside.

When at last the intermission for which Dr. Ferrison had been waiting occurred, an effort was made to administer a sedative, but without success. There being no possibility of appealing to the intelligence of the man, the doctor endeavored to pour a spoonful of laudanum down his throat by force, but was compelled to desist from the attempt, not only because there was danger of producing strangulation, but, too, it roused the sufferer from the brief rest which he so much needed, and which was a great relief to his attendants as well as to himself; and as the faintest touch startled him, it was out of the question to give him the medicine hypodermically.

All night long he raved and struggled, with occasional short lulls of stupor. Toward morning the duration of these pauses increased and his strength evidently lessened. He would start up with convulsive fury, but, after a comparatively brief paroxysm, fall back on his pillows exhausted, and utter a succession of moaning wails which were, if possible, more distressful than the fierce cries that preceded them, then relapse again to insensibility.

And all night long the poor woman who knelt at the foot of his bed cried to God for him without ceasing, and implored help from the Mother of Mercy. She rose finally after a longer interval than usual had passed without his making any sign, and, going to his side, bent over him. As she did so she started and seemed to cower back. A change had come over his face since her eye had rested on it last, at the time she spoke to Father

Brian. It wore now that indescribable look which she had seen too often in her life not to recognize at a glance. The end, she knew, was very near; apparently he had already sunk into the coma that so commonly precedes dissolution.

For a moment she stood paralyzed; then, seizing one of the limp hands that lay now so passive, "Willie! Willie! O my son, can't you hear me? *Willie!*" she called, her voice rising gradually, until the last word was a cry of sharp agony.

There was a flicker of the eyelids, they lifted slowly, and the glazing eyes looked at her rationally, but with a wondering inquiry which she answered instantly.

"You are dying, my son," she said. "Here is the priest."

His eyes closed, as if without volition on his part, for the expression of his face indicated consciousness. When the priest placed the crucifix to his lips he made an effort to kiss it, and on its being put into his hand his fingers closed over it.

"The doctor—the doctor! Oh, call the doctor!" cried the poor mother in a shrill whisper, while the priest spoke words of exhortation and encouragement to the dying man.

The doctor, who had not left the house, but had lain down in an adjoining apartment without undressing, was already there. Awakened from a light slumber by Mrs. Green's first call to her son, he rose and hurried to the room. But he shook his head in answer to the mute entreaty with which she looked toward him, and, turning to the priest, said rapidly in a low voice: "Do what you think necessary at once. His life must be reckoned by minutes now."

"You hear what I am saying, my son?" the father asked in a clear, slow tone. "You repent of your sins, and have a firm faith and hope in the mercy of God?"

With a visible effort the eyes unclosed and looked up, weak and glazing, but with full intelligence and an eager gaze of awakened hope.

"Follow me, then, with your whole heart, in the act of contrition I am about to make for you," Father Brian continued, "and I will then give you absolution."

Dr. Ferrison put his finger on the pulse that was beating very feebly, and, watching the face of the dying man, perceived that, though life was fluttering, as it were, on his lips, his mind was unobscured and joined earnestly in what the priest was saying. At the concluding words of the absolution his eyes moved slightly, turning their gaze from Father Brian, on whom they had been fixed, and glancing upward for an instant with an expression of

fervent thanksgiving. Then they fell again and rested on his mother, while the faintest shadow of a smile crossed his mouth; and as the priest's voice pronounced those words which so often seem to loose the clinging bonds of life, "Depart, Christian soul," the spirit went forth in one long-drawn but quiet breath.

When the last flicker of life was over in that soft, lingering sigh, the eyes closing naturally and the face composing itself into what looked a placid slumber, Dr. Ferrison folded his arms and stood motionless while the remainder of the prayers were recited. It seemed scarcely credible to him that the calm, dead face, lying with the impress of a peaceful spirit on it, could be the same countenance so lately contorted in the agonies of unearthly terror. And why such a change, the young physician asked himself? He would have staked his professional reputation that the case must end either in convulsions or coma. All his knowledge and experience, which were considerable for a man of his age, convinced him that such a termination was inevitable; and when he beheld the man's eyes open with the light of reason in them, he had felt, scientifically speaking, confounded.

Suddenly, as he marvelled, the echo of Mrs. Green's voice came to his memory with as startling distinctness as if it was really sounding in his ears: "I have faith that God will hear me; I know the Blessed Mother will plead for me!"

He turned almost impatiently from the thought which obtruded itself on his mind, that here might be the explanation of what he considered so extraordinary; but at the same time his gaze instinctively wandered toward the poor woman whose faith and hope he had esteemed superstitious folly. And a new surprise awaited him. Her face was nearly as much transformed as was that of her son. Kneeling beside the dead body of her only child, her countenance expressed not merely resignation and tranquillity, but happiness! Later, no doubt, would come the natural grief of a bereaved mother, the sense of loneliness and desolation inevitable under the circumstances. She would miss the familiar presence which was all that gave any color of pleasure and hope to her life. But she did not think of this now. Her only consciousness was that the dread which had haunted her for years, poisoning all possibility of comfort or ease of mind, was over, and for ever. Her "poor Willie" was safe—safe in the mercy of his God. No fear henceforth that he might die suddenly and unabsolved. She was happy in this knowledge. The plain, coarse features were irradiated with a supernatural joy which made them for the moment beautiful; and as the young

man glanced from her upraised brow to that of the priest, it seemed to him that on both was the reflex of a light from above. For the first time in his life he felt that, placed between these two people so dissimilar in all but one thing, their common faith, he was standing on holy ground.

The east was golden, though the sun had not yet appeared above the horizon, when Father Brian and the doctor left the house now darkened by the shadow of death. They walked for some distance without speaking, along the silent and empty street.

"Father Brian," said Dr. Ferrison at last, rather abruptly, "I should like to ask you a question."

"I will answer it if I can," responded the other.

"You believe, I know, in the immortality of the soul. Where do you suppose that soul which has just left the body is?"

"In purgatory, I hope," answered the priest.

The young man turned and looked at the speaker.

"You are serious in saying that?" he inquired.

"Perfectly serious," was the reply.

"You *hope* that it is in purgatory?"

"I hope and believe so."

"I was under the impression that purgatory is considered to be a place of suffering," said the doctor.

"Necessarily, since it is a place of purgation," answered the priest. "But it is also a place of hope; and since whoever goes to purgatory will sooner or later enter heaven, it is a very safe first stage of one's journey on leaving this life."

"It seems to me it would be better to go straight to heaven," observed the doctor. "If there is such a place!" he added mentally.

"No," said the priest. "If this were possible it would not be desirable, as I think I can demonstrate to you. It is not possible, however. Nothing defiled can enter heaven; and as the vast majority of human beings are imperfect in virtue, even when, as we say theologically, in a state of grace—that is, in communion with the church and obedient to her instruction—it is imperatively essential that each soul shall be purged of the dross of sin that defiles it at death, before it can enter the visible presence of God. And we have only to look at the matter from a common-sense point of view to discover the wisdom of this divine ordination. Take, for instance, the case of the man of whom we

are speaking. You heard what his mother said, that he was not a bad man. All that I have learned from others about him confirms the truth of this statement. But can you conceive that his soul, if unassoiled, would be a fit inhabitant for heaven? or would heaven be a place of happiness to it? His life in this world was a very negative one, both as regarded virtue and vice. His amiability and kindliness of character were merely natural virtues—and natural virtues do not merit supernatural reward—while the intemperance which was his habitual fault was more an infirmity than a vice. He did not violate charity, but neither did he much practise it; and, though not a practical Catholic, he was one in belief, confessed his faith before men, and received the last absolution. Now, what would you do with such a soul as this? It is not good enough for heaven; it is not bad enough for hell. Looking at the question hypothetically, what would you do with it?"

The doctor shook his head. He felt himself unequal to hypothetizing on such unfamiliar ground; but he would have been pleased to hear the conclusion of the priest's explanation, and was sorry, consequently, when the latter paused at the door of his church and said with a smile:

"It is not worth while, I suppose, to ask you to come in and assist at the Mass which I am going to offer for the repose of this soul?"

"I think I should like to hear Mass some time," said the doctor a little hesitatingly, as if apologizing to himself for such an admission, "but not to-day. I am going home to try and get an hour or two's sleep before breakfast. Good-morning."

"Good-morning," returned Father Brian, as he mounted the steps to the church-door and put his hand in his pocket for the key. But before he had fitted it into the lock Dr. Ferrison, who had walked away a few steps, was back again.

"At the risk of making myself a nuisance," the young man said, "I must again urge you to pay a little attention to your health, Father Brian. You look wretchedly."

"I feel used up just now," Father Brian acknowledged, "but a little rest and a few doses of quinine will set me up. How much quinine shall I take?"

The doctor pulled out his note-book and wrote a prescription. "I'll leave it at Gowan's as I pass by," he said, "and will tell them to make it up and send to you at once. And you ought to take it at once, and keep quiet to-day."

"I will," said the priest.

IV.

He did keep quiet, but was unable to take the medicine, as before leaving the altar he was shaking in a hard chill, which was followed in due course by a high fever. It was not until evening that he could venture to try the quinine.

"Look on the mantel-piece, Simon, and bring me a little round box you will find there," he said to his faithful factotum, who, coming in from the Refuge as usual that morning for orders, at his own entreaty had remained in attendance on the father all day.

After a blundering search he discovered the box, opened it, and, laying down the cover, carried the other part to the bedside. Father Brian raised himself up, counted out five pills, and, asking for a glass of water, swallowed them. They looked rather small, he thought, for one-grain pills, and after he had lain down a doubt suggested itself to his mind as to whether he had taken the right quantity. He requested Simon to bring the box to him again with the lamp, that he might see the prescription.

"Dose, five pills every four hours," he read aloud. "I was right, yes." And he was about to give the box back to the boy when his eye happened to fall on the line above the one of directions which he had been looking at—"20 grs. morphine."

With a slight start he held the words a little nearer to his sight, and, taking the lamp from Simon's hand, examined them closely. The writing was at once cramped and clumsy, but perfectly legible. He saw that a mistake had been made, either in the medicine itself or the labelling—a mistake which might prove very serious, if he had taken five grains of morphine.

"Give me my coat, will you, Simon?" he said after a minute's thought, pointing to a chair on which the garment was hanging. "Thank you. Now ask Mrs. Brown to step here, if she pleases."

From the pocket of his coat he extracted his note-book, and wrote a line of explanation, which he sent with the pill-box to Dr. Ferrison.

"Is anything the matter, father?" inquired the housekeeper, entering by one door as Simon departed on his errand through the other.

"Yes, Mrs. Brown. That is, I am a little afraid I have taken a dose of morphine in place of quinine," answered he, "and I wish you would go and make some very strong coffee, and let me have it as soon as possible."

Mrs. Brown uttered an exclamation of horror, and was pitch-

ing toward the door as fast as her rather superabundance of flesh would permit. "I'll run for a doctor!" she cried breathlessly.

"Stop, stop, stop!" said Father Brian. "Pray don't alarm yourself so unnecessarily. I have already sent for the doctor; and if you will go at once and make the coffee—"

"Yes, father, I will," she said, and hurried out of the room, crossing herself as she went.

Father Brian, left alone, rose, walked across the floor to a table on which was a pitcher and glass, and drank two goblet-fuls of water; after which he retired back to bed and awaited patiently the doctor's arrival. If he found the time long there was no indication of the fact in the expression of his countenance, as he lay with closed eyes, taking a general review of his life, and making an act of contrition for his sins and shortcomings. He was by no means certain that it was morphine which he had swallowed, thinking it probable that the mistake was in the labelling, not the drug; but even if it was morphine he thought that the water, and the coffee which Mrs. Brown soon brought, and of which he drank a good deal, would together so thoroughly dilute and neutralize the opiate as to render it harmless, or at least prevent serious danger.

Simon, meanwhile, had some difficulty in finding Dr. Ferrison, who was not at home when inquired for at his boarding-house. Following him from place to place, the messenger at last succeeded in overtaking him and delivering Father Brian's note. An examination of the medicine convinced the doctor that it was morphine, and, very much alarmed, he set off at once to see about it.

But, great as was his hurry to get to Father Brian, he could not restrain the impulse of indignation which prompted him to stop on his way at the drug-store in which the prescription had been made up, and inform the clerk to whom he had given it of the mischief he had done.

"Morphine made up for quinine!" exclaimed the druggist himself, Mr. Gowan, none of the clerks being present. "You must be mistaken, Dr. Ferrison," he said. "My clerks are all too well trained to do such a thing as that. Gregory particularly—you say you gave it to him?"

"Yes."

"Then I'll engage it's all right," said the man confidently.

"Will you tell me why the box is labelled 'morphine,' then?" demanded the doctor, pointing to the word on the box-cover as he spoke.

Mr. Gowan's face changed as his eye, following Dr. Ferrison's gloved finger, rested on the writing. He recognized it, and received mechanically two of the pills. "I'll look at your prescription; it is on file. Perhaps the mistake was yours."

"That's likely!" said the young man ironically. "Give me a box of mustard, if you please."

Having received which, he departed in haste, leaving Mr. Gowan exceedingly disturbed in mind. He stood tasting and smelling one of the pills which Dr. Ferrison had placed in his hand, while waiting impatiently for the return of the clerks; and presently they came in—three in number, including his son, a boy of fourteen, whom he had lately, as he would have expressed himself, put behind the counter. A few questions soon elicited the fact that the head-clerk, Gregory, had deputed the making-up of what he considered such a simple prescription to the boy James Gowan, who loudly protested that Gregory had told him morphine; Gregory, of course, as vehemently declaring that he had told him quinine.

"What did you tell him anything for?" demanded the druggist with a frown. "Why didn't you make it up yourself?"

"Because Dr. Ferrison gave me two other prescriptions at the same time that required very careful compounding; and this was so plain—"

"You said *morphine!*" cried the boy in a half-whining, half-defiant tone. "I asked you three times over, and you said *morphine.*"

The clerk's face, which had been pale since he heard of the affair, turned crimson at this reiterated accusation; but, disdaining to reply to his assailant, he turned to his employer.

"You know, Mr. Gowan, it's impossible that I could have told him to write down twenty grains of morphine in one-grain pills—five pills to a dose! He wrote down the prescription to my dictation, before he started to weigh it out—and—"

"I wrote down just what you told me, and you said *morphine!*" interrupted the boy, who seemed to think that his only justification consisted in the repetition of this asseveration.

Mr. Gowan, though a good-natured man, was in a rage. He felt that the character of his establishment was compromised; and, moreover, he was concerned for the priest, whom he knew very well and much respected. He discharged the clerk on the spot, promised the boy that he should have a lesson in the morning that he would remember, and having thus, as he conceived, done his part in expiation of such an outrage, as he termed it, he

went at once to see how the priest was, and to express his regret for the mistake made.

Poor Father Brian was undergoing the *mauvais quart d'heure* which necessarily follows the taking a wrong dose of medicine. In answer to Mr. Gowan's inquiries Mrs. Brown replied that Dr. Ferrison had given the father an emetic and he could not see any one: he was very sick.

"So much the better!" thought the druggist as he turned away from the door. "If he can throw the opiate off his stomach he will be all right."

The good priest himself was of the same opinion; and when an hour later he found himself apparently rid of the "perilous stuff" which he had taken into his stomach, and established by the fire in his sitting-room, with a bowl of cracked ice on the table at his elbow, glowing logs and dancing flames throwing a red and cheerful light over the apartment, and his young friend the doctor sitting opposite him, his face beamed with satisfaction and benevolence. It is true that his head ached, and that his stomach, though quiescent from exhaustion, kept him constantly in mind of how much it was irritated and disgusted by the treatment it had received. But he endured these unpleasant conditions with patience—ignoring them, in fact, to appearance, and seeming disposed to be thoroughly content with the turn which matters had taken.

The doctor, on the contrary, was exasperated to a degree that made it difficult for him to affect the outward composure which he compelled himself to maintain. He was burning with impatience to deal with the unprofitable clerk whose carelessness had proved so disastrous. "He shall be punished, the miserable fool! I'll take him before Williams the first thing to-morrow morning!" the young man was saying to himself, when Father Brian interrupted his amiable thoughts.

"Are you ever ill?" he asked, with a smile.

"Very seldom," was the reply. "I don't remember ever to have had a serious illness in my life."

"You are fortunate in one sense, and unfortunate in another," said the priest. "Fortunate inasmuch as that the greatest temporal blessing we can enjoy is health; but to be able to enjoy it, or I should rather say to appreciate it, we must sometimes realize what St. Thomas would call the pain of loss with regard to it. And speaking of St. Thomas reminds me—I received this morning some books I ordered to be sent me from my library, which is not here. Among them is one that I must recommend

to you, and which I wish very much that you would read—an abridged translation of *The Summa.* I mean," he explained, seeing by the other's face that he had never before heard the name even of the book, "the great theological work of St. Thomas Aquinas. Now that the frost has come, you will have a little leisure from professional work, it is to be hoped. By the way, how are all the sick getting on to-day?"

"Very well on the whole. Mrs. Wilkins died this morning, but Brady is a little better, and I think may recover. They were the only two of my own patients about whom I felt any uneasiness; and Clayton tells me that his and Worthington's are all going on well."

"I am sorry for the poor woman and her family," said Father Brian, leaning his head back and closing his eyes.

"I hope you are not beginning to feel sleepy," said the doctor quickly.

"No, not the least so."

"Why did you close your eyes, then?"

Father Brian smiled at the suspicious tone in which the question was asked, but looked grave again as he replied:

"I was saying a *De Profundis* for Mrs. Wilkins. She was not a Catholic, but I trust she was in good faith in her religious belief; and the prayer can do her no harm, if no good."

Looking up as he concluded speaking, Father Brian was struck by the expression of the doctor's face. "Tell me what you are thinking," he said.

The young man hesitated; then, seeing that the priest was waiting for his reply, he answered frankly: "To say the truth, I was thinking that your religion must be a very fatiguing one. This morning, ill as you were, you stopped, before going home, to perform a religious ceremony in connection with the man by whose death-bed you had spent the night, instead of at once taking the rest you so much needed. And it seems to me you would not feel much like praying just now, particularly for a person in whom you had no interest, with whom you were not even acquainted."

"We should feel an interest in every human soul," answered the father. "But I am sorry," he continued, with a smile, "that my religion looks so formidable to you. That is because you do not understand it. If you would examine and reflect—"

He paused as a quick glint of the eye indicated that some sudden thought was crossing the mind of his companion.

"I have been reflecting at odd times," said the latter. "The

subject never interested me at all until last summer, when, as you may remember, we were speaking of it once or twice. I was struck then by the reasonableness of several of the ideas which you advanced. Particularly I wondered that it had never occurred to me before to consider the impossibility of judging justly about that of which one is ignorant. It was really a shock to my self-respect when I suddenly became aware that I have been doing all my life exactly what I always had such a scorn of doing—taking for granted a good deal that I was taught, instead of examining for myself. It is strange that I could have done this, because it is an instinct of my nature, if I may use such an expression, to demand proof before accepting any assertion. I recollect perfectly that in my earliest childhood I used to ask my mother some very embarrassing questions, of how she *knew* that there was a God, how she could be *sure* that the Bible was true; and her replies never satisfied me. When I grew older the history of Henry VIII.'s denunciation of Luther's course of action, and of his subsequently following Luther's example, settled the subject of religion for me. My parents were then dead, so that I was not trammelled by regard for their opinion and feelings—as I might have been had they lived, as to outward expression—and I rejected Protestantism with hearty disgust. Christianity I considered it—though you tell me that Protestantism is *not* Christianity."

"Only a very mutilated form of it—a form so mutilated and consequently so illogical that it is marvellous that any intellectual mind, looking at it from either a common-sense, an historical, or a theological point of view, can fail to perceive how utterly untenable are its pretensions. You did perceive this, it appears, and your difficulty is elementary; you called yourself a materialist, I recollect. Materialist is a generic term; are you positivist, agnostic, pessimist—"

"Neither one of the three," interposed the doctor, with a smile, "nor yet a Buddhist. I have no creed of any kind. The word scepticism has a conventional meaning attached to it which does not altogether fit my case, but it more nearly expresses my state of mind, which is emphatically one of doubt, than any other word I can think of. It seems to me we are so surrounded by mystery that it is but an exercise of imagination to attempt an explanation of the inexplicable."

"What is imagination?" asked the priest.

"In the sense in which I use the word it means an ideal conception of a thing."

"And what is a conception?"

The young man hesitated; then, after an instant of thought, said: "A picture in the mind."

"Mind itself—what is that?" pursued the father.

"Ah! now we are coming to the breakers," cried the doctor lightly. "There is a wide difference of opinion on that point," he went on. "Mr. Huxley would tell you—"

"We are talking seriously," interrupted Father Brian, trying to maintain a grave face. "Let Mr. Huxley's vagaries alone. What I propose is to get to the bottom of things. What is mind, I ask you?"

"My mind is a blank so far as this subject is concerned, I must confess," replied the doctor.

"And is it possible that you are satisfied to rest in such ignoble ignorance?—forgive the word!" demanded Father Brian, speaking now with unaffected gravity.

"As to that, I do not know—how am I to know?—that it is ignoble ignorance."

"Are you willing to be convinced that it is, and to correct it?"

"Not only willing, but I shall be glad to do so. Varying Plato's prayer a little, I can very sincerely say, 'O God—if there be a God—enlighten my soul—if I have a soul'!"

"With these dispositions, I think your prayer will be granted," said the priest. And after refreshing himself with a piece of ice he forthwith began the process of enlightenment.

"A fundamental principle in ethics as well as in physics is that to demonstrate any given proposition we must take as a starting-point one admitted fact on and from which to deduce our argument," he said. "I propose to prove to you, first, the immateriality of the human soul; secondly, the existence of God; thirdly, the divine origin and exclusive authority of the Catholic Church."

With hand extended, fore-finger and thumb meeting and forming a large O, Father Brian had unconsciously been speaking in the measured and impressive tone habitual with him when he preached; and though looking straight at his one auditor the while, it was not until the conclusion of his exordium that his eye took in the expression of that hearer's face. He paused then suddenly, and his low but singularly mirthful laugh rang out, to the surprise, and somewhat to the embarrassment, of his young friend.

"Excuse me," said the reverend gentleman, "but there was

such a quizzical look of surprise, verging on dismay, in your face that it was irresistibly amusing. Don't disclaim. It was rather startling, naturally enough, to be made suddenly aware that you were expected to listen to a sermon—and a long sermon, as the firstly, secondly, and thirdly promised. The fact is, I am afraid I have too much the trick of the trade about me: too often forget, when talking, that I am not in the pulpit. 'On the present occasion,' however, I of course intended to glance very hastily over the wide field I have indicated, my object being merely to direct your attention to the subject, and excite your interest sufficiently to induce you to go to that fountain of intellectual as well as spiritual light, St. Thomas. So now to proceed."

Waving away with a motion of his hand the disclaimer which the young man was still anxious to make, he went on, but in a more conversational tone than before:

"We will begin with that self-evident fact which even the school of Mr. Huxley and Mr. Tyndall has never attempted to deny—man exists. Next comes the question, What is man? I answer, Man is a being of dual nature: a material body animated by an immaterial principle, the soul or spirit. I prove the materiality of his body by showing that if you detach a minor part of this body from the major part to which is joined the soul, the part detached is man no longer, but mere animal matter that, speedily losing its organization as human flesh, is resolved by natural process to its elements; and that the same result happens to the whole body itself as soon as the soul is separated from it. I prove further the distinct individuality of the two natures, material and immaterial, by reminding you how often these natures are at variance with one another in inclination. To illustrate familiarly, I doubt whether either you or I have passed twenty-four hours during the last month in which the body has not said, 'I am tired—let me rest'; to which appeal the spirit has replied, 'No, I must do this or that thing before resting.' It is the same with them in more important matters. Look at a man disposed to the sin of intemperance. He knows that he is injuring himself, his fortune, his family, by the indulgence of this sensitive appetite (to use a schoolman term), and he struggles against the habit. If the spiritual nature is strongest he controls himself; if the animal nature predominates he yields to its promptings and becomes a drunkard. Again, the separableness of the two natures is manifested in the fact that although the reciprocal action and reaction between them is positive and generally very great, it nevertheless often happens that one can suf-

fer intensely without the slightest participation in its pain on the part of the other. Thus a man may be enduring the greatest stress of mental anxiety and unhappiness, yet at the same time enjoy perfect bodily health; or while in agonizing bodily pain he may be serene and cheerful in mind.

"The next point I make is that the soul is the principle of life, and that it is immaterial. I will show you this by another illustration. Suppose that you meet a man on the street, shake hands and are standing talking to him, when a pistol is accidentally discharged near by, the bullet of which passes through his heart, killing him instantly. His lifeless form sinks to the ground, and you bend over it. All that your material senses are capable of perceiving is still before you—the eyes that so lately met your glance, the lips which put into vibration a column of air conveying sound to your ears, the hand that grasped your own. But is all the man, with whom you were talking just now, there? No; the man is dead: this is only his body, a mere mould of clay. A minute ago this mould of clay thought, moved, felt: you might spurn it now with your foot, or you might hold the flame of a candle to its fingers, and it would not be conscious either of indignity or of pain. What has caused so great a change? The absence of that which animated this body—the principle of life, the soul. Can you deny that this principle existed when the man walked up to you? Can you deny that it is absent as he lies before you?"

"No," answered the doctor, "I cannot deny that. So far your reasoning seems to me conclusive, unanswerable. But though you have demonstrated the immateriality of the soul or mind, you have not proved its indestructibility, or, as you, I suppose, would say, its immortality. To appearance it goes out and becomes extinct, like the flame of a candle. What proof have you that it still exists apart from the body?"

"No direct evidence in the natural order, since it is through our senses that our souls are cognitive of their surroundings, of each other, even of their own material existence. When, therefore, a soul is separated from its corporeity it becomes intangible to the corporal sense; hence we cannot follow it with our perceptive faculties, any more than we can follow with our eyes the figure of a man who leaves us by going out of a room and shutting the door behind him. The man disappears from our sight because that sight cannot pierce the opaque walls that enclose its range of vision; the soul vanishes from our perception because that perception is confined to the world of sense, out of

which the soul has passed. But does the fact that it has passed beyond the domain of sense prove that it has ceased to exist? No more, analogically speaking, than the fact that your eyes cannot see the man outside of a closed door proves that he is not there. It is, you must concede, by logic and analogy that the observation of crude facts has been gradually developed into method and formed into a generality termed knowledge."

"Yes."

"Knowledge teaches us that matter is indestructible. Take a drop of water, a grain of dust, the smallest imaginable particle of matter, and, though the process of division may be carried to the extent of rendering its atoms invisible and impalpable to sense, it would be as possible to destroy the world as to annihilate a single one of those atoms. Man's body is material, we have seen; therefore, in its component parts, imperishable. Now, what is this body in relation to the soul by which it is animated? A garment that enfolds, and a servant that obeys its master; an instrument used by the mind as a workman uses his tools. Which of the two, then—body or spirit—is the higher nature? You must admit that the spirit is. And can you conceive it possible that the higher nature 'goes out and becomes extinct' while the lower is inannihilable? Is not such a presumption altogether contrary to reason? I will show you presently what St. Thomas says on the subject; but first let us recur for a moment to our starting-point—man exists—and examine the logical sequence of the proposition.

"What is the first principle of logic? It is that there can be no effect without a cause, that it is impossible for something to come from nothing. Man is; therefore he is something. Being something, he is either cause or effect. Is he cause? No; he did not antedate but succeeded the creation of the world. I, as a Christian, hold that the world was created first, and man afterwards; you, as a materialist, contend that matter existed—how, you say not—and gradually resolved and evolved itself into nature and man. So we stand here on common ground, agreeing that man is not cause. Since he is not cause he must be effect, and as effect he must have a cause. What is this cause? Christianity says God; materialism says matter. Let us analyze the two theories. We will call them so for the sake of argument. Now—"

"A moment," here interposed the doctor. "I am sorry to interrupt you, and sorry to lose what you were about to say, but I am afraid that you are over-exerting yourself."

"I think not," answered Father Brian. "You had better let me go on and keep my mind active. I am not at all sleepy as yet, but am beginning to have a slight premonition that I might easily become so. I feel a little tired, with a consciousness that it would be very agreeable to go to bed. I can resist these sensations without difficulty at present; but if I permit myself to let down in the least degree, it will be hard to rouse myself, I am sure."

"If your stomach could bear a little coffee—" began the doctor, but the padre shook his head, put a piece of ice in his mouth, and resumed:

"Man is not cause; therefore he is effect; therefore he has a cause. Is matter this cause?

"I have contrasted the relative character of spirit and of matter in their combination as man; let us now note the difference of the two intrinsically. The spiritual being man, and the inanimate substance matter, are most essentially opposite in nature. Man is endowed with life, intelligence, and volition; his motives and actions are positive, self-controlled, and may be unique. Matter is lifeless; it does not act, but is acted upon (by a force of which I shall speak later), and its operations are negative, circumscribed, uniform, and immutable, proceeding always in a circle. The spirit or mind of man (speaking hastily as I am, I cannot pause to distinguish between soul, or spirit, and mind, but use the three words indiscriminately)—the mind of man is cultivable. Take a savage, and you may teach him, or he may teach himself by observation and experience, some of the habits and ways of thinking of civilized life; take a civilized but ignorant man, and he may be educated, in a degree refined; take a thoroughly educated and cultivated man, and he is constantly advancing to higher culture. Even man's body, from its association with mind, is improvable to a certain limit. Compare a peasant and a fine gentleman—the disparity between them is almost immeasurable.

"Now turn to matter, the earth on which we live, and out of which our bodies are formed. Here we find a regular recurrence of certain phenomena: the alternation of light and darkness, which we call day and night, the flow of the ocean tides, the revolution of the seasons. There is no change here. The days are not longer or shorter, nor have the seasons varied in any respect, since Cheops built his pyramid in the valley of the Nile, or Romulus founded the Eternal City on the banks of the Tiber. Man sweeps over the face of the globe, inventing lan-

guage, establishing governments and laws; cities spring up at his touch, empires rise and flourish. Can a mountain move, or can a tree think?

"And materialism tells you that from this matter, itself without life, there emanates life!—in a word, that something has come from nothing.

"Matter is not man's cause. What is?

"Once more let me illustrate. A man who has never heard of steam as a motive power happens to see a train of cars running on a railroad-track beside which he is passing. He stops to stare with amazement at the strange, huge animal—such it looks to him at a first glance to be—which is drawing the carriages along. But he is an intelligent man, and on closer inspection he perceives that the engine is not a living thing but a piece of mechanism. It does not occur to him to question whether it was self-created, or evolved by chance from its elements, wood and metal. On the contrary, he thinks, 'What a marvellous mind it was that conceived and executed such a work as this!' So we, my friend, beholding the earth and man—the one so admirably organized (for that which is called the life of matter, vegetation, is not vitality but organization), the other, in the words of the Psalmist, so curiously and wonderfully made—must logically exclaim: 'This effect has a Cause; this world has a Creator; there is a God.'"

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE FAIR OF BERGAMO.

THERE is an adage that those are blessed who expect nothing, for they shall not be disappointed. Now, I did expect something, and, to confirm the adage, I was grievously disappointed. I had been stopping at Milan, and I had heard so much of the annual fair of Bergamo that I determined to seize the opportunity of inspecting its wonders. It is held in the very hot season—the close of August and beginning of September—is "very characteristic," so I was told, and attracts to it the inhabitants of the remote valleys and mountainous districts of the Pennine Alps. I *was* disappointed: there is nothing like making a clean breast of it. As a fair it was a failure; still, as a study of Italian life it had its peculiar features, and I jotted them in my note-book.

Like Laurence Sterne, "I pity the man who can travel from Dan to Beersheba and cry, 'Tis all barren."

The journey from the Lombard capital is not far—little more than an hour by express cars. The locomotive sweeps—in a leisurely Italian way, be it observed, for an express—through plains bursting with fertility.

I fortunately met an agreeable companion, an American, in that far-away region, lively as a musical box and practical as a mill-wheel. But he had a too freely expressed contempt for antiquity. He was one of those go-ahead men who would turn church steeples into telegraph-posts and parcel out the Coliseum into building-lots. He was generous and off-handed in his dealings; most globe-voyaging Americans are, and have completely taken the shine out of British tourists on the European Continent. Englishmen, as I heard a discriminating hotel clerk remark at Geneva, nowadays "count their change"; Americans do not take the trouble. Besides, they give more commissions to the painters, are sweet on knickknackery, and submit to extortion with an infinite grace.

Bergamo is like Brussels in one respect—there is a high town and a low town; there the resemblance ceases. The low town, if more affected by the business folk, is quite as important and respectable as the high town, which has a slightly stronger flavor of the aristocratic. There is a gap between them. The high town is built on a terrace of the hills, that rise up precipitously here, and looks in the distance as if it were a painted town or an act-drop, so brilliant are the colors and strong the contrast of white houses, red-tiled roofs, and yellowish church-domes with the green of the foliage, the gray of the hill-tops, and the sapphire of the sky behind. The air must be healthy, although ominous vapors do spring up from the flat country round; for the lakes of Como and Iseo are near, and appetizing breezes are born occasionally in the mountains and come down like a gift on the dwellers on the plains. Fields of Indian corn, out of which the staple Italian dish *polenta* is made, are numerous in the neighborhood. *Polenta* is one with the hasty-pudding doled out to the poor during the Irish famine, and which they did not take kindly to very often. Italians laugh and grow fat upon it, and snap their fingers at dear beef. *Polenta* and *uccelli*—the bodies of the little birds bedded in the savory mess—form a dish dainty enough to be set before a king. The dusty road from the railway depot to the inn is bordered with rows of horse-chestnuts and howling mendicants, both in remarkable luxuriance. Never

has it been given to me to gaze upon horse-chestnuts with finer fruit nor mendicants with a more varied stock of ailments and deformities. Heaven help the latter! Let us pity them substantially and pass. Omnibuses ply between the depot and the lower town; the distance is not quite three hundred yards, but the horses are trained to make it appear much longer. They switch their tails with a haughty spirit, and lift their hoofs superciliously as if they had passed their childhood learning to mark time in a cavalry regiment, and move along in a sort of zigzag trot with great action and very small pace.

We were housed in the Golden Hat. A roomy hat it was. In the spacious, dark, low, cool apartment into which we entered directly from the street, tables were set, and knives and forks and fingers—yes, fingers—were busily worked by crowds of small farmers who had come to the fair. Hale men with swarthy, furrowed cheeks they were, and with much of the Munster peasant in expression and dress and manner. The only singularity of costume to be noticed was a colored night-cap, or wishing-cap, worn under the ordinary hat. In one corner was a tall, elderly man with a mien of noble dignity; he was bald, had a grand Roman nose and a patriarchal beard. He was sitting in apparent silent obliviousness of the seething, sordid world around. He would have been invaluable in a studio where orders for Platos were plentiful. I ensconced myself in the shade and watched this mysterious philosopher. A group of noisy farmers were bargaining behind a pillar, gesticulating violently, and now and again clearing their throats with a gulp of wine. One of them proposed that they should go out and take another look at the ox over the price of which they were chaffering. They left their glasses behind them, not quite finished. The mysterious philosopher rose, stealthily approached the table, drained the glasses to the lees one after another, and calmly resumed his seat and his aspect of spiritual contemplativeness. In a room behind, opening on the inn-yard, eating and drinking and talking were also going on. I suppose there was a philosopher in a corner there, too. Very merry people they were, and temperate, except in their language. They would waste an hour beating down twenty *lire* to nineteen. Young Italy, with burnt-sienna face, pressed in and out, and old Italy, with parchment face, kept its seat and smoked or inhaled snuff. Such snuff—shade of Lundy Foot! I saw a man produce a brown paper parcel from his waistcoat-pocket and sniff its contents. Those contents were common tobacco ground to dust. While middle-aged Italy was

deep in macaroni or rice dressed with grease, Italy of young manhood's period went in for bumpers of the sour purple wine of Barbera with the flavor of the muscat in it, or of the sweet amber wine of Asti. One brand of the Asti, the *spumante*, has an exhilarating effervescence and would make an excellent cheap substitute for champagne, only I fear it will not bear exportation. The only wine I know that is like it is the *vin de Vouvray* one gets in the Touraine—a mixture suggestive of perry and the ginger-ale of Belfast. How fortunate, I reflected, that such beverages as these and that mild cordial, *rosolio*, and the natural lemonade were the favorites in this sultry clime of quick tempers and sharp steel, and not the potent, fiery potion known elsewhere as rye! Talkative as well as merry were these Italians. Mark that circle of heads; those crones in cotton-print dresses, with Madras handkerchiefs swathing their hair, needed no sheet of society gossip. Let us hope their conversation was not scandalous, for the sake of the rosaries they carried. But tongues will wag. Outside in the broad market-place there was cracking of whips and a chorus of loudly-pitched voices and strange ejaculations blent with the rural discord of the farm-yard. Lean pigs and shorn sheep, both with ears long as rabbits, squealed and bleated, and calves were hustled about, and teams of dwarfish steers, harnessed to huge wagons, chewed the cud of patience.

My American proposed that we should sally forth and search for the fun of the fair. The boom of a big drum directed us to the booths. There was a row of them: a diorama; a fat woman (how she must have perspired that broiling day!); a wild-beast show consisting of a monkey and two white mice; an anatomical museum which professed to contain the embalmed remains of Milly Christine, the South Carolina phenomenon, patronized by all the crowned heads of Europe; and an exhibition of feats of strength and tight-rope performances on the model of that in the *Princess of Trebizond*. Further on there was the skeleton of a whale caught off the coast of France; beside it an academy where an educated seal held forth; and lo! cheek by jowl with the phocine habitat was enthroned under an enormous umbrella, ample as a cart-wheel or the famous hat of Nell Gwynn, our old friend Mrs. Jarley with her inimitable wax-works. The dear, portly dame was suffering from the temperature. She was not the cheerful woman she used to be. My American was anxious to interview the seal, and I accompanied him. I had often heard of the talking fish, but this was the first chance I had of seeing him—in the flesh, I had almost written. The American heard him distinctly say

"ma-ma," but he had better hearing than I. This seal, like the Pompeian funambulist, was "truly a wondrous fellow." He turned on his own axis in the bath to the melody (?) of a hand-organ; he beat the water with his fins, and took fish from the hands of his mistress, who expatiated on his bulldog face, his calf's eyes, and his tiger's teeth. But he accomplished a more artful feat than these. When his mistress left, and the American poked him with his stick, he rose with a gaze of human reproach, lifted the hinged covering of his bath with his head, and shut himself out from public view.

We rambled on till we came to avenues of stalls branching off from a little piazza with a fountain. Toys, pipes, metal studs, looking-glasses, pious pictures, "Brummagem" ware in earrings and breast-pins, and cheap photographs of works of art alternated with potatoes and tomatoes, ices and lemonade, plums and peaches, figs and grapes, pears and ready-made *polenta*. Peasant maidens without veil or fan, and in slippered feet, trooped along side by side with shopkeepers' daughters with veil, and fan, and parasol, and high-heeled *bottines* that would not discredit Paris. This was not the only hint of French civilization to obtrude itself. There was a placard advertising *L'Uomo-Donna* of Dumas the younger over a book-stall. I was curious in examining those books to ascertain what manner of mental pabulum was sought after by Bergamo. There were novels by Antonio Bresciani, including, among others, *Olderico, or the Pontifical Zouave;* there was *Souvenirs of the Tyrol Campaign*, by a Garibaldian volunteer; there was the story of Raffaello and the Bella Fornarina, and—burning disgrace to the vender!—there was a pair of villanous pamphlets entitled *Gli Amori* of two discrowned female sovereigns.

There is a conservatory of music in Bergamo—though it does not rank as a great town; has a population of but forty thousand—and many celebrated singers (Rubini, a native, among the rest) studied there. The tomb of Donizetti, who was also born there, is to be seen in the church of St. Mary the Major, in the upper town, opposite that of his master, Giovanni Mayr. I could not prevail on my practical friend to climb the ascent in order to visit it.

"No, sir," he said. "Elias Howe is the one composer I recognize; the only fantasias I believe in are those executed on a sewing-machine."

A play-bill announced a new opera for that night (for Bergamo has its opera-house)—"La Notte di Natale." But there was no use in asking my American to patronize a stall. He had seen

an opera once, and he volunteered to tell me what this would be like. A man in black would come on and bawl—that was the tenor; then a woman in white would come on and screech—that was the contralto; another man in black would howl—that was the baritone; another woman, but she in sky-blue, would whine—that was the soprano; and then a burly ruffian in red would bring a dagger out of his sleeve and his voice out of his boots—that was the basso-profundo.

"But there is a plot," I gently remonstrated between two laughs. "Surely they are not always the same?"

"Yes, sir," he said—"always. Plot: love, jealousy, murder. Finale: chorus of bawling, screeching, howling, whining, and leather lungs from those boots, with a little caterwauling and a too-loo-e-ty thrown in. There, sir," wound up my American, "that's your opera! How do you like it?"

We took a ride outside the town. A dwarf stood at a crossing with a tirelire in his hand and rattled it before the American. My companion was bountiful and dropped a few *soldi* into it. More beggars pestered us. My American fell into a brown study as we continued on, until we reached a silk-factory. When I pointed it out to him he brightened up.

"Ah!" he said, "there is something more pleasing to God than this highway mendicancy; that means industry, intelligence, domestic comfort. This country, with its mulberries and olives, its dairy-farms and splendid wheat-tracts with those irrigating canals, should be a rich country. When will some apostle rise to teach this people that to labor is to pray?"

Evening was falling as we returned. We overtook a bearded Capuchin on the road and gave him a lift. He was as handsome a man as ever wore a uniform in a Royal Guard—erect, with a refined face, a bold, frank brow, and a pleasing and intelligent eye. He was in the dress of his order, which took the American's fancy vastly. He was bareheaded but for a tiny black skull-cap; a habit of a coarse brown stuff, girdled at the waist and falling down to his sandalled feet, a pointed cowl hanging behind his shoulders, was the only outer garment he wore. He was urbane and cheerful. The American began mildly bantering him on his costume, and asked him why he did not wear clothes like other men.

"Have you no soldiers in the United States?" he asked slily.

"We have, and good ones. I was with Sherman."

"Do they wear uniforms?" pursued the friar.

"Why, certainly."

"Well, this is mine. I am a soldier of the faith."

The American, I am glad to record, asked him to take charge of some money to distribute in help to the deserving; and I am confident that amiable and willing friar discharged his trust well, for he looked and spoke like one who knew the poor and felt for them. He was no idler, either, for I afterwards learned that he was chaplain to a lunatic asylum and was a man beloved for his kindness and revered for his worth.

Night had dropped its curtain as we re-entered the town, and the fair Bergamese were wending their way to the opera-house. What a pretty animation bevies of young girls in simple muslin robes, with a silken sash round the waist and the graceful black veil on the head, lent to the streets! On they tripped in this their every-day costume, without shawl or other covering, so grateful is the Italian summer clime after the sun has gone down. They had only to put on a pair of gloves and they were in evening dress. But there were a few coquettes, who looked as if they had stepped out of a portrait-gallery of the Grand Monarque's court. They had powdered their hair, and there they passed through the roar and bustle of the fair, unremarked and unannoyed. The cavaliers with them were their fathers or their brothers; for in Italy, as in France, the unmarried female is never permitted abroad with any male escort but a relative. I was almost enticed to follow with the current to hear "La Notte di Natale," but there was my American. What was to be done to while away the tedium of the hours? Luckily there was a resource—there was a circus in the town.

I have a weakness for the sawdust. My business never made me a looker-on in Vienna that I did not hie to Rentz's; my first night's visit in Madrid is invariably to Price's. I know nearly every circus-proprietor in the world personally. I could not resist the temptation of a view of the performances of the troupe of Signor Guillaume.

The bright, particular star of the equestrian firmament of Bergamo—should she not be called a planet, seeing that she shone in an orbit?—was Miss Ella, an English lassie. Miss Victoria, another English lassie, had been the luminary of Giotti's circus at Geneva. The English rule the roost in hippodramatic spheres. My American took leave to remark, sir, that Jimmy Robinson, the best bare-back rider in the world, was a citizen of the United States, he was; whereupon I quietly crushed him by remarking in return that his fellow-citizen rejoiced in the bap-

tismal appellation of Michael Fitzgerald, which is as Irish as a pig or a potato; and Ireland, it must be vouchsafed, is not yet American.

The doings in the arena were of the usual kind, but the clowns were more than usually dreary, and the spectators laughed with a glee that was refreshing in its childishness. One clown had a happy thought—a thought worthy of the jester in half-mourning in the burlesque of *The Last Days of Pompeii*. He got himself up in a Dolly Varden suit—a fashion then common in Italy. Pleasant it was under the shadow of the olives to meet a foreign reproduction of Dickens' creation—

> "Just as the artist caught her,
> As down that English lane she tripped,
> In flowery chintz, hat sideways tipped,
> Trim-bodied, bright-eyed, roguish-lipped—
> The locksmith's pretty daughter."

I have mentioned this circus because of a scene in which a rider personated "the resurrection of Italy." He emerged as a dude with a cigar in his mouth; he read of a patriotic movement and flung away his cigar; he then appeared in rifle uniform and lastly in a red shirt as a Garibaldian. "Garibaldi's hymn" was played, but there was no extraordinary enthusiasm. A Pontifical Zouave galloped in, and after a gallant fight was killed; and then came an Italian carabineer, whom he of the red shirt lugged off his horse by the hair. Thus is history chronicled in the ring. The only time the Garibaldians met the Pontifical Zouaves they were beaten, and when the royal troops met the Garibaldians it was not the former who were defeated. But Mentana and Aspromonte, seen through the glittering medium of the foot-lights, are Garibaldian victories.

BY SUMMER SEAS.

STAR OF THE SEA, these placid waves beside,
  Which mirror in their depths the silver sheen
The pale moon radiates upon the tide
  From the blue skies whereof is she the queen,
A dream comes to me of returning ships,
  And some sweet shrine that, dedicate to thee,
The mariners, with reverential lips,
  Hail in their songs afar, Star of the Sea.

And, as I dream, the life about me takes
The image of an ocean to mine eyes,
The farther edge of whose expanses breaks
Upon the starlit shores of Paradise;
While o'er the bosom of its billows swift,
Which hasten on and outward ceaselessly,
My soul seems floating like a boat adrift,
Whither the currents run, Star of the Sea.

Lamp of our life, not thine, forsooth, the fault
If eyes that turn from them away their gaze
Fail to discern at times in yonder vault
The clear effulgence of thy constant rays:
However fierce the storm, or dark the night,
Or mountainous the seething surges be,
The lustre of thy light glows warm and bright
Before the steadfast search, Star of the Sea.

Even the erring ones who steer astray,
In quest of pleasure, where false beacons lure,
Can, if they turn them back while yet they may,
By thy sure guidance their safety secure;
For on life's ocean vast there is no wave,
Drifting or driven on a treacherous lee,
O'er which, the wanderer to warn and save,
Shine not thy blessèd beams, Star of the Sea.

Star of the Sea, these placid waves beside,
That mirror in their depths the liquid light
The pale moon radiates upon the tide
From the blue sky she traverses to-night,
Guide us aright, that when our homing ships
Enter the harbor of Eternity
We, like the mariners, with thankful lips,
May hail thee in our songs, Star of the Sea.

ANSWERED AT LAST.

A TRUE STORY.

I.

IT was the end of October, and there were very few people in London, and, callers being in consequence not very numerous at my office, I imagined that I should find no difficulty in getting away early on a certain Friday morning in order to proceed to an out-of-the-way corner of England where business required my presence. Unfortunately, just as I was preparing to start one of my clients, who happened to be passing through town, came to consult me upon a matter of urgent importance. He was, moreover, a person to whom, on account of his advanced age and high social standing, it would have been impossible in any case to refuse an interview; and hence it came to pass that when at length he took his leave I found that it was barely possible for me to catch the midday express. I promised the cabman double fare if he would take me to Paddington in time, but it was of no use, and I arrived at the Great Western terminus only to hear the faint shriek of the departing engine. This was annoying, but there was nothing to be done, so I sent off a telegram to inform Mr. Moreland, the gentleman at whose house I was expected, that I could not arrive until the last train, the only other one which stopped at the little station where I had to alight. Having despatched my message, I purchased a supply of newspapers, hoping to while away not too wearily the time which must perforce elapse before I could begin my journey.

It was not a romantic journey, nor one which could be considered interesting in any way. I was accustomed to make such very frequently; for I belonged at that period of my life to a leading firm of London solicitors, and sometimes hardly a week passed without my having to run down to one part of the country or another to transact business on behalf of some client. My present errand took me to Darnesfield Court, a solitary country-house situated at a short distance from a small village in the west of England. It did not belong to Mr. Moreland, but he had taken it for a year in order to be near his only daughter, who had recently married a gentleman whose property was situated in the neighborhood. Since the death of her mother this daughter had been her father's constant friend and companion; thus he

naturally felt lonely without her, especially as he was an old man and his sons were all out in the world.

The hour for starting came at last, and as we steamed slowly out of the station far indeed was I from anticipating the startling spectacle of which I was to be the involuntary witness before many more hours had gone by. If I now write down the singular story—the most singular, indeed, I have ever met with in the course of my experience, professional or otherwise—it is in the hope not merely of interesting the reader for the space of a brief half-hour, but of convincing him, in these days when it is the fashion openly to deny the supernatural, or else practically to leave it out of sight altogether, that not only does the Creator govern in a general and more extended sense the course of events in the world which he has made, but that every occurrence in the life of each individual is permitted or appointed by an overruling Providence, and forms a part of the vast system by means of which his divine and beneficent purposes are furthered and carried out.

In due time I found myself at Westhampton, where Mr. Moreland's dog-cart was awaiting me. The night was very dark, so dark as to necessitate extreme caution on the part of the servant who was driving; and, what with the slowness of the pace and the coldness of the weather—for it was unusually cold for the time of year—the distance from the station seemed to have extended itself, and the way appeared longer and lonelier than I could have imagined a four miles drive along a country road could possibly be. The clock of the adjacent church was striking eleven as we drew up before the door of Darnesfield Court, and the light and warmth of the hospitable mansion were very welcome to me as I entered the hall. Jarvis, the butler, received me with polite apologies. "Master hopes you will excuse his having gone to bed, sir," he explained; "he was very tired this evening, and is, besides, in the habit of always retiring early. But supper is quite ready, if you will please to walk into the library."

I followed him with alacrity. The well-lighted room looked the picture of cheerful comfort, and the nicely-arranged supper-table bore a most inviting aspect. I told Jarvis I did not need his services, so he quitted the apartment and I began my meal without delay. It was quickly concluded, and I pushed back my chair and got up with the intention of ringing the bell; but I was sleepy and tired, and the temptation presented by a comfortable easy-chair which stood beside the bright wood fire

proved too strong for me. I paused, sat down, and in less than five minutes was sound asleep, profoundly oblivious of the interests of Jarvis, who was probably quite as sleepy as I was. My slumbers, as I afterwards found, must have lasted about half an hour. They certainly would not have been as peaceful as they were, had I dreamt of what was to follow. Some slight noise, I know not of what nature, having aroused me, I rose from my seat, and before winding up my watch I proceeded to compare it with the timepiece on the mantel-shelf. Having done this, I replaced it in my waistcoat pocket and took out my pipe, which I was about to fill when all at once the door was unceremoniously burst open, and a girl rushed into the room, followed closely by a man, who caught hold of her round the waist. I can see it all now as if it were yesterday—the look of horror in her dilated eyes, the agonized gesture which seemed to entreat for mercy, the uplifted hands, the pleading lips, the wild despair with which she cowered before her murderer. Yes, her *murderer;* for in another moment the man had drawn a dagger from the pocket of his coat and plunged it into her breast. All this passed, I need hardly say, in less time than it takes me to write these lines, and the moment I beheld her fall forwards to the ground I sprang to the door with the double object of procuring assistance for the victim, should she still be within the reach of aid, and also of securing the assassin.

"Jarvis, Jarvis!" I called as I passed through the open door, which I closed behind me—"Jarvis, where are you? For Heaven's sake come at once!"

"Yes, sir, coming directly," said that functionary placidly and sleepily, as he emerged from a door which led to the lower regions. But when he caught sight of me the expression of his face changed.

"There is murder going on in the library!" I gasped out. We paused an instant at the door: the silence of death seemed to reign within. Then I cautiously turned the handle, and, looking in, we saw—no trace whatever of the horrors I had just witnessed! The room was exactly as it had been when I sat down to supper; both the intruders had entirely disappeared, and there was not even one single spot of blood upon the carpet. Murderer, victim, dagger, every trace of the crime, had vanished into air; and as I related to the servant the scene I had just witnessed, I saw from his countenance that he received the tale with a mixed feeling of incredulity and contempt.

"There are no ghosts in this house, sir," he said when I

stopped speaking—"at least I never heard of any. I made all the doors fast, too, an hour or more ago, and no one could have passed through the hall without my seeing him. There is no young lady in the house at present, either, nor any gentleman, except yourself and master. So you see, sir, you must have been dreaming," he wound up in a triumphant and conclusive tone—the tone of a man who has proved a fact even to demonstration.

I knew quite well, as well as I do at the moment I am writing, that I had not been dreaming, that I never was more thoroughly awake than I was when an involuntary witness of the spectacle I have just described. I could, therefore, only suppose that some terrible crime had in time past been committed in the library, and that this fact furnished an explanation of the apparition I had beheld. However, I felt the butler had the best of me, and the feeling was not an agreeable one.

"Show me my room, please," I said in as unconcerned a tone as I could assume, and I followed the man up-stairs to the apartment assigned to my use. He lit the candles upon the dressing-table, wished me good-night, and left me. But I suppose few of my readers will be surprised to hear that it was long before I could attempt going to bed.

I sat down before the fire and began to think. No house could be less weird, uncanny, and suggestive of ghosts than Darnesfield Court. I had seen many country-houses, but never did I meet with one more prosy, practical, and suggestive of solid, every-day comfort. There was no touch of romance or sentiment about it; it was painfully and pitilessly matter-of-fact, both inside and out. There was no ruined tower, half-clothed in ivy, no moat where stately swans could swim at their leisure; there were no secret staircases, no winding passages, no hidden rooms cleverly contrived between massive walls. It was just such a house as every one must have seen twenty times over—solid, substantial, built of red brick, with a large gravelled space in front. The family to which it belonged had preserved the faith even among the worst storms of persecution, and the present owner was a man distinguished for virtue and piety, having erected the beautiful little church which adjoined his grounds in order to provide for the spiritual wants of the increasing number of Catholics in the neighborhood, many of them converts whom the teaching and example of the admirable priest who acted as his chaplain had led to seek admission into the true fold. But all this formed no adequate reason for rejecting the idea that the

mansion was haunted—an idea which shaped itself all the more definitely in my brain the longer I mused upon the subject.

It was three o'clock in the morning before I lay down to seek repose, and I did not fall asleep until the Angelus, sounding from the tower of the church, told me that a new day had begun.

II.

The breakfast hour at Darnesfield Court was fashionably late, for the simple reason that the present master of the house did not, as he was wont to confess with outspoken frankness, really know what to do with his time. I was not quite ready when the gong sounded, and as I slowly descended the broad staircase and crossed the spacious hall on my way to the dining-room I acknowledge that I felt somewhat uncomfortable, for I knew that the butler would have been beforehand with me in acquainting his master with the story of the last night's apparition.

Although my host received me with the utmost courtesy, there was a slight constraint perceptible in his manner, and I knew in a moment, as I shook hands with him, that my surmise was correct, and he had already been made acquainted with the singular occurrence of the previous night. He eyed me somewhat curiously, but did not broach the subject that was evidently uppermost in his mind until I began to speak of it.

"Did you know that this house was haunted, Mr. Moreland?" I inquired, as I took an egg from its resting-place beneath the snowy napkin.

"Oh! dear, no," was his ready reply. "Nor can I believe it to be so, either. It is not a very old house, and had I had any suspicion that it was haunted I should on no consideration have taken it, for I have the greatest dislike to that sort of thing."

"Well," I rejoined, "how, then, can you explain what I witnessed last night?" And I related in detail the incident which is already known to the reader, and to which my host listened attentively. But I saw that he regarded it as the delusion of a disordered brain.

"It must have been an optical illusion," he remarked sententiously when I had concluded—"a very singular optical illusion, no doubt. I have recently read a book on the subject, a most interesting book. When the nerves of the eye—"

"An optical illusion!" I broke in. "Indeed that is impossible; I am not an imaginative or fanciful man. There never was any one less excitable or more prosy than myself. Pray do not

talk to me about illusions. The thing was no mere fancy; I saw it all as plainly as I now see you."

"Well," he resumed, "then you must have been dreaming; dreams are very real sometimes. What with the motion of the train and the drive through the night-air, no doubt you felt sleepy. I dare say something you had been reading, some tale of horrors, may be, or perhaps some criminal case you may have been engaged in getting up lately, recurred to your mind in rather a startling manner just as you were about to awake."

"Nothing of the sort," I answered, not without some warmth. "I assure you, my dear sir, I was as fully awake as I am now. I can assert it most emphatically. The door was burst open, and I heard as well as saw the two rush in."

Mr. Moreland looked down, and a somewhat peculiar smile played upon his lips. I felt that I was in danger of losing my temper, but checked the irritable impulse and said, with a forced attempt at jocularity: "You will tell me next that I had an attack of delirium tremens!"

To my surprise my host rejoined with grave politeness: "I need not say that I could not have ventured to hint at such a thing, if the suggestion had not come from yourself; but I hope, my dear Mr. Furnival, that you will not be offended if I proceed to add that this is an alternative that strikes me as by no means an impossible one. As you are no doubt aware, all the best medical authorities agree that delirium tremens may be brought on by want of sleep or an undue stress laid on the brain, though in the vast majority of cases it arises from indulgence in alcoholic drinks. Every one knows how hard you work, and my butler tells me that you drink no wine, so you cannot take offence at what I have said."

I bowed, and Mr. Moreland continued: "I wish I had been down-stairs myself; I ought to have been there to receive you. It is high time that I apologized for not having done so. The truth is, I am an old man, and I had ridden a good many miles in the morning and was tired. Besides, I thought your train would be late. The last train generally is behind time."

Here a welcome interruption was created by the entrance of a servant, who informed his master that the solicitor with whom I was to confer respecting the transfer of some property had already arrived from the county town and was waiting in the library. But though no more was then said on the subject, I could not get it out of my thoughts all day; and I must confess that I found the business I had come down to arrange more

wearisome than business had ever been before, and that I got through it far more slowly than is my wont, and did not succeed as readily as I usually do in making either my client's wishes or my own ideas clear to my fellow-lawyer.

The next day was Sunday, and Father Hubert, the parish priest, dined at the Court, according to a long-established and invariable custom, with which Mr. Moreland, who was himself an excellent Catholic of the good, old-fashioned type, had no inclination to interfere. The conversation, as was natural, reverted to the subject of the apparition. Father Hubert had heard a garbled account of the matter from some of the villagers to whom Jarvis had been talking, and he listened with much interest to the story I told him. He said that he had never heard of any ghost in connection with the house, which was scarcely a hundred years old, adding that there was nothing in the history of its owner which could seem to point, however remotely, in the direction of a mysterious tragedy, much less of a terrible crime. Despite all that was said, my own conviction remained unshaken that the apparition was a real one ; but I felt that I was considered to be the victim of a strange hallucination—one of those delusions to which an active and overworked brain renders many persons liable.

On the Monday I was engaged to shoot over the well-stocked preserves of an old college-friend, whose country-seat was about twelve miles from Darnesfield. I was to remain to dinner, driving back afterwards to Mr. Moreland's, as I had to return to town by the first train on Tuesday morning. It was a relief to me to turn my back upon the house, which I believed to be haunted ; and as, after an early and solitary breakfast, I drove rapidly away in the direction of Lancaster Park, my spirits rose with every mile I left behind me. They would, perhaps, have scarcely been so elastic had I known whom I was to see before the day was done !

As almost all the guests, excepting those who were staying in the house, came from a distance, the dinner-hour had been fixed for half-past six. Country dinner-parties are apt to be rather dull affairs, and this one proved no exception to the rule. It was not a brilliant gathering which assembled in the drawing-room. My hosts, the Lancasters, were typical specimens of a country gentleman and his wife, and there were several people exactly like them, only older or younger, graver or gayer, as the case might be. Of one of the persons who composed the company I had scarcely a glimpse until we were all seated at table, as whilst

we were in the drawing-room she had her back turned to me, and was engaged in conversing with a tall, thin man, who, standing before her, bent on her glances of unmistakable admiration.

"That is Mr. Somerset," Mrs. Lancaster explained to me in an undertone—"a younger brother of Sir Edward Somerset, the proprietor of Darnesfield; and the young lady he is talking to is a Miss Rutherford. He is desperately in love with her, but I fancy her heart is bestowed elsewhere."

Mr. Somerset took Miss Rutherford in to dinner; they were opposite to me, rather lower down the table, and after the first glance I directed towards her I seemed to see no one else. My whole attention was riveted upon her, and I could scarcely take my eyes from her face. She was exceedingly pretty; yet it was not her beauty that fascinated me—for I had seen many more beautiful women—but to my utter amazement I recognized in her the girl whom I had seen murdered in the library of Darnesfield Court. There she sat in her youthful freshness and innocent enjoyment, chattering gaily to her admirer; but it was impossible to be mistaken as to her identity. I looked and looked again, gazed and gazed once more, and every time I became more thoroughly and utterly convinced that I was right. She was simply dressed in a gown of soft, pale pink material, cut square at the neck; and in her corsage and in her hair she wore some delicate-hued, late-flowering natural roses, which heightened the effect of her exquisite complexion and dark brown eyes and hair. Truly, she had not much in common with the agonized, scared, terror-stricken woman whom I had seen cowering before the uplifted dagger; and yet I could recognize each feature: the shape of her face, the turn of her figure, the very form of her hands—everything about her, in fact, was the same. The identity was undeniable, indisputable. I grew absent and distracted, so that the prosy dowager to whom it was my duty to talk, finding me rather a dull companion, addressed herself in preference to a simpering captain of dragoons who sat on her other hand.

As soon as the ladies quitted the dining-room I excused myself to Mr. Lancaster on the plea that I was tired after my day in the open air, and begged him to allow me to take my departure at once, especially as I had to be back in London at so early an hour the next morning. So the dog-cart was brought round, and I returned to Darnesfield Court, astonishing Mr. Moreland not a little by my unexpected appearance.

"Why, Mr. Furnival," he exclaimed, "I did not expect to see you for a long time yet! Do you know that it is only nine

o'clock? What is the matter? Are you ill? You have not seen another ghost, surely!"

"No, I have not seen a ghost," I replied gravely; "I have seen the lady."

"The lady! What lady?"

"Why, the lady I saw in the library the other evening; the bodily form of the phantom-shape I saw in the apparition."

My host removed his cigar from his lips with an impatient gesture. "I do wish," he exclaimed almost pettishly, "you could get that nonsense out of your head. Do you mean to say you have seen it over again? Pray, where did it happen this time? In the drive or out on the open road?"

"You do not understand me," I said, as I seated myself by the fire. "I do not say that I have seen the tragedy acted over again, but I have seen one of the *dramatis personæ*. She sat opposite to me at dinner. I recognized her at once; there is no possible doubt about it. She is a handsome girl, with beautiful hair, and rather a peculiar manner of parting her lips when she smiles. Her name is Miss Rutherford."

At this point it was evident from the expression of Mr. Moreland's face that he began to entertain serious doubts of my sanity. "Whatever are you talking about?" he cried, startled out of his usual serenity. "You cannot mean Marian Rutherford; she is my daughter's great friend. They are like sisters. Are you going to tell me she is murdered?"

"On the contrary," I replied, "did you not hear me say that she was at Mr. Lancaster's house to-night, and that I sat opposite to her at the dinner-table? She is as much alive as you or I; but, bright and blooming as she is, she is none other than the girl who rushed into the library the other night, white and scared and terrified, pursued by her murderer."

"What a very singular thing," Mr. Moreland remarked, "that you should have taken up this idea! You are the last man I should have suspected of such vagaries. And now that your delusion has taken this personal turn, the matter has gone quite beyond a joke. One thing I really must beg of you, and that is, not to breathe a word of this to any one. Suppose it got round to Miss Rutherford, how extremely unpleasant it would be for her and all of us! No; the ghost-story has got wind, and has no doubt by this time received innumerable additions, but what you have just mentioned to me must not go any further."

I promised secrecy, and Mr. Moreland continued: "Miss Rutherford is an orphan and my ward, for she has no near rela-

tives living. I am very fond of her, and should be glad to see her suitably married; but I am afraid that her marriage can hardly be a happy one if she perseveres in keeping to her present engagement. Between ourselves, I should only be too glad to see it broken off, and am using all my influence to induce her to give up her intended husband, who is handsome and fascinating, and that sort of thing, but not the sort of man a girl should trust herself to for life. He is a Spaniard of good family; his parents settled in Mexico before he was born. I am afraid he is addicted to one or two very bad habits, besides having a fiery and unrestrained temper. But he can be charming when he chooses, and has a great hold over Marian, who is deeply attached to him, though she deplores his want of principle." Thus the old man continued to run on, and, as I plainly perceived the subject of the apparition to be an unwelcome topic, I let it drop, and soon afterwards we parted for the night. As I lay down to rest I could not help wondering what was the import of the strange spectacle I had witnessed, and why I had been permitted to behold it. *Cui bono?* I said to myself over and over again; for, as the reader will readily understand, the matter was now invested with an additional and far deeper interest, since one of the phantom actors had been seen by me as a living reality. Was I to see the other also? And if so, when and where would the meeting take place?

On rising the next morning I found that a dense, damp fog had succeeded to the brilliant autumnal sunshine of the preceding day; and when, after a hurried breakfast, I bade farewell to Mr. Moreland and drove away from his door, I felt that the mist which shrouded the landscape in its veil of gloom was not thicker or more impenetrable than the mystery connected with Marian Rutherford and the scene in the library. Had that mystery some undiscoverable relation to a long-forgotten past? Or might it possibly contain a foreshadowing of a yet unimagined future? Had it been shown to me for some hidden purpose which at present I could not divine, but which in due time would be revealed to me?

III.

Never have I been able to account to myself for the uncontrollable impulse which prompted me, one dreary afternoon about two months subsequent to my visit to Darnesfield Court, to return home from my office on foot, especially as the weather

was not pleasant enough to furnish an inducement for departing from my almost invariable custom of travelling by omnibus.

On the occasion of which I speak I had walked down Oxford Street, transacting some trifling business on the way, and then directed my steps homewards. When I reached Hyde Park the crowd of carriages, and indeed of vehicles of every description, was greater than usual, and, habituated though I am to thread my way between menacing coal-wagons and dive with dexterity beneath the heads of advancing cab-horses, I was obliged to wait several minutes before I was able to cross the road. I was looking impatiently around me, thinking how foolish I had been to take this long walk on a gusty, disagreeable day, and feeling certain that I should be caught in the rain before I could reach my home, when all at once my attention was forcibly arrested and my roving thoughts were brought to a sudden standstill. Close to my right hand, on the curbstone where I was standing, I became aware of the presence of a gentleman whose face was strangely familiar to me. He was tall and handsome, with curly black hair and regular, finely-cut features. But though his appearance was decidedly striking, I could not at first remember where I had seen him before. At that moment there was an opportunity for crossing the road; we traversed it side by side, and as I looked again at the stranger the truth flashed upon me with the force and directness of an intuition—he was the phantom murderer of Darnesfield Court! Without thinking why I did so, I followed the mysterious unknown as with rapid, active steps he walked on, shaping his course in a slanting direction so as finally to emerge from the Park opposite Exhibition Road.

Down this road he went until he came to the post-office, which is situated on the right-hand side; there he paused, and, availing himself of the shelter afforded by the roofing over the street—for it was now raining fast—stood still for a moment under the gas-lamp, and, putting his hand into the breast-pocket of his overcoat, took out, with a quick gesture only too well remembered by me, not this time a dagger, but a packet of letters, which, after a rapid survey, he slipped into the box. I had gone up quite close to him, under pretence of consulting the clock, and before walking away he turned and suddenly looked me in the face. His eyes met mine, and I felt more than ever certain of his identity. He went down the road as far as it goes, then, turning to the left, walked past the church of the Oratorian Fathers, stopping at a house a little further on, the door of which he opened with a latch-key, thus proving that he lived there. A

card with *Apartments for Gentlemen* told me that it was a lodging-house; and it was not difficult on the following day to ascertain his name. It was Del Mar, the landlady informed me—Mr. Alfonso Del Mar; and she added that he was a Spaniard. "I might have guessed that," I said to myself; "he has the look of a haughty hidalgo." As I walked away it suddenly occurred to my mind that Mr. Moreland had said that the gentleman to whom Miss Rutherford was engaged was Spanish. Could it be possible that her present lover was identical with what I could not but suppose to be her future murderer? The truth must be discovered; I wrote immediately to Mr. Moreland—ostensibly for some other object—and in his reply he informed me that my surmise was correct, and that Del Mar was the name of Miss Rutherford's affianced husband.

The reader will not need to be told that this identification of the principal actor in the tragedy I had witnessed furnished me with a subject for long and serious thought and for mature and anxious deliberation. I hesitated as to what course of action it was best to take, or whether it would not be better to abstain from action altogether, since I could think of none that would do any good. With Mr. Moreland there was manifestly nothing to be done, since he had shown himself determined not to take the matter up, and I knew that if I persisted in urging him to do so he would only grow angry with me and tell me in plain terms that I must be a madman. Ought I to acquaint Miss Rutherford with the whole story, with a view to warning her before it should be too late and her life irretrievably linked with that of Mr. Del Mar? But then there was my promise of secrecy, and if I were to break it, and she believed me, either in part or whole, I should probably only make her miserable and myself disliked; for what girl ever consented to give up a lover on the strength of such testimony as I could bring forward as to the danger involved in a marriage with him? And if, on the other hand, I said to myself, she refused altogether to give credit to my story, I should not fail to bring down upon myself an amount of ridicule and contempt which I felt hardly prepared to encounter.

Therefore, after much hesitation and manifold reflections, I finally decided to keep silence; and when, a few months subsequently, I heard, not without a sense of relief, that Marian's engagement was broken off, I considered my resolution to have been a wise one, and the subject of the apparition became less frequently present to my thoughts, and as time went on gradually faded from them altogether.

About twelve months later, indeed, the impression was to a certain extent renewed, for I happened incidentally to be told that Miss Rutherford was dead, and that circumstances of a peculiarly melancholy and mysterious nature were connected with her death. What these circumstances were I was unable fully to ascertain, as my informant only knew that the unfortunate young lady had been found dead, and that the matter had been hushed up, as there was a strong suspicion pointing in the direction of suicide. Of Mr. Moreland I had lost sight altogether, and my own life was just then so full of sorrow and anxiety that the cares and labors of the present quickly effaced the recollection of my vision—that most weird and mysterious among my memories of the past.

IV.

I am not engaged in writing my own autobiography, and it would be alien to the purpose of the present story were I to attempt to narrate the chain of circumstances by means of which I found myself, after an interval of ten or twelve years, an inmate of the accident ward belonging to a large hospital in one of the principal towns of Australia. A compound fracture of one of my lower limbs necessitated a somewhat lengthened period of repose, and the enforced captivity proved very irksome to me. Slowly and wearily the weeks dragged by, until I was at length pronounced convalescent, and it wanted but two or three days to the time fixed for my quitting the hospital, when one evening a man who was a stranger in the place was brought into the ward, having been seriously hurt in the course of a drunken quarrel with some rough associates in a tavern.

The bed next to mine happening to be vacant, the new-comer was placed in it; his injury was pronounced by the doctor to be severe, but not necessarily mortal. It was of such a nature as to leave the sufferer in full possession of his consciousness, as I presently discovered; for, in the stillness of the night, the patient, being in too great pain to sleep, commenced talking to himself in an undertone. Perhaps he was unaware that he was speaking aloud, or perhaps he imagined that, as he spoke Spanish, no one of those around, if they chanced to overhear, could understand what he said. However, since that language is perfectly familiar to me, I could understand every word he uttered—every word, that is, which reached my ears; for frequently the sick man's mutterings became inaudible, or intervals of slumber

on my own part rendered me for a time oblivious of my surroundings. On the whole I slept but little, however; for, listening at first from mere idle curiosity, I soon found my interest excited in no small degree, for it was manifest that the Spaniard was a prey to remorse on account of some crime, the recollection of which lay heavily on his mind and caused him poignant regret. What was the nature of that crime his self-communings did not disclose, but I gathered that it was an act of violence, connected in some way with my own country; for as his thoughts apparently travelled back over by-gone years, he constantly mentioned English scenes and English people, some of whose names were familiar to me and seemed to evoke dim memories of a long-forgotten past. Was it a dream, or was it something the sick man said as he tossed restlessly from side to side, that gave definite form to those shadowy reminiscences, and recalled to my mental sight with startling vividness a tragedy to which for years my thoughts had not reverted, but which could never be entirely effaced from my remembrance—namely, the mysterious phantom-scene it had been my lot to behold in the library of Darnesfield Court? The scene, the actors, rose up before me as if all were being enacted over again then and there; and at the same time a suspicion started up within my mind—a suspicion which gradually strengthened into conviction and forced itself upon me with irresistible power—that the sufferer at my side was the Spanish gentleman to whom Miss Rutherford had been engaged, and that it was by his hand that she had come to her untimely end. Thus, by one of those remarkable coincidences in which we should find it difficult to believe, did they not so constantly occur, I was now brought into immediate proximity with the man who had committed the crime that I had seen in anticipation.

The next morning my first thought was the desire to gain sight of the individual who so deeply interested me; but on looking anxiously towards his bed I perceived that he had fallen into a heavy sleep, and, his countenance being averted from me, it was impossible to obtain a glimpse of his features—a glimpse which would either go to corroborate the truth of my surmise or prove my suspicions to be unfounded. On my inquiring his name of the nurse, to my surprise she said that it was Albert Davis. Then, seeing the puzzled expression on my face, she added: "He does not look much like an Englishman, certainly."

I could now move about with the aid of a stick, and therefore as soon as I was dressed I went to my neighbor's bedside. One

glance sufficed to convince me that I had guessed aright; supposition became certainty as soon as my eyes fell on the face of the Spaniard, in whom, changed, care-worn, prematurely aged as he was, no one could fail to recognize the actor in that dark drama, the proud and passionate Del Mar. There was the same black curly hair, there were the same finely-cut features, the same peculiar lower lip, which gave a haughty, almost ill-tempered expression to the countenance, though the cheek was now flushed with fever and the naturally lustrous eyes sparkled with an unnatural brilliancy. I asked the sick man how he was, adding that I was sure he had been in pain in the night. He looked surprised at being addressed in Spanish, and answered in the same language.

"A thousand thanks," he said, with the courtesy of his nation. "I could not sleep, it is true, but my wound is slight; I shall soon recover."

After a few commonplace remarks, and the proffer of my services if I could be of any use to him, I asked, Had he not lived in England?

An expression of pain passed over the stranger's face; with a slight moan he turned away, closing his eyes wearily as he uttered the monosyllabic reply "yes."

At this moment the surgeon came round, and I had no more opportunity of conversing with my neighbor that day. When night came he was delirious, and until I fell asleep it was pitiful to hear his wanderings; how he went back to the days of his early youth, when he was an innocent child, his reminiscences being ever and anon mingled with outbursts of lamentation and bitter self-reproach.

When I awoke the next day the nurse was standing by his side. "Poor fellow!" she said, turning to me, "he is very bad, though he will not allow it himself. The doctor says he would certainly have recovered even if the injury were worse than it is, were it not that his constitution is ruined through habitual intemperance and the wild life he has led of late years. His blood is in a bad state, and he may sink rapidly; he ought to be warned of his danger."

I asked if I might be allowed to speak to him, and, since he was a Catholic, ascertain whether he was desirous to see a priest. Consent was readily given, and I moved at once to his bedside, conscious that there was no time to be lost. The fit of fever had passed away, and he lay back on his pillow in a state of exhaustion. I endeavored gently to acquaint him with his perilous condition, and urged him to accept the ministrations of a priest.

But he would not believe my statement or accede to my proposal. "Not yet," he murmured; "when I am better, perhaps I shall soon recover. I cannot, I will not die!"

Finding I could prevail nothing, I changed my tactics. "I know who you are," I said. "Your name is not Albert Davis; it is Alfonso Del Mar."

The sick man stared wildly at me. "Who are you," he asked, "and what do you know about me?"

"Not only do I know your real name," I continued, "but I know that you have on your conscience a terrible crime, which makes you afraid to die, afraid to appear before the tribunal of God."

Del Mar's countenance became ghastly. "Hush, hush!" he cried. "Do not say that; it is false, it is false!"

"Is it false," I pursued, "that you were affianced to Marian Rutherford, that you quarrelled with her at Darnesfield Court, and that one evening you stabbed her to the heart?"

This was a bold venture on my part, and I was almost appalled at the effect it produced. There was a gurgle in the man's throat as he vainly strove to articulate; cold drops stood on his brow, his lips writhed as in bodily torture, he grasped my wrist with his burning hand.

"Did she die," he exclaimed—"oh! tell me, did she die? Was that accursed blow fatal?" And when he read the answer on my countenance, "Alas! then I am a murderer," he ejaculated. "Dios mios, I am a murderer. Ay di mi, ay di mi!"

He lay back upon his pillow, moaning feebly, and I was obliged to call for assistance, as I perceived that the violence of his emotion had caused his wound to bleed afresh. The doctor insisted on quiet, but after a time the sick man's eye sought mine, and with an imperious gesture he summoned me to his side.

"My sin has found me out at last," he said. "I thought no human eye witnessed it; sometimes I have even persuaded myself that the whole was a hideous dream. Ever since that fatal night a curse has pursued me. I have failed in everything. I have been a wanderer and an outcast. I have plunged into wild excitement in order to escape from the remembrance which haunted me. I have endeavored to drown my remorse with intoxicating drink. But tell me, if you saw it, why did you not deliver me up to justice? Why did you not let them hang me as a murderer? How much it would have spared me! If you only knew what these years have been! And now the end has

come, and it is too late for hope, too late for repentance, too late for forgiveness!"

I said all I could to soothe the sufferer; I reminded him of the infinite mercy of God, of the Sacrament of Penance open to sinners, of the welcome the church prepares for the penitent prodigal. And then I left him, that I might seek the priest and ask him to be in readiness should Del Mar consent to see him. He promised to come to the ward that same evening, and fervently did I pray that he might not come in vain as far as my poor friend was concerned.

Through the mercy of Heaven the good priest's persuasions were effectual. The next morning Del Mar, who, though for long years he had neglected to approach the sacraments, had never denied the faith, was reconciled to the church and made his peace with God, promising that if spared to recover he would lead a life of penance and atonement for his sin. But this was not to be; although at first he seemed to have passed safely over the worst crisis, and was even pronounced out of danger, yet blood-poisoning set in and he sank rapidly. I saw him again two or three times before his death, but I never disclosed to him the manner in which I had become possessed of his secret and made aware of the crime long before the thought of it had taken shape in his brain. Nor did he question me much on the subject, but evidently took it for granted that I had somehow been an unobserved spectator of the terrible scene, and had concealed the fact from motives of prudence—from inability to trace the culprit, perhaps, or from lack of sufficient evidence to convict him, or, more likely still, from fear of attracting to myself suspicion of guilt which it would be difficult, nay, impossible, to disprove. At any rate, he doubtless concluded that I had had good reasons of my own for not appearing in the matter and revealing what had occurred in those brief moments of frenzied passion—moments which he was to expiate by years of bitter remorse.

I told him Miss Rutherford was supposed to have committed suicide, but I naturally forbore from interrogating him as to the circumstances which led to the crime, though I was curious to know its immediate motive. On this point, however, during our last interview, he voluntarily enlightened me.

"Though all was broken off between Miss Rutherford and myself," he said, "and I was on the eve of sailing for America, some evil impulse impelled me, before I should leave England for ever, once more to revisit the place where I had first become

acquainted with her. I believe my good angel tried to deter me, for innumerable obstacles opposed themselves to the execution of my project, but each one only made me more determined to realize it. Mr. Moreland had left Darnesfield Court, but I was well acquainted with the Somersets, to whom, as you doubtless know, the mansion belonged, and who were again occupying it. To their house I went, ostensibly for the purpose of paying them a parting visit, but really to see Marian once more. I found that she had recently become engaged to Henry Somerset. I saw her walking with him in the grounds, as she had formerly walked with me; and, my jealous temperament leading me to imagine that preference for him had caused her to reject me, I resolved to reproach her with her perfidy. In vain I watched for an opportunity of speaking to her alone, but when the time to take leave arrived I contrived, under some pretext or other, to draw her aside for a moment, and beg her, for the sake of the love she once bore me, to grant me an interview that evening after the household had retired, as I wished the fact of our meeting to be a secret. Bewildered and astonished, she had not time to collect her thoughts, and before she was aware of what she was doing she had given her consent. She let me in at the front door, which was, as I had foreseen, left unbolted that night for the convenience of the son of the house, who had gone to a ball in the neighborhood. I reproached her, as I had intended; she was a very high-spirited girl, and, irritated by my injustice, retorted in a manner which stung me to madness, and, my hot blood getting the better of me, I lost every vestige of self-control. Terrified at my vehemence and at the menaces I uttered, she fled from me into the library—and you know the rest. Instead of leaving for South America in the steamer in which I had taken my passage, I let it start without me and embarked under a false name for Australia on the next vessel which happened to be sailing. But for the knowledge I so unexpectedly found you to possess of a crime I deemed known only to God and to myself, I should never have summoned up courage to see a priest, and my miserable life would in all probability have been terminated by a yet more miserable death."

On the following day Del Mar received the last sacraments, and expired some hours later in excellent dispositions, having repeatedly made acts of humble contrition and complete resignation to the will of God. The last words he was heard to utter were, Jesus, pardon! Mary, help! And may we not feel assured

that when he passed into the presence of his Judge the sentence pronounced on him was a merciful one?

I saw him laid in his lonely grave, and as I turned away from the cemetery I no longer asked myself for what end I had beheld the mysterious apparition. No longer did I exclaim, *Cui bono?* for I had found the key to the enigma, and my oft-repeated question was *answered at last.*

CELEBRATED AND COMMON FRIENDSHIPS.

THE friendships among mankind are themes for frequent thoughtful speculation. The needs and obligations of other relations in this life are of sufficiently easy understanding and exposition. It is not so with friendships. The subtlety of their essence, the absence of regularity in their formation, the varieties among the strains that they will endure, have seemed ever to hinder their reduction to ascertained terms. Husbands and wives, parents and children, brothers, sisters, and other kindred, colleagues in whatever department of endeavor, magistrate and private citizen, clergy and laity—all know well what these owe among one another. But who shall say the same of friends? The poets and the philosophers have said some beautiful things and some contemptuous, and all maintain that perfect friendships are most rare. "*Rarum genus!*" exclaimed Cicero. Said Lilly in *Endymion:*

> "Friendship! of all things the
> Most rare, and therefore most rare because most
> Excellent."

So nigh is friendship akin to love that the Greeks, and after them the Romans, gave to it a name derived from that dear word. English-speaking people have done differently, but neither can they, any more than could the ancients, define the boundary between the two.

There is something quite interesting in reflections upon the few friendships among eminent persons that have been handed down through the literatures of the ages. Curious illustrations some of them are. Take that of Orestes and Pylades, exhibited by their becoming principal and accessory to the murder of the mother of the one and the aunt of the other, the accessory re-

warded for his part with the hand of another parricide, Electra, the tale of whose sufferings makes up one of the greatest essays of the tragic muse.

Then Theseus and Pirithöus. The history of the friendship of these two heroes affords somewhat of humor, grim though it be. Plutarch, after an account of the help rendered by the former to Adrastus of Thebes, thus proceeds:

"The friendship of Theseus and Pirithöus is said to have commenced on this occasion. Theseus being much celebrated for his strength and valor, Pirithöus was desirous to prove it, and therefore drove away his oxen from Marathon. When he heard that Theseus pursued him in arms he did not fly, but turned back to meet him. But as soon as they beheld one another each was so struck with admiration of the other's person and courage that they laid aside all thoughts of fighting; and Pirithöus, first giving Theseus his hand, bade him be judge in this cause himself, and he would willingly abide by his sentence. Theseus in his turn left the cause to him and desired him to be his friend and fellow-warrior. Then they confirmed their friendship with an oath."

This reminds us somewhat of the inception of the alliance between Robin Hood and Little John. The historian does not record whether or not the oxen were restored, but we conclude that perhaps the robbery was treated as a harmless practical joke, and that both were thankful for the happy result to which it had led.

We are not informed as to the age of the king of the Lapithæ at the beginning of the confederate achievements of these distinguished cronies; but Theseus was now fifty years old, and seemed to have lost no part of the ardor which had been wont to impel him to the obtaining of wives by conquest and rape, although now foreseeing that he must wait some years longer for the fruition of his next endeavor. His comrade also, whatever may have been the number of his years and of his wives, was equally impressed by the infantile beauty that had captivated the veteran lover. Let us hear Plutarch again:

"The two friends went together to Sparta, and, having seen the girl (Helen, then nine years old) dancing in the temple of Diana Orthia, carried her off and fled. The pursuers that were sent after them following no further than Tegea, they thought themselves secure, and, having traversed Peloponnesus, they entered into an agreement that he who should gain Helen by lot should have her to wife, but be obliged to assist in providing a wife for the other. In consequence of these terms, the lots being cast, she fell to Theseus, who received the virgin and conveyed her, as she was not yet marriageable, to Aphidnæ. Here he placed his mother with her and committed them to the care of his friend Aphidnus, charging him to

keep them with the utmost secrecy and safety; whilst, to pay his debt of service to Pirithöus, himself travelled with him into Epirus, with a view to the daughter of Aïdoneus, king of the Molossians. This prince named his wife *Proserpine*, his daughter *Core*, and his dog *Cerberus*. With this dog he commanded all his daughter's suitors to fight, promising her to him who should overcome him. But understanding that Pirithöus came not with an intention to court his daughter, but to carry her off by force, he seized both him and his friend, destroyed Pirithöus immediately by means of his dog, and shut up Theseus in close prison."

These and similar friendships among the great doubtless were in the mind of Addison when (in *Cato*) he wrote:

"The friendships of the world are oft
Confederacies in vice, or leagues of pleasure."

The last was indeed costly to both; for Theseus, though delivered from prison by Hercules, was destined for his baleful work, confederate and single, to be cast down the Scyrian promontory; and Virgil represents him afterwards in Tartarus, ever repeating to the shades therein the admonitory words,

"Discite justitiam moniti, et non temnere divos."

As for the friendship of Damon and Pythias, its story would seem to have been handed down for the purpose mainly of illustrating how rarely, under the government of such a prince as Dionysius, can exist a friendship which is very common in modern times, particularly among free peoples, wherein on every business-day in every year men become sureties for the performance of the most difficult obligations and abiding by the most stringent penalties, not only in behalf of friends, but of others whom they believe to have the sense of honor which alone is necessary to save from losses. The return of Damon did indeed operate as a surprise upon the despot, so great as to induce a solicitation to be admitted into a friendship so far beyond all his notions of what was possible to humanity.

We cannot be too thankful for the account given by Cicero of the friendship of Scipio and Lælius. Not that we have been made familiar with any special incidents of their mutual rendering of services. Yet in the mouth of the less eminent of these two were put some of the sweetest words that were ever spoken. In this treatise (*De Amicitia*) may be seen, we think, the justice of what was said in the beginning of this article about the subtlety that makes any definite exposition concerning friendship impossible. We know not what depth of sorrow had been felt by the

survivor when death, in circumstances of special horror, took from his embrace the beloved companion in military and civic achievements; but his absence shortly afterwards from the college of augurs in the gardens of Decius Brutus was found to have been attributed erroneously to his indulgence of grief instead of being detained at home by sickness. We are led by Cicero, who lets him discourse upon the subject with his sons-in-law, to notice how different is friendship from love, how far below it, indeed, if measured by the feelings that arise when lovers have seen their best beloved depart from this life. "*Moveor*," calmly said the survivor, "*sed non egeo medicina.*" Indeed, it appears that he was afraid to indulge in grief to any extent. "*Mœrere hoc ejus eventu vereor ne invidi magis quam amici sit.*" All grief has yielded to the sweetness mostly of remembering of what sort was the illustrious man whose companionship he had enjoyed so long, and partly in speculating upon the exalted estate to which he believes him to have risen. It is very entertaining to listen to such eloquent discourse from one in whom there seems no feeling, or almost no feeling, of regret, and muse upon the reflections which this disciple of the Stoics makes upon a relation that left such solace on its dissolution, summing up with the conclusion that friendship—friendship that is to endure throughout life (than which nothing is more difficult or more rare)—can obtain only among the good. Such had been the friendship of Æmilius and Luscinius, of Curius and Coruncanius. Yet what shall we say of the instance given, though with lofty indignation, of Blossius Cumanus and Tiberius Gracchus, which survived the tomb, and was avowed by the survivor when pleading for money before the consuls, Lænas and Rupilius, before whom he declared that such had been his affection for the great tribune that if the latter had asked him to put the torch to the Capitol he would have complied? "*Videtis quam nefaria vox!*" exclaimed the aged patriot. Yet the instance disproved his theory.

Here it seems apposite to remark that those friendships that have become historic have subsisted for the greater part between men who were not equals, and that the warmth of their devotion has been in inverse ratio to the inequality. But for Theseus we might never have heard of Pirithöus. Yet it was the latter who took the initiative in that famous alliance; and we know too much of the temper of him who had vanquished the Minotaur, the Bull of Marathon, and the Centaurs to be in much doubt how he would have behaved had the Spartan princess fallen to the other's lot. So of Pylades, in whom the fierce blood of the

Atridæ had been mingled with the unwarlike of the Phocian. He became never the leader, but was ever the follower, both in the assassination of Clytemnestra and the expedition into Taurica Chersonesus. So of Pythias, whose name, it is probable, would never have been transmitted but for his standing bail for the distinguished disciple of Pythagoras. Even of Lælius the most of what we know is from the pen of the great orator who, in his name, put forth that splendid panegyric. In this his sense of inferiority is apparent in the praise he bestowed, and a pardonable pride in having enjoyed the friendship of such a man, the recollection of which subdued most of the grief at his death. It was exquisite tact, the selection of the lesser but more devoted friend. We cannot but suspect that in the other case the most eloquent words in the discourse would have been employed upon his own and the renowned deeds of the rest of the Scipios.

The same may be said, and with greater fitness, of the friendship of David and Jonathan. The initiative is from the inferior. Not all of the prophetic gift imparted by tasting the honey-comb at Beth-aven had been lost, and in the stripling holding in his hand the Philistine's head he recognized a rising star before which his father's would disappear. Most pathetic is the history of this friendship, beginning at first sight:

"And Saul said to him, Whose son art thou, thou young man? And David answered, I am the son of thy servant, Jesse the Beth-lehemite.

"And it came to pass, when he had made an end of speaking unto Saul, that the soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David, and Jonathan loved him as his own soul.

"Then Jonathan and David made a covenant, because he loved him as his own soul."

It is touching to consider the ministrations in this alliance, all on the part of the inferior, the melancholy Jonathan. Pursued by the frightened jealousy of the king, David flees from Ramah to the faithful prince, by whom he is hidden in the field. Even here protection is bespoke for himself and his house when the fugitive, his enemies being overcome, shall rise to the kingdom:

"And thou shalt not only while yet I live show me the kindness of the Lord, that I die not:

"But also thou shalt not cut off thy kindness from my house for ever; no, not when the Lord hath cut off the enemies of David every one of them from the face of the earth.

"So Jonathan made a covenant with the house of David, saying, Let the Lord even require it at the hand of David's enemies.

"And Jonathan caused David to swear again, because he loved him as he loved his own soul."

Once, and once only, is it recorded that the feeling of David was the stronger. Yet even this may be attributed to gratitude for his rescue more than response to the love that at such risk had been expended upon him:

"And as soon as the lad was gone, David arose out of a place towards the south, and fell on his face to the ground, and bowed himself three times: and they kissed one another, and wept one with another, until David exceeded.

"And Jonathan said to David, Go in peace, forasmuch as we have sworn both of us in the name of the Lord, saying, The Lord be between me and thee, and between my seed and thy seed for ever.

"And he arose and departed and Jonathan went into the city."

Yet another service and another reminder are made in the wilderness of Ziph:

"And Jonathan, Saul's son, arose and went to David in the wilderness, and strengthened his hand in God.

"And he said unto him, Fear not: for the hand of Saul my father shall not find thee; and thou shalt be king over Israel, and I shall be next unto thee: and that also Saul my father knoweth.

"And they two made a covenant before the Lord; and David abode in the wood, and Jonathan went to his house."

It was a merciful subdual of the prophetic inspiration of Jonathan when, always sad but ever hoping, he fondly dreamed of becoming second to the loved of his soul in the coming kingdom. Beautiful was the song of the royal poet over the bodies of father and son at Gilboa; but there is no noticeable difference in the sorrow he felt for both over the praises he bestowed:

"From the blood of the slain, from the fat of the mighty, the bow of Jonathan turned not back, and the sword of Saul returned not empty.

"Saul and Jonathan were lovely in their lives, and in death they were not divided: they were swifter than eagles, they were stronger than lions.

"Ye daughters of Israel, weep over Saul, who clothed you in scarlet, with other delights, who put on ornaments of gold upon your apparel.

"How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle. O Jonathan! thou wast slain in thine high places.

"I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan: very pleasant hast thou been unto me: thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of woman.

"How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!"

A beautiful song. Amid high-sounding strains of lament for

the fall of the powerful is interluded one, tender and brief, for the friend, not so much for the sake of the survivor's love as of that of the dead, which was passing the love of woman. It is the most interesting in all the annals of friendship, and, like most others, whether among the powerful or the lowly, the wise or the simple, its incipiency and its preponderance of fondness were with the one whose capacities were the least for every purpose except that of ever-abiding affection and unalterable faithfulness to its behests.

In other historic though less noted friendships, as that between Sts. Cuthbert and Herbert, and that between Xystus II. and St. Lawrence, may be seen also the greater devotion of the lesser friend. The humble monk of Derwentwater besought the great bishop of Lindisfarne to obtain for him the felicity of dying at the same hour with him, and the request was kindly granted. So the poor deacon, following behind the great pontiff as he was led to execution, put forth a similar request; and his lamentation was subdued when assured that after three days more, to be spent in distributing among the poor the treasures of the church, he should get also his crown of martyrdom and rejoin his beloved in a better world.

Other thoughts come to the mind while reflecting upon these and the common friendships of the world. There is among mankind a respect for friendship that may be named almost unique. There is no term that indicates pitifulness like "friendless." For rare as may be the friendships that are reasonably cemented, and that continue long faithful and fond, yet how few so poor as not to have one or more whom they may justly call friends. To no condition of human life do not friendships of some sort seem to have a necessity peculiar to themselves, differing from and independent of that pertaining to other conditions. The possession of wives and children, the possession or pursuit of riches, power, and honor, seldom if ever are satisfactory without the added possession of friends. The division that friendships allow in felicities, the solace they impart in miseries, are unlike those in any other relation. Perhaps causes of this are their calmness, their comparative freedom from eagerness—things that render communion among those who feel them, whether often or seldom together, whether dwelling near or remote, so practicable and even. The husband, to be content, must live with his wife, and a parent among or near his children. But the dearest friends may dwell far apart, and the pressure of life that has separated them alters not the sweetness of communions that are only silent.

When death comes to one, if tears flow not as at the departure of those bound by a more passionate feeling, the minds of survivors are often more true to the memory of this bond than to some of those which in life were stronger.

As to the origin of friendship it is useless to speculate; so as to the occasions of its cementation; so as to the inherent fitness of particular classes of persons for its fondest and most faithful manifestations. If the loves between men and women often seem capricious or dependent upon accidents, what shall we say of the friendships of this life? In all this earth there is nothing that, if not accidental, seems so incomprehensibly capricious. In loves dissimilarities, whether of person or of mind and disposition, oftener than otherwise are what first united them. The man with dark hue and eyes commonly finds the maid with the blonde and blue. The maid light-hearted and petite is commonly won by the man lofty and saturnine. In loves the things are sought which the seekers do not already possess. It is a law like that of lower nature which delights in oppositions or in compositions, and will not be content with one of its kind though most excellent. We notice often how variant from the leaf of a tree is its flower, and how variant from both the fruit. What thousands of compositions dot every vernal landscape!

But friendships cannot be traced commonly either to unlikenesses or likenesses. The unlike and the like sort in circumstances that often seem as accidental as the fall of leaves that have been lifted by the wind and deposited softly upon the bosoms of others that were brought by a contrary. As for the dependence of friendships upon special characteristics of mind and temper, and that they cannot exist except among the good, nothing seems more remote from being facts. Not only do friendships subsist among the bad, but they subsist between the good and the bad. There is hardly any community, however small, wherein friendships of greater or less intensity are not found that seem most incongruous; wherein the conduct, the sentiments, the aspirations of one friend are unexceptionable, and those of the other, if not degraded, seem to be ever tending downwards. What is yet more curious among such is that the example of one has seldom appeared to have been salutary, nor that of the other pernicious. There may be reprimands frequent and earnest, and acceptance of them, whether with or without resentment, certainly without amendment; yet alliances continue to subsist, if seldom offensive, at least always defensive, and the one with all his virtuous conduct, sentiments, and aspirations will risk all he

values most highly in public opinion to defend his comrade and rescue him from punishment that he knows would be just.

Much has been said about the defence rendered by members of the bar to those who have been charged with crimes of various magnitude, and the world outside of courts has its stereotyped words of condemnation for conduct seeming to them inconsistent with the conservatism of tranquillity, honor, and respect for law for which men of this profession ought to be particularly distinguished. Yet among these brave, ardent, persistent defences one may often see what is only a discharge of what is felt to be a behest of friendship of more or less affectionateness, whose risks and sacrifices are the greater as the danger is more threatening and public hostility and prosecution more exacerbated. For even the felon when arrested seeks aid, not always from counsel who are most distinguished, but rather from him whom he knows and likes most, on whose reciprocation of his good-will he relies for successful rendering of the service he so sorely needs more trustingly than he would rely upon the superior adroitness and eloquence of the greatest advocate.

As to the rarity of friendships asserted by the good Lælius, he was referring, of course, to such as that which marked the companionship of himself with the illustrious man whose departure he contemplated with feelings so calm and painless. Friendships may indeed be not only rare but impossible when the highest heights of ambition admit but one among the scalers, if only two in number, to attain. The instance is yet to be found wherein of two friends, equal in every particular and both desirous of renown, one stepped aside and allowed the other to plant his foot upon the acme of public honors. But there is no rarity of devoted friendships among the multitudes—friendships that delight in services that it is even sweeter to bestow than it is to receive.

The poets have been prone to lament the evanescence of friendships. But this is rather from the fact that their spirits are tuned to a sensibility so high that they set an inadequate value on what is possible to the multitudes who are not so finely and tensely strung. Their lamentations are for the absence of those emotions which only spirits like them can feel, ethereal and of some semblance to the divine. But let any man of experience count up, if he will, the number of those which have been wholly dissolved in the period of his observations. How few among them have been found grossly unfaithful! We will not say that the friendships of human life have been more en-

during in the main than its loves, though we are not quite sure of being wrong if we should. For loves, though more ardent, are more exacting, and they often lose all because dissatisfied and complaining of what seems to them the little they receive compared with the abundance they bestow. Loves demand reiterated assurances and proofs which lovers, on the one hand, sometimes grow resentful for the few they receive, and, on the other, grow weary of their repeated rendering. Hence the numbers of the neglects of parents, of the disinheritances of children, and especially of divorces of husbands and wives, that would be multiplied ten thousand-fold except partly for the scandal to be incurred, partly for the inconveniences resultant to families, but mainly the restraining laws of the church and the state.

"A question was started whether the state of marriage was natural to man. *Johnson*—'Sir, it is so far from being natural for man to live in a state of marriage that we find all the motives which they have for remaining in that connection, and the restraints which civilized society imposes to prevent separation, are hardly sufficient to keep them together.'" *

These were the words of one of the most loving and devoted of husbands, who during the whole of his widowed life mourned the departure of the wife of his bosom.

On the other hand, friendships receive and bestow with little jealousy, and some of their dearest results follow services in which those who bestow are hardly conscious of the exertion which they cost. It is not often, we believe, that friendships that have once been fond are dissolved, at least to the degree as to become hostilities. Such an end shocks the minds even of the simple and humble. On the contrary, such friendships usually survive even the tomb, and the affection felt by those who have departed are often inherited and treasured by their children. Common life abounds in them, and, though not demonstrative, self-asserting, and exacting like loves, they impart to the multifold misfortunes of this lower life a solace without which they would be far harder to endure. They help to support poverty, exile, imprisonment, the loss of kindred, youth, health, honor, name, even loves; and as old wine is the sweeter, so, after the lapse of long time, thoughts of them are more comforting and more fond.

We would not be understood as maintaining that friendship is either superior or equal to love; for love is undoubtedly the

* Boswell's *Life of Dr. Johnson.*

supreme of all the emotions of the human heart. It is the very exaltation of its supremacy more than all other causes that gives rise to the jealousies by which it is often so sorely beset. To these jealousies friendship itself sometimes makes the incipient if not controlling occasion. We remember, in Dickens' *Household Words*, a somewhat blasé account of the loss of one friend by another after the marriage of the former. "I had an old friend"—the bachelor's story about thus ran—"and he got married. After some time I went to see him and his wife. As I entered the room something stood up, having on my old friend's clothes, standing in his shoes, speaking in his voice. But it was not my old friend; *he* was gone."

In this instance, as in most others of the dissolutions of friendship, is to be noticed the manner in which they occur. Sad as they may be to all parties, they are seldom accompanied by violence, and more seldom are succeeded by enmities. Such friendships commonly subside beneath the pressure of life, that substitutes other ties in their stead, and, instead of being rudely cast aside, become only obsolete. "*Sunt remissione usus eluendæ*," as the elder Cato used to say, "*dissuendæ magis quam discindendæ*." Whereas loves when dissolved are dissolved for the most part abruptly, if not with anger and violence; hearts once beating in happy unison are torn and bleeding, and if hate does not succeed it is mainly because pride or pious submission keeps it away.

Loves and friendships—happy they who may claim, or who may believe they can claim, to have both, genuine and constant. Not all are blessed with the greater; but the less hardly any is so poor as to be wholly without.

"ENGLISH HOBBES!"—"IRISH DOGGES!"

I.

THE taunts one race casts upon another are very often based on something in itself most praiseworthy. What one nation cannot forgive in another is a virtue, or an article of superior value; such is generally selected for an insult. The strong animal powers of the English are construed by the French as a reproach; the latter dwell on British coarseness in the man, and the bony framework and large teeth in the woman. The delicate cookery, grace, and light-heartedness of the French have furnished English literature with an endless vista of sneers. At one period the common name for Welshmen was *crogans*, possibly because the poorer sort ate in messes from a crock, as, in the Anglo-Saxon laws, certain knots of men called *potwealleras* appear to have been so termed because they belonged to one fire and boiled their food in one pot. The famous Statutes of Kilkenny, after enacting various penalties against those who imitated or had dealings with the Gaelic Irish, ordained that differences should not be made between English born in England and English born in Ireland by calling the former "English Hobbes," or clowns, and the latter "Irish Dogges." The term of contempt used by the Irish meant an elf, or oaf, a loutish field-hand or laborer; yet the typical Saxon who did more to win, hold, and exploit Britain than any other was the small farmer, who in education and character came nearest to the man called a hobbe and later "Hodge." In Ireland the word hobbe was also employed for a small, cheap horse such as farming folk raise and use; and the term was naturally opposed as an inferior to the highly-bred animal. That the helpful rustic sprite, the laborer and the beast, for all of whom and of which the term was in use, were unfit for sneering allusions signified nothing to the time and people. Reiteration makes a taunt hateful, whether it have a meaning or not. The only escape is to accept it as an honor, as the Flemish nobles did the Spanish insult of "beggars," and as in England and Ireland the words Tory, Whig, and Radical have been assumed by those who were called so in scorn. The English sneer against the Irish was something more than it looks on the surface. It was meant to wound much more than we

imagine who consider that to call a man a dog is never a grievous matter, and sometimes—as a "sad dog"—is half a compliment. There was some national insult underlying the term, when applied to an Irishman, which relieved it from commonplace as a term of disdain. The Irish were still largely given to hunting and the raising of cattle. Moreover, their old literature, which was in full vogue, and at that period undergoing a rejuvenescence, contained many allusions to that noble dog, the staghound:

"Do bi Sgeólan a's Bran ar éill
og Fionn réid iona thoid."

"Sgeolan and Bran were leashed
In mild Fionn's hand"—

"and each of the Fionna had his own hound and our sweet-tongued dogs in full cry," is John O'Daly's paraphrase of one of Oisin's hunting ballads as chanted by that pagan hero to St. Patrick. Other famous hounds are plenty; such were Buadhach Môr and Ablach Og, let slip at the chase of Sleeve Truim by Oisin himself; and Uacht Ar and Ard na Feirb, by Mac Breasail. The name of Oscar's deerhound was Mac an Truim, and Caol's was Leim ar Luth; Garraidh unleashed three—Fearan and Foghar and Maoin. Other names of beasts fit to pull down boar and stag are Coingiol, Gruaim, Aircis, Raon, Coir the Black, and White Dealbh. In the Book of Rights Aedha, the King of Conail, is entitled to women, bondmen, drinking-horns (*cuirn*), swords, "and three hounds for his forest hunting-shed." Various breeds of dogs from Great Britain and Ireland have been celebrated in Europe from as early an epoch as there is record in the annals and traditions of classic nations, and to the present day the fleetest coursers of the hare are Irish. At the time that the eastern parts of Ireland were settled by the Norman-Welsh the dog was still an animal of the first importance in native eyes. It was like the horse to the Arab. Perhaps it marked a difference from the natives that the Ostmen of Dublin, turbulent vassals of those kings of Ireland who could maintain a claim to be Ard-righ, buried with the body of their suzerain, Donogh Mac Murragh, King of Leinster, after they had treacherously murdered him, the carcass of a dog. This was just before Dermod, his son, invited over the Norman-Welsh with the ambiguous permission of Henry II. In 1335, so a document proves, Edward III. was in the habit of importing hawks and greyhounds from Ireland. Their own contempt for the dog—

which, as we shall see, was Christian in its origin—and the occurrence of boasts about their hounds uttered by the native party, must have given the English colonists and their partisans the occasion to use "dogge" as a doubly bitter term of contempt. On the one hand, moreover, the status of the dog had fallen from its position among their own remote ancestors of Germany and northern Gaul; on the other, the hostile Irish chieftains of their own epoch, as well as legendary heroes of the latter, were apt to have "dog" in their names. The doughty Johan de Courci (A.D. 1177) warred against a Mac Duinnshleibhe (Dunlevy) who was called *Cu Uladh*, war-dog of Ulster—a name he lived up to by worrying the invaders in many a hard-fought round. Another *Cu Uladh* (O'Morna) is mentioned by the Four Masters under A.D. 1391; he was the head of the family Mac Giolla Muire (Gillimurry, Gilmer, Gilmore) and chief over several tribes. In his metrical legends of the heroic age of Ireland Aubrey de Vere chants the magical and warlike deeds of the being after whom these chieftains in all probability were popularly named. He has set in fine English one of those afterthoughts by which people evolve an anecdote out of a supposed etymology. Whilst he was yet a boy the great national hero, Cuchullain, is supposed to have ceased to call himself Setanta and to have assumed the name by which he is known in Irish legend:

> "Next he told
> How to that child, Setanta first, there fell
> Cuchullain's nobler name. 'To Emain near
> There dwelt an armorer—Cullain was his name—
> That earliest rose, and latest with his forge
> Reddened the night; mail-clad in might of his
> The Red Branch knights forth rode; the bard, the chief
> Claimed him for friend. One day, when Conor's self
> Partook his feast, the armorer held discourse:
> 'The Gods have made my house a house of fame;
> The craftsmen grin and grudge because I prosper;
> The forest bandits hunger for my goods,
> Yea, and would eat mine anvil if they might—
> Trow ye what saves me, sirs? A Hound is mine;
> Each eve I loose him; lion-like is he;
> The blood of many a rogue is on his mouth;
> The bravest, if they hear him bay far off,
> Flee like a deer!' Setanta's shout rang loud
> That moment at the gate, and, with it blent,
> The baying of that hound! 'The boy is dead!'
> King Conor cried in horror. Forth they rushed—
> There stood he, bright and calm, his rigid hands

Clasping the dead hound's throat! They wept for joy;
The armorer wept for grief. 'My friend is dead!
My friend that kept my house and me at peace;
My friend that loved his lord!' Setanta heard
Then first that cry forth issuing from the heart
Of him whose labor wins his children's bread.
That cry he honors yet. Red-cheeked he spake:
'Cullain! unwittingly I did thee wrong!
I make amends. I, child of kings, henceforth
Abide, thy watch-hound, warder of thy house.'
Thenceforth the Hound of Cullain was his name,
And Cullain's house well warded."

The first syllable of this name does appear to mean dog. But Cuchullain does not stand alone in the Keltic past; he has been connected with Sirius, the dog-star, and also, like the mythical Arthur of Britain, with Arcturus, the Great Bear.

It is painful to remember that the hounds which were the boast and joy of the native Irish in their life in forest and hills should have been used to track them when fugitives before the merciless viceroys of the English kings and queens. Elizabeth, cruel as she was vain, her mouth full of godliness and her despatches urging the wholesale poisoning of rebellious chiefs and their families, had in the Earl of Essex a minion just to her mind. He is recorded to have used packs of bloodhounds, eight hundred in all, to track the native Irish in their fastnesses. The staghounds, of which Sgeolan and Bran are the heroic representatives, appear to have descended from a mixture of bloodhound and greyhound. The bulldog or the mastiff was in the early Christian centuries imported from Britain for use in the arena at Rome. The mastiff was certainly known in Asia at a very remote period, for he is seen on the Assyrian bas-reliefs and is still found on the Indian uplands. But this is enough to show that the dog, far from suggesting a degraded idea to the old Irish, was, on the contrary, a beast of honor. It may be safely accepted that in a large number of cases the favorite Old, Middle, and New Irish names, in which, alone or combined, one sees *Cu*, *Con*, and *Conn*, have for their earliest meaning Hound.

In this trait the Irish have high classical precedent, showing once more their nearness to the Greeks. The *cu*, *cuin* of Irish, the *ci*, *cyn* of Welsh, the *κύων*, *κύνος* of Greek stand side by side rather than derive one from the other. It would be hard to count the Greek names having that root. The brave Athenian at Marathon who held the Persian ship till both hands were chopped off, and then seized it with his teeth, was fitly named

Kunægirus, for his pluck was like that of a bulldog. A town in Arcadia was Kunæthræ; another in Locris of the Opuntii, Kunos; and a suburb of Athens, Kunosarges, or White Dog—a name that recalls the novels of Bret Harte. The Kunourii were a tribe of Greece said by Herodotus to be aboriginal. Kunosoura was one of the nurses of the infant Jove on Cretan Ida; Kuniska was a daughter of Archidamus, King of Sparta, and Kuno was the Greek rendering of the name Spaka, she-dog, in Median, as the herdsman's wife was called who brought up Cyrus the Great. As in Ireland, so among the primitive Greeks, the dog appears to have been held in enough esteem to give his name to a great many persons of rank. Homer has honored him so far as to make of the old hound of Odusseus by all odds the most pathetic figure in the *Odyssey*.

But the dog-name is essentially heathen, and wherever in Ireland we find *Cu* or *Con* we may be sure, in nine cases out of ten, that here the Christian cloak over the pagan body lets the old nakedness shine through. Along with Christianity the Jewish reformers taught the Greeks and Romans many national prejudices. Five centuries later they influenced the Arabs still more strongly against the dog, that indispensable comrade of the wandering tribes, that most faithful cousin to the most treacherous beast, the wolf. Why the Jews hated the dog may be guessed when we look to the land where they waxed populous and strong, and which they plundered of jewels and portable property when they left. Near their own towns during the stay in Egypt was Kunopolis, as the Greeks called it, the Anup of the Egyptians, a great temple-city, in which the river Nile was worshipped under the form of Anubis, the dog or jackal-headed genius, whose constellation was the dog-star. The Mosaic laws register the Hebrew loathing for that degraded worship. Hence, for the next sixty centuries or so dog has remained a term of reviling in the Hebrew, Christian, and Mohammedan worlds; any cruelty practised toward a domestic, in his forgiveness of injuries more Christian than the Christians themselves, has had warrant and excuse ever since; and this winter has seen in the United States a panic regarding that mysterious disease, hydrophobia, which is doing the greatest injustice to a noble beast.

II.

Places and persons in the East and in eastern Europe have this allusion to the dog. Western Europe is not different. Westward

of the Straits of Hercules, says Polybius, dwell the Konii. The most western inhabitants of Europe, says Herodotus, *living beyond the Keltoi*, are the Kynesii: "These Keltoi are found beyond the Columns of Hercules; they border on the Kynnesians, the most remote of all the nations who inhabit the western parts of Europe." Do not these indications point to a nation of shepherds in western Spain, Ireland, and Britain who held the dog in so much regard that they called themselves after him, as clans among the Indians are named after a favorite animal? Only partly Keltic, in fact, the report of their existence would come to Greek ears through Greco-Kelts; we may suppose them to have reached the stage of development when, out of the conflicting clans bearing the names of various beasts, that called the Dog had become the master and given its name to the nation. In Cæsar's time the hare, cock, and duck were taboo in Britain, pointing to the existence of clans bearing those names. For we find in races where the clan-system is most primitive that the members of a given clan, named after an animal, dare not kill it. We know that the Cimbri—that people which form a bone of contention as to their nationality between snarling archæologists—kept war-dogs as a part of their military system; these and the bravest of the women would defend the wagon-forts which were the last refuge of that extraordinary roving race. Odd, that Cimber should contain once more that little, almost changeless, root *kin*, root of the living Welsh name for dog, which only suffered before the following *b* the common change into *m*! Greeks and Romans record as singular that the Kelts used dogs in war, but their own ancestors did the like: Corinth was fabled to have been saved from sacking by fifty trained war-dogs, and in certain attacks on the Gauls mentioned by Strabo bloodhounds were used. So that when Shakspere wrote this for Antony to utter,

"Cry 'Havoc!' and let slip the dogs of war,"

the figurative and poetical phrase was hardly removed from the solid ground of daily fact. War-dogs—that is, bloodhounds—were in that year employed in Ireland and Scotland to hound the men who refused to be dragooned into Protestants or acknowledge the right of their recreant nobles to sell them to the English government. The grimness of this scene may be contrasted with the amusements of the great O'Connell two centuries and a half later. It was with a pack of hounds, not bloodhounds but their dwarfed descendants, that O'Connell used to beguile his winter hours—a pack of little beagles not more than ten inches

high. They represented well enough the gradual shrinkage of Ireland's forests and game. To-day we learn that even fox-hunting is likely to receive its death-blow at the hands of the peasantry.

The prominence of the dog in old Keltic place and person names makes one suspect the existence of an element in the early population of Europe, and particularly of the British Isles and adjacent parts of the Continent, of a race more purely pastoral and nomadic than the Keltic. It would be well if some one better fitted than the present writer would thoroughly sift the legends and mythology of the Irish and such records as can be found of the old British, the Welsh, and the Picts, in order to trace how much if any of the racial characteristics of the Irish can be assigned to a substratum of populace over which the Keltic wave of conquerors passed, never to ebb again. If there is anything in physiognomy, this is at least curious: that on examining the beautiful drawings of the Japanese which represent their hermits, Buddhist saints, and wise men, one is amazed at the strongly-marked Scottish and north-of-Ireland faces to be seen at the other extremity of Asia. Something more than coincidence must account for the likeness between Japanese old men in the carvings and pictures, and "hard-featured" Highlanders and Irishmen.

The clan-system and fosterage are found throughout Asia, as, indeed, they existed and exist among the aboriginal Americans. A friendship as binding as that of foster-brotherhood was artificially established between two and sometimes three men among both Kelts and Scandinavians. The latter sometimes transfused the blood from the arms of the contracting parties in a rude tent made by loosening the turf and prying it up so as to accommodate two persons. Here blood-friendship was sworn, as if to take mother-earth for a witness that the grave should be the portion of him who neglected to help his brother in distress. Strange to say, we have in Lucian, the Asiatic Greek, an account of a somewhat similar contract. In his *Toxaris* there are charming stories told by the "Scyth" to illustrate his nation's cult of friendship. Blood-friendship was attested by cutting the veins, dipping swords in the mingled life-fluid, and tasting the same. A man could have a second friend of this kind, but no more! So when the Scythian ambassador Arsacomas demands of Leucanor, who was a rich Grecian prince on the Bosphorus, the hand of his daughter, and Leucanor scoffingly asks the simple man whether he has flocks, pastures, and wagons, which are the riches of no-

mads, he answers, No, but I have Two Friends. How those two avenge the insult and get him the princess cannot be told here; Tooke's translation of Lucian gives it in full. It may be noted, however, that Toxaris—apparently a Greek translation of bowman—the name Lucian gives his grave Scyth, might be held an argument in favor of the meaning "bowman" which is attributed to the word Scyth and thence to the word Scot. What is more important just here is to note that, in the story of the blood-friend, when the one swims the river in the face of his foes to offer himself in ransom of his captive blood-brother, the swimmer utters the word *ziris*, whereupon the enemy cease shooting at him. This word *ziris* may be the same as the Irish word *sirim*, to beg, beseech, in the indicative mood—"I beg." The man who said it was a Scyth; the army that understood it was Sarmatian. Are we to believe that several Keltic nations of the Euxine were known to the Greeks of the first and second centuries A.D. by those names? For, wide as the net of Lucian was, and exaggerate as he might, such points had to be true to facts or the story would not have had the necessary realism to his auditors. Possibly, owing to the number of migrations of Keltic nations, that word *sirim* had become an international term, being part of a very early *lingua Franca* in the East. At any rate, its outcropping in Lucian shows how hasty those have been who brush aside the early Irish traditions that point to the East. The more one examines, the more it seems probable, that on the one hand "Scythia" contained Keltic nations down to Christian times; on the other, that Ireland and Great Britain were very far from being purely Keltic, but had a substratum of Turanian, or very nearly pure nomadic, races.

III.

In Irish political affairs questions of agriculture have played a large part. Yet the tilling of the soil does not seem to be the best line for Ireland. Rather is it pasturing, because of her moist climate and frequent cloud and fog. For the same reason manufactures ought to have flourished in order to supplement the weakness of crops, as in America the rivalry of the Western States made men turn that way in the Eastern. By means of infamous legislation, by means of the British guinea, by taking every advantage of discords arising from religious differences, a nation in whose mouths "fair play" is ever heard as an adjuration to others curbed the commerce of Ireland and crushed her manufac-

tures. Doubtless it was partly owing to the fitness for pastures of a large part of Irish land that nomadic habits were retained long after they disappeared from the greater part of western Europe. When the Irish emigrate to America in larger numbers than the country can absorb on farms, readily and at once, they are seen to congregate in towns. They have little real love for agriculture, though for centuries compelled to be farmers or starve. This may partly explain why, under apparently favorable circumstances, reforms in Irish land tenure do not work as expected. The nomad element shows in the readiness of gangs of laborers to exploit Scotland and England, in their eagerness to join the army, the little difficulty in inducing them to emigrate. Go back to Edmund Spenser's age and see how nomadic must have been the race he describes. Spenser himself records the prevalent opinion of a "Scythian" substructure in the population, the word Scythian being chosen from a perhaps chance resemblance between Scot and Scyth, but the meaning the old classical one of a nomadic race, like the Turkish and Tatar tribes about the Caspian. Spenser did not invent; he reported. Irish historians of patriotic worth the most sterling are those who conjecture and bring reasons for a nomad first occupation of Ireland. Their persistence in attributing a "Scythian" ancestry to the Irish may be accounted for, but only partially, by the curious migrations of Keltic nations from the Asian plateau and, in historical times, back again. It is also founded on similarities between customs and rites called somewhat vaguely Druidic and those discovered in Persia, Trans-Oxiana, the Punjaub, and northern India. Many things among the Greek and Latin writers warrant the belief that among the "Scythians" were extensive nations of Kelts who were in relations, sometimes of conquerors, sometimes of allies, sometimes of tributaries, with the partially Greek nations about the Bosphorus. Pliny uses the Persian customs of magic to explain the British. Contempt for "Scythians" is apparent enough among the Greeks, and from them the Romans took the same tone. Now, is it not curious that the Irish historians, whose education was classical—and who seldom rose to the effort of national historical essays without obtaining an unusual degree of the classical learning common to their day—should have so far sunk the self-conceit natural to all men as to indicate these contemned Scyths as their ancestors? To me this fact goes a great way to establish by internal evidence that they had very serious and circumstantial native records of the past, foreshortened, of course, in the historical perspective and

colored by a forced admixture with Biblical names, as we find in all the European nations, but none the less credible because, when formed, the policy of the Druids forced scholars to retain long lists of names and long records of fact in memory, and forbade the setting down of national records in runic, oghamic, or old Greco-Gaulish letters. "The Scythians sacrifice to the god Scymitar," says a character in Lucian's *Jupiter Tragœdus* (second century A.D.); and Solinus, a writer of the same epoch, says of the British islanders, "The chief glory of the men is in their arms."

Lucian's delightful story of Arsacomas, the Scyth ambassador, shows the correspondence between some nations covered by that name and Irish tribes. The king whose bride the friend of Arsacomas stole was ruler of the Machlyans, nomads who had flocks, cushioned chariots, and gold beakers in their possession, who lived near the Euxine, but also had relations with northern India, where a nation of the same name is mentioned. The Scythian friend of Arsacomas pretends to be an Alan, and we are told that between Scyths and Alans the only difference was their respective fashions of wearing the hair short or long. Remember the "glibbes," or long locks, of the Irish in Elizabeth's day; then consider the likeness of "Alan" (a great name among the Bretons who came from the Welsh of Britain) and "Machlyans" with the names of clans in the British Isles—and decide whether there is not at least a very pretty puzzle to account for so many parallels between the Keltic inhabitants of these islands and nations on the Euxine during the first Christian centuries. Besides these dim hints of a Kelticism the Alani show in history a character eminently Keltic. In the fourth century of our era the Huns defeated them on the Tanais; one part retreated to the Caucasus, where they were defeated by Genghis Khan in 1221 and utterly wiped out of national existence by Batu Khan in 1237. The other part made alliance with their conquerors, the Huns, and helped them to invade Pannonia and drive out the Goths. In 406 they entered Gaul with the Vandals and Suevi, and many settled near Orleans. Summoned by Theodoric to meet Attila at Châlons, they deserted the Gothic emperor at a critical moment and very nearly turned that victory into a defeat. A section which settled in Spain was equally hostile to the Visigoths, and were defeated by them A.D. 418. They seem to have been nomads, but not pure nomads—rather Keltic; that is to say, ready to emigrate, ready to make war, but also very capable of establishing themselves firmly when circumstances were at all

favorable. Such facts cause one to view askance historians of to-day and of the past who talk glibly of the extermination of races—who assert, for example, that the Saxons did not mix with the conquered British, or the Danes and English of the Pale with the native Irish, or the Keltic tribes of an earlier epoch with quite different races who held Ireland before their coming. In Spenser's *View of the Present State of Ireland* the dummy, Eudoxus, chides Irenæus, who is Spenser, for believing the legend of a Scythian origin of the first people in Ireland, saying that in this he does "very boldly":

"'Truly I must confess I doe soe,' answers Irenæus, 'but yet not soe absolutely as you suppose. I doe herein relye upon those Bardes or Irish chroniclers, though the Irish themselves, through theyr ignoraunce in matters of learning and deepe judgement, doe most constantly beleve and avouch them; but unto them besides I add my owne reading; and out of them both togither, with comparison of times, likewise of manners and customes, affinitye of woordes and names, propertyes of natures and uses, resemblances of rytes and ceremonyes, monumentes of churches and tombes, and many other like circumstances, I doe gather a likelihood of truth; not certaynly affirming anything, but by conferring of times, languages, monuments, and such like I doe hunte out a probabilitye of things which I leave to your judgement to beleve or refuse. The Bards and Irish chroniclers themselves, though through desire of pleasing perhaps to much, and through ignorance of arte and purer learning, they have clouded the trueth of those times, yet there appeareth amongest them some reliques of the true antiquitye, though disguised, which a well-eyed man may happely discover and find out.'"

IV.

For many generations it has been the fashion to scoff at the Scythian myth in the origins of the Scots of Eire and Alba, but a wider acquaintance with the roving and partially settled nations of Central Asia makes one look again, and with increased respect, at this persistent tradition among the Irish. Under the Keltic population of Wales antiquarians have discovered traces of a race alien in physique, probably alien in color, language, and polity. Without jumping to the conclusion that in this layer we come upon the stone age at once, it may well be that we find the age of bronze weapons in the persons of an earlier population of nomads akin to Turks, Finns, and Tatars. It is tempting, perhaps too tempting to be sound philology, to identify the heroic name Fiann among the Irish with a vague tradition of a Finnish folk driven before the Keltic wave into the mountains and deserts of Ireland, only to emerge, after amalgamation of conquerors with

conquered, as a mighty hero in the scattered fragments of a national epos. This Finnish nation driven before the Kelts from the Persian plateaus to Ireland may be the origin of the mythical Fenius Farsadh—Fiann the Persian or Parthian. In Old Ireland the literary and minstrel customs have a strong Asian tinge. A late traveller in Central Asia, on the confines of the Russian and Chinese possessions, describing certain mixed Mongol-Tatar tribes, might be writing of the Irish bards as they once passed from sept to sept singing the native legends under the noses of Welsh, Norman, and English intruders who understood imperfectly or not at all the language of their tenants or of the half-tributary tribes in their vicinage; such, for instance, as the bard Maolruanad Mac Carroll, called *Camshuilech* from a defect in his eyes, who was treacherously murdered by the Norman, Welsh, and English colonists in 1333 along with Earl Jean de Bermingham, their commander and deliverer from Edward Bruce.

"The Kirghese Oilantchis travel from one collection of tents to another, perpetuating their ancient traditions and singing love-songs, some of which latter they compose on the spot. . . . Their songs are full of feeling and tenderness, and such widespread celebrity do some of the Oilantchis attain that whole auls (camps) are eager to do them honor. The theme of Sart songs is invariably the feats of valor of their Palvans, or heroes, or else love adventures. . . . The Sart music is made to suit the varying theme, being now tender, soft, and pleasant, and then harsh, abrupt, and shrill. The songs of the Kirghese have not this variety, but have a character of their own."

The sun-worship of the pagan Irish is found even among the Tatars who are called Mohammedan. Lansdell noticed that whenever they slaughtered an animal the Tatars looked toward the sun and muttered a prayer. Some of the blood was poured on the ground and covered with dust in order to propitiate good and avert bad luck. The Kirghese have an epic called "Manas" after a giant, an epos called the Samyatei, and other tales and traditions like the pristine literature of the Irish. They love songs and repartee, fight with great joy at the elections of chiefs, employ professional "keeners" at funerals, and have feasts (wakes) at the tomb.

Granted its presence in Ireland, can we predicate a Tatar element in the Kelts of the rest of Europe? The Keltic nations in history are the greatest nomads, or, it would be truer to say, the greatest conquering wanderers, of the world. Over-running Italy again and again, sacking Rome more than once in historical times, devastating Spain, Africa, and Asia Minor, ruining Greece,

founding dynasties in this land and that, the Kelt seems ubiquitous. We are learning many things of early Europe from early Ireland by process of analogy. Can we argue here from the Irish to the other Kelts? We find an apparent nomad substratum under the Kelt in the Emerald Isle. And by nomad is now meant, not merely a similarity of customs between the old Irish and existing nomads, such as the one just instanced, but faces and figures that recall Finno-Turkic races, nay, real analogies of speech embedded in the Irish language which point to some such pristine affinity between Mongol-Tatar races and Keltic as might arise had there been some blending of the stocks thousands of years ago. Suppose, for instance, a conquering Keltic stock deficient in women should overrun a country of Mongols, kill off most of the men, and take the women for wives, concubines, and slaves. Then those women would be apt, having the teaching of the children in their hands, to infuse in the language an important quantity of words, idioms, and phrase-forms. Suppose, to give the example locality, the Kelts arrive in Ireland from Scandinavia by way of Britain or from Spain, or from both lands during the same epoch, and find nomads of the type of Finns, Lapps, Turks, or Kalmuks in possession. Lacking women, they take wives of the nomads. We might be able to explain from an amalgamation of the two races why the Irish often drop a strong consonant from between two vowels, as *a'air* for *athair*, father, when we find that the Finns say *sata*, hundred, but *sa'an*, of a hundred, *tálotta* or *talo'a*, house, *tomutta* or *tomu'a*, dust. Like the Irish, the Finnish ear seems extremely sensitive. In speaking English the Irish often add vowels where we do not use them. They say Charlés for Charls, newees for news, and so on. Foreign words are treated in the same way by the Finns, only they take liberties with the consonants, and if two come together will often drop one entirely. Thus the German *schnur* becomes *nuora;* the name Stephan, *Tehvan.* The Hungarians pronounce shnur, *sinor;* stall, *istallo;* scola, *iscola.* Hungarian owes the power of its poetry to the freedom it has in placing the words in the sentence, the emphatic taking the lead. *Ki vette meg az órát?*—"Who bought has the watch?" So in the Irish sentence the important word is placed first. In Irish the obsolete feminine of Mac (son of) which is Ni (daughter of) makes one think of the Hungarian affix *nè*, from *nö*, woman or wife. Thus *Csaszar*, emperor, becomes *Csaszarné*, empress. *Király*, king, becomes *királyné*, queen. *Ferj*, husband, reminds one of Irish *fear*, the prefix *ver*, meaning man, which we meet in Vercingetorix, Vergil, and other Gaulish

and Gallo-Roman names. In *ember*, man, we may get scent of the derivation of Irish *ban* (*mban*) woman, which in turn may lead us to our own word "woman," for which our dictionaries give us such a forced derivation. The curious rule in Irish that the leading vowel in words of several syllables gives the key to the rest of the vowels, and compels a change in them all, is distinctive of Finnish.

It would be wrong to leave the impression that these analogies are in the nature of proof positive that there is a Finno-Turkish element in the old Irish tongue; it is only noticed as one of a series of hints which point that way. To settle such a question needs much time and labor in a new field, and by merely mentioning it one incurs, perhaps justly, the anger of profound scholars who move slowly—though sometimes, alas! not surely—from point to point of their arguments. It would also be foolish for Irishmen to reject the theory because the nomad stands less high than the Semite or the Aryan in the estimation of the world. To this great race belong the Hungarians, one of the handsomest and most chivalrous of nations; the Finns and Lapps, who have a wonderful epos in the Kalevala; and in all probability the Babylonians, who laid the foundations of our sciences of mathematics and astronomy. Dr. Isaac Taylor has shown that the Etruscans were of this stock, both from their history and the testimony of what remains of their language; we know how highly civilized they were and how much they contributed to the literature and art, the religion and military strength, of the Roman commonwealth. The writer remembers rousing the wrath of an honest Hungarian gentleman by alluding to the ethnological and lingual ties between Hungarians and Turks, and the belief which has gradually grown among students of Babylonia that the Assyrians got their civilization in large part from an old Turanian race akin to Turk and Hun. He had no great opinion of Babylonians, and the unspeakable Turk he abhorred. Therefore he hastily concluded that his nation was insulted. In truth it would take a book to show all the things for which the world is indebted to these races. In Irishmen, therefore, it need rouse no fear of belittlement if one argues to a Turanian element in their composition. It would merely explain a little better their pastoral tendency as against the stronger agricultural element in the English. It would show why so many famous men have had the dog as an honor-badge in their names, and why their ancestors felt a peculiar contempt for, and superiority to, an "English hobbe."

THE NORMANS ON THE BANKS OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

It was a Norman, Robert Cavelier de La Salle, who, departing from Canada and navigating the Mississippi down to the Gulf of Mexico, took possession, in the name of Louis XIV., King of France and Navarre, on the 9th of April, 1682, of the immense territory he had explored, and which was henceforth claimed as a French possession, from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to those of the newly-discovered river, to which he gave the name of *Colbert*, after having called the vast country which it watered *Louisiana*. It is well known that he perished before he could, with the ample means put at his disposal by his sovereign, colonize the province of which he had been appointed viceroy.

Lemoyne d'Iberville, one of the most distinguished officers of the French navy, and famous for his many exploits, was the second explorer after La Salle. On the 2d of March, 1699, he entered the Mississippi by the Gulf of Mexico, to which at that time it carried a prodigious quantity of driftwood. This was an indication which helped him, as it did subsequent navigators, to find the mouth of the river. Iberville was born in Canada, but of Norman origin; for Charles Lemoyne, his father, was baptized in the church of St. Remy in Dieppe on the 2d of August, 1626. He descended from Louis Lemoyne, lord of the manor of Aviron, in the neighborhood of Evreux, who had been ennobled in 1471.

Charles Lemoyne, the father of Iberville and of numerous other sons, all of distinguished merit, had settled in Canada in 1641 and had married Catherine Thierry, a woman of great worth, a Norman like himself, and born at St. Denis le Petit, a village of the diocese of Rouen. He was the proprietor of the manor of Iberville, within the commune of Thil-Manneville, an ancient fief, now belonging to the Le Bourgeois family of Dieppe.

Iberville, in his expedition to Louisiana, was accompanied by two of his brothers, Bienville and Sauvolle. The Mississippi, on whose banks now lies a populous parish called the Parish of Iberville, may be said to have been the river with many names; for Garcilasso, in his history of Hernando de Soto, calls it *Rio Grande* or *Chicagua;* Barcia, another Spanish author, calls it *Rio de la Palisada;* then came La Salle, who named it *Colbert;* Tonti,

his faithful companion and lieutenant, designates it as the Mississippi; Bossu says that the Indian word for it was *Meschassipi*, which means *agglomeration of waters;* Châteaubriand has it *Meschacébé.*

Iberville used the oar and the sail to overcome the current of the mighty stream. On both sides he saw nothing but a desert wilderness, fields of tall weeds, innumerable cane-brakes, and dense forests which looked like the contemporaries of the creation of the world. For a long distance there was not a village to be seen, not even a solitary hut. The complete absence of all signs of human life was beginning to be oppressive. Iberville did not recognize the localities described by Hennepin and Tonti, probably on account of the changes which had taken place during the seventeen or eighteen years that had elapsed since their visit. It appears that in those days changes in the Lower Delta of the Mississippi were exceedingly frequent and of more common occurrence than in our times. Charlevoix mentions how considerable they had been in the course of a few years. Tonti, in 1685, had been compelled to carry further up on the bank of the river the column erected in 1682 by La Salle and cast down by some cause or other.

At last Iberville arrived at the village of the Quinipissas, where the chief of that tribe delivered to him the letter, or "speaking bark," which Tonti had left for La Salle in case the latter, for whom he had instituted a search for ninety miles along the coast west and east of the Mississippi, should make his appearance. Retracing his steps, Iberville went to the Bay of Biloxi, where he constructed a fort, of which he gave the command to Sauvolle. He then sailed for France. Sauvolle died on the 22d of July, 1701. It was believed by some that the cause of his death was yellow fever.

Iberville continued to devote himself to the settlement of the French colony until he died, in 1706, of yellow fever in one of the West India islands. On Bienville then, who had become the governor of Louisiana, rested the whole burden of providing for the wants of this infant establishment, so distant from Canada and France, the only points to which he could look for assistance.

At that time the bishop of Quebec was under the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of the archbishop of Rouen, for Canada was a dependency of that Norman diocese—a circumstance which shows the importance and influence of the Norman element in the discovery and colonization of the domains of France on the

continent of North America. The Jesuits, of whom many were Normans, had rendered great services to Canada, where they had been actively instrumental in gaining for the French the affection and confidence of the aborigines. True, some of them had been horribly tortured by those whom they had tried to convert to Christianity, but, on the whole, they had secured a widespread influence over the savages. They soon turned their eyes towards Louisiana, to which they hastened as missionaries, in spite of the long distance that separated them from this newly-opened field of action, and despite the perils that they had to encounter through fierce tribes in a journey of more than fifteen hundred miles; and they were generally successful in their mission of peace, conciliation, and conversion.

In 1717 Bienville ordered the ground upon which now is the cathedral and Jackson Square to be cleared and the plan of a town to be laid out by the engineer Latour. A few houses were built of wood, but on their being destroyed by a hurricane some of them were rebuilt of bricks, and the town began to enlarge itself gradually and give some signs of vitality. It was named New Orleans, in compliment to the Duke of Orleans, then Regent of France. Although still an humble village, it became in 1722 the seat of government.

In October, 1726, Perier had succeeded Bienville as governor. The Western, or Company of the Indies, had the administration of the colony. In 1727 Ursuline nuns and a few Jesuits were, by virtue of a covenant with that company, sent to New Orleans, principally for the purpose, on the part of the nuns, of taking charge of a hospital. Besides, it was in consideration also to provide for the education of the children of the colonists and to minister to the spiritual wants of the community.

The Ursulines were seven in number. According to the stipulations of the contract, they were transported at the cost of the Western Company, with four servants, and they had received each, before their departure, as a gratuity the sum of five hundred livres. They were immediately put in possession of the hospital, in which they were to reside until a more convenient dwelling should be built for their use. The company was bound to concede to the hospital a lot of ground measuring eight arpens fronting on the Mississippi, by the usual depth of forty. The object of this concession was the establishment of a plantation capable of supplying the wants of the Ursulines and of affording to them a sufficient remuneration for their services in the hospital. These eight arpens with the usual depth were to

be located below New Orleans and as near to it as possible. Each of the nuns was to receive six hundred livres a year until their plantation should be in full cultivation, or should have been furnished by the company with eight negroes on the ordinary conditions on which they were sold to the colonists. It was expressly stipulated that if the nuns ceased to serve in the hospital as agreed upon they would forfeit the plantation and the immovables attached to the hospital, and would retain only the negroes and other movables.

As to the Jesuits who were to come to Louisiana at the same time with the Ursulines, their superior was to reside in New Orleans, but could not exercise therein any ecclesiastical functions without the permission of the superior of the Capuchins under whose spiritual jurisdiction New Orleans happened to be placed. The Jesuits were transported at the cost of the company. Before their departure, and as a gratuity, each one received one hundred and fifty livres. During the first two years of their residence in Louisiana they were to be paid severally at the rate of eight hundred livres annually, and afterward that salary was to be reduced to six hundred livres. A concession of eight arpens of land fronting on the river, with the usual depth (forty arpens), was made to them in the neighborhood of New Orleans. They long dwelt on a plantation above the large thoroughfare now known as Canal Street. A house and a chapel were constructed for them, and they soon became very influential in Louisiana. Thus New Orleans was abundantly provided with spiritual assistance, being flanked on the left by the Ursulines, and on the right by the Jesuits.

The religious corporation of the Ursulines was instituted in 1537 by Angèle de Brescia. The main object was the education of the faithful and the nursing of the sick in hospitals. This institution, being patronized by the pope and by the dignitaries of the Catholic Church, spread rapidly and obtained an ever-increasing degree of development which continues to this day.

This religious community of nuns, who departed from the port of Lorient, in France, on the 22d of February, 1727, and who arrived in New Orleans on the 7th of August of said year, was composed of eleven persons, including the mother-superior, named Tranchepain de St. Augustin. She belonged to a rich Huguenot family. She had abjured in the hands of the grand-vicar of the archbishop of Rouen, and had taken the veil among the Ursulines in 1699. They were all of the heroic Norman race, and

were received in New Orleans with demonstrations of joy and deep sympathy.

Madeleine Hachard, then a novice, but who subsequently took the black veil in New Orleans, and from whose letters to her father in France I intend to quote as largely as the limits of this article will permit, wrote to him, immediately after having reached her destination in Louisiana:

"Fathers and mothers were transported with joy on seeing us, and said they would no longer think of returning to France, now that they could procure instruction for their daughters. There is a struggle here among the people as to which of them will be foremost in supplying our wants, and this is done in such a way as to put us under obligation almost to everybody."

The monastery destined for the nuns not being ready for their reception, they were provisionally established in a house which Governor Bienville had just vacated, and it was only in 1734 that they took complete possession of the edifice which had been constructed for their accommodation. Before that occurrence three of the sisters died, among whom was the mother-superior, Marie Tranchepain. The survivors, in their circular-letter on this sad event, said "that she had died, like Moses, in sight of the Land of Chanaan." Immediately after their arrival they opened their school with great success and much to the satisfaction of the population.

Madeleine Hachard, who, when she pronounced her vows, became Sister St. Stanislas, was the daughter of a burgher of Rouen. It was a very pious family, for one of her brothers was a priest; another was religiously inclined, and she hoped to see him join the sacred orders, with a keen desire that he should become a Jesuit missionary. One of her sisters was a nun, and two others were aspiring to the same position.

Madeleine Hachard had evidently a good and affectionate heart, a mind of some culture, and a remarkable degree of instruction for her sex at the time in which she lived. Although very religious, she was not bigoted. Her disposition was cheerful, affable; and she trusted firmly in God. She kept on the even tenor of her gentle ways without ever allowing herself to be ruffled by anything. It is impossible to read her letters without appreciating such a lovely character. The motive of all her actions, the leading principle of her life, was the passion to sacrifice herself for the service of God and the welfare and salvation of her fellow-creatures.

She thought that the city of Rouen should be proud of having given birth to those who had discovered the Mississippi and had been the first pioneers of Louisiana. She hoped that the priests and nuns of Normandy who were so zealously at work for the instruction of the "poor savages" of the colony and for the salvation of their souls would do their utmost to induce their compatriots to undertake the discovery of new fields of usefulness. She expressed herself happy to know that the Indians think that Normandy is the most glorious province of France, and believe that the Normans never fail in anything that they set their hearts upon.

Sister Madeleine Hachard—in religion St. Stanislas—died after having been, during thirty five years, an excellent teacher for the youth of New Orleans, and after having fulfilled in a most exemplary manner all the duties incumbent upon her. The whole community deplored her death. She left in the hands of her Ursuline sisters a large manuscript volume, supposed to be a diary, and which it would be very interesting to examine, if it could be found.

This mission of the Ursuline nuns and their settlement in Louisiana was organized by the Jesuit, Rev. Father De Beaubois, who departed before them for New Orleans to make preparations for their reception.

On the 22d of February, 1727, Madeleine Hachard wrote to her father from Lorient, where she was to embark:

"If I appeared to leave you, my dear father, my dear mother, and all my family, with a dry eye, and even with joy, my heart did not grieve the less. I even confess that, at the last moment, I had to go through a very hard struggle; but now the sacrifice is made, and I compliment myself on having obeyed the Sovereign Master of our destiny.

"On my arriving in Paris with my companions I was most graciously received by the Ursulines de St. Jacques. We hoped to make a very short stay in that city, but, to our dismay, we soon learned that probably our sojourn in it would be prolonged one month, because the ship that was to carry us to Louisiana would not be ready before this lapse of time. We had to submit patiently to this contrariety. Fortunately the affectionate hospitality and the good manners of the Ursuline dames, with whom we had the honor to be, rendered less painful our disappointment in being thus detained in Paris. Such were their demonstrations of friendship that to have remained with them would have been a happy lot. I will not deny to you that, in connection with this subject, I was tempted in this terrestrial paradise, and that the temptation was of the strongest; but the Lord has supported and guarded me, and, fortified by his grace, I have preferred a sojourn in New Orleans to one in Paris. When we had to part many tears were shed. I felt how profoundly attached I was to these sisters, and how

easily I should have accustomed myself to live in that agreeable and holy community; but, my dear father, when God speaks one must obey."

On the 8th of December, 1726, at five o'clock in the morning, she departed with two other Ursulines and two Jesuits, Father Doutreleau and Father Crucy, who were to accompany the nuns to Louisiana. The journey to Lorient through Brittany, on execrable roads and in cold and rainy weather, was exceedingly fatiguing and full of mishaps. It lasted more than ten long days. She relates in very good humor trials which might have soured an angel. As a specimen of that humor I translate a portion of her letter, in which she says to her father:

"I must not forget to tell you that during the whole journey Father Crucy and myself were always in a state of warfare. His superior, Father Davangour, had requested me to watch over him, and the mother-superior of the Convent de St. Jacques had requested him to be my director. So that, from time to time, we reciprocally exchanged remonstrances and reprimands—all done in a sportive manner, of course. My nature is not melancholy, as you know, and the good, dear father has the same temperament. There was laughter at our expense occasionally, but, as we are the youngest of the party, it was not unbecoming in us to be a source of amusement to our friends.

"We take with us a locksmith, a cabinet-maker, and several other mechanics, and also a Moor [probably she meant a negro]. We also have a very beautiful kitten, who wished to become one of our community, as she took it for granted, according to all appearances, that there are as many mice in Louisiana as in France.

"I do not care about the rumors afloat in Rouen that I have not departed from that city, where I am now reported to have been seen by different persons. It is glorious for me to be in two distant cities at the same time. It puts me on a par with François Xavier, that great Apostle of the Indies and Japan, who is reported to have shown himself frequently in several places at the same moment—which is looked upon as a great prodigy. Unluckily, my dear father, I am not a sufficiently great saint to perform such miracles. To a certainty I am not in Rouen, but in Lorient, where I continue to be very lively and cheerful, and very well satisfied with my vocation, whose duties I am resolved to fulfil as completely as may be in my power."

The impressions produced upon Sister Hachard on her arrival in New Orleans are vividly reproduced in her letters to her father, and are valuable as being, no doubt, truthfully descriptive of what she actually saw.

"Although," she writes, "I do not as yet know perfectly the province called Louisiana, still I will attempt, dear father, to give you some details about it. I assure you that I can hardly realize that I am on the banks of the Mississippi, because there is here, in certain things, as much magnificence as in France, and as much politeness and refinement. Gold and

velvet stuffs are commonly used, although they cost three times as much as in Rouen. Corn-bread costs ten cents a pound, eggs from forty-five to fifty cents a dozen, milk fifteen cents for a measure which is half that of France. We have pineapples—the most excellent of all fruit—peas and wild beans, water-melons, potatoes, *sabotines*—which are very much like our gray renette apples—an abundance of figs and pecans, walnut and hickory nuts, which, when eaten too green, act as astringents on the throat. There are also pumpkins. I do not speak of many other kinds of fruit of which I have heard, but with which I am still unacquainted.

"As to meat, we live on wild beef, venison, wild geese and turkey and a sort of swan, hares, chickens, ducks, teals, pheasants, partridges, quails, and other game. The river abounds in monstrously large fishes, among which the sheepshead must be mentioned as excellent; and we have also rays, carps, and an infinite number of other fishes unknown in France. A great use is made of chocolate and coffee with milk. We eat bread made of half rice and half wheat-flour. We have wild grapes larger than those of France. They do not grow in bunches, but are put on the table in plates in the fashion that prunes are served."

Probably she means the wild grapes which the Creoles call *socos*, and the Anglo-Saxons *muscadines*.

She continues to say in her gastronomic account:

"The dish most in favor is rice boiled with milk and what is called *sagamiti*, which consists of Indian corn pounded in a mortar and boiled in water with butter or lard. The whole people of Louisiana regard as most excellent this kind of food."

It was borrowed from the savages, as the name indicates.

This is certainly the Land of Chanaan. It is impossible, therefore, not to be confirmed in the suspicion that the horrible descriptions of famine sent to the metropolis, and the constant applications for provisions addressed to the home government by the authorities of the colony were dictated by the desire to have materials with which to trade with the Indians, who were represented as very "sociable," and who were but too readily-disposed to exchange their furs and other articles of commerce for the products of France, which in their eyes had the merit of novelty. It may not be unfair to suppose that what was so clamorously asked for under the plea of suppressing famine was frequently sold to the colonists and to the Indians at an advantageous profit. It is difficult to conceive how, in the early days of the colony's existence, a sparse population of a few hundred souls should have been threatened with starvation, when, with a fishing-rod and a gun, with shot and powder, food could be procured that would have been the pride and the delight of an epicurean in France. How did De Soto and his thousand mailed

warriors, with their horses caparisoned in armor, live during three years in the inmost depths of our wilderness, without any communication with the outside world?

"The Mississippi," writes the nun, "is the greatest river in North America, with the exception of the St. Lawrence. An infinite number of rivers fall into it. Over two thousand miles is the length of its course. It cannot be ascended nor descended by large vessels, but only by small boats carrying from twelve to fifteen people. It is lined on its banks with very large and tall trees. The rapidity of the current having an undermining effect, the banks cave in and fall into the stream with those trees in such quantity that in some places they obstruct the river. It would cost the hardest kind of work and immense disbursements to render this river navigable and susceptible of being ascended and descended by large vessels. Besides, there are sand-bars from distance to distance. It would be necessary to give them a sloping edge.

"Although we are here nearer the sun than in Rouen, we do not suffer from too much heat; and the winter is moderate, not lasting more than three months, during which we have only white frosts. We are told that Louisiana is three times as large as France. The lands are very fertile and produce annually several crops. There are reeds and wild canes which rise to the height of fifteen to twenty feet; a variety of trees, among which the cotton-tree—although no cotton grows on it—sycamores, mulberries, chestnut-trees, fig-trees, almond-trees, lemon-trees, orange-trees, pomegranate-trees. These lands are the finest in the world, but to be cultivated would require another population. A man who should work them only two days in the week would have food enough for the whole year. But most of the people live in idleness, addicting themselves only to hunting and fishing. The commerce of the Western Company with the Indians in furs, bear-skins, and other merchandise is very considerable.

"Our lodgings are as good as could be desired while waiting for the completion of our convent. There is no religious community that has been so well accommodated at the beginning of its existence. When we arrived here the Rev. Father de Beaubois told us that one single blast of the north wind had killed nine of his negroes. It is a loss of nine thousand livres. Fifteen days ago the Company of the Indies gave us eight slaves; two ran away; we kept a fine-looking negress to serve us, and we sent the rest to work on our plantation, which is only three miles from this town. On that plantation an overseer and his wife attend to our interests.

"I will not speak to you, my dear father, of the morals of the laity of this country, as I neither know nor wish to know them. They are said to have very slanderous tongues and to be very corrupt. But a good many are very honest people. None of those impure girls who are said to have been sent here by force are to be found. None have come so far."

The trials and discomforts during the five months which the voyage of the nuns lasted from Lorient to New Orleans are related with graphic simplicity and without complaint. Three times they met with hostile privateers. The decks were cleared

for combat, and the women were sent down below to the best place of safety; but the enemy, intimidated by this show of resolute defiance, concluded not to attack. Three times the vessel was threatened with being completely wrecked, with the loss of all on board. The courage of Madeleine Hachard never failed her on these occasions, for it was inspired by the most implicit reliance on the mercy of God, who, she believed, would decree what was best for her, whether she perished or not.

The nuns were hospitably received by Devergis, who commanded at the Balize and was then establishing a fort on a one-half acre island at the entrance of the river. He supplied them with pirogues, which, at that time, were scooped trees, in which there was space enough to contain sixteen persons.

"Ours were not so large," she writes. "We had to divide into three bands. The reverend mother-superior occupied one of the pirogues with the youngest sisters, among whom I was included. We were accompanied by Father Doutreleau and Father Crucy. The rest of our sisters took possession of the second pirogue, with a Mr. Massy and two of our servants. There was a third smaller pirogue for the mechanics and the servants in the employment of the reverend fathers."

It seems that the ship in which the nuns came had remained outside the bar and did not attempt to bring them up to New Orleans.

"The trials and fatigues of our five months' sea-voyage are not to be compared with what we had to endure during the seven days which it took us to come from the Balize to New Orleans—a distance of about ninety miles. What renders the journey so fatiguing is the necessity of building huts every night on the bank of the river. This was to be done an hour before sunset, so as to have time to erect our mosquito-bars and prepare our supper; because as soon as the sun disappears from the horizon there is a regular battle to be fought against the mosquitoes. Other insects are quite as redoubtable as the mosquitoes and equally pitiless. Sometimes they fill up the air so densely that one would almost suppose that they could be cut with a knife. Their bites are quite venomous and torturing. There is no habitation and no cultivation between the Balize and New Orleans, except within a short distance of that town. A wilderness of tall forests extends all along the banks, and their only inhabitants are snakes, adders, scorpions, crocodiles, vipers, toads, and other reptiles, which, however, do us no harm. We became acquainted with an immense variety of them. The weeds are so tall and so thick that it is impossible to build huts except on the immediate margin of the river. Our sailors every evening drove canes or poles into the ground around every mattress, in the shape of a small arbor, over which they hung an ample sheet of very light linen. We slept on these mattresses without undressing, two of us in the same bed.

These pieces of linen had to be laid over us very tightly and carefully, in order not to allow the slightest aperture for the mosquitoes to come in.

"We slept twice in the midst of almost liquid mud and of a deluge of rain which made our mattresses float under us, with an accompaniment of thunder, lightning, and wind. Several of our sisters were much incommoded; they took severe colds and fluxions. They had a swelling of the legs and faces. One of them became very ill. As to myself, although I was drenched like my companions, I stood it very well and my health was not affected. Besides, we had, when in the pirogues, to put up with the incommodity of not being able to sit down, to stand up, to kneel, or even to move at all. We were perched up on the top of our trunks and baggage, to which we had to cling, and on the slightest movement we were threatened with the capsizing of the boat and with becoming the food of fishes. Whenever the pirogue stopped we ventured on a change of position and on giving some relief to our cramped limbs. During the day we ate biscuit and salt meat cooked the preceding evening on shore. One is surprised when considering the fortitude supplied by God to those who rely on him in trying circumstances. It demonstrates that he never permits that we be tempted beyond our powers of resistance, giving us grace proportioned to the severity of the trials he imposes. It is true that our ardent desire to reach the promised land helped us in supporting with joy every painful circumstance.

"When we were within twenty-four or thirty miles of the town we began to meet some inhabitants. There was a struggle among them as to which would welcome us with the most cordial and affectionate hospitality. They attempted to force us into their houses, and greeted us with acclamations of joy. We met, much beyond our expectation, quite a number of honest people who had come from Canada and France to settle in this country. We had the promise of numerous boarders. Some even pressed it upon us without being disposed to wait for further delays. Fathers and mothers rejoice at our coming. They are enthusiastic over our arrival. They say that they will no longer think of returning to France, because they now have the means and opportunity of educating their daughters. This good disposition makes them attentive to supply our wants with the greatest profusion, and really we are overwhelmed with obligations almost toward everybody.

"We have on our side the commandant, Paris, and his wife, who are persons full of merit, and whose amiable society is really captivating. In three years he has acquired the esteem of the whole country. His conduct is above censure. His whole time is devoted to rendering justice and to serving the interests of the company in a manner so gentle and so insinuating that he has almost entirely appeased all the troubles and the discord which had prevailed in this town. He has established a well-regulated police. He wars against vice; he drives away all those who lead a scandalous life; he punishes corporally all the women of bad repute. A law-suit is ended in three or four days. For the most trifling theft one is hung or broken on the wheel. The Superior Council is supreme. There is no appeal from its decisions. Although there are judges in the most distant parts of the country, yet litigants come here even from the Illinois district to submit their cases to this tribunal.

"Mr. De La Chaise, director general of the company, has never ceased to be exceedingly kind and gracious, and has never refused anything that we ask."

On the 24th of April, 1728, she wrote her last letter to her father.

"The river here," she said, "is larger than the Seine at Rouen. On the other side of the Mississippi—that is, on the right side—there are some small barracks where are lodged the slaves of the company. New Orleans is situated on the left bank of the Mississippi, and not on the shore of Lake Pontchartrain, as represented on the map which you have purchased. It is true that the whole stream does not flow in front of the town; for above it divides and forms three arms, which reunite below it, fall into the main river, and run with velocity to the Gulf of Mexico."

It is impossible to understand this passage unless we suppose that the innocent and cloistered nun mistook crevasses above the town for three arms of the river.

In this letter to her father she complains for the first time of her health being affected:

"I have lately had several attacks of fever. Yesterday I took a dose of emetic to cure myself. It is the ordinary remedy in this country.

"Governor Perier had placed with us as a boarder a lady who is separated from her husband; but as she showed signs of being tired of the convent, and as she attempted to hold secret communications with a person outside, the governor had a prison constructed on our premises. With the consent of her husband she was locked up in it until she can be sent back to France. This is the way that things are carried on here.

"On our side of the river there is a well-conditioned levee, and all along this levee or embankment there is, on the side of the town, a large ditch for the drainage of the water that may come into it. This ditch is palisaded with lumber."

Madeleine Hachard must have been delighted with the sacred mission she had accepted and the duties imposed upon her as a missionary, a school-teacher, and a hospital nurse, for she certainly looks on the bright side of the humble spot where she is to work. Thus she enthusiastically writes to her father:

"Our town is very handsome, well constructed, and regularly built, as much as I could judge on the day of our arrival; for ever since that day we have remained cloistered in our dwelling. We had been given a very poor idea of this place by individuals who had not witnessed its progress for several years. Since then a great deal has been done to improve this capital of the colony.

"The streets are very large and straight; the main street is near three miles in length; the houses are well built, with upright joists filled with mortar between the interstices, and the exterior whitewashed with slack-lime. In the interior they are wainscoted. These houses have many

openings, and their roofs are made with boards, which are small planks cut in the shape of slates and imitating them to perfection in solidity and beauty. The colonists are very proud of their capital. Suffice it to say that there is a song currently sung here which emphatically declares that New Orleans is as beautiful as Paris. Beyond that it is impossible to go.

"The fact is that although I am not to be persuaded by the song, which can have effect only on those who have not seen Paris, New Orleans aggrandizes itself and may become in the course of time as large and important as the principal cities of France, if workmen migrate to this place, and if it becomes populated in proportion to the extent of the plan on which it has been laid out.

"The women here are extremely ignorant as to the means of securing their salvation, but they are very expert in the art of displaying their vanity. There is so much luxury in this town that there is no distinction among the classes, so far as dress goes. The magnificence of display is equal in all. Most of them reduce themselves and their families to the hard lot of living at home on nothing but sagamite, and flaunt abroad in robes of velvet and damask ornamented with the most costly ribbons. The women here paint and rouge to hide the ravages of time, and wear on their faces, as an embellishment, small black patches. Finally, the evil spirit has prepared for himself a large empire in this country. But this does not make us lose the hope of counteracting him, as God demonstrates by an infinity of examples that he loves to show his strength in the very weakness of his agents. The more powerful is the enemy the more encouraged we are to combat him. What is very pleasant to us is the docility of the children, who can be moulded as one pleases. As to the negroes, it is easy to instruct them as soon as they learn French. I will not say as much of the savages, whom it is impossible to baptize without trembling on account of their natural inclination to sin, particularly the women, who under an air of modesty hide all the passions of the beast.

"Whilst waiting for the final construction of our convent, which will be a solid brick edifice of large dimensions, we reside in the finest house of the town. It is a two-story building with an attic, containing all the apartments which we need, with six doors in the first story for egress and ingress. In all the stories there are large windows, but with no glass. The frames are closed with very thin linen admitting of as much light as glass."

This house had been vacated by Bienville to establish the nuns provisionally. Its situation was southeast between Bienville and St. Louis Streets, that run perpendicularly to the river, and Royal and Chartres, that run in a parallel line to it. The monastery in the course of construction was at the other extremity of the town at the angle formed by the south side of Arsenal Street.

"We have," says Madeleine Hachard, "a poultry-yard, and a garden at the extremity of which are enormous and indigenous trees of a really prodigious size. This, however, has its inconvenience, for it procures for us the daily visit of a multitude of mosquitoes. At this very moment there are several of them hovering around me and seemingly bent upon assas-

sinating your poor daughter. These insects come at sunset and retire to the woods at sunrise.

"Governor Perier and his wife, who is very amiable and of great piety, do us the honor of often visiting our establishment. The king's lieutenant [a sort of lieutenant-governor, who commands a town or a locality for the king in the absence of the governor] is a perfect gentleman and an old officer. They and the rest of the population load us with presents. We have been given two cows with their calves, a sow and its little pigs, also hens, musk-ducks, turkeys, and geese for our poultry-yard. The inhabitants, seeing that we refuse to be paid for instructing day-scholars, are penetrated with gratitude and aid us to the full extent of their power. The marks of protection which we receive from the highest in the land cause us to be respected by the whole population. This would not continue long if we did not sustain by our actions the exalted opinion they have of us.

"We drink beer. Our most common food is rice boiled with milk, small wild beans, meat and fish. But in the summer we consume but very little meat. During that season it can be procured only twice a week, and it is not easy to preserve it. Game can be had during the whole winter in abundance. The hunting season begins in October. At about thirty miles from our town a great many wild beeves are caught [probably she means buffaloes]. We pay for it three cents per pound. as we do for venison. This meat is superior to the beef and mutton that you eat in Rouen.

"Wild ducks, teals, geese, water-fowls, and other game are very cheap but in general we abstain from buying any of it, as we do not wish to accustom ourselves to live too luxuriously. Finally, it is a charming country during the winter. We have oysters and carps of a prodigious size, which are delicious, water-melons, French melons, potatoes—that is, big roots that are baked under ashes like chestnuts, of which they have the taste, but are sweeter, softer, and excellent. All this, my father, is exactly as I relate to you. I say nothing of what I have not had personal experience. There are many other kinds of food of which I have not yet tasted, and to which, therefore, I do not allude.

"As to the fruits of the country, there are many which we do not find very good, except peaches and figs, which are in abundance. Such a quantity of them is sent to us from the neighboring plantations that we utilize them in making confitures. With blackberries we make a jelly which is very fine. Rev. Father de Beaubois has the finest garden in the town. It is full of orange-trees which produce oranges exceedingly sweet. The other day he made us a present of three hundred sour ones, which we have confited.

"During the Holy Week we had exhortations and conferences, that were attended by almost two hundred persons. We had the *Tenebræ* and the *Miserere* set to music and accompanied by instruments. At Easter we had also the whole Mass set to music with quartettes and admirably sung. The convents of France, with all their brilliancy, seldom do as much.

"All this has a very good effect and ends in attracting the public. Some come from a beginning of devotion, others from curiosity; and it necessarily follows that they have to listen to a sermon from Father de Beaubois, whose zeal is without limits, and who verily believes that he can

convert everybody. But before he succeeds in this pious design he has yet a great deal of work to do; for besides debauchery, bad faith, and, finally, all the other vices prevail here more than anywhere else, but it must be added that they thus prevail with an abundance which is beyond all measure. As to the girls of a loose character, although they are carefully watched and severely punished by their being made to ride a wooden horse, and by having them whipped by all the soldiers of the garrison, yet there are enough of them to fill up a large refuge-asylum. A thief is tried in two days. He is either hung or broken on the wheel, whether he be a white man, a negro, or a savage. There is no distinction and no mercy.

"Our small community increases from day to day. We have twenty boarders. Eight of them have made their first communion to-day. We have also three lady boarders and three orphans who pay nothing and whom we have received from charity, seven slave boarders whom we are to instruct and prepare for baptism and their first communion, a large number of day-scholars, besides many black and Indian women who attend our school during two hours every day.

"The usage here is to marry girls from twelve to fourteen years old. Numbers of them had been married at that age before our arrival, without their knowing whether there was one single God or many. Judge of the rest. But since we have been here none have been permitted to marry without having received religious instruction from us.

"We are now accustomed to the sight of black people; lately we have been given two other negresses to board with us, one six years old and the other seventeen, to be instructed in our religion. At the same time they will serve us. Should it become the fashion for negresses to adorn their faces with patches, in imitation of the white ladies, those patches would have to be white. It certainly would look funny.

"You see, my dear father, that there are here causes enough to stimulate our zeal. I cannot express to you the pleasure we find in instructing these youth. It is enough to consider the need they have of it. We have boarders, from twelve to fifteen years old, who had never gone to confession, and who had even never heard Mass, having been reared on plantations fifteen or eighteen miles from the town, without any spiritual assistance and without ever having heard the name of God. They look on the most common information which we give as an oracle coming from our lips. We have the comfort to find in them much docility and much ardor for instruction. All of them would like to become nuns—which is not to the taste of Rev. Father de Beaubois. Our most worthy superior thinks it would be much better that they should become Christian mothers in order to establish religion in this country by their good examples.

"It must be admitted that in this foreign land Christianity is almost unknown. It is true that there are a great many honest people, according to the ways and judgment of the world, but there is not the slightest appearance of devotion, or even Christianity. We should be very happy if we could inaugurate here the reign of religion with the help of our reverend father-superior and some Capuchins, who exert themselves to the utmost for that purpose. As to ourselves, we do our best and spare no efforts.

"Your city of Rouen, my dear father, ought to be proud of having

given birth to Cavelier de La Salle, and to so many missionaries and other people who have worked zealously for the conversion and civilization of the poor savages. It is, perhaps, for this reason that the savages of Louisiana have so much esteem for the Normans, and consider their province as much superior to any other in France. They believe that there is no enterprise in which Normans will not succeed. This conviction would be much strengthened if they were made acquainted with the exploits of the Dukes of Normandy, with the bravery of the Normans in the Holy Land and with their conquest of England and other kingdoms. But we are not here for that; if they wish to know something about it let them get the information from others or read histories."

I may, perhaps, be permitted here to observe in a parenthesis that there have been many discussions, which have led to no positive and settled results, about the extent of the knowledge which it is proper to impart to the primitive ignorance of man. It is believed by some that too much of it would shake the basis of religion and society. I doubt it. Religion is not of this world, it is true, but it is in it and for its special benefit. It is a part of the history of mankind, and therefore men and women should be made acquainted with the history of their race in all its ramifications, profane and religious, and with an accurate and impartial exhibition of its bright and dark sides. History would be better understood when thus studied as a complete whole, and not in a disconnected manner. Piety has no solid foundation if it should rest on ignorance and not on the knowledge of evil and its awful consequences. An eminent divine has said that, when looking at the grand figure of Christ, one must not fail to notice the devil crouching in the background and sometimes peeping over the shoulder of the Master.

It is to the credit of the Ursulines that, with the assistance of the Jesuits, they established in New Orleans the first school for the education of the daughters of Louisiana. As Christians and as Normans it is a merit which they can rightly claim.

The Ursulines kept on the even tenor of their way until the Spaniards landed in New Orleans on the 5th of March, 1766. Their number then increased by the accession of Spanish nuns, who became predominant. When the French Republic took possession of Louisiana in 1803 by cession from Spain, merely to deliver it over to the United States, the majority of the nuns showed the greatest excitement and indignation. They loudly proclaimed that they did not accept this change and would take refuge in Cuba. The French colonial prefect, Laussat, called upon them to ascertain if this really was their intention and to remove what apprehensions they might have. The Sister Mar-

garita Dulievre de San Ignacio, a native of Nantes and long a resident of La Rochelle, expressed herself in the most energetic terms against the new government, which she declared to be revolutionary, impious, and sacrilegious. She reproached it with the hideous crimes which it had perpetrated from 1789 to 1803 in France; and she added that Laussat's promises of protection were mendacious, because it was well known that he was soon to transfer Louisiana to the Republic of the United States, which was no better in any respect than the godless French Republic. The other nuns were frightened at the vehemence of the language of their sister, and feared that the prefect might take some harsh measures against them. But he refrained from it in consideration of the age of the nun, who was more than a septuagenarian, and finally consented to their emigration when convinced that they had resolved upon it of their own free-will and with the approbation of the ecclesiastical authority to which they were subjected.

On the 29th of May, 1803, sixteen nuns, escorted by the Vicar-General Harfell, by the Marquis of Casacalvo—one of the commissioners of Spain for the delivery of Louisiana to the United States—and by the ex-governor, General Salcedo, left their convent at ten o'clock at night by the church door opening on Ursuline Street, and went on board of the vessel which was to transport them to Havana. They exchanged on their departure the most affectionate and sisterly embraces with the six nuns who had resolved to remain. They went away with empty hands, carrying with them no property of any value save the papers and archives of their community, which were transported to Havana, and which should have remained in New Orleans. They left, however, in the possession of the sisters who clung to their old convent an engraving representing the landing of the Ursulines at New Orleans in 1727. It was made at that epoch, and is a relic which would be valuable in the eye of any antiquarian.

The rest of the history of the Ursulines of Louisiana does not fall within the scope of this article.

DICKY DOYLE'S DIARY.

A BOY with a long, mobile mouth ready to curve in a broad smile, and with a shock of hair overhanging his forehead—such was Dicky Doyle at fifteen when he drew himself in his diary, turn-down collar, belted jacket, long, slim legs, and all. On the recurring Sundays this boy noted down: "Chapel at eight, breakfast nine"; or, "Sunday frosty—home; breakfast hot"; or, "Went to chapel at eight, home at nine; Mr. Mayne came to breakfast"—entries that mark the diary of a young Catholic familiar with early Mass. In after-years he became the well-known artist of humorous illustrations whose signature, with a little dicky-bird perched upon it, was familiar in *Punch*, in the Christmas books of Dickens, and in works of Thackeray, Leigh Hunt, Ruskin, and others. His love of children and fairy-folk stamped his more fanciful work with his own character of freshness, gayety, and delicate grace of feeling. Who that has ever seen that folio of elves can forget how Richard Doyle peopled *Fairyland?*

Well, here he was, a boy in 1840, beginning to write a diary. "Hope I may be skinned alive by wild-cats if I don't go on with it." The wish is illustrated by a glimpse of the shock-headed lad running amid an outburst of cats prancing mad. Soon he is "so sick with this book" that he "won't let any one see it at least for a year"—little dreaming that a quarto fac-simile of it, writing, sketches, and all, would be given to the world forty-five years after, at the close of 1885. The diary was begun in obedience to his father's wish that he should try to acquire an artist's habit of observation and of noting those observations with the pencil. It has been published by his co-religionist, J. Hungerford Pollen, two years after Richard Doyle's death, to show the progress of his genius as a boy and to tell its own tale of the early home-days of an artist who worked out celebrity, a Catholic who had a public name, a friend so dearly prized that to the last, though he might be ceremoniously "Richard," he was privately "Dicky Doyle."

Fond of hard work, fond of books, fond of fun—these were his three characteristics. The boy's home-circle in 1840 counted four brothers with turn-down collars, and two sisters with little, low-necked gowns, in one of the old-fashioned houses of Cambridge Terrace, Hyde Park. They had daily lessons from a

tutor, and had also lessons in music, dancing, and fencing. He fears his violin practice is like "the singing of an asthmatic donkey or the conversation of an insane cat"; but he calls music, "next to painting, the most delightful of pursuits." Dancing he holds in genuine boyish horror. "That revolting species of amusement, the dance," is taught by "a specimen of animated nature of rather tall proportions, with falling shoulders, a powerful pair of legs, and a peculiarly bitter smile." Fencing he finds hard work in warm weather, and pictures himself and his brother, armed and masked, leaning against opposite walls, limp as rags. It was an artistic family, and every Sunday the "show" is mentioned—the boys' exhibition of the drawings of the week to their father, who was himself an artist of repute in his day.

Dick had already begun to be a hard worker. Early in January he finished the series of comic pictures called *The Tournament*, all but the title-page, "and I expect to have it done next week, and then 'Hurrah!' Don't you be too sure though, perhaps they won't be published at all." But they were, as we find on the 3d of March the boyish rejoicings, as usual sparsely punctuated: "Oh my goodness me fifty hot pressed copies of *The Tournament*. I won't believe it. Hurrah!" Then, for next day, "As soon as I got up this morning I ran to have a look at the fifty copies. . . . Of course they looked beautiful. . . . It is a wonder I was able to eat any dinner." He begins at once *Quentin Durward* on a sheet of double elephant—true industry, not made an idler by a first success. But is it success? The engraver comes with his bill. Master Dick does a lively drawing of three policemen, in glazed hats, grotesquely grim, fat, and grinning, literally running away with him full speed to prison. Of course his father paid the bill, and the boy was not run away with, as his wild imagination pictured. On the contrary, out of his earnings—seven and-sixpence a copy by private sale—he refunded the money to his father, and afterwards ordered two more fifties from the engraver. The humorous set of pictures was shown far and wide in London drawing-rooms, and was admired, amongst others, by Count d'Orsay. Meanwhile Dicky was hard at work again, as we see him in his own diary sketches, with the little white dog Ruff patiently sitting beside the easel, while he paints for hours, always in the old-fashioned boyish belted jacket and with the thatch-roof of hair falling in a thick curve almost into his eyes. Once he had written: "I was up early. Good boy. I really begin to suspect I am getting better I do. . . . Now just imagine if I was was [*sic*] walking along

coolly and suddenly saw *The Tournament* in a shop window. Oh crikey it would be enough to turn me inside out."

At the end of May a little picture occurs showing the backs of two boys and a dog, all looking in at a shop-window, and the writing tells how his brother brought the alarm that "my thing" was to be seen in Piccadilly. The boys and Ruff rushed out to behold it, "and there to my consternation was the identical culprit lying on its back in the bottom shelf of the window. This certainly is something beyond belief."

Not many boys of fifteen have ever enjoyed such a cause of consternation. The other important work of the year was a commission for envelope designs—comic, of course, for the bent of his genius was decided now. Historical subjects and pictures from romance had been his first ambition; landscape art had a charm for him, and we see him out in the Park planning a great amount of drawing from nature. But the moment the public were set laughing by his humor fate fixed upon him for a master of the ludicrous, an artist of innocent fun.

Already he had the first element of success—zest for work. The excitement of hard work he calls delicious, and votes that in comparison with the ferment of preparing for Christmas the holidays are dull. Yet, like most artists of mature growth, the boy-artist had his trying fits of depression, hating everything he had done, till he felt as if he could not go on. At such times, he remarks wisely, one can only wait, *or* go on; "either is better than committing violence on my person." A sketch shows his own idea of himself, with flying hair and jacket, plunging into a pond, where a pair of ill-fated legs are already sticking up among the rushes. Neither does he elect to go into solitary situations like "the cur wot shunned society." Probably he waited when work came to a standstill; there is a sketch of him and the dog Ruff both huddled into a sort of niche or nook, where there is just room for the boy to sit down with drawn-up knees, and hair in his eyes, and mouth down at the corners, while the fluffy white dog begs piteously, as if imploring Dicky to get up and do something, like a sensible boy.

When his work brings money he craves for books. One day he notes with glee that he has a light-blue purse lined with white, with ivory rings and tassels, and that this blue purse is groaning under the weight of coin "fit to bust itself." He burns to rush off to the bookseller's just to save the precious purse from "busting." The greatest joy of his indoor life was an illustrated book or a luxurious read. He was a critical young reader. For in-

stance, when he has drawn a historical picture of Richard Cœur de Lion pardoning his brother John, his frank and naïve remarks in the diary are capital: "I pardon him, said Richard, and wish I could as easily forget his injuries as he will my pardon." That is in the English history, but Dicky wonders if he really said it or not. "Such a thing as that might be so easily invented—though I don't know—*it is almost too fine for that.*" Clever lad! Truth is finer than fiction, and hearts say better things than historians could invent.

Another bright comment, but of a humorous kind, was made by the boy on an anecdote which he has heard and written down for illustration. After the siege of a town in Batavia by the Dutch troops the inhabitants took it into their heads that the cannon ought to be propitiated; and they came during the night and worshipped the Dutch guns, laying offerings of fruit and other luxuries on top of them. Dicky draws the worshippers, and the sentry and recumbent soldiers peeping out of the corners of their eyes at the provisions that they will seize upon as a windfall the minute the Batavians are gone. The zeal of the natives was ill-judged, he remarks; those good-natured blacks ought to have known that they were inflicting mental agony upon the cannon by leaving the food on their backs, where they could not get at it, instead of putting it into their mouths.

Like most boys, he was keenly interested in everything connected with soldiers. "If I were not going to be an artist," he wrote, "I would like best to be an officer in the Life-Guards. There is scarcely anything so delicious to me as a review." At fifteen he had acquired perfect mastery of the figures and action of men and horses, and of the effect of crowds, and, improving with practice, his review sketches were stirring and brilliant before the end of the year. He describes the inspections at the Park, and how the old Duke of Wellington would appear after the lines had been long waiting—"the hero of Waterloo mounted upon an animal of small proportions, which contrives to jog him into the air in an awful manner, while he calmly surveys the sky above his head."

This was the year of the marriage of Queen Victoria, and also of the impulsive and freak-like invasion of Boulogne by Prince Louis Napoleon, who, though he made a dash and failed in 1840, had better luck next time and became emperor. The boy gives his views on the marriage and the invasion, and his sketches too. A sketch of a garlanded cake accompanies the entry, early in the year: "The confectioners have been commanded to supply her

majesty with a great beast of a plum-cake some ten feet in circumference, to be followed up by a hundred others of a more decent size, which are to be distributed among her majesty's friends." The royal marriage-day arrives: he sketches his rueful face waiting at the window for the rain to stop pouring. It ceased, and he dashed out, in company with his brother, guarded by an umbrella the worse for wear. The crowds were good-humored, as usual, "all except the old women with coal-scuttle bonnets and green umbrellas." The two boys jostled their way to get a good view. Dicky drew, in his diary, the bridal carriage, with the arms of England blazoned on the panel, and with a cluster of footmen standing up at the back and looking across the roof at the burly coachman. The bride appears within, and Prince Albert with a white bow on his shoulder. "The cheers were tremendous," writes Dick, with becoming loyalty, "and Henry and I waved our hats and screamed with all our might. . . . The queen, with a large veil over her head, looked actually beautiful."

His account of the other great event begins boyishly: "Here's fun!" and Prince Napoleon, an inch tall, and with his hat crooked, struts in the margin. He has invaded Boulogne with fifty men. On the next page we see him and his troops careering down a street, accompanied by a dog in barking surprise, and with the townsfolk staring. "A little battle" turned unfavorably, and Dicky relates how the invaders did not run, but just tried to reach their boats in the quickest possible way, but all cramming into one, they upset and were distributed about in the water; and the episode ends with a minute sketch of the leader with the imperial features riding on a buoy far out at sea. The grewsome look of the face is one of the marvels of Dicky's pencil.

Smaller events made subjects for most of the sketches—the bear at the Zoölogical Gardens nearly on his head on the bear-pit pole, trying to get the visitor's bun, held out on a stick; the man in the street selling silver rings for a penny, and the other man preaching energetically with three or four little boys for his congregation; the footmen in livery on the drawing-room day, with their long silk stockings, which he informs us were of pale pink, picking their steps in agony down the muddy street and trying to smile superbly, while the crowd rejoices in the troubles of the pink calves. Dicky had an eye for everything, and became—if, indeed, he was not from the beginning—a marvellous observer. But, above all, he excelled in crowds. Some of the boy's sketches

remind one of Hogarth; and he could draw, in the theatre or in the street, backs more expressive than faces.

The fairies had begun already to take possession of him, or rather he had begun to lay open fairyland and to jot down with his pencil the portraits of the tricksy elves. They have not wings, but they are the most fairy-like fairies ever beheld—all alive, gay, mischievous, but only in fun; little creatures with jesters' caps, holding each other by leg and hand to slip down a wall in the margin, or nailing up or balancing in their place the letters of the day of the week which Master Dick had reached in his diary. At the top of December two of them are hard at work hacking and hewing at the Christmas pudding. Christmas was coming much too soon for Dick, and he draws in the margin a grim, relentless man whom he imagines the month of December to be like, because when people have a great deal of work to get through in preparation for Christmas December hurries down upon them without mercy. "Whenever a month knows that it is wanted to come as slowly as it conveniently can, so sure is it to come at the rate of a black-whiskered policeman running with energy after a small youth."

Dick had been preparing for his father a procession of whimsical little figures, and as early as the 14th of November he had been afraid he would never be able to put down a quarter of the ideas that crowded into his head. At this date in his diary the boy sketched himself lying in bed helplessly, with the tumbled hair covering his forehead, while crowds of little figures whirled down upon him like a shower, or clutched the bed-clothes and scrambled up from the floor. Even if he were to strike a light, he says, he could not put down his ideas upon paper before morning; so he turned his thoughts to other things, as we see by the sketch of the dimly-lighted room, where he stands like a boy-ghost with a pointed night-cap, and dresses a figure and shakes hands with it. "First jumping out of bed, I seize upon a chair by brute force and plant it in the middle of the floor; becoming possessed of a coat, I then place it upon the back of the chair; a pair of trousers in a reclining posture adds to the picturesque effect already produced, and I, becoming enraptured at the sight, fetch four boots and place a leg in each; but stay, something yet was wanting—I seized a hat, and, placing it on one side of the gentleman's head, gave at once to the whole a light, cheerful, and even playful appearance."

An example of a procession such as he was preparing for the Christmas show is drawn as an ornamental border to two pages

of this most original diary. At the foot of the page the figures start, go running and scrambling up a ladder at the side, follow fast along the top, hurrying more and more as they near the opposite corner of the open pages, and there we see that they are about to disappear through a small round hole in a wall. In this hole a pair of legs are seen flying through; a dog is springing to follow, and a stout old gentleman, with flying coat-tails, is gathering himself up to haste away through the hole or to stick in it. All the other figures are tending onwards to the hole, like a fantastic march doomed to struggle through such little openings as we find in dreams.

Of course the boy who invented these things had in him a spark of the immortal fire of genius and a glow of humor that was never dimmed through life. But there are many less famous folk who could take hints from the diary of Dicky Doyle. The faculty of drawing humorous marginal sketches is not an uncommon one; nor is it always a sign of the artistic gift. But those who have it might make a quarto book worth keeping, if they were to write a journal briefly and brighten its pages with pencil-sketches that would call up a smile in after-days.

"THE CHURCHMAN."

IT was foolish to expect that the recent revival in this city among the Episcopalians might renew their faith in the great revealed truths of Christianity and increase their charity towards God and man. Such is the usual effect of missions among Catholics. But with the Episcopalians the effect seems to be no great increase of the love of God and a notable lessening of their love for their neighbor. The superficiality of Broad-Churchmen and their strong tendency to agnosticism, the formalism of Ritualists together with the general doctrinal indifference of the average church-goer, called for some powerful movement towards better things; undoubtedly a revival of religion in this sect was greatly needed. The revival came and went, and one fruit of it is abuse of the Catholic religion. We trust sincerely that it has had a good effect upon some; but it is sad to think that in others it has only stirred up sectarian bile and bigotry. It has had apparently only that effect on the author of the following article, which we clip from the editorial columns of "*The Churchman*" in its issue of the 16th of January:

"Since the Syllabus of Pius IX. it is quite evident that no devout Roman Catholic can yield an undivided allegiance to the government of the United States. It is impossible for any man to hold that the decisions of the pope are supreme and irreformable in all matters of faith and morals, and at the same time to yield entire allegiance to any State. This consideration has now become all the more important since the publication of the recent Encyclical, in which Roman Catholics are urged as such to take an active part in political affairs for the expressed purpose of extending the influence and power of the Papal See. If the Emperor of Germany, for instance, were to insist upon reserving to himself a certain definite claim upon the supreme obedience of all Germans coming to this country, it is quite certain that the allowance of this claim by a German seeking naturalization would be rightfully considered a bar to his citizenship. The allowance of a similar claim on the part of the Bishop of Rome by a Roman Catholic alien seeking naturalization ought also to be regarded as a sufficient reason for denying his request. And if this country is to continue to be free, it is to this complexion we must come at last. The conflict between Rome and national independence is irrepressible."

In this article there is not a word of truth, and there seems to be not an atom of fairness in the writer's animus. It is all abusive invective and false accusation.

It is not true that the doctrines of Christianity, as embodied by the Catholic Church, and the free institutions of our republic are in conflict. The Catholic religion can save men, indeed, under any form of civil government, and knows how to find the authority of God in any legitimately-constituted state; nay, more, the true religion can flourish under a bad government, bad in form and bad in practice. Did not Christianity grow from infancy to manhood under the Roman emperors? And in our own times has not Catholicity steadily advanced amid the confiscations and imprisonments of Bismarck's tyranny? Did not the church struggle into a wide and safe harbor in Ireland against the storm of incredible fury hurled against her by that institution which "*The Churchman*" is fond of calling "the mother-church of England"? But the church is no friend of arbitrary power. Catholics have, indeed, here and there favored absolutism, but they have had to quarrel with their religious principles to do it, and generally, as in the case of the Gallican Church, with their religious superiors at the centre of Catholicity. For the true home of the Catholic religion is among a people politically free. It must be so, because the application of religious aid to the human soul in the Catholic Church necessitates, for its normal action, free men assisted by a free clergy. Catholicity is productive of civil freedom. Historians tell us that the example of those religious republics, the Benedictine abbeys, was the origin of

the free Catholic states of the middle ages. The centre of Catholic authority at Rome fostered the establishment and growth of the Italian republics; when they were assailed by the Ghibelline factions and the ambition of the empire the Papacy fought and suffered for them for centuries. Nowhere has Catholicity better flourished than where hand-in-hand with love of freedom, and the study of its principles, and the practise of its rights. Witness the founding and maintenance of free states in all Italy; of the free cities of Germany, the Hanseatic towns; Switzerland—whose very origin as a nation is monastic—down to the little but perennial blossoms of Catholic civil liberty in the republics of Andorra and San Marino. And is there no similar lesson this side the ocean? When the Spanish colonies threw off the yoke did they rush into the arms of "the mother-church of England"? Has Episcopalianism made any headway in free Mexico? Have not the clergy and Catholics of Brazil but just now succeeded in emancipating the blacks of that country against all the furious resistance of that foremost bulwark of Protestantism, Freemasonry—a society to which the writer we have quoted, perhaps, and certainly very many of his clerical brethren, belong? And does Catholicity feel out of place in free America? Is "*The Churchman*" aware of any signs of its withering up and vanishing away in this free atmosphere?

But of the religious revolution of the sixteenth century it may be said that it was as much due to the tyranny and greed of monarchs as to any spiritual motives, good or bad, among the people; and of the Anglican Church in particular that it allied itself with persecution and despotism wherever and whenever it could. No people could learn to be free from studying Anglicanism; its religious authority is not simply arbitrary, but is rooted in the arbitrary will of purely civil rulers. There is not a bishop, dean, prebend, canon, or other high dignitary in "the mother-church of England" chosen otherwise than by the party leader—be he Jew, Christian, or infidel—in momentary possession of the right to distribute the spoils of office. If the case is different in the daughter-church of America it is because American liberty has had too powerful a teaching to be resisted.

A fair contrast between the Catholic and Anglican spirit was displayed at the opening of the American Revolution. The Catholics, clergy and people, were on the side of liberty. The "churchmen," at least as far as the clergy were concerned, were almost to a man on the side of King George. It was a bigoted clique of Protestants in the Colonial Assembly of New York

who said such things of the Catholic faith that John Carroll, the Catholic priest, and Benjamin Franklin, the philosopher, were balked in their efforts to bring Catholic Canada into the new republic. The Catholic Church had taught the modern nations of the world how to be free, founding those civil liberties which went down at the Reformation, and by Catholic Americans and Catholic Frenchmen helped to liberate the American colonies. The Anglican branch on this continent contributed the praying and preaching of her American clergy to extinguish the spirit of freedom here. When the country was free the "Protestant Episcopal Church" was taught a form of electing its bishops and clergy by the free institutions of this republic. When there arose a necessity for more freedom in church polity Anglicanism must take its cue from the civil state. But every nation has learned the true principles of liberty from the Catholic Church. Twelve hundred years before the Declaration of Independence was written Gregory the Great had proclaimed our fundamental political truth: *Omnes sunt pares.* And if the Anglican Church did not maintain a hateful form of monarchy in the United States and make itself the state church it was not from lack of the will.

And a yet better field for evidence of our estimate of the relative influence of true and false Catholicity is to be had in the history of Ireland. How has Protestant England treated Catholic Ireland? Of all tyrannies, of all persecutions, of all bigotries recorded in the history of the human race, none has surpassed, even in the most barbarous times, the conduct of "*The Churchman's*" model Christianity towards the Irish people. The squire and the parson were the two factors; one furnished the brute-force and the other the moral suasion in the work of enslaving Ireland. One succeeded in stealing the material substance of the people; the other failed in robbing them of their souls' welfare only by a miracle of divine mercy and the people's enlightened convictions of conscience. It is a standing monument of Protestant effrontery that the simulacrum of the departed Irish Establishment, with its débris of hungry and wrangling clergy, should have the face to stay in Ireland at all. And in this nineteenth century England's Carlyles and Froudes blame their country, not for her unutterable cruelties to the Irish, but for not stamping out the people who clung to their own faith and their own soil.

And if the leaders of the Irish people are beginning to expound to the masses the radical opinions of the great Catholic theologians on political government and the right of men to

property in the land, it is because the tyranny and bigotry of Anglicanism have given them occasion to do so. There is a time in the history of all nations when the providence of God brings them face to face with the prime truths which lie at the base of society; at the sacrifice of all things else they are compelled to declare to all mankind the first principles of social order. At the present moment the Irish people at home in the parent isle, and the many millions of the race in every part of the world, are affirming principles of civil freedom and of the distribution of the temporal gifts of God which may well cause landlordism and Anglican state-churchism to look for a troubled future. And from no source are these principles so largely drawn as from the great doctors of Catholic truth.

The truth is—and the writer we have quoted ought to know it, if he knows what he is writing about—that free states have repeatedly risen under the action of the church's principles, and been peopled and governed for ages by her children. The civil state has existed for ages in accord with the church, each possessing its own autonomy intact. And he ought to know that Anglicanism has nowhere in this wide world, in much of which it has had sway these three hundred years, ever called forth or materially helped to establish a single true republic. Why not? Because the native plant can only flourish "by law established," and with "our sovereign lord the king" or "our sovereign lady the queen" as the ecclesiastical head. Any growth different from this is too exotic and weak a plant to spare any fruit available for the aspirations of men in the civil order.

The writer will vainly search for any decision of the Catholic Church, unless wilfully perverted from its meaning, inimical to the free institutions of our republic or of any other free state. There is no principle in the foundations of our political institutions or in our civic life in conflict with Christianity as taught by the Roman Catholic Church; but much, on the contrary, and that easily perceived by unbiassed minds, which upholds them. The assertion to the contrary has no support whatever, and it is evidence of shallowness of mind or of a perverted conscience or an egregious bigotry to make it.

If he needed an actual witness near at home he has it in the struggle over the Freedom of Worship Bill in this State. On which side are the bigots? Who are the deniers of religious liberty to their fellow-citizens? Who are acting from motives of stupid, despotic tyranny? Not one practical member of the

Catholic, or, if it suits some tastes better, the Roman Catholic, Church!

What does the writer wish? That we should obey legislatures and judges deciding on questions of faith and morals? Does he suppose that if any judge should take it into his head to give a decision touching faith or morals contrary to the church's decision, that he should find Catholics obeying Cæsar rather than Christ? Would *he* be willing to obey in such a case? Is he a statolater? If he is he but follows the traditions of his church, but is false to those of his country, if he have the honor to be an American. Would he have the supremacy of the state established over the church, as is the case with "our mother-church of England"? The Catholic Church knows how to make martyrs, but not slaves.

We feel that an apology is due to our readers for placing such an article before them as the one we have taken from "*The Churchman.*" It is not our custom. Its intrinsic merit has not called for it, because it has none. We only departed from our custom because, after some thought, we feared that it might be the occasion of mischief.

THE VENERABLE MARY OF AGREDA AND PHILIP IV., KING OF SPAIN.*

WEST of Zaragoza, in old Castile, is the small town of Agreda at the foot of Moncaldo, with the tall, slender spire of its cathedral rising above picturesque battlements, and a small stream called the Quieles flowing gently through its streets, spanned by the single arch of an old stone bridge. The chief interest in the place centres in the memory of the Venerable Madre Maria de Jesus, commonly known as Mary of Agreda, author of the famous *Mistica Ciudad de Dios*, which excited so great a controversy in the seventeenth century, and is still read, and regarded as one of the most remarkable mystical works in the church.

Maria de Jesus was born in Agreda in 1602, and in her very girlhood showed, by her thoughtful turn of mind, her instinctive shrinking from the world, and her angelic piety, that she was destined to something extraordinary and supernatural. She was attractive in person, with the dark eyes and olive complexion

* *La Sœur Marie d'Agreda et Philippe IV.* Par M. de Lavigne. Paris.

peculiar to the Spanish; and she grew still more beautiful under the refining influences of a spiritual life, her face becoming almost luminous under strong religious emotion, but without losing its feminine sweetness and modesty. At the age of fifteen she decided to embrace the monastic life, and such was already her moral ascendency that she induced her whole family to follow her example. Her father, whose name was Francisco Coronel, and her two brothers, gave up their patrimony, and, leaving their native place for ever, entered the Order of St. Francis in the province of Burgos. Mary, with her mother and sister, converted the paternal mansion into a Franciscan convent, which in a few years became renowned throughout Castile and Aragon. In this congenial life Mary's soul at once expanded and rose to the loftier heights of piety. The wants of her physical nature were almost forgotten or disregarded. Her prolonged vigils, leaving her only two hours of sleep; her continual fasts on one slight meal a day, and that of vegetables alone; her other austerities of all kinds, persevered in with a heroism more than feminine; her long prayers and meditations on the life and teachings of our Lord; her supernatural contemplations, and, finally, the state of mystic death at which she arrived, in which the soul becomes the passive and yet concurrent instrument of divine grace—all contributed to give her a great reputation for sanctity. At the age of twenty-five she was elected superior of the house, which office she continued to hold till her death, with the exception of three years. At thirty-five she began her *Mystical City of God*, which was the fruit of her daily meditations and rapt states of contemplation. When this work appeared it was hailed with almost unanimous applause by the bishops of Spain. The Spanish Inquisition, always rigid in its censorship, regarded it as almost, if not wholly, of divine revelation. The Sorbonne at Paris held thirty-two séances, in which five hundred and fifty doctors discussed its merits, but finally condemned it with true national hostility to Spain. At Rome it was indeed placed on the Index, but was removed shortly after by command of the pope himself, some say at the solicitation of the King of Spain. Though no formal approbation has ever been given to the work, Pope Alexander VIII. authorized its circulation, and Clement IX. forbade its being placed on the Index. Its discussion, however, has delayed the process for the canonization of its author, though no one ever doubted her sincerity, her earnest convictions, and the saintliness of her character. In it she displays a mind thoroughly imbued with the religious spirit, and, though without education, strictly speaking,

shows a knowledge of Scripture, a depth of theological learning, and a correctness of scholastic terms that are truly surprising. The work is not untinctured with the bad taste of the time, and to thoroughly understand it the reader should know something of the tone of piety in the age it was written. The style, however, is dignified, and yet easy; and some of her descriptions have a certain grandeur, as in the Passion, where Satan and his angels are represented as following Christ to Mount Calvary bound in chains, forced to become witnesses of his sufferings and death, and smitten to the ground at the moment of the *Consummatum est.*

So renowned had Mary of Agreda become for her sanctity that King Philip IV., on his way from Madrid to Zaragoza to put down the rebellion in Catalonia, stopped several hours at the convent of Agreda to have an interview with her and commend the interests of his kingdom to her prayers. This was on the 10th of July, 1643, and so profoundly was the king impressed by her bearing and conversation that he entered into a confidential correspondence with her that lasted twenty-two years—that is, till her death in 1665.

Philip IV. began to reign in the sixteenth year of his age (1620), and naturally fell under the influence of the Conde-Duque de Olivarez, who was his prime minister and practically the ruler of the kingdom. Olivarez was ambitious to restore Spain to its former supremacy in Europe, but by his rash policy he only diminished its power and plunged it into disasters from which it has never recovered. It lost its possessions in the Netherlands after a disastrous war. Portugal proclaimed its independence under the house of Braganza, which led to further losses in South America, the East Indies, etc. Catalonia rebelled. And, as the conclusion of so many reverses, the treaty of the Pyrenees assured to France the possession of Roussillon, Artois, and Alsace at the marriage of the Infanta Maria Teresa to Louis XIV.

Philip IV. sought consolation for so many disasters in the cultivation of literature and the arts, of which he was an enlightened patron. He gathered around him men of talent, such as artists and eminent writers, especially of plays, and his reign became the most brilliant period of the Spanish drama. Cervantes had not long been dead. Lope de Vega had arrived at an honored old age. Montalvan still wielded his graceful, versatile pen. Quevedo, at once statesman and poet, made himself a power by his spirited and pungent satires. And Calderon, king of dramatic poets, had not only authority over everything relating to

the stage, but was admitted to the royal intimacy and made Knight of Santiago. Philip himself sacrificed to the Muses. He wrote several comedies, one of which became famous: *Dar su vida por su dama*—a title that has something chivalric in its sound. He even took part in the improvisations of extemporaneous dramas then popular at court, in which bearded hidalgos figured as actors, as well as the king, whose exterior advantages and cultivated tastes gave him pre-eminence. His reign, too, was illustrated by many celebrated masters of painting, such as Zurbaran, Pacheco, Alonso Cano, Murillo, and Velasquez. He made Velasquez painter to the royal family, and daily visited him in his studio. No one who has visited the Royal Gallery at Madrid and seen the wonderful productions of this great painter but has paused before his glorious portrait of Philip IV. on horseback with a feeling akin to gratitude; for if he was a weak ruler, ill-fitted for such a critical time, he made his country rival Italy by his appreciation of the arts, and left it all these monuments of imperishable fame.

But there is another side to the character of Philip. Fond of pleasure as he was, and averse to the cares of government, he had the national zeal for the faith and a strong sense—at least at times—of his religious obligations. His private life, to be sure, was not free from scandals, but he blushed, at least, for his faults; he condemned them himself, and in his better moments aspired to a higher life. The Ven. Marina de Escobar, in a vision, saw a golden chain from heaven attached to the heart of Philip IV., conferring on him a special love for the faith and zeal for its protection, an instance of which we have when the Prince of Wales, afterwards Charles I., made his romantic visit to Spain to woo the Infanta Maria. Philip, seeing how greatly the interests of religion were involved in this proposed alliance, prostrated himself before the crucifix at his bedside and cried with true Spanish fervor: "O Lord! I swear to thee by the crucified union of God and man which I adore in thee, on whose feet I press my lips, that not only shall the coming of the Prince of Wales not prevail with me, in anything touching thy holy Catholic religion, to go a step beyond that which thy vicar, the Roman pontiff, may resolve, but that I will keep my resolution even if it were to involve the loss of all the kingdoms which by thy favor and mercy I possess."

It was this religious side of Philip's character that led him to seek with so much respect the counsels and prayers of Mary of Agreda, and keep up a correspondence with her for so many

years. His letters to her constitute a journal of the principal events of his reign. They display no solid political principles, or lofty views as a ruler, but show him to have been not without a sense of his moral responsibilities, and by no means the mere careless, pleasure-loving prince he has generally been represented. He recounts his defeats and disasters, his want of means, his private sorrows arising from the illness of the queen and the loss of his children. He discusses questions that affect his tranquillity of conscience, and expresses deep penitence for his faults. After more than two centuries they are of interest as revealing the true character of the man and the secret aspirations of his soul. They are of value also from an historical point of view, for they furnish the key to several enigmas of the time.

These letters also throw fresh light on the saintly nun of Agreda. When we consider that Spain was then one of the leading kingdoms of Europe; that its kings, of the proud race of Hapsburg, were hedged around with divinity, as it were, and only approached with the most rigid etiquette, we are astonished at the freedom and dignified simplicity with which this humble recluse, sprung from the people, addressed her sovereign. There is no flattery, no adulation, and no disposition to profit by her moral influence over him. Her letters display great loyalty, but little knowledge of politics. She does not attach much importance to actual events; they are only of moment to her as furnishing opportunities of applying and enforcing the religious truths that were the daily food of her own soul. Hers was not the voice to rouse the king to any other warfare but the spiritual combat, though she evidently possessed great energy and firmness of character. They show, too, her knowledge of the human heart, and are a proof of her profound piety—a piety of a practical, common-sense kind that never goes beyond the bounds of prudence, which is somewhat surprising in one who led so supernatural, and what is often called "visionary," life. Each letter is a brief treatise on some question of faith and piety, tending to rouse the conscience and moral courage of the king.

Philip, in writing Mary of Agreda, folded his paper in two lengthwise, and wrote only on one column, leaving the other blank for her reply. By this means his letter was returned to him with the answer. The original letters were preserved in the king's cabinet, and after his death were scattered and doubtless lost. But Mary of Agreda kept a copy of them, which was afterwards deposited in the archives of Simancas, but only twenty-one of the king's letters with her replies have come down to us.

The king's first letter is dated "Zaragoza, October 4, 1643." Olivarez had been dismissed the January before, and Philip, after directing the affairs of the kingdom himself for six months, had appointed Don Luis de Haro prime minister. Portugal had declared its independence. Catalonia was in a state of insurrection. After enjoining secrecy as to the correspondence on Mary of Agreda the king continues:

"Since I saw you I have felt new courage. The proofs of your interest, and the promise to pray for me and the welfare of my kingdom, have restored my confidence and given me the strength my heart needed. As I then told you, when I left Madrid I felt all human means had failed me. I could only look to Heaven for the accomplishment of my plans. . . . Our frontier on the side of Portugal is devastated by the people of that country, rebels against God and their lawful king. The affairs in Flanders are growing worse, and everything indicates a rebellion unless God provides a remedy. As to Spain, though my presence here is of benefit, I fear if the provinces are not encouraged by some success they will become demoralized and disaffected towards the monarchy. Our situation is certainly very critical every way, and yet I assure you this is not what afflicts me the most, but the thought that God is angry with us.

"Do not write me after the manner of the world, which is not always sincere, but according to the inspiration of God, before whom I declare (and I have just received him) that in all things and everywhere I wish to obey his holy law and fulfil the duties he has imposed on me as king. I hope he will, in his mercy, have pity on us and open to us a way of extrication from these difficulties. . . . The greatest favor his blessed hand can bestow on me is to inflict on my person alone the chastisement my sins have drawn on this kingdom, for I alone merit it, and not my people, who have always been, and always will be, true Catholics. I await your reply to console me, depending on your intercession with our Lord that he may vouchsafe to enlighten me and draw me from the cruel anguish in which I am plunged."

Mary of Agreda in her reply says:

"Sire, the lack of confidence in ourselves, so reasonable when we consider the fragile character of our human nature, formed of clay, is not an obstacle to the marvellous designs of the Lord; on the contrary, it promotes and hastens them, as was the case with King David when, acknowledging and weeping for his sins, he promised thenceforth to love and serve the Lord. . . . I acknowledge that the kingdom and monarchy are in great danger. These wars, these dissensions among Christian kings and princes, are chastisements sent by the Most High before pardoning our offences against him. These chastisements in themselves are a proof of his Divine Majesty's love for this country and the monarchy, which already owe him so much gratitude. But when past errors have been renounced before the Lord, then his divine goodness knows how to change his threats, punishments, and severity into consolations, favors, and benefits. I trust through the clemency of the Most High that if your majesty perseveres in

your good and holy resolutions, if you induce others to follow the same course, correcting what is evil, administering requisite justice without human consideration, rewarding the good, and taking care that the poor are not humbled for the reason that they are poor—for God himself became poor in this world for our sakes—but seeking rather to raise them up on account of their lowliness, and, on the other hand, humbling the pride of the rich and the haughty whenever they forget the requirements of the divine law, which is the same for all men, then I trust the mercy and justice of Heaven will bring everything to a happy termination. . . . I promise your majesty with all sincerity and devotion to consecrate to the Lord my poor prayers, labors, and sufferings, and those of our community, to obtain of him, by the intermediation of his holy Mother, conceived without sin, all that you so ardently desire. May God increase your majesty's courage, grant you peace and prosperity, and render you a happy and fortunate king."

Philip thus replies:

"Sr. Maria de Jesus, your letter afforded me the greatest pleasure and increased my courage. I feel that the prayers and exercises of yourself and your community will obtain from our Lord what this kingdom most needs for its peace and tranquillity. The moment has come for you to pray, for my army is on the point of beginning the campaign, and any day may produce important results. The more I fear I do not on my part merit that the issue should be fortunate, the more necessary it is that they who are good should pray God for me. He knows how sincerely I desire to submit to his holy law as man, and to fulfil my obligations as king; that I am doing in this respect all I can do, vigilant in having justice administered with firmness and impartiality, and pursuing a straightforward course in all things relating to the service of God; but it is impossible to repair in so short a time the evil it has taken so long a period to produce. . . . I desire to accomplish the will of the Lord in all things. If I fail in any respect it will be from my frailty as man, and not as a wicked man. Therefore I beg of you in a particular manner, if you learn the will of God, to make it known to me, for I am willing to submit to it in all things. I would offer my life with good-will, if the sacrifice would lead to the deliverance of my kingdom and the peace of the Christian world."

Mary of Agreda says in her next letter:

"In defending the cause of the Most High your majesty is only defending your own cause. God loves great courage because it effects great things. And anything great accomplished by human weakness and lowliness is a proof of the Almighty's assistance. I desire great courage for your majesty, therefore, because you have need of it to repair the misfortunes of the nation. Arm yourself, then, with force. The most efficacious is that which God gives by his grace, and he will not refuse it if, in seeking it, you are penitent for the past and wish to do right in the future. The testimony of a good conscience will give confidence in God, courage against man and the devil, and the energy to accomplish great things.

"I have promised your majesty many times to pray for you and invoke the divine protection in your behalf. I repeat to-day, in presence of the

Most High, that all my prayers, all my meditations, have no other end than to obtain from the Almighty the salvation of your majesty and the happiness and tranquillity of this realm. I offer all that my humble submission to God's will can merit in expiation of all the offences your majesty may have committed against him. . . . I have offered my life to God for the glory of his holy church and the peace of this kingdom."

Philip was now expecting supplies of gold and silver from the famous mines of Potosi, so necessary to carry on his wars, and he was the more anxious for their safe arrival on account of five galleons, loaded with treasure, destroyed by the French three years previous. Accordingly he writes, December, 1643:

"I am expecting from hour to hour the arrival of some galleons by the help of God. I trust he will bring them safely into port; nevertheless, I beg you to aid me by imploring the Divine Majesty to grant me this favor. I know I do not deserve it. I merit great chastisement, but I trust he will not permit the total destruction of this monarchy."

At the end of his next letter, Philip, after recommending the queen to the prayers of Mary of Agreda, adds:

"In spite of my numerous occupations I seize every instant I can to read the history you sent me [the *Mistica Ciudad*]. It interests me deeply, and I have read a large part of it already. It is a very remarkable work, and most suitable for this holy time of Lent."

Several years' letters are now unfortunately missing. During this time died, October 6, 1645, Queen Elizabeth de Bourbon, daughter of Henry IV. of France—"the best queen," says Bossuet, "that Spain ever had." The year after died the Infant Don Baltazar Carlos, heir to the throne, at the age of seventeen. This was a sad blow to Philip, but when, after great precautions, it was announced to him, his only expression of grief was: "I must only be the more devoted to my people, and regard them as my surviving children," and he slowly withdrew into his chamber. It is on this occasion we have a glimpse of the supernatural side of Mary of Agreda's life. The death of the young prince was revealed to her while engaged in prayer. The account of her visions concerning his death, his detention in Purgatory, and his final entrance into heaven, written down for the consolation of the king at his own command, are very curious, and in parts sublime, reminding one of the Divine Poet of Italy. We give only a short extract:

"Finally, the day of the Circumcision, the first day of the year 1647, being at prayer before the Blessed Sacrament in the convent church, towards three o'clock in the afternoon, I saw the soul of the prince issuing

from Purgatory. He was clothed with glory, and in the presence of God prayed me to make known to his father what I had just seen.

"I realized and heard the Almighty command the guardian angel of the prince and other ministering spirits to descend into Purgatory and draw therefrom this blessed soul, that it might be received into eternal bliss. The angels obeyed, and in a few moments brought his soul with them into the presence of the Lord. With like swiftness was it purified, adorned, illuminated, and clothed with wonderful gifts. In an instant the Beatific Vision was revealed to him, at which his soul became more beautiful, more resplendent than several suns combined.

"As soon as his soul was thus glorified the first movement he made was to break out into the canticle in the fifty-first chapter of Ecclesiasticus, beginning with these words: 'I will give glory to thee, O Lord, O King, and I will praise thee, O God, my Saviour!'

"Angels and saints united in expressing their joy at his bliss. The Queen of Heaven received him as her child: the rest, as brother and companion; and on all sides could be seen the accidental joy experienced by the saints when a soul is admitted to the participation of the blessedness of heaven, so far beyond what the eye hath seen, or the ear heard, or it hath entered into the heart of man to conceive."

The king's next letter that has been found is dated June 12, 1652. After speaking of the disturbances in Andalusia, the sieges of Barcelona, Gravelines, and Turin, and of the multiplied offences against God, he writes:

"It is evident that the evil enemy is profiting thereby to injure Christianity, and this afflicts me more than my personal sufferings, for I ask myself if this is not the consequence of my sins and the negligence with which I have fulfilled the obligations God has imposed on me. He knows how much I desire to please him, how much I fear to offend him; but I fear also my own weakness, and therefore I beg you to aid me with your prayers, for if God be propitiated he will allay and check the disturbance in which we are involved."

Mary of Agreda replies:

"Sire, it would avail nothing as a remedy to the trouble that overwhelms your majesty to possess all the gold and silver in the world, or rule over the whole globe from the east to the west, and from the north to the south, or have at your command all the men of valor who have lived since the time of Adam, if the eternal God, the author of all nature and the dispenser of grace, does not co-operate by his divine favor. . . . Victory belongeth to him. Triumph is in his hands. Events are directed by his uncreated knowledge. Success is accorded by his clemency, and consolation by his mercy. If we obtain too promptly what we desire we cease to love God. Accordingly if his divine wisdom defers a benefit it is to keep us the longer from straying away from him. To remain faithful to him we should, therefore, consider ourselves as beggars, for abundance and wealth generally render us selfish and indifferent. The first angel was lost through satiety. His misfortune was that he had nothing at the moment to wish for, and he

would not have been cast out if the possession of so many benefits had not blinded him as to his future wants. The other angels had also received many gifts and favors, but they did not forget they still had much more to receive from God, and therefore they remained humble. They were like the seraphim Isaias tells us were around the throne of God, who had two wings wherewith they did fly, and other wings wherewith they covered their faces and their feet; these indicating repose, the others motion—repose, as symbolizing the possession of all good; motion, as the symbol of aspiration and desire. They flew and they reposed. So whatever we obtain from God, we must not forget there is always more to expect from him.

"Our condition is exceedingly low and vile. As long as we are in want we pray. When we succeed we forget. That is why the Most High gives and retains, grants and withholds, in order that, grateful for the benefits he has already bestowed, we may still pursue him to beg for what we yet need."

It is said that Philip fell into evil courses after the death of the queen and Don Baltazar, and "a celebrated *beata*" was sent to admonish him, who filled him with salutary terror by threatening him with the wrath of God—a prophetic intimation, for shortly after he barely escaped falling victim to a plot against his life and the crown. This affected him deeply and brought him back to a sense of duty. There is nothing to prove that this *beata* was Mary of Agreda, but it does not seem improbable. At all events, the king's relapse gives double significance to many passages in her letters, such as the following:

"I compare God to the sun. If there are clouds and mists we lose sight of it, we are deprived of light; but as soon as the air is purified and grows clear we behold the sun again, we feel it, we enjoy it, we have our part in its influences and benefits. There are no clouds more dense than our passions and evil inclinations. If they are gratified they hide from us the divine sun of righteousness which is God. They deprive us of good influences. We are left in the midst of darkness, exposed to continual falls into an unfathomable abyss. . . . But if we resist and mortify them as soon as they occur to our thoughts, we are enlightened by grace; we turn towards God; we begin to feel his influence; a more powerful light falls on our souls; a stronger love animates our will; we feel more strength within to overcome what had seemed insurmountable, and more ardor in serving God; we recognize that without the breath of his immutable being we cannot undertake perilous enterprises, that if we are armed with divine strength our victory is certain, by the aid of his right hand we shall conquer our enemies. But the great difficulty is to renounce ourselves. We remain concentrated in ourselves and act like creatures whose minds are diseased and who are abandoned of God."

The following extract is from her letter on hearing of the capitulation of Barcelona:

"St. Augustine says there is no greater misfortune than the happiness

of the sinner, and when God permits him to be happy in his iniquity it is because his wrath is only the greater. He only leaves him without chastisement in this world in order to chastise him the more rigorously in the life to come. What would it serve a man to have the wisdom of Solomon, the beauty of Absalom, the strength of Samson, the long life of Henoch, the wealth of Crœsus, and the power of Cæsar, if his soul is endangered thereby? Though all his life be prosperous and happy, of what account are the goods he hardly possesses before he has to resign them? The life of man is only a flower that springeth up in the morning, blooms at mid-day, and in the evening is already faded and withered. . . . One of the most perfect qualities of divine mercy is that it accords prosperity and success with such weight and measure that the desire for what we still need serves as a *remora* (check) to our passions,* a counterpoise to satiety, a spur to incite us to have recourse to the immutable being of God, a motive to love and please him as one on whom depends the supply of our wants. The greatest acquirement of the human mind, the best proof of wisdom, is to be able to resist prosperity so as not to be lifted up by it, and adversity so as not to be cast down by it."

"Of all the chastisements inflicted by the power of the Most High, the severest rigor of divine justice is to abandon a soul to its sins. . . . There is a maxim of the philosophers that privations are more or less hard to bear according to the greater or less value of the good one is deprived of. Now, sin deprives us of grace, which is the participation of God and the benefit of being his children and the heirs of eternal glory. Whence we may conclude that the greatest of evils and of chastisements is to be left in the sin that deprives us of such benefits."

"The entire life of man is only an instant compared with eternity, and God wishes this brief time to be employed in preparing, and meriting by means of our tribulations, the crown of eternal bliss. Who would not, then, accept with joy the suffering that is only temporary in order to obtain that which is eternal? There is nothing more valuable than time, and the best use we can make of it is in suffering that by which we can acquire such an inexpressible benefit."

The king writes her in 1653:

"How true what you say in your letter! The most hardened sinner cannot refuse to acknowledge the difference there is between the state of grace and that of guilt, but such is our weakness that we yield rather to evil than to good. Against all reason do we allow ourselves to be led away by our appetites, regardless of our highest interests. Therefore do I dwell with satisfaction on the examples you mention. They will aid me in escaping from similar evils and in seeking the incomparable benefits of divine grace."

* "*Remora de nuestras passiones*"—an image often used by the old Spanish writers from a small fish (the *echeneis remora*) which, it was once believed, had the power of stopping a vessel in the midst of its course. It is employed also by the ancient Greek and Latin authors, such as Aristotle, Ovid, and Lucan. Pliny says the *echeneis* stopped the galley of Periander, tyrant of Corinth. Another is said to have arrested the vessel of Antony in the midst of the battle of Actium, commenting on which Dom Benito Feijoo, in his *Encyclopædia*, says that the only *remora* that checked Antony in his course was the beauty of Cleopatra.

And again he writes :

"I no longer allow myself to be cast down by my troubles. On the contrary, I rejoice, for they seem to me light in comparison with the examples you cite from Holy Scripture, which prove how necessary afflictions in this life are for our salvation, and how dangerous prosperity is, since it has caused the downfall of so many."

Mary of Agreda thus replies to this:

"Sire, patience in our trials is a laudable virtue, but it is still better to receive them with joy. Doctors, however, only find this degree of perfection in souls of the highest courage. Your majesty, therefore, must not allow yourself to be cast down by anything that befalls you."

In 1657 the king thus commences one of his letters:

"I am always afflicted at the failure of a letter from you, especially when this is caused by ill-health. My sorrow is then double. I rejoice, however, to hear you are better. I feel great interest in the state of your health and the continuation of the counsels you give me. I appreciate their value, and earnestly desire to put them in practice, but fear lest I fail through my weakness and sins."

The following year he again says :

"Your illness caused me great anxiety and distress, especially when I heard it was dangerous, for I regard you with deep affection. The deprivation would have been a great trial had our Lord called you to eternal rest, but I trust he will not deprive me of your counsels and close the door through which I look for remedy in my greatest woes."

Mary of Agreda thus writes in reply :

"Your majesty condescends to value the prolongation of my life, whereas I consider it so useless that I wish I could sacrifice it in the service of the Most High and in that of your majesty. My only anxiety and wish in this valley of tears is that God, whose goodness is so immense and whose mercy is infinite, be not offended with us, but afford us his protection ; that his holy faith be maintained and practised ; that your throne be surrounded by prosperity and happiness; and that your majesty may be saved. . . . The famine and war that weigh so heavily upon us have been sent us for our sins. . . . We see that under the ancient law the Hebrews, men and women, with the priesthood, humbled their hearts by fasting, clothed themselves in sackcloth, and made their children prostrate themselves before the altar in the temple, and instead of losing life, honor, and liberty, which they were in danger of, they obtained security, glory, victory, and riches. I am deeply afflicted, my heart is rent, when I see that no one gives a thought to this remedy. It seems as though all fear of the divine justice were lost. And yet the blows that have fallen so severely upon us are loud warnings. . . . In the deepest recesses of my seclusion I will aid your majesty as much as is in my power. I will invoke by my cries, my tears, the mercy of the Most High."

The remaining letters have never been found. Mary of Agreda died on Whitsunday, May 24, 1665, aged sixty-three.

The long continuance and regularity of this correspondence show how much value the king attached to it. The letters of Mary of Agreda invariably stimulated his conscience, roused his moral energy, and afforded him so much consolation amid the misfortunes of his reign and almost continual ill-health that when they were delayed he always expressed his regret as if his chief solace was wanting. He died four months after her, September 17, 1665, after blessing his children and saying to his heir: "God grant that you may be happier than I!"

A PLEA FOR THE INDIAN.

AN ounce of experience is worth many pounds of theory, and it would be well if those who are given to theorizing were to bear this in mind. Some cunningly-devised scheme of philanthropy may appear fair and fascinating on paper. Some plan of political economy may seem the very one, in the eyes of the originator, to answer every requirement. But when these schemes of philanthropy, these plans of political economy, pass from the ideal into the real, then experience soon detects the latent flaws and relegates them to a place on the library shelf, where in the abstract, like Plato's *Republic*, they may live immortally without harm to mankind, or else sink into the obscurity which befitted them. Such are the thoughts that occur as one reads from time to time, in magazine or journal, some proposed solutions for the Indian problem. Men, and women too, living far away from the scene of action, without even a passing sense of their unfitness, will undertake to interfere with the control and welfare of the still savage population, and offer their suggestions to the general government. One does not object to the interest they show in the poor red men, but one must deprecate the manner in which it is evinced. Did it never occur to a political economist that in such matters he might derive valuable counsel from those living among the savages for many years as their spiritual guides and apostles? What course of action would the Catholic missionary desire to see in force? Truly a practical question, and one which they are capable of answering from their long experience. We do not mean to imply that priests should

mix in politics or the "black-robe" turn a government politician. Far from it! Only this: men who have been for years in the practice of a profession or a trade are generally admitted to have some weight and authority in matters belonging to their avocation. Why does this not hold good of missionaries? Who can vie with them in the knowledge of the savage tribes to whom they have devoted their lives? Who can take a more real and genuine interest in their welfare? Who can be more desirous of seeing them civilized and prosperous? Who can have such an insight into the character and habits of these races? Who can know better what will conduce to their development or their destruction? And what must weigh deeply with Catholic philanthropists must be the consciousness that these men's opinions and verdicts will be biassed by no self-seeking, since they are men who by their profession have renounced all hope or wish of earthly honors or riches. Moreover, they seek not the mere humanizing of the savages, but the transforming of what is intensely animal into the real and spiritual life of devout Catholics. The government looks upon the Indian, or should look upon him, as a man with the duties of a possible if not actual citizen of the republic at no distant day. The priest does not overlook this, but considers it as not the one thing necessary nor the primary object of their civilization; for with the eyes of faith he sees in them "the citizens of a better country, even one to come," in view of which we have here no abiding city. The efforts of the missionary are directed, then, in the first place, to the imprinting on the minds of the savages those notions which make them conscious of their moral responsibility towards God, and, as a natural consequence, of their duties towards their fellow-men. He does not endeavor to give them a distorted and exaggerated estimate of the benefits of civilization, as is the wont of the would-be leaders of modern thought, according to whom human happiness should increase in proportion to the acquirement of creature comforts—the greatest amount of wealth, pleasure, and ease, with the least expenditure of vital force, being the *summum bonum* of existence in their ethics. The missionary does not, indeed, inculcate such ideas as these, but he lays a sure and solid foundation for the fabric of true culture, made up of the threads of virtues theological and moral. He not only preaches by word of mouth, but by that more emphatic and convincing way of practice. He first sets the example which he would have followed, and in his own person makes civilization attractive.

Were such a one to be asked his opinion as to the manner of treating the red men, what would be his answer?

Consulting that best of teachers—experience—he would say, in the first place: Keep the Indians, for the present at least, perfectly isolated from white men. The necessity of this separation has been demonstrated over and over again. Throw the redskin into the company of the pale-faces and the result is a complete degradation of the man; he loses the natural virtues he had, but not his vices, and acquires in addition the very worst habits of the other race without their good points. The same effect is produced if the process be reversed and white settlers be introduced among the Indians." And yet these very points, so strongly opposed by the missionary, are the ones put forward as the best and surest means of civilizing the savage tribes. The weak spot in this policy escapes the attention of its advocates—namely, that to expect such beneficial results from intercourse supposes a sort of exemplary superiority on one side which will raise the other to an equal height. Very fine indeed in the ideal! But in reality what sort of a white population do we find on the borderlands? Is it a highly moral and civilized one? Or is it not usually largely, even preponderatingly, made up of the scum and dregs of society; a motley collection of adventurers and fortune-hunters with one aim and purpose in life—that of enriching themselves in any way that offers? Their code of morality is brief, and may be summed up in a few words which exemplify some of the cant phrases of the modern illuminati: "Let the fittest survive"; "Man is but a highly-developed animal"; "There is no God, nor devil, nor future life." The conclusions to such premises are readily deduced by the frontiersmen.

Are these the civilizing elements which are to leaven the Indian race and transform them into good citizens of the republic? In the ideal the theory might hold. Imagine a community of honest, God-fearing, industrious farmers and artisans, with their well-educated and well-behaved families, settled in the midst of savagedom. As by magic the hitherto fallow lands yield copious crops more than ample to supply the wants of the community. The new-built granaries groan with abundance, and their overflow procures for the fortunate owners all the domestic articles they need. Cattle, sleek and contented, graze in the meadows, and on the hillsides flocks of sheep crop the toothsome pasture. The central spot of the village is the church, with its neighboring school. All is order, peace, contentment, prosperity—in a word, Arcadia realized. But has it ever been realized by the pro-

cess above advocated? Never; but the very reverse has again and again resulted. One instance will suffice—the case of the non-Catholic Spokanes, sunk in every kind of vice and degradation. On the other hand, has the system of isolation proved successful? In all confidence we can affirm that it has, and point to the Mission of St. Ignatius in the Kalispel country—doubtless known to many by the graphic sketch of Mr. Smalley in the *Century Magazine* for January, 1885. Here the very best results are being daily obtained. Nor is the day distant when the Flatheads and other neighboring tribes will become good citizens of a prosperous State. But the ways of God are slow—as the saying goes, "The mills of God grind slowly, but they grind exceeding fine." The sun does not burst upon the world all of a sudden in its meridian splendor, but gradually from the deep darkness of night appears the first faint dawn, increasing steadily until at noon in the zenith it floods the world with light. So in the moral order after the gloom of savagery comes the first ray of enlightenment to the mind: too much light would daze and stupefy. Man's mental grasp is very finite, and he must acquire knowledge by degrees. The Indian in many respects is but a child, and in his development must be treated accordingly. And yet his ill-advised well-wishers would have him trained and developed into a full-blown civilized American citizen whilst at present the bud is still in embryo. They are too eager for progress; they speak as if they would advise a farmer who wished to produce a rich crop to perform all the various processes of cultivation collectively—plough, sow, fertilize, irrigate, all in close succession, without giving nature a breathing-time, as it were, between the different stages. The effect is null, for order reigns in nature—first the seed, then the ear, then the full grain in the ear. Patience, therefore, is needed with the Indian; he cannot pass from a savage life into a full-developed civilization in a single generation.

All history tells the same story. Every nation has had its day of comparative barbarism, and has taken many centuries to reach its present state of nineteenth-century maturity; though, if truth were to be told, beneath the thin veneer of civilized manners much of the barbarian still remains even in the most highly-cultured European. The one, in his simplicity, openly shows his claws; the other conceals them beneath the silken glove. Search into the mode of life of the poor in thickly-inhabited manufacturing towns or in rural districts, and the difference between many of them and the savage is one of degree, not kind:

the same nature produces like effects. But this is not a defence of savagery; it only aims at getting for the Indian a fair hearing and a chance of life and happiness. Some one may say: "Chances he has had in abundance—he has not profited by them; if he had he would be further advanced in the social state than he is. Or if he has not had the opportunities demanded, why has not the church, his advocate, been more active in furthering his progress?"—an opportune question, which very many Catholics answer as best they can. The church has done what she could in the past. With the meagre forces at her disposal she has made the best possible use of her soldiers, the missionaries of God. They were and are very few in number in comparison with the vastness of the campaign. They had everything to surmount, foreigners in a strange land, with no moral or pecuniary support from American Catholics. They have struggled on against these great odds and accomplished prodigies in the sight of God; for men have no knowledge of their feats. The tribes that have been civilized by the "black-robes" are worthy to be compared with the primitive Christians for their fervor and edification. The aged missionary goes to his grave lamenting the good that could be and is not done. American Catholics have much to answer for their apathy regarding the evangelization of the Indians. May a spark of apostolic zeal fall upon willing hearts! A twofold good can be accomplished—the savage can be transformed into an exemplary Catholic whose citizenship is in heaven, and at the same time fitted to become a worthy and useful citizen of the United States. One word more upon a point which has been already implicitly touched upon—the abolition of tribal distinctions and rule. In a nascent society the tribal system is a natural sequel to the patriarchal. First comes the family with its head, then groups of families with some recognized chief who is superior by virtue of his ability, sagacity, prudence, or prowess in war. Although in a sense supreme, still he has his council of elders for advisers, whom he consults on all important matters. When the religion of Christ has conquered his mind and heart, then the "black-robe" becomes his most valued counsellor, and there is that perfect agreement between church and state which in ages past proved so beneficial to European society when in process of formation. Before the Indian can arrive at fully-developed civilized modes of life he must pass through the preparatory stages—infancy, boyhood, youth, manhood, the prime of life: he cannot by a hot-house forcing be transformed at once into a full-grown social and political man. Patience, then, is

our plea, but this is only passive. An active element is needed —namely, interested and able Catholic advocates for the Indians. Protestant philanthropists and politicians are making themselves heard on all sides. True philanthropy should be a sufficient motive for Catholic hearts who feel that the only real civilizing, regenerating power is that of their holy faith.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE THIRTY YEARS. OUR LORD'S INFANCY AND HIDDEN LIFE. By H. J. Coleridge, S.J. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1885.

This volume completes the whole first part of our Lord's Life, by Father Coleridge. Some few points in it have interested us particularly, on account of some previous investigations of these points in other authors which have led us to the same result which Father Coleridge has arrived at. One of these is the cause of the apparently inhospitable reception which Joseph and Mary met with at Bethlehem. Pious writers and preachers commonly come down hard on these people of Bethlehem, and on the innkeeper, and exaggerate the inconvenience to which the Blessed Virgin was subjected, by representing it as wilfully inflicted by hard-hearted kinsfolk through contempt of a poor relation. We think this view of the case groundless and absurd. The Lord ordered it so that poverty, humility, and suffering were the attendants of his human birth; but the proximate cause was a natural, unavoidable impossibility of finding in a pressing emergency suitable lodgings in a village overcrowded by an influx of guests. Father Coleridge looks at it in the same light.

It has always been a very great puzzle for those who suppose that the Wise Men from the East came to Bethlehem about a fortnight after the Nativity to explain how the Holy Family could remain about a month after their departure in Bethlehem unmolested by Herod, and even go boldly to the Temple to accomplish the rite of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin. Father Coleridge solves the difficulty, and we have become at last satisfied that he is right about the matter, by supposing that St. Joseph went to Nazareth for a short time after the birth of our Lord, returned to Bethlehem with the intention of taking up his residence in the town, and there remained for several months. The star, he supposes, appeared to the Wise Men on Christmas day. Their journey to Jerusalem lasted four or five months. The very night after their departure from Bethlehem St. Joseph fled into Egypt with the Blessed Virgin and the Infant Lord, and after his return from Egypt changed his intention of living at Bethlehem and went to live at Nazareth because he was afraid of Archelaus. All this chimes in very well with the theory, which seems to us the most probable one, that Jesus Christ was born December 25, A.U.C. 747=5 B.C. The Wise Men came in May or June, 748. The Holy Family remained in Egypt until the spring of 750, at which time Herod died. Archelaus had been deposed and a Roman governor substituted for him at Jerusalem before the Lord was

twelve years old, and there was, therefore, no danger in the visit of the Holy Family to Jerusalem to keep the Passover, which occurred during his thirteenth year. In treating of our Lord's visit to the school of the doctors in the Temple, Father Coleridge expresses the opinion that Simeon, who received Jesus into his arms at the time of the purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary, was the famous Rabbi Simeon, son of Hillel, and father of Gamaliel; that he was still living at the time of our Lord's visit to the Temple in his thirteenth year, and was probably present on the occasion of his interview with the doctors.

We are promised the publication of the remaining volumes, which will make Father Coleridge's work complete, regularly and without undue delay; and there is no reason to fear that this promise will not be fulfilled, as all who are interested in sacred studies must hope it will be.

THE KEYS OF THE KINGDOM. By the Rev. J. J. Moriarty, LL.D. New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.; London: Burns & Oates.

Dr. Moriarty has a very happy faculty of presenting Catholic doctrine in a way to attract the attention and to win the respect and good-will of Protestants. His works are noticed in a very friendly and appreciative manner by the secular press, and obtain a wide and continual circulation. His latest work, treating of the importance of the study of religion, the rule of faith, and the four marks of the true church, published in an unusually handsome form, is marked by the same excellent style, happy use of quotations from distinguished and popular writers who are not Catholics, the same kind and respectful manner toward his readers, and the same conclusive and popular method of argument which have made his previous works, particularly *Stumbling Blocks made Stepping Stones*, so successful. It is a work fitted to do much good, and the high commendation which it has already received from some secular newspapers is an augury that it will be as favorably received and as extensively circulated as the author's previous works have been.

THE LIFE OF THE VERY REV. THOMAS N. BURKE, O.P. By William J. Fitzpatrick, F.S.A. (2 vols.) London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.; New York: Benzingers. 1886.

Father Burke's countless friends and admirers in both hemispheres will welcome the publication of his biography. It is one of the most entertaining books we have ever come across, and if it is not extremely and widely popular we shall be at a loss to find any reason for its failure, unless it be that its cost may hinder its general circulation. All the children of Erin, in their own home and throughout the whole world, must, of course, receive with enthusiasm the life of one of the greatest and best, most gifted and most unselfish, most religious and most patriotic of Irishmen and Irish priests which this age has produced. There is nothing, however, in the principles, the language, the character, or the career of the illustrious Dominican which can render the history of his life in any exclusive sense an object of interest to his own countrymen alone, or even to those only who are Catholics, in England, America, and other countries. As a man, a scholar, an orator, a philanthropist, his qualities were so remarkable and so genial, and there was so much in his character and career of the heroic, that he must win admiration from all sorts of men who can appreciate such traits, as in point of fact he did, during his too short public career as an

orator, from almost all men in this country, and, in a more restricted sphere, wherever he was known during his whole life. Every one knows that the exuberance of the humorous and playful temperament which nature had given to Father Burke was one of his most salient personal characteristics. The frolicsome spirit possessed him in his childhood, and most persons of calm and prudent judgment will think that it was not always kept within due bounds in after-life. Mr. Fitzpatrick has filled his volumes with anecdotes and witticisms and drolleries from the days of Father Burke's childhood and his after-life which are racy and rich, and help to make his volumes, as we have said they are, most entertaining reading. We think that some pruning in this respect would have been more judicious on the author's part, although his great abundance in personal details and description, and the minuteness of his narrative, on the whole make his memoir extremely life-like and realistic. Moreover, Mr. Fitzpatrick does full justice to the graver and more important parts of his task, and has devoted an amount of careful research and conscientious labor to its fulfilment, and has shown a tact and skill in arranging his materials, which entitle him to rank among the few very successful writers of biographical memoirs. The gayety of Father Burke in social intercourse, the continual play of his spirit of humor, was only the flashing of the drops on his laboring oar, which he plied incessantly in his various avocations while employed in arduous duties at San Clemente in Rome, in England and Ireland, filling important offices and actively engaged in priestly work in the convents of his order, and during the course of his sermons and lectures in the United States; besides his deep and thorough studies and multifarious reading, which filled up to overflowing the exhaustless reservoir of his intellect, memory, and imagination. The amount of labor which he accomplished was simply wonderful, and together with this was joined an endurance of sickness and suffering, especially in the last ten years of his life, finishing with the last heroic effort, which took him literally from his death-bed into the pulpit to plead for orphans who were in danger of dying from starvation. All this is graphically told, and the whole history of the development and exercise of Father Burke's varied and remarkable endowments is fully and minutely laid open. The author is also careful, in his devoted fidelity and piety towards his illustrious friend, to disclose beneath the brilliant exterior of the scholar and orator of genius and wit, the deep fund of religious virtue which was under the surface and mostly hidden from view; the humility which was insensible to adulation and averse from worldly honors, the habit of prayer and penance, the love of poverty, the purity, the ardent faith and charity, the disinterestedness and integrity, the sacerdotal and religious zeal, which kept Father Burke always a true priest and a genuine disciple of St. Dominic, without a shadow or stain on his reputation, throughout a career in which a man of only ordinary firmness and stability of interior virtue would have been in danger of at least giving way to the illusions of pride and ambition. The innocence of the frolicsome boy, the humility of the applauded orator, the patience of the wearied, suffering warrior of faith and charity, the resignation and hope of the dying Christian, the tribute of supreme respect and affection from the highest and the humblest alike to the dead priest, the noble monument of the cloistral church of Tallaght erected over his grave to honor his memory, are witnesses to a grace of God and a generous co-operation with it in Father

Burke by which his shining intellectual gifts and achievements were hallowed and elevated, and the best of all panegyrics deserved—that he was a good as well as a great man in his day and sphere.

A Literary and Biographical History; or, Bibliographical Dictionary of the English Catholics from the breach with Rome in 1534 to the present time. By Joseph Gillow. (Vol. II.) London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

After the well-deserved praise which the first volume of this work has received from every quarter—Catholic, Protestant, and purely literary and scientific—it is needless to do more than mention the publication of the second volume, and to say that it fully maintains the standard of its predecessor. Indeed, some improvements have been made, such as giving fuller lives of the more important persons and placing catch-letters at the head of each page to facilitate reference. The volume begins with Lord Dacre and ends with Bishop Gradwell, and includes many lives of special interest, such as those of Bishop Gardiner, Bishop Fox, and Dryden of former times, and of those of Fathers Faber, Formby, and Dalgairns of our own days. It is an invaluable work for the student of English history, whether religious or secular.

A Child of Mary. By Christian Reid. Reprinted from the *Ave Maria*. Notre Dame, Ind.: Joseph A. Lyons. 1886. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

Miss Fisher has long since won a high place among our American female novelists. *A Child of Mary* is one of her minor, less-ambitious productions, but quite worthy of her pen, a prettily-written, attractive, and edifying story. It is all about a Catholic girl, on the father's side an American springing from one of the old families, very rich, genteel, and Episcopalian, of one of the Southern Atlantic States; on the mother's side and by education French, an orphan, an heiress, a devout Catholic, who lives in her Southern uncle's family, and becomes the foundress of a Catholic church as well as in general an "angel and minister of grace" in the town of Clarendon.

The story teaches one excellent lesson, which is the importance and utility of making churches neat, tasteful, and ritually correct in all respects, and also of giving to all the externals of divine worship, vestments, ceremonies, music, etc., as much completeness and beauty as possible. Some Catholics—even some ecclesiastics—have very inadequate perceptions, or mistaken notions, on these points. Some appear to think that a sort of Puritan simplicity suits better the modern age and the present condition of both cultivated and unlettered Christians. They have a fancy that, in a special sense, people of a religious disposition who by education are Protestants would be more easily converted if Catholicism were modified in many of its accidentals. This is a grievous misapprehension. Renée Leigh was sound in her views, happily Father Gerard sustained her fully, and Mr. Stanmore was a genuine, thorough convert, who drank the pure milk of the word with a wholesome appetite, not asking for sugar and water to weaken it. Renée was wrong, however, on one point. She insisted that Mr. Stanmore could have no certitude respecting truths of the Christian religion except by way of the infallible authority of the Catholic Church. But it was necessary for him, first of all, to be certain

of this divine, infallible authority, received through the apostles from Jesus Christ. And such a clear thinker as Miss Fisher will easily perceive that the same indisputable facts and irrefragable arguments by which we prove the divine origin and institution, and the infallible authority, of the Catholic Church, will equally avail for other doctrines of Christian and Catholic faith. If the story had been carefully examined by one of the theologians of the University of Notre Dame this mistake would have been rectified. This is a convenient opportunity to suggest that expositions of theological doctrines ought always to receive such an examination before they are published.

The exact truth which would have made Renée's argument with Stanmore solid in all its parts is that the ordinary, the best, the easiest, the most suitable way for the majority of persons, of receiving doctrines of faith, is through the explicit teaching of the church; and that the only way of knowing certainly *all* the revealed truths of faith and morals is this same teaching. Nevertheless, there is an indirect way of receiving the testimony of the church, there is a way of apprehending the motives of the credibility of Christianity, and of obtaining a certain conviction of some of its most necessary truths, which does not require or presuppose an explicit knowledge of the exclusive and infallible authority of the one true church. Solid and firm convictions of the divine truths which have been preserved by the surviving traditions of the old religion among the new, separated sects, are the basis and starting-point of a perfect conversion to the entire Catholic faith in the case of many intelligent and religious Protestants, who do not abandon or discredit anything which was true and good in the belief and the practical piety of their earlier, imperfect condition; but add to it, follow it to its logical consequences, and bring it to completeness and perfection. Indeed, Miss Fisher describes just such a process in the instance of Mr. Stanmore. The accomplished author of the story has our cordial encouragement and best wishes for new efforts and continued success in her literary career.

CREMORE: A VILLAGE IDYL. By Will MacDermott. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co. 1886.

In his preface the author of *Cremore* says that he "is not aware of travelling in the footsteps of any previous Irish bard." He will hardly be accused of following in the footsteps of any bard of whatever nationality. His unfettered soul seems also to have scorned the beaten path of correct grammatical construction and punctuation. Imagine the bewilderment occasioned the reader by stanzas such as this:

> "Our farmer's name was John McCue
> His sires had held that very farm
> For years that run to Brian Boru
> For him it had a magic charm
> It woke the years that long have fled
> When Freedom gave its brightest ray
> E'en at his nod the noble dead
> Came forth to fight in fancy's play
> Those heroes of the past, those nervers of to-day."

In speaking of Ireland's wrongs the poet breaks out thus:

". . . the sun fore'er will set
E'er we forget the iron prongs,
The leather thongs, the scaffold gongs,
The baby's pang on bay'net raised."

Assuredly the spectacle of a "baby's pang" raised on a bayonet, if once seen, could never be forgotten.

Cremore is the name of an Irish village, and the idyl deals with the love of John McCue's daughter for the hero, young "De Vere," and the villainies of a certain "Captain Ben," who when he hears

"That old McCue, a Romish friar,
Had hid amid his yellow corn,"

gives vent to his villainy in the following neat and bloodthirsty couplet:

"By Heaven's aid I'll show my ire,
And from yon Romish spire I'll hang this popish friar."

The bard describes the home of "Captain Ben":

"His castle rose in stately prose."

It is difficult to conceive how the castle could rise in stately prose, but it is evident that it does not rise in stately verse. "De Vere" attempts to rescue the priest from the hands of "Captain Ben" and his gang; and a general fight ensues, which is described in verses that boldly defy grammar and sense:

"They dance, they prance, to the sound of steel,
Some fall to rise and some to sleep,
Their last and earthly stage a reel,
'Mid brains and blood a ghastly heap,"
etc., etc.

The bard closes his remarkable effort by lamenting that his grandfather and another relative had not lived to read the poem. Readers of the idyl will probably rejoice that the venerable gentlemen were spared the infliction.

CLEOPATRA. By Henry Gréville. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1886.

Madame Durand, who writes under the well-known nom-de-plume of Henry Gréville, is undoubtedly a clever writer, and possesses a certain dash and brilliancy of style; but one lays down her novel *Cleopatra* with a sense of weariness, yes, and of disgust. It is full of bathos, of false sentimentality, and of false ideals. Cleopatra, the heroine, is described as a creature of great beauty, purity, and loftiness of character, but it is impossible to reconcile her actions with a Christian ideal of a noble woman. Because she had set her heart on securing riches and a great position, and in order to escape from an unpleasant life with a married sister, she marries an old general, full of years and honors and the gout. For a while May and December live happily together; but at length there comes a youth upon the scene—the story is laid in Russia—a young Swede, whose dark eyes say, "I adore you," etc. The usual amount of sickly sentimentality follows; the great passion which has sprung to life in an instant between the Swede and Cleopatra must be obeyed at all odds; and Cleopatra, after some hesitation, is persuaded to ask for a divorce from her aged husband, who is informed by her of the state of affairs. The old general is also

described as great and noble; he shrinks from the disgrace of a divorce, and so to release his wife resolves to kill himself.

"One single jewel was wanting in the crown of this rich, brave, happy man—renunciation. He felt this palm descending upon his head from the sky that smiled above him. While the eyes of the poor lovers filled with tears, his old heart, which always beat generously, throbbed with pride and joy at the thought that he could perform one more good deed before leaving this world."

The *good deed* which this old man contemplates is self-murder. Not only is divorce ennobled, but the crime of suicide also. These two wretched sins, which only too often stain the annals of this age, are in particular instances glorified with the garb of virtue. Cleopatra prevents the old general from performing this *noble act;* he is at length persuaded to consent to a divorce, which is obtained after much difficulty; Cleopatra marries her Swedish lover, and dies upon her wedding night. Such is a brief outline of a book which will be read by thousands, and whose author is said by a critic in the *Literary World* to be "actuated by high and noble impulses." And again: "Henry Gréville is idyllic, in the sense that most of her stories may be read with pleasure by the innocent maiden and the sophisticated man of the world." Surely this story is not one of these.

The Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe. Edited by Rosa Mulholland. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1886.

This edition of *Robinson Crusoe* is prepared especially for Catholic children. The reasons for a special edition are given by Miss Mulholland in her preface:

"So many editions of this famous old book have been published, and are still coming out every day, that it would seem almost unnecessary to prepare one specially for the use of Catholic schools and the pleasure of Catholic firesides.

"However, those with whom the book is a favorite will readily admit that there are to be found in it, as it stands in the original, many passages which render it not quite desirable reading for little ones of the faith to which Daniel Defoe did not belong, though he shows us Crusoe struck with wonder at the devotion and heroism of a Catholic priest.

"It has been thought well, therefore, to leave out those portions of Crusoe's adventures, though the greater part of the omission has been made with regret. So many strong moral lessons are conveyed through the pages of this fascinating book that only the interests of those whose minds are not yet ripe enough to take in the meaning of all those moral lessons would warrant its curtailment.

"Notwithstanding this, the necessary omissions have been made, so that neither teachers nor parents need hesitate to put the present volume into the hands of boy or girl under their control."

Matilda, Princess of England: A Romance of the Crusades. By Madame Sophie Cottin, author of *Élizabeth*. From the French, by Jennie W. Raum. New York: W. S. Gottsberger. 1885.

Of course, a romance by Madame Cottin is a good one. *Matilda* is partly an historical romance and partly an invention, after the model of Scott's incomparable *Talisman*. The author, being a Catholic, keeps her story clear of the blunders and misrepresentations with which some similar works of fiction are defaced. Those who like romantic tales of this description will find that they can read this story with pleasure.

Waifs of a Christmas Morning, and other Tales. By Josephine Hannan. Illustrated by Isabel M. Whitegreave. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.

This is a very pretty story-book, both inside and out. It contains three

quietly-told tales, simple and healthy in tone; and its simple blue and gilt cover is very pleasing to the eye.

CHARLES A. GILLIG'S NEW GUIDE TO LONDON and important suburban districts. Specially compiled for the use of travellers, with maps and illustrations. London: Gillig's United States Exchange, 9 Strand, Charing Cross; Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.

This is an excellent hand-book for travellers visiting London. Its information is concise, yet sufficient for all ordinary purposes; and, what is better still, it is correct.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE CATHOLIC PRIESTHOOD. By Rev. Michael Müller, C.SS.R. New York and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet & Co.; St. Louis: B. Herder; New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis: Benziger Bros.

THE ALTAR MANUAL, for the use of the reverend clergy; containing the Gospels and Epistles for Sundays and Festivals. Boston: Thos. B. Noonan.

DELSARTE SYSTEM OF DRAMATIC EXPRESSION. By Genevieve Stebbins. Original illustrations. New York: Edgar S. Werner.

OUR LADY OF PERPETUAL SUCCOR: A Manual of Devotion for every day in the month. By Rev. Thomas Livius, C.SS.R. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

AN IRON CROWN: A Tale of the Great Republic. Chicago: T. S. Denison.

HOFFMAN'S CATHOLIC DIRECTORY, ALMANAC, AND CLERGY LIST QUARTERLY. For the year of our Lord 1886. Hoffman Bros., Catholic Publishers, Milwaukee and Chicago. Price 50 cents.

THE BIRTHDAY BOOK OF OUR DEAD. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.

PAMPHLETS RECEIVED.

FIRST LECTURE OF THE ST. LOUIS CATHOLIC LECTURE BUREAU COURSE. "The Light of the World." By the Rt. Rev. John J. Keane, D.D., Bishop of Richmond, Va.

TREATISE ON PRAYER. By Rev. F. Girardy, C.SS.R. New Orleans, La.

SECOND LECTURE OF THE ST. LOUIS CATHOLIC LECTURE BUREAU COURSE. "Man's Aim in Society." By the Rev. Thos. O'Gorman, Merriam Park, Minn.

DIGEST OF LAWS GOVERNING THE ISSUE OF MUNICIPAL BONDS. Published by S. Kean & Co., Bankers, Chicago. Compiled by C. G. Neely, of the Chicago bar.

THE CITY OF REFUGE; or, Mary, Help of Christians. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

PRINCIPLES OF GOVERNMENT OF ST. IGNATIUS. Translated by a member of the Order of Mercy, authoress of *Life of Catherine McAuley*. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.; London: Burns & Oates.

A DEFENCE OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. Being an answer to a recent pamphlet entitled *Paul, the first Protestant*. By Rev. William J. Burns, S.J. Kingston, Jamaica.

CORNEILLE'S TRAGEDY POLYEUCTUS, THE CHRISTIAN MARTYR. Translated into English blank-verse by Walter Federan Nokes. Interleaved with the French text. Librairie Hachette et Cie., London, Paris, Boston.

THE CHRISTIAN PRIESTHOOD. A sermon delivered in the Church of St. Dominic's Priory, Woodchester. By the Rt. Rev. John Cuthbert Hedley, O.S.B., Bishop of Newport and Menevia. London: Burns & Oates.

WORDS SPOKEN AT THE MONTH'S MIND OF HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL MCCLOSKEY, ARCHBISHOP OF NEW YORK. By Most Rev. M. A. Corrigan, D.D., Archbishop-elect. New York: Benziger Bros.

ENCYCLICAL LETTER OF OUR MOST HOLY LORD LEO XIII., BY DIVINE PROVIDENCE POPE, CONCERNING THE CHRISTIAN CONSTITUTION OF STATES. London: J. Donovan, 27 Wellington Street, Strand.

SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF ST. MARY'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL FOR BOYS OF THE CITY OF BALTIMORE. Carroll P. O., Baltimore Co., Md.: Printing Department of St. Mary's Industrial School.

HEAR THE OTHER SIDE. Freedom of worship: the merits, principles, and practicability of the measure explained and vindicated. New York: Willis McDonald & Co.

TWENTY-THIRD ANNUAL REPORT OF THE NEW YORK CATHOLIC PROTECTORY TO THE LEGISLATURE OF THE STATE AND TO THE COMMON COUNCIL OF THE CITY. Salesroom and reception office, 415 Broome Street.

AP
2
C3
v.42

The Catholic world

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY